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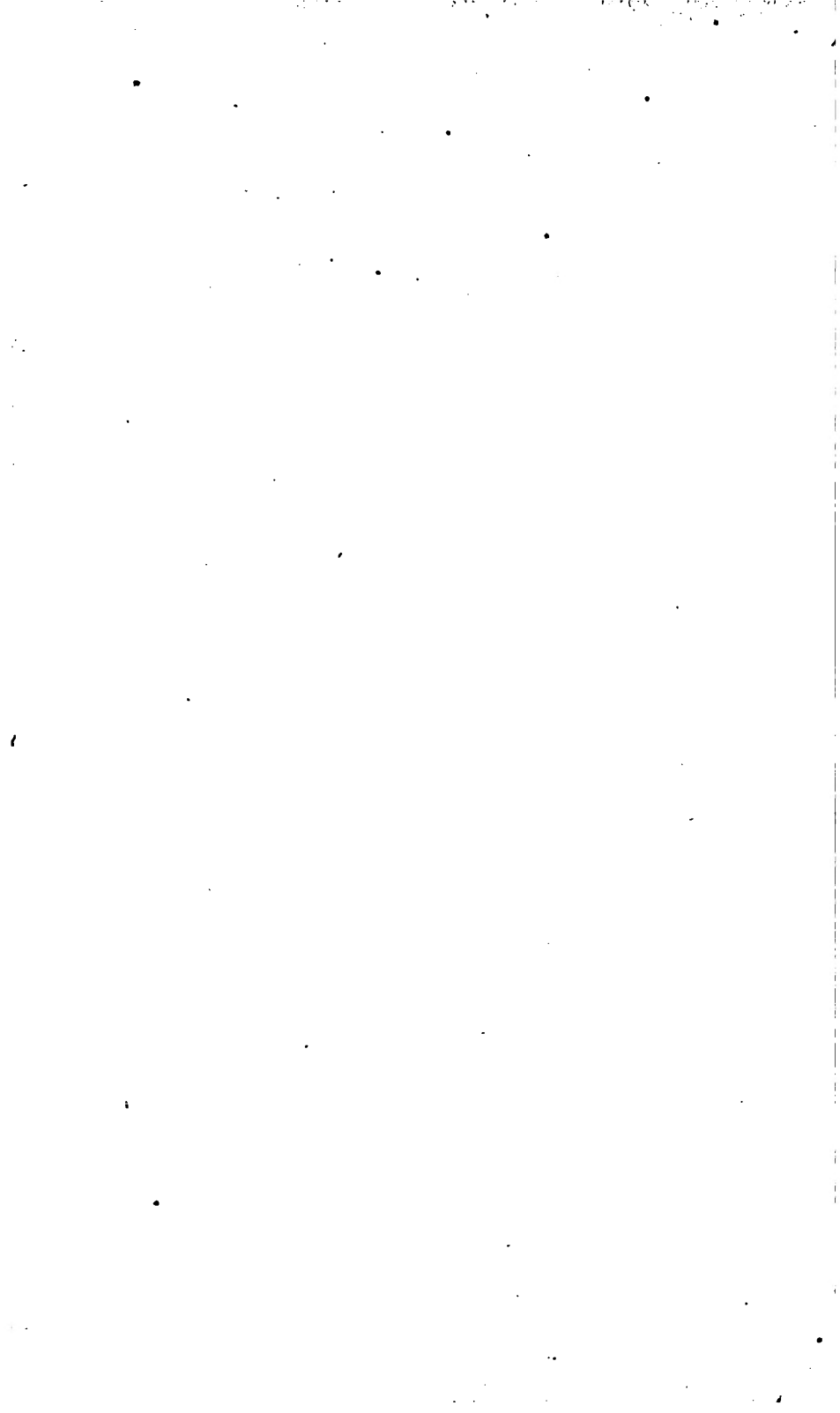
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# THE **Imperial Magazine;**

OR,

COMPENDIUM OF

## RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND PHILOSOPHICAL KNOWLEDGE;

COMPREHENDING

RELIGION,  
LITERATURE,  
MORAL PHILOSOPHY, OR ETHICS,  
NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,  
CHEMISTRY,  
REVIEW OF BOOKS,

HISTORICAL NARRATIVE,  
ANTIQUITIES,  
DOMESTIC ECONOMY,  
TRADE,  
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES,  
POETRY.

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### VOLUME TWELVE,

FOR

## 1830.

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"The Egyptians, who made use of hieroglyphics to signify several things, expressed a man who confined his knowledge and discoveries altogether within himself, by the figure of a dark lantern closed on all sides; which, though it was illuminated within, afforded no manner of light or advantage to such as stood by it. For my own part, as I shall from time to time communicate to the public what discoveries I happen to make, I should much rather be compared to an ordinary lamp, which consumes and wastes itself for the benefit of every passenger."

*Spectator*.—No. 379.

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## PREFACE.

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A PREFACE is at all times rather a difficult article to write. If sprightly, it will be accused of levity; if serious, it will incur the imputation of being dull. The writer of this would go many miles to see the author who could please every reader. Against him who attempts it, the chances are more than equal, that he will displease all.

For a solitary volume, materials may be collected from the work itself, that will furnish variety and spirit, but when year succeeds to year, the path becomes beaten, the resources are exhausted, and ingenuity can scarcely muster any thing new. Hence, he who shall be doomed to write twelve prefaces to the same work, will find himself in a situation, where claims upon his exertions may be more easily urged than gratified.

The case will not be much altered, if, for a periodical, the character of which has been rendered permanent through a series of years, a Preface is annually demanded for twelve succeeding volumes. This is precisely the case with the Editor on the present occasion, and it is only by an appeal to fact that he can hope for assistance, in the accomplishment of his task.

Guided by stable principles, the Editor of the IMPERIAL MAGAZINE, has endeavoured to furnish articles of sterling worth; and, so far as an adherence to moral rectitude will allow, to gratify the wishes of its numerous readers. Of these, however, the tastes, pursuits, and habits of reflection are so diversified, that variety becomes necessary to meet their views. Yet even here new difficulties arise; for it frequently happens, that the same article that is approved by one, is surveyed by another without any interest, or perhaps with dislike.

To moral, religious, and scientific truth, the most conscientious attention has invariably been paid. For the accuracy of this assertion, an appeal is confidently made to the columns of The IMPERIAL MAGAZINE, not only during the present, but through each preceding year. By the same attachment to fidelity and rectitude, all its future numbers and volumes will be governed. Under this assurance, the genuine friends of independence, of morals, of religion, and of useful knowledge in general, are earnestly solicited to rally round its standard, and thus continue to support a publication which during twelve years has given such general satisfaction to a large portion of the community.

To our highly respected contributors, we beg to return our grateful acknowledgments for their past communications, and at the same time to solicit a continuance of them. We cannot promise that every thing transmitted shall be inserted. This, many circumstances will forbid.

Sometimes the articles, though well written, are unsuitable; at others they will give offence, without promising an equivalent advantage; at other times, they are too local to command general attention; and not unfrequently, would involve us in controversies, which few besides the parties engaged would regard with any interest. On occasions like these, we have learnt by long experience, that the door, being once opened, whenever an attempt is made to shut it, some one or other is sure to take offence.

In compliance with various requests, we have occasionally, during the present year, substituted other plates in the room of portraits. This has given variety to our embellishments, and furnished diversity in the productions of art. We are also glad to learn that it has supplied a new source of gratification to the various readers of the *IMPERIAL MAGAZINE*.

On the style and manner of these engravings it is needless to expatiate. Those which are before the world want no recommendation. They have, long since been honoured with public approbation; and the admiration they have acquired becomes a guarantee for others with which they may hereafter be associated. It will therefore be almost unnecessary to add, that all future engravings will be finished in a style of excellence, worthy of the *IMPERIAL MAGAZINE*.

Of the numerous works which pass under review, a faithful character has been given. This has sometimes appeared in a condensed form, when the want of magnitude and importance in the work reviewed, and the want of room in our pages, have either prevented an extended analysis, or rendered it unnecessary. To this department particular attention has been paid, and from this strict impartiality no deviation will be suffered to take place.

To extend this Preface with inflated promises of future excellence, would be worse than contemptible. Duty, interest, and gratitude, point out the manner in which it should be conducted. If these fail, no protestations can be worthy of any confidence.

For past favours, the proprietors of the *IMPERIAL MAGAZINE* beg to return their sincerest thanks to their numerous and highly respected subscribers; assuring them, that nothing shall be wanting on their part, to secure a continuation of that patronage with which they have been so long and so amply honoured.



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# THE Imperial Magazine;

OR, COMPENDIUM OF  
RELIGIOUS, MORAL, & PHILOSOPHICAL KNOWLEDGE.

FEBRUARY.] "PERIODICAL LITERATURE IS THE GEM OF NATIONAL LEARNING."

[1830.

## MEMOIR OF XAVIER CHABERT.

Including Authentic Particulars relative to his  
Surprising EXPERIMENTS.

(With a Portrait.)

Few persons in the present day have obtained a greater share of public notoriety than the extraordinary individual, whose likeness is prefixed to the present number of the Imperial Magazine. The philosophical nature of his experiments, joined to their astonishing character, has excited an intense interest, that must render the subsequent account acceptable to readers at large. Armed with strong and efficacious antidotes, and inured by progressive efforts to the action of intense heat, this celebrated operator defies the malignity of the most subtle and deadly poisons, and exposes himself fearlessly to the terrible element of fire. Whether any essential benefits to society may result from these bold essays, it might be somewhat premature at present to assert. They will probably serve, at least, to direct the attention of the faculty to the consideration of poisons, and may eventually lead to discoveries of the first importance in medical science.

XAVIER CHABERT, better known by the appellation of the FIRE KING, is a native of Arignon, in the south of France. His family have served in arms under Napoleon; and the subject of the present memoir had the honour to hold a lieutenancy under that great captain of modern times. He accompanied the French army into Russia, and was there detained a prisoner. Whilst in that empire, he suffered from the ill-treatment of a native officer; when the Emperor Alexander strongly manifested his sense of public justice, by settling on him a pension, and by sentencing the offender to banishment in Siberia,—where, to the best of Monsieur Chabert's knowledge, he remains to the present day.

During the revolution, Chabert's father concealed in his house five Catholic priests, and eventually succeeded in preserving them from the fury of democratic power. From one of these, Monsieur Chabert, the present experimentalist, received some information on the capabilities of the human body to sustain heat, which gave the first

impulse to his essays. The hints derived from the priest, however, only served as the foundation of a series of progressive efforts, that have at length enabled the exhibitor to bear an intensity of heat, rising, we are informed, from 600 to 800 degrees.

His daring experiments with phosphorus, prussic acid, and other powerful poisons, are entirely his own. He began with determining the best antidote, and then proceeded with caution from a very small dose to a large one. His powers of bearing heat and of swallowing poisons, are it seems still in a state of progression; as he states that he can have no fear of rivalry, since the attempts of the present day may be far exceeded by something which he shall perform on the next.

Monsieur C. has travelled in Africa, and in nearly all the countries of the European continent; and exhibited before the most illustrious personages of the different nations through which he has passed. He is now about 39 years of age, and twelve years have elapsed since his first arrival in England. Previous to his engagements at the Argyll Rooms, he gave specimens of his singular talents before every member of our Royal Family, with the exception of his present Majesty.

In the neighbourhood of Waterloo Bridge, Monsieur Chabert's wife and family reside; and we believe it is his intention to continue in this country. He refuses to reveal the secret relative to the nature and management of his antidotes, for a less sum than £10,000. Whether it will answer the purpose of any one to give so high a premium for these philosophical *arcana*, is perhaps very questionable.

The following particulars extracted from the "Times" of the 24th September, 1829, will enable the reader to judge of the daring nature of Monsieur Chabert's experiments.—

It will be recollected (says the Times) by many of our readers, that an advertisement appeared a few days ago in our journal, in which a Mr. J. Smith, after insinuating that M. Chabert, the Fire King, practised some juggle when he appeared to enter into an oven heated to 500 de-

grees, and to swallow 20 grains of phosphorus, challenged him, for any sum which he might please to mention, to perform the exploits which he professed to be performing daily. It will also be recollected, that to this challenge was added an explicit "pledge," given "upon the honour" of Mr. Smith, that if Mr. Chabert "fairly accomplished such an undertaking, he would likewise do the same."

To those who are acquainted with the various shapes in which ambition clothes itself, it will not appear surprising, that the "Fire King's soul was all on fire" to answer the daring defiance which he had received from an adventurous calumniator; and in consequence he publicly accepted Mr. J. Smith's challenge for £50, requesting him to provide the poisons himself, and offering, with true chivalric courtesy, to allow him the same conveniences which he used himself whilst he remained in the oven. This unexpected retort appeared to make Mr. J. Smith feel that it was necessary for him to be more magnificent in his promises than he had hitherto shown himself; for in his rejoinder to Mr. Chabert, he informed him that he would meet him in the Argyll Rooms, at his ordinary hour of performance, and would then "enter the oven with him, and perform his other feats."

Yesterday was mutually fixed upon as the day on which the two contracting parties to this extraordinary challenge were to try their merits by the ordeal of fire, and on which they were to submit their powers of resisting poison to the test of experiment. Accordingly, at two o'clock, the hour appointed for the combat, a number of gentlemen were attracted to the arena in which it was to take place; and as they entered, care was taken to inform them that the money had been regularly posted, and that Mr. Smith was ready.

At a little before three o'clock the Fire King made his appearance near his oven, and as some impatience had been exhibited, owing to the non-arrival of Mr. J. Smith, he offered to amuse the company with a few trifling experiments, which he said any of them might perform with the greatest ease. He then made a shovel red hot and rubbed it over his tongue, a trick for which no credit, he said, was due, as the moisture of the tongue was sufficient to prevent any injury arising from it. He next rubbed it over his hair and face, declaring that any body might perform the same feat by first washing themselves in a mixture of spirits of sulphur and of alum, which, by cauterizing the epidermis, hardened the skin to resist the fire. He then

put his hands into some melted lead, took a small portion of it out, placed it in his mouth, and gave it in a solid state to some of the company. This performance, according to his account, was also very easy; for he seized only a very small particle, which, by a tight compression between the finger and thumb, became cool before it reached the mouth.

The challenger being on the ground, the time for trifling was now over, and M. Chabert forthwith prepared himself for mightier undertakings.

A cruise of oil was brought forward and poured into a saucepan, which was previously turned upside-down, to show that there was no water in it. The alleged reason for this step was, that vulgar conjurors, who profess to drink boiling oil, place the oil in water, and drink it when the water boils, at which time the oil is not warmer than an ordinary cup of tea. He intended to drink the oil when any person might see it bubbling in the saucepan, and when the thermometer would prove that it was heated to 360 degrees. The saucepan was accordingly placed upon the fire, and as it was acquiring the requisite heat, the Fire King challenged any man living to drink a spoonful of the oil at the same temperature as that at which he was going to drink it. In a few minutes afterwards he sipped off a spoonful with the greatest apparent ease, although the spoon, from contact with the boiling fluid, had become too hot for ordinary fingers to handle. "And now, Monsieur Smith," said the Fire King, "now for your challenge. Have you prepared yourself with phosphorus, or will you take some of mine, which is laid on that table?"

Mr. Smith, who is a thickset man of middle size, walked up to the table, and pulling a vial bottle out of his pocket, offered it to the poison-swallower.

The Fire King.—I ask you, on your honour as a gentleman, is this genuine-unmixed poison?

Mr. Smith.—It is, upon my honour.

The Fire King.—Is there any medical gentleman here, who will examine it? [Speaking to a gentleman near him.] Will you try it for me, sir?

The gentleman declined: he believed that the Fire King was a better judge of phosphorus than he was.

A person in the room requested that Dr. Gordon Smith, one of the medical professors in the London University, would examine the vial, and decide whether it contained genuine phosphorus.

The learned professor went to the table,

on which a formidable collection of poisons—such as red and white arsenic, hydrocyanic acid, morphine, and phosphorus—was placed, and examining the vial, declared, that to the best of his judgment it was genuine phosphorus.

This did not content several gentlemen in the room; they desired to see whether it would ignite by friction. The experiment was made, and a small piece soon set the paper in which it was wrapped into a blaze. The same experiment had been tried on the Fire King's own phosphorus; and if we may judge from the volume of flame which it sent forth, his phosphorus was stronger than that provided by Mr. Smith. The reality of the poison being thus ascertained, M. Chabert asked Mr. Smith with great politeness how many grains he wished to commence his first draught with.

Mr. Smith.—Twenty grains will do as a commencement.

M. Chabert.—Ah, my good sir, it is a very small dose. I should not object to take a pound or two—will you weigh the quantity yourself?

Mr. Smith declined.

A medical gentleman then came forward and cut off two parcels of phosphorus, containing 20 grains each. He was placing them in the water, when the Fire King requested that his phosphorus might be cut into small pieces, as he did not wish the pieces to stop on their road to his stomach.

The poisons were now prepared. A wine glass contained the portion set aside for the Fire King—a tumbler the portion reserved for Mr. Smith. It would be difficult to say whether the challenger or the challenged at this moment showed the greater composure. This may be safely said—they were at this moment the two least agitated persons in the room.

The Fire King.—I suppose, gentlemen, I must begin. Well, then, to convince you that I do not juggle, I will first of all take off my coat, and then, as another precaution, I will trouble you, Doctor (speaking to Dr. Gordon Smith,) to tie my hands together behind me.

Here a loud cry was set up that it was unnecessary to have the Fire King bandaged in this manner.

The Fire King.—Oh! gentlemen, I beg your pardon, it is necessary; for I want to show you that I do not juggle.

After he had been bandaged in this manner, he planted himself on one knee in the centre of the room, and requested some gentleman to place the phosphorus on his

tongue, and pour the water down his throat. This was accordingly done, and the water and phosphorus were swallowed together. He then opened his mouth, and requested the company to look whether any portion of the phosphorus remained in his mouth. Several gentlemen examined his mouth, and declared that there was no phosphorus perceptible either upon or under his tongue. He was then by his own desire unbandaged. The Fire King then turned to Mr. Smith, and offered him the other glass of phosphorus with a ceremonious politeness which was highly entertaining—“And now, my good sir, I shall have great pleasure in seeing you take off your glass too.”

Mr. Smith started back in infinite alarm—“Not for worlds, sir, not for worlds; I beg to decline it.”

The Fire King.—Eh! mon Dieu; you decline it! Oh! dear sir; no, no; you will drink von little glass to oblige the company.

Mr. Smith.—The company must excuse me. I don't often drink in a morning, and least of all such an ardent spirit as phosphorus.

The Fire King.—Then why for did you send me a challenge? You have pledged your honour to drink it if I did. I have done it; and if you are a gentleman, you must drink it too.

Mr. Smith.—No, no; I must be excused: I am quite satisfied without it.

Here several voices exclaimed that the bet was lost. Some said that there must be a confederacy between the challenger and the challenged, and others asked whether any money had been deposited?

The Fire King called a Mr. White forward, who deposed that he held the stakes, which had been regularly placed in his hands, by both parties, before 12 o'clock that morning.

The Fire King here asked Mr. Smith if he intended to go into the oven with him?

Mr. Smith replied that he could answer that question better after he saw the Fire King come out.

The Fire King.—But, my good sir, that makes no matter, for you have lost your bet already, if you do not swallow the phosphorus. Are you satisfied on that head?

Mr. Smith, after a very slight hesitation, admitted that he was.

The Fire King here turned round with great exultation to the company, and pulling a bottle out of his pocket, exclaimed with great good feeling, “I did never see

this gentleman before this morning, and I did not know but that he might be bold enough to venture to take this quantity of poison. I was determined not to let him lose his life by his foolish wager, and therefore I did bring an antidote in my pocket, which would have prevented him from suffering any harm. *Le voilà!* Ah, ah! My good sir, you pay your £50 to see me take the phosphorus. Now you shall take three or four grains yourself. I will give you von little wine glass out of this bottle, and you shall be as well in a few minutes as you are now. Do, sir, oblige me by taking a few grains.

Mr. Smith begged to be excused. His object was answered in seeing 20 grains of genuine phosphorus actually swallowed. He had conceived it impossible, as three grains were quite sufficient to destroy life.

The Fire King then addressed the gentleman who had meted out the phosphorus—"Perhaps you, sir, will have the goodness to swallow a little bit, to amuse me. I pledge you £1000, I pledge you my life, that if you take a little of this bottle, it will not do you any harm."

The gentleman turned pale with affright. "I must beg to decline your polite invitation," he stammered out at last, "for in case of accident I am afraid the pledge of your life would not keep my wife and family."

The Fire King.—Now, gentlemen, I will prove to you by another little experiment that I have no phosphorus in my mouth. *Attendez un peu.* Put me a small piece of phosphorus on a knife point, and bring me a candle.

A candle was brought him, and he lighted it with the phosphorus.

Part of the phosphorus fell upon the ground, and was extinguished after some trouble.

The Fire King.—Ah, Mr. Smith, you are very good to me. You bring me the very good phosphorus. I am much obliged to you, sir. Now give me a torch, and a fork.

They were given to him accordingly. He took a small piece of the burning torch on his fork, put it into his mouth, and swallowed it. "And now, gentlemen, I have done with the poison for to-day." Having said this, he withdrew into another room for the professed purpose of putting on his usual dress for entering the oven, but in all probability for the real purpose of getting the phosphorus, by some antidote, from his stomach. Zinc is the usual antidote for phosphorus; but he says that it is not the antidote which he uses, and declines to mention what is.

On one occasion, when he was exhibiting

before the Duke of Norfolk, he took a teaspoonful of prussic acid; but that experiment he says he will never repeat again; for it is a poison, which not only requires the antidote to be taken first, but is also so rapid in its operation, that it may destroy life before the antidote can produce its effect. He said that he should never forget the feelings which came over him as soon as he had swallowed it. Every vein in his head appeared to swell, and "each particular hair," he said, stood erect, "like quills upon the porcupine."

Immediately after Mr. Smith had declined to take the phosphorus, several gentlemen surrounded him, desiring to know why he had inserted such advertisements as he had done in the public papers, if he had no intention to perform the feats to which he had dared the Fire-King. To this he replied, that his object had been to ascertain beyond all doubt, whether it was possible for any person to take such a mass of poison and live—that he should not have risked such a sum of money of his own on such a challenge as that which he had given—but that he was acting as the representative of a number of scientific gentlemen, who had subscribed such a sum, as would enable him, if his challenge were accepted, to insist upon furnishing the poison himself, and upon seeing every step taken by the Fire-King before and while he swallowed it. He stated that he was now perfectly convinced that the phosphorus was actually swallowed. He likewise protested that there had been no collusion between him and the Fire-King. This protestation was subsequently repeated by the Fire-King himself, who added, in confirmation of it, that he could have no interest in drawing a large concourse of people to his room. He was paid a certain sum per week by Mr. Welsh, and whether there was one person in the room, or whether there were 20,000, was to him, as far as his own emolument was concerned, perfectly immaterial. We think it only justice to M. Chabert to state, that if there should be any collusion in this challenge, he appears to be without any motive for being a party to it. How far that may be the case with his employer, is a question on which we give no opinion. M. Chabert stated, that after the pledge which Mr. Smith had given the public in his advertisement, he fully expected to have been put to a fair trial of his powers in the course of the day, and that he had in consequence made preparations and alterations in his course of action, which one way or another would cost him upwards of 20*l*.



In conclusion we have only to remark, that Monsieur Chabert still continues to exhibit at the Argyll Rooms, and that he intends very shortly to submit to the public a series of experiments entirely novel, and still more surprising than any which have preceded them.

#### REFLECTIONS ON TIME.

TIME receives entity as a period in eternity; for it does not exist independent of eternity. It is that portion of eternity in which the beings or things to which it relates exist:—its commencement must, therefore, be dated from their commencement, and its end from their end. In fact, time, as it passes away, is known by the changes of things which note its progress, and mete out portions in it, rather than in itself: for what is time but day and night, summer and winter, year and year, as meted out by the motions of the spheres which compose a system? In the beginning, when God created the heaven and the earth, the evening and the morning were the first day.

At what period in eternity time began, who can inform us? It began to man, with the solar system, nearly six thousand years ago: for then this system was created, and then the revolutions of the spheres therein began their periodical notations. But time, I conceive, began in other parts of space, by the creation of, and revolutions included in, other systems, at a much earlier period; for when Jehovah laid the foundations of this earth, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," Job xxxviii. 7. The music of other spheres existed and was in exercise ere our spheres commenced their mystic dance, and, faithful to Him who created them, they united metaphorically in the joy of a new creation.

When the Creator revealed to His faithful servant, Moses, the modes of creation, and told him when and for what purpose He made the sun in the centre of our system, Gen. i. 16. because this sun was similar to the stars, He informed him that all these exalted luminaries were also created by Him; but when He created them, is no where revealed to us. The most sanguine conjectures respecting the periods in eternity, when the stars were created, cannot possibly avail; the fact eludes the grasp of the most exalted genius; and unless the Infinite discloses it to man, this will be one of the many things which the disembodied spirit will

have to learn when launched into eternity: no incarnated spirit can lift up this veil.

We behold the stars decorating the heavens, high aloft, on every side, and although numbers are now beneath our feet, when the revolutions of our sphere present us with the reversed face of the blue concave, we behold them in all their lustrous grandeur—the innumerable hosts of heaven, speaking forth the praises of the Illustrious Self-existent. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handy work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world," Psalm xix.

If these stars, or suns as we may presume they are, were severally created at distinct periods in eternity, what a rush of immensity whelms itself upon us—these periods carry us up into eternity to such a dazzling height, that eternity itself seems unveiled before us. What, if each of these stars is a sun; what, if each is the centre of revolving worlds, and these, by their unceasing revolutions, note out time; what, if all these, as it seems highly probable, were created before our system was called into existence; what, I say, must be the age of time? For time must have been born with the creation of the first system, and must continue until the end of the last. What ideas are launched upon us by these views; and how awfully and sublimely does all this burst forth in the vision of Daniel, vii. "I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of Days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of His head like the pure wool: His throne was like the fiery flame, and His wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before Him: thousand thousands ministered unto Him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him: the judgment was set, and the books were opened." We here behold One who is designated the "Ancient of Days"—Older than time, even that time which began with the first star; and this Being, surviving them all, presides over and awards to all beings rewards and punishments at a general judgment. Sublimely true, therefore, is the aspiration of the apostle, Hebrews i. 10—12. "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the works of Thine hands: they shall perish; but Thou remainest: and they all

shall wax old as doth a garment ; and as a vesture shalt Thou fold them up, and they shall be changed : but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail."

We speak of a year as a portion of time great in magnitude, and in so doing we do well ; for the lives of multitudes include only a few years, and the longest life does not include many, while the life of every man hangs upon the mere fragment of a year—for in a moment we may be launched into eternity, and we know not what a day may bring forth. Yet, what is a year ? It is a mere point in the vastness of time, and in eternity it is lost in immensity. Well do we "number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

The contemplation of a distinct period is of essential worth to so frail a being as man. Standing upon a single point, the end or the beginning of a year, for instance, he looks backward to the past, forward to the future, inward to the present, and, thus concentrated in himself, beholds his errors, arranges plans for the future, founded on past experience, and, acquainted with himself, sets out anew to run the race appointed to him. For wide as the range of creation is, long as is its duration, and multitudinous as are its parts, a vast Providence, equal to the work, superintends the whole ; and beneath His sway, who created all, every thing has its appointment, and every being his appointed time upon earth. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

*King Square, London. W. COLDWELL.*

#### ON READING.—NO. II.

(Continued from col. 40.)

THAT books constructed for the purpose of administering food to the baser passions of mankind should find such rapid sale, while it is deeply to be lamented, is a natural consequence of the degeneracy of human nature ; and many of the leading geniuses who publish these works, are aware that popularity and profit are most easily and most largely attained in this way, and, therefore, with a depravity of soul approaching to the demon tribe, write upon and publish subjects which minister in the highest degree to the lusts of their fellow-creatures, for the very purpose of securing to themselves fame and reward. Money thus earned, and fame thus acquired, ought to have their costs counted up by the sober part of the community ; if for no other purpose, to warn others from this satannic path. How shall these men sum up the

reckoning themselves ? The profit and the glory, from every purse and every tongue of depravity, is theirs in possession. The voice of Jehovah or of his saints, whom they hold up to perpetual derision, is not heard ; they cannot now be listened to by these : too lofty for rebuke, they brave the pious, and despise their pens. But let others "reflect, before they earn and pocket the reward of such depravity, with what countenance they will meet the souls of the many their writings may cheat and beguile ; by turning them from the path of life, and involving them in irremediable ruin.

As all men die, and die to live again, the probability is, that all these parties may meet each other in eternity ; and it is within the reach of possibility, that, amidst the retributive justice of an eternal state, one infliction may be, the vengeance of the injured upon the injurer. But apart from individual vengeance, the Judge is at the door—the Omnipotent, who will reward every man according to his works, whether they be good, or whether they be evil ; and the blood of these slain will He require at their hands. Yet we must cry, Alas ! that accountable beings, who live in the presence of the Omniscient, should privily, as it respects their fellow-men, (for no secrecy exists in respect of Deity, every action, mental as well as corporeal, being completely open to His all-seeing eye,) indulge in a train of reading which depraves yet more their already depraved souls ? In despite of their better judgment, they commit the act, for secrecy would not be resorted to, did not conscience proclaim, "The deed is rank !" Therefore, if the writer is guilty of throwing the temptation before the eyes of mankind, the reader is guilty also ; he and she fall into the snare that is laid before them, and manifest their knowledge of their participation in the crime, by hiding the act from the view of the world.

Equal to the libidinous, rolls the drunkard in the debauch of reading. His poetry is a motley mixture of obscenity and riot ; his mixed reading, double entendres, couching palpable filthiness under the specious form of delicate sentiment ; these he denominates toasts. His anecdotes specify acts of matchless prowess, in swallowing and carrying off immense quantities of strong liquors, or toping adventures ; where all the company, slain with wine, wallowed in the filth of drunkenness, incapable of intelligent exertion. His histories treat of the heroes of wine and redoubtable debauchery ;—women of the basest stamp, and liquors of the most potent spirit, must

wanton in imagery thro' every page, or slain beneath ennui, down falls the book from his hands, and down he sinks into the listless slumber of vacuity.

Alas! that printing, that noble, that useful invention, should minister to the sink of corruption, such a bosom as this contains! Yet, how many may date their boasted feats in wine, from the hour when the fiend of drunkenness stole into their souls, in the secret wish which arose to become equal to the heroes of debauchery, while reading a panegyric on their achievements! "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united!" A more fatal vice cleaves not to human nature, than the vice of drunkenness; how few, once rooted in this alarming sin, are cured! Death, the sure follower of this crime, and consequence of it also, (for drunkards are frequently suicides, actually perishing by the effects of the liquors they swallow,) death alone terminates the crimes of the drunkard. Yet, bacchanalian songs and revelries, poetic effusions, and ranting rhapsodies, abound in every language, charged with fulsome praises of the sweet delirium of intoxication; ridiculing, and holding up as pusillanimous cowards, all sober men.

The force of ridicule, even upon sober minds, urged home by the flashy wit of the bacchanalian scribe, too often blunts the edge of sober resolution, and inclines the persons reading, to taste the joys thus ardently sung. Once tasted, alas for the simple votary! Promises to meet again, resolutions mutually pledged to persevere, sarcasms upon sober resolutions, and peals of laughter at the monster Care, engage the mind to repeat the debauch; and to mind, matter urges on: for the debauch of yesterday induces, by exhaustion, an aching void in the clay tenement, which longs, yea pants for repletion, and which stays not, until ardent spirits, anew and anew, exhilarate the diseased frame. If this is the case in the first instance, so is it more and more pressing upon the debauchee, as he repeats the debauch: for in proportion as he blunts vital feeling by the use of ardent spirits, similar in proportion must he swallow stronger spirits, in order to induce a sensation, and produce that favourite delirium of the human frame, which is the delight of the sot; until, sunk in sottishness and brutality, (for these two are twin-brothers and inseparable,) he becomes a pest to civil society, and a curse to all his kindred: a kind of itinerant hell, belching out oaths and blasphemy, from the liquid fire raging with feverish heat within, which, fierce and foaming, is ready to fall upon

and devour all who approach—friend or foe.

Detestable in the eyes of wisdom's sons are those books which paint actions and things as they are not: they proceed from men who, looking upon the delights of the passing moment with complacency, colour them up, in order to induce cooperation in works of darkness, and form a fellowship which, hand in hand, moves onward, from bad to worse, to consummate and irretrievable ruin. Of all detestable writers, the choice spirits, as they are denominated by the scottish tribe, who write for their fraternity, fascinate with the most permanent delusion, and the most awful consequences. The mass of human misery, accumulated by drunkenness among fathers, mothers, children, relatives, and dependants, cannot be measured by the powers of science: the capacity and weight of this mountain of misery, can only be known by Him who knoweth all things.

(To be continued.)

#### DUELLING.

The detestable practice of duelling, to which the pride of the human heart has attached an idea of artificial honour, is one of the Molochs of Britain, which regularly demands its annual sacrifices. Another victim has lately been presented at its shrine, in the person of Mr. Clayton, whose mortal remains are but just stiffened in the embraces of death; and not long since an attempt was made to offer on the same altar a nationally valuable libation of ennobled blood.

The advocates for this vengeful and barbarous practice tell us, that it cannot be prevented. It will be readily granted, that in the present state of society, while men act under false notions of courage, greatness, and revenge, this view is correct; but looking on the subject in the abstract, nothing can be more demonstrably false; and all the pretended reasonings from which it derives a sanction, is a tissue of the most arrant sophistry.

Let national authority, on all occasions, when death ensues, consign the victim to the dissecting knife, and the survivor to infamy or the gallows, and distinguish with some indelible mark of disgrace, every one who makes an attempt at this species of delinquency, and the vicious custom would soon be associated with assassination, both in turpitude and dishonour. Under these impressions we beg to introduce from Dr. Paley, the following chapter on duelling.—*Editor.*

DUELLING as a punishment is absurd; because it is an equal chance, whether the

punishment fall upon the offender, or the person offended. Nor is it much better as a reparation; it being difficult to explain in what the *satisfaction* consists, or how it tends to undo the injury, or to afford a compensation for the damage already sustained.

The truth is, it is not considered as either. A law of honour having annexed the imputation of cowardice to patience under an affront, challenges are given and accepted with no other design than to prevent or wipe off this suspicion; without malice against the adversary, generally without a wish to destroy him, or any other concern than to preserve the duellist's own reputation and reception in the world.

The unreasonableness of this rule of manners is one consideration; the duty and conduct of individuals, while such a rule exists, is another.

As to which, the proper and single question is this; Whether a regard for our own reputation is, or is not, sufficient to justify the taking away the life of another?

Murder is forbidden; and wherever human life is deliberately taken away, otherwise than by public authority, there is murder. The value and security of human life make this rule necessary; for I do not see what other idea or definition of murder can be admitted, which will not let in so much private violence, as to render society a scene of peril and bloodshed.

If unauthorized laws of honour be allowed to create exceptions to divine prohibitions, there is an end of all morality, as founded in the will of the Deity; and the obligation of every duty may, at one time or other, be discharged by the caprice and fluctuations of fashion.

"But a sense of shame is so much torture; and no relief presents itself otherwise than by an attempt upon the life of our adversary." What then? The distress which men suffer by the want of money is oftentimes extreme, and no resource can be discovered but that of removing a life which stands between the distressed person and his inheritance. The motive in this case is as urgent, and the means much the same, as in the former: yet this case finds no advocate.

Take away the circumstance of the duellist exposing his own life, and it becomes assassination; add this circumstance, and what difference does it make? None but this, that fewer perhaps will imitate the example, and human life will be somewhat more safe, when it cannot be attacked without equal danger to the aggressor's own. Experience, however, proves that there is fortitude enough in most men to undertake

this hazard; and were it otherwise, the defence, at best, would be only that which a highwayman or housebreaker might plead, whose attempt had been so daring and desperate, that few were likely to repeat the same.

In expostulating with the duellist, I all along suppose his adversary to fall. Which supposition I am at liberty to make, because, if he have no right to kill his adversary, he has none to attempt it.

In return, I forbear from applying to the case of duelling the christian principle of the forgiveness of injuries; because it is possible to suppose the injury to be forgiven, and the duellist to act entirely from a concern for his own reputation: where this is not the case, the guilt of duelling is manifest, and is greater.

In this view it seems unnecessary to distinguish between him who gives, and him who accepts, a challenge: for, on the one hand, they incur an equal hazard of destroying life; and on the other, both act upon the same persuasion, that what they do is necessary, in order to recover or preserve the good opinion of the world.

Public opinion is not easily controlled by civil institutions; for which reason I question whether any regulations can be contrived, of sufficient force to suppress or change the rule of honour, which stigmatizes all scruples about duelling with the reproach of cowardice.

The insufficiency of the redress which the law of the land affords, for those injuries which chiefly affect a man in his sensibility and reputation, tempts many to redress themselves. Prosecutions for such offences, by the trifling damages that are recovered, serve only to make the sufferer more ridiculous.—This ought to be remedied.

For the army, where the point of honour is cultivated with exquisite attention and refinement, I would establish a *Court of Honour*, with a power of awarding those submissions and acknowledgements, which it is generally the purpose of a challenge to obtain; and it might grow into a fashion, with persons of rank of all professions, to refer their quarrels to this tribunal.

Duelling, as the law now stands, can seldom be overtaken by legal punishment. The challenge, appointment, and other previous circumstances, which indicate the intention with which the combatants met, being suppressed, nothing appears to a court of justice but the actual encounter; and if a person be slain when actually fighting with his adversary, the law deems his death nothing more than manslaughter. — *Moral & Polit. Philos.* chap. ix.

## AN ESSAY ON INSTINCT.

(Concluded from col. 47.)

As it appears certain that the origin at least of some of the actions of man cannot be explained, unless we admit the existence of such a principle as instinct, it becomes necessary to consider some of those actions of the lower animals, which are generally allowed to be instinctive. This step seems the more necessary, as the existence of instinct, even in the lower animals, seems of late to have been wholly denied, since it has been asserted, in a "New System of the Natural History of Animals," published in Edinburgh, in 3 vols. 8vo. by Peter Hill, in 1791; "that the laws of analogical reasoning do not justify the opinion, that the brutes act, on any occasion, absolutely without design." Whilst, on the other hand, it has been maintained by Mr. Smellie, in his "Philosophy of Natural History," "that between reason and instinct there is no difference, and that the reasoning faculty is itself the necessary result of instinct." Nothing can be more directly opposite than both these opinions; and, like most extremes, nothing can be more easily shewn to be false. To prove that some of the natural operations of the lower animals are not performed with design, or with a view to consequences, in opposition to the former, many examples will not be necessary; and first, let us attend to the operations of the winged tribe.

The youngest pair of birds, it is known, without instruction or experience, build their first nest of the materials commonly used by their species; in situations, whose privacy, &c. render them fit to afford them security, and convenient for incubation and the rearing of their young. It is also certain, that they shew equal skill with the oldest and most practised of their tribe, in the neatness, accuracy, and symmetry of their work. It is further known, whenever the climate or situation, or any change of circumstances, renders a change in the structure of nests necessary, that this change is made by all the individuals (young and old) of the same species equally, and that only when such a change is necessary. Thus, "in countries infested with monkeys, many birds, which, in other climates, build in bushes and clefts of trees, suspend their nests upon slender twigs, and, by this ingenious device, elude the rapacity of their enemies." It is moreover certain, that no improvement has been made, within the memory of man, in the art of nest-building, by any tribe, or by any of its individuals. Now the nature of all the

arts with which we are acquainted is such, and their history shews us, that they were first invented by some person, and then improved in the course of time, either by the inventor or by others, and finally brought to some degree of perfection. History and experience also shew, that human arts are best known, and practised with most skill and dexterity in general, by those only to whom they have been taught: and that in different ages and countries they all undergo considerable variations. But in the arts of animals we observe no such variations; nor can any individual be pointed out as the inventor, the improver, or the perfecter of any of them; for instance, of nest-building. Each of them is perfectly skilled in the workmanship of its tribe: we do not say that they know the nature and the rules of the different arts which they practise; but that they are acquainted with the mode of working in them to perfection.

How many very simple arts do we daily see practised by our species, without being able to practise them, or learn them ourselves. What a long apprenticeship is generally necessary before we can practise even some of the most common and necessary. A peasant spends months and years under his simple roof, and yet is not able often to build such a hut as that he inhabits. Birds require no such teaching or experience: they served no apprenticeships; and yet a pair of young birds kept solitary and sequestered from their infancy, build exactly such another nest as that in which they themselves had been brought into life. But what is the inference to be drawn from these facts? If the natural actions of the lower animals, for instance this of nest-building, be all under the influence of motives, in other words, *rational*, we must conclude, since they are so invariable, either that their workmanship is perfect beyond the reach of improvement, or so imperfect as not to be capable of degenerating. The former of these conclusions cannot be supported, unless it be contended at the same time, that the lower animals have made more early and greater discoveries and advances in the arts and sciences than we have. Nor will the latter be maintained by any man, who considers the structure of a honey-comb, or who reflects, that all the skill of man has never yet excelled the workmanship even of a wren in the structure of such a nest as he builds. However, if the supposition be admitted, the former seems the better inference. But if this doctrine be true, we must say, that birds are good

judges of climate and circumstances; that they know the dangers and advantages resulting from them, and the best methods for obviating the former and securing the latter. We must say, that reasoning shews them the necessity of equality in the structure of their nests; or when, after having been absent for some time, they turn their eggs so as to heat them properly, and at all times equally, we must think, that they know heat, and even an equal distribution of it, to be necessary for incubation. But as none of these can, we think, be affirmed with the smallest appearance of truth, and since those actions of birds are, without teaching, habit, or experience, as perfectly performed by the young as by the old, and always so invariable, we must conclude, that in these instances we discover not the reasoning of animals, pointing to consequences and devising means, but the unerring reason and wisdom of *Him* who made them, and implanted such principles in their constitutions as guide them unceasingly in the performance of their various natural operations, the complete purposes and utility of which *He* only knows. This reasoning is confirmed by that of Addison.

"What," says he, "can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all of the same species to work after the same model? It cannot be *imitation*; for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the other nests of the same species. It cannot be *reason*; for were animals endued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniences that they would propose to themselves."

Some birds display a wonderful share of sagacity in the process of incubation and in rearing their young. Without attentive and cautious observation, one would be almost positive, that in every step they are guided by reason. But it is easy to shew that this is not the case. Let us take a very familiar instance: a hen seeks a silent and an unfrequented place for her nest; when she has laid her eggs and begun to cover them, she takes care to turn them frequently, that the vital warmth may be communicated to all parts of them. When she is obliged to leave them in order to procure food, she is sure to return before they have time to cool, which would render them incapable of producing chickens.

In summer she will often stay away for two hours; but in winter, when the cold would destroy the principle of life, she stays away a much shorter time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the little ones to break their prison. When brought forth, how cautiously does she cover them from the injuries of the weather, provide them proper nourishment, and teach them to help themselves. It deserves also to be remarked, that she forsakes the nest, if, after the usual time of reckoning, the young do not begin to make their appearance. Can any thing have a greater appearance of reason and sagacity than all this!

"But, at the same time, the hen that has all this seeming ingenuity (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species,) considered in other respects, has not the least glimmering of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner; she is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays; she does not distinguish between her own and those of another species; and when the birth appears of ever so different a bird, she will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot." None of these instances justifies the doctrine, "that animals, in all their natural operations, act with a view to consequences."

To confirm our reasoning and opinion still farther, out of the numberless examples afforded us by natural history, we shall content ourselves with one, which, if we mistake not very much, is decisive of this question. This we take from the operations of the bee, as it seems to act with a view to consequences.

Let us attend a little to the structure of a honey-comb. The cells of the bees are equal and similar; and of the three possible ways in which this can be effected, they have chosen the best for holding their honey and rearing their young. The cells are built on both sides: they may then be placed exactly opposite one another, so that two would rest upon the same bottom; or they may be so placed, that the bottom of one will rest upon the point where the partitions meet on the opposite side. This latter mode gives them more strength, and they are accordingly built thus. Further, the bottoms of the cells are not planes perpendicular to the sides, but consist of three planes meeting in a solid angle in the

centre, exactly where the partitions on the opposite side cross one another. And it has been demonstrated, that this makes the cells similar without loss of room, and considerably spares both labour and materials. Thus, then, it is shewn, that bees build their cells so as to lose no room; to have no useless partitions; in the strongest possible manner; and with the least possible expense of labour and materials. All this, as far as geometry and mathematics can shew it, has been rigorously demonstrated by Mr. Maclaurin, and proves them, on the supposition that they act with a view to consequences in this instance, more skilled in both these instances than the most philosophical and learned men; and that too from the earliest ages. But as this is a doctrine too improbable to be insisted upon, we must rather conclude, that the bees, although they act geometrically, understand neither the rules nor the principles of the arts which they practise with such accuracy; but that the geometry in this instance is in the Maker of the bee, "that Great Geometer, who made all things in number, weight, and measure."

Were a man to construct so nice a piece of workmanship as a honey-comb, we should immediately conclude, that he worked according to rule, and understood the principles upon which he proceeded, but we have no reason whatever for thinking that bees understand one or the other. In the most complicated works of human contrivance, a man of equal knowledge and skill will comprehend the principles and general design of the artist: but to understand the rules and principles which are so rigorously adhered to in the constructing of a honey-comb, is, and will always be, beyond the comprehension of the far greater part of mankind. The few instances of animal *instinctive* operations, which we have now briefly detailed, will, we hope, be sufficient for the present: they correspond fully with our notion and explanation of instinct, and serve our purpose, as well as a million of instances crowded together.

But it is objected, that this instinct, which we call a simple, original principle, accommodates itself to circumstances; that it is improved by experience and imitation; that no such accommodation to circumstances can take place without reasoning, or a comparison of ideas; and, therefore, that this principle of the constitution of the lower animals is not *instinct*, but *reason*. The instances to prove that instinct accommodates itself to circumstances are numerous. Birds stay

away from their eggs longer in warm than cold weather. The ostrich in Senegal, where the heat is great, neglects her eggs during the day, but sits on them during the night: but at the Cape of Good Hope, where the heat is less, she sits on them both night and day. In countries infested with monkeys, birds, which in other climates build in bushes and clefts of trees, suspend their nests upon slender twigs, and thus elude their enemies. The same species of birds build their nests differently, when climate and circumstances require it. We have numberless instances of this accommodation to circumstances in the pairing instincts of animals. None, it has been observed, ever pair, except those whose young require the nursing care of both the parents. The extent and continuance of the parental care are in the proportion of the wants and helplessness of the young. When the wants of the young cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves; but the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, as we see in birds, which continue to feed their young, if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities. This last instance, whilst it very finely exemplifies an accommodating instinct, affords the happiest proof of the guardian care of a kind and parental Providence.

In answer to the objection which these facts contain, it may be first observed, that taking instinct, as it is generally defined, to be a principle in the constitution of animals, given them by their Maker, for the purpose of preserving the individuals and continuing the kind, in other words, a predisposition to perform certain actions necessary for these ends, when incited by certain feelings or sensations, that its accommodating itself to circumstances and situations is no argument against its existence, nor a good proof that it is the result of reasoning; since *He*, who made it a part of the constitution of his creatures, knows, that the same ends must be often sought by different means, particularly when times, places, and circumstances are altered; and only manifests his wisdom and goodness the more, by constituting this principle of such a nature, as to vary when requisite, and to change only when such a change is necessary. Let us add to this, that did *He* not impart this accommodating property to instinct, it would not produce the effects for which it seems intended; as we know it to be impossible

that similar means should produce similar effects, when circumstances, climates, and situations, are different. Indeed this accommodating peculiarity, so far from being a good argument against it, is a necessary consequence of instinct. The abettors of this principle do not maintain, that the accommodating variations will take place on every occasion. They will occur only where the disadvantages exist, against which the instinct is intended to provide. Instinctive actions take place when certain sensations exist, and when these do not exist, we cannot wonder that the actions do not occur.

Before we positively conclude, that no accommodation to circumstances can take place without reasoning, or a comparison of ideas, it may not be irrelevant to consider some of the appearances which the vegetable and inanimate worlds exhibit. If, because the operations of some animals are so artificial, and because they sometimes accommodate their actions to circumstances, we must say, that they reason and compare ideas, we must contend, that vegetables and inanimate bodies do so likewise: we know, that a vegetable reared in a dark cellar, if some light be admitted, will bend itself towards the light; or, if made to grow in a flower-pot with its head downwards, that it will turn its head upwards, according to the natural position of a plant. Can it be maintained, that the plant in either case does what it does from any judgment or opinion that it is best, and not from a necessary determination of its nature? The facts taken from the inanimate world are equally in point. How shall we account for the phenomena of elective attractions? when one body unites with another, and then, if a third is presented to it, quits the first, and unites itself with the other; shall we say that this is the effect of reasoning and of a comparison of ideas, and suppose that this preference of the one to the other proceeds from any predilection or opinion that it is better to cleave to one than to the other? What shall we say of the crystallizations and configurations of salts exhibited to us by the microscope, so various and yet so constant and regular? Must we say, that their minute particles reason and compare ideas, because their operations are so various, and, at the same time, so regular and constant? Or, if nobody affirms this, why should we think, that the actions of animals, not more various and surprising, not more constant or regular, than these motions of the salts, should be the result of reasoning and of a deduction of inferences?

Should we not rather affirm, as those inanimate substances arrange themselves so regularly, and yet so variously, upon different occasions, in consequence of an original law of nature, that the benevolent Author of all such laws, intending to display his providence and wisdom still more conspicuously in his animal kingdom, bestowed upon his creatures this accommodating instinct, without which, (supposing that they act instinctively on any occasion) the great purposes of their propagation and preservation could never be attained?

That some animals display wonderful sagacity and docility, that they even reason on several occasions, is, we think, clear from the most satisfactory evidence. We shall mention a few facts in support of this opinion.

On the northern coast of Ireland a friend of Dr. Darwin's saw above a hundred crows at once preying upon muscles: each crow took a muscle up into the air twenty or forty yards high, and let it fall upon the stones, and thus, by breaking the shell, got possession of the animal. A few years ago there was shewn at Exeter Change, London, an old monkey, which having lost his teeth, used, when nuts were presented to him, to take a stone in his hand, and crack them with it one by one; thus, using means, like the crows in the preceding instance, to accomplish his purposes, as well as we do. We are told by Linnæus, that the martin dwells on the outside of houses in Europe under the eaves; and that, when it has built its nest, the sparrow frequently takes possession of it. The martin, unable to dislodge his intruding enemy, convokes his companions, some of whom guard the captive, whilst others, bringing clay, completely close up the entrance of the nest, and then fly away, leaving the sparrow to be suffocated, as the punishment due to his injustice and temerity. This fact is mentioned in the "*Amusement Philosophique*," &c. of Father Bougeant. There is likewise an instance of it in the "*Gentleman's Magazine*;" in which we find also some interesting particulars concerning a raven kept, some years ago, at the Red Lion at Hungerford. The account is, however, too long to be transcribed, although very much to our present purpose. We recollect seeing, a few years ago, a very sensible cat, which, when out at night, would tap regularly at the windows, if the doors and shutters were closed; knowing by experience, that she was often let in at the windows by day. And what is still a better proof of her reasoning and sagacity,



she would always tap at the bed-room windows, when disappointed at the others, or when the night was far advanced. A lady with whom we were acquainted, had a tame bird, which she was in the habit of letting out of its cage about her room every day. One morning, as it was picking up some crumbs of bread off the carpet, her cat, which always before shewed great kindness for the bird, seized it on a sudden, and jumped, with it in her mouth, upon a table. The lady, alarmed for the fate of her favourite, on turning about, observed that the door had been left open, and that a strange cat had just come into the room. After turning it out, her own cat came down from her place of safety, and dropped the bird, without injuring, if we may so express it, a hair of its head. Cowper's beautiful little poem on the dog and the water lily, gives an amiable instance of the reasoning of the lower animals, which has been so sweetly, and yet with such elegant simplicity, told in verse, that we cannot think of melting it down into the languid coldness of prose.

When we see brutes thus using means to obtain their ends, as well as ourselves, must we not conclude that they reason? When the cat watches for hours in silent expectation of her prey; when the hound traverses a wide extent of country in the chase; when the meanest insect that we tread on, drags its wounded frame to a safe retreat; they shew as much persevering voluntariness as man can boast. No animal manducates its food, or laps its drink, from the mere pleasure of the motions. It uses them as means for an end; and if hunger and thirst were not felt, they would be considered as labours, and would not be performed.

"Animals (says professor Stewart, nearly in the words of Mr. Hume,) are left to make some small acquisitions, by experience, as sufficiently appears in certain tribes, from the sagacity of the old, when contrasted with the ignorance of the young; and from the effects which may be produced on many of them, by discipline and education."—"It seems as evident to me," says Mr. Locke, "that some animals do, in certain instances, reason, as that they have sense; but it is only in particular ideas, just as they receive them from the senses. They are the best of them tied up within those narrow bounds, and have not, as I think, the faculty to enlarge them by any kind of abstraction." The observations which Mr. Locke makes in this part of his work on the faculties of the brutes, as compared with ours, are in

general very just, and worthy of perusal. —But there are several facts, which our limits do not allow us to state, from which it is evident that brutes on some occasions exhibit proofs of the power of abstraction. That an animal can be capable of gratitude and affection for its master, without reasoning, can, we think, hardly be maintained. From the master's protection and kindness, it infers that it is under obligations to him, which it owes not to another. Before concluding our remarks on the reasoning of animals, we may quote one instance of the affection of a dog, which we think has never been surpassed. And we do it the more readily, as the circumstance has been very poetically described by an author, who, with all his great merits, seldom writes better than he has upon this occasion. The instance to which we allude is very interesting, from the incident to which it relates, the death of an unfortunate young gentleman of promising talents, who perished, by losing his way, in the spring of 1805, on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were found three months afterwards, guarded still by a terrier bitch, that had long been the companion of his solitary rambles. This last circumstance in particular, is very finely alluded to by Mr. (now Sir Walter) Scott, in his little piece on the subject, to which he has given the name of Hellvellyn. As the few instances now stated are sufficient, and speak fully for themselves, we shall not add to the number, nor stop to make any comments upon them.

But it has been asked, if we allow reason to the lower animals, in what does the difference between them and man consist? Do their faculties and ours differ in degree, or in kind? To this question we have not the vanity of thinking that we are able to give a satisfactory answer; we may, however, offer a few remarks.

We see that animals learn much from experience and observation as well as ourselves. It is thus they learn the nature, or the properties, of the objects that surround them, such as heights, depths, distances, &c. "A horse that has been accustomed to the field, becomes acquainted with the proper height which he can leap, and will never attempt what exceeds his force and ability. An old greyhound will trust the more fatiguing part of the chase to the younger, and will place himself so as to meet the hare in her doubles; nor are the conjectures which he forms on this occasion, founded in any thing but his observation and experience." By training and education we can teach our domestic

animals much more than they would ever learn, if left to themselves and their own observation. If we put them in new situations, we see that their acquired knowledge is much increased and improved, and that by a proper and strict discipline we can train them up to a mode of acting directly contrary to their instincts, or natural propensities. If these observations be just, (and we cannot see how they can be questioned,) it follows, that in the lower animals instinct is susceptible of very great and striking modifications. To produce these, however, strict culture and discipline are necessary; without which, we do not think that their own experience and observation would ever teach them to deviate much from the line of acting chalked out to them by their instincts, or original propensities. And accordingly we agree with a remark of Mr. Hume's, "that though animals learn many parts of their knowledge from observation, there are also many parts of it which they derive from the original hand of nature, which much exceed the share of capacity they possess on ordinary occasions, and in which they improve little or nothing, by the longest practice and experience."

Yet, notwithstanding this susceptibility of improvement by culture and education in the lower animals, we can never observe in them any thing approaching to the knowledge and sagacity of man. They do not, like him, heap observation upon observation, they do not improve by the experience of the past, nor manifest any indications of a regard to futurity; their manufactures are always stationary, and all their acquisitions of knowledge perish with the individual. They never learn the arts of man; for instance, though often as fond of artificial heat as we are, not one of them has been ever known to lay a piece of coal or of wood upon the fire, to keep it from going out. All this may be owing to their want of language; but it seems strange that they possess not this art, as some of them seem to have organs of articulation as perfect as ours. They use means, it is true, for obtaining their ends sometimes; but these in general are very simple and obvious. They reason too on some occasions; but the want of language, or of general signs, puts it out of their power to reason, but on particular facts. The powers of classifying objects, of abstract reasoning, of using artificial signs as instruments of thought and of mutual communication, seem to be almost altogether peculiar to man. From these considera-

tions, and several others, relating both to the intellectual and moral faculties of man, as contrasted with those of the lower animals, it has been inferred, that the regular chain of being, every where else observable on our globe, fails entirely here, and that their faculties differ from ours, not merely in degree but in kind.

Thus then we see, that animals perform certain operations that are neither *rational*, *habitual*, nor *mechanical*; and although it cannot be doubted that some of them reason in several instances, still, even from the short details now given, we cannot allow that their natural operations are performed with a view to consequences. Nor ought the effects of instinct (the labours of birds and bees for instance) to appear extraordinary to us, when we consider what astonishing effects *habit*, which has been happily called "a second nature," enables us to produce. For instance, we need go no farther than reading, writing, and playing upon musical instruments, all of which we learn by great attention, pains, and study; and most of all, perhaps, correct and quick extemporary eloquence. And surely, when the effects of an acquired principle are so very uncommon, it cannot be deemed strange, that an original principle of the constitution of animals should perform works still greater or more astonishing.

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#### THE BROTHERS: OR, THE LAST EMBRACE.

"Lend me your ears and patience, my good sirs  
And gentle dames. I will a tale rehearse  
Of such astounding import, (though each line,  
Fresh stamp'd from truth's own mintage,  
Commend itself to every sober thinker.)  
As ye, of these vile days of barefaced fiction  
Shall gape upon with strong amaze, and cry, 'Alas,  
That tale so passing strange, and full of woe,  
Should, notwithstanding, be less strange than  
true.'"  
SHAKESPEARE.

FOURTEEN years have passed away in the ceaseless whirl of time, since the impressions, a sketch of which I am about to give, were made; but the feelings, never to be forgotten while the heart throbs with life, have frequently since then been resuscitated from the oblivion of buried years, and in all the vigour and impressiveness of actual vision have passed before me.

The sober tints of autumn began to appear, browning here and there various patches on the map of nature, when I found myself returning from a few weeks' tour, without meeting a single incident which appeared either to deserve or demand a place of memoranda in a traveller's portfolio; no, nor even enough to form a "charming piece" with which to embellish "a lady's album."

The sun had nearly finished his diurnal course, and was throwing a blazing glory of the most gorgeous description, over the western hemisphere, when I entered one of those charmingly picturesque villages in the eastern part of Sussex, for which that lovely county is famous. It might have been, for any thing I know to the contrary, the very place the "sweet bard of Sheffield" has so richly painted, while describing the birth-place of *Mary* in his "Prose by a Poet," as one of those picturesque and retired situations among mountains and dales, which poetry and romance would instantly fix upon as the uncontaminated abode of peace, innocence, and virtue.—An unusual, and indefinable fascination rested upon it, its beauty was not only *seen*, but *felt*. The dreamy illusions of poets seemed to be realized. I experienced, or rather fancied I did, the ecstasies they enjoy, without the throes, "painfully delicious," which they suffer. I almost longed that then the inspiring influence of the "god of song" might descend upon me. The scene, the time, the place, were the poet's own,—but I was not a poet—nature herself had entered her protest against my being admitted among the tuneful number. I was then, and still am, unable to define distinctly the cause of the feeling produced. I yielded to the determination which I had unconsciously formed, of spending at least one night in this modern Arcadia, to enjoy the luxury of strolling amid its beauties.

It appeared to have but one *Inn*, employing that term in the same sense as, if I remember right, our great lexicographer Johnson has done—"A house of entertainment for travellers," as its sign significantly informed me I should, on which was legibly inscribed "Good entertainment for man and horse." I accordingly rode up to it, and soon received a fascinating *mauvaise honte* courtesy from a smiling lass of about eighteen, whose fairy footsteps I followed to the invitation of "This way, sir," into their best parlour, while my weary *Rozinante* was led, nothing loath, into a warm stable. An excellent cup or two of that beverage which "cheers but not inebriates," served with such despatch as I have seldom found equalled at inns of more external importance, satisfied my present wants, which had well nigh been altogether forgotten by the anxiety I felt to gratify my curiosity. Leaving orders that a supper might be provided for me by half past nine, I sallied forth, like Milton's pair when driven from Paradise, "with the world all before me."

I had not proceeded three steps from the door of my inn, before I encountered a severe opposition to my going forward. An argument arose between my fancy and my judgment—as to the direction I should take; how long this might have lasted, I cannot pretend to say, had not reflection told me, that either way would be equally new, and that therefore to take the one that lay straight before would be as proper as to turn to any other. I accordingly took the opposite direction from that by which I had entered the village, and, after a saunter of about twenty minutes, the humble square tower of a half-dilapidated church became at intervals faintly visible between the "umbrageous foliage" of a stately row of elms, by which it was surrounded. A shaded lane on my left, evidently led directly to it, and for a moment I stood half inclined to turn up the bowered vista, and visit the habitations of the dead. The thought however occurred, that I might take a more circuitous rout advantageously, by continuing the road I had taken, by which plan, I should enjoy more of the rich scenery by which I had been so captivated, and take the church in my return. "It shall be even so," I approvingly whispered to myself, and again my animal machine was in motion, propelled by the power of desired gratification.

How long I might have pursued my ramble I cannot determine, so entirely was I entranced at every step, by fresh scenery more rich, more beautiful, more delectable, than the former, bursting upon my view, as I rose by the side of one acclivity, and descended to meet another: had I not, when descending a valley, perceived the dark shadow of the opposite hill, rested more than half way up the one I was descending, reminding me how soon the regent of day would retire within the doors of his golden palace.

As I felt desirous to examine the only public building in the place, the church, excepting indeed the inn, and, as I have since learned, the national school, supported by voluntary contributions, I turned in that direction in which my geographical knowledge of the place led me to believe I should find it. I was not, as I too often have been on other and more important subjects, mistaken; a few turnings and windings, and the humble fane stood before me. It appeared a proper hour for such a visit, a period when thought turns necessarily upon one's self, made more powerful by the solemnity of the place.

The moon had already risen, by the light of which I perceived, while looking at my

watch, that less than three hours more, and a new day would be given to the world. As I entered the grave-yard, a more than ordinary degree of solemnity pressed upon my mind ; while crowds of thoughts seemed each to claim my attention above its fellow thought. A line of venerable elms, placed at equal distances, rose on each side the building—forming, even in the meridian of day, a cool retreat ; being nearly impervious to the speary rays of the sun. The paler beams of the moon, therefore, although shining with unusual brightness, were barely sufficient to dispel entire darkness. With the curiosity of a stranger, I examined the building, and gazed with a species of superstitious awe upon its ivy-matted tower, and deep lengthy gothic windows. A rustic bench, placed betwixt two of the trees, offered a moment's welcome rest, and I availed myself of it. With a mournful glance, accompanied by an involuntary sigh, I surveyed the house appointed for all living, and gazed with awfelt interest upon the numerous sepulchral hillocks that lay before me. Some were surrounded by iron palisades, as if to prevent the unfeeling trampers on the dead from discomposing the spot where the beloved relics of father, mother, husband, wife, or child, quietly reposed ; others were merely graced with a stone at the head and foot, rudely inscribed, to inform the passing passenger whose once living form now mouldered in the vault below ; or to convey, in some homely, wholesome episode, a "memento mori : " while others, more humble still, were neatly covered with close-cut grass, and bound about with osier or bramble withes.

I had folded my arms mechanically, and given myself up to the unbridled influence of imagination, musing on the spot where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet slept," when my reverie was suddenly broken up by a long hysteric groan, which appeared to proceed from one of the graves. I started suddenly from my fixed posture, and listened with breathless attention, but all was silent,—the same awful stillness reigned ; and by degrees, the feverish heat which had rushed through my system subsided to a regular temperature. Scarcely, however, had I regained my composure, before a second and a third expression of grief or agony, from some unknown being, fell upon my ear, and entered my very soul. I felt disposed to move from my seat, but an invisible chain bound me to the spot. The unexpectedness of the sounds had deprived me of the proper exercise of thought ; I gazed with strained eyes, and listened with

distended ears, but could neither see nor hear any living thing. It required no effort on my part to believe that the tomb-stones nodded at me in mockery, or, moving from their stations, paced to and fro in the pale beams of the now clouded moon.

A nervous sensation crept over me—a cold clammy sweat hung upon my forehead—my hair stiffened—and my very breathing became difficult. A soft, thrilling, indistinct voice, of the wildest harmony, and yet of the most melodious cadence, arose upon the breathless æther : the notes were sadly soothing, and, like Shakspeare's Ferdinand, when surprised by the singing of *Ariel*, I was ready to exclaim, "Where should this music be ? i' th' air, or the earth ? " A few broken expressions were all I could gain, except at its termination, which became more full and plaintive, when the words " 'Tis even so, 'tis even so,"—were distinctly audible.

My head had mechanically turned towards the point whence the sounds appeared to proceed, and scarcely had they closed, before, as if rising from one of the graves, a figure of vestal whiteness glided airily along. Its head was enveloped in a snowy kerchief, barely leaving the face uncovered, presenting a countenance "more in sorrow than in anger ;" while a long plain dress covered its slender form, and trailed carelessly upon the ground. As it receded from my view, I rose, scarcely conscious of what I did, and attempted to follow it. I reached the spot where I last saw it—it had exhaled. I could discover no trace of its existence ; where or how it had gone, I could not conjecture. I stood fear-bound, like a petrified statue.

I did not, or I thought I did not, believe in supernatural appearances. I have again and again laughed at the idle gravity of some lovers of the marvellous, but I now was half way, scarcely half, a sceptic ; I felt unwilling to believe, and yet I dared not, circumstanced as I then was, deny. It might be possible spirits might walk—still I determined to combat the point. I inquired, with the son of Anchises—

"Can it be, that souls sublime  
Return to visit our terrestrial clime,  
And that the generous mind, releas'd by death,  
Can covet lazy limbs, and mortal breath ? "

My soliloquy was of short duration. An undefinable sensation of fear, doubt, shame, and terror, strangely mingled, possessed me. The beauties of moonlight seemed faded away. An instinctive horror, as with the claws of a harpy, fastened upon me,—and, " 'Tis even so, 'tis even so," with the unearthly tones in which the words

were uttered, rang in my ears. The unknown figure seemed again to pass before me—the illusion became oppressively powerful—with hurried steps, I took the turning which appeared to lead to my inn, and in a few minutes found myself seated in the parlour, from which three hours before I had started in search of adventure.

As I entered the house, I perceived my appearance excited some surprise in the portly hostess; who, with a long side-glance, eyed me somewhat sagaciously; and well she might, for while reviewing my own loved figure in a diamond-cut mirror, which decorated the chimney-piece of my room, I scarcely knew it. The paleness of the mysterious stranger seemed to have been transferred to my own face, while my panting bosom heaved most piteously. I rested for a few minutes in my easy chair, and then rung for my supper. My pretty waiting-maid appeared, and kindly inquired, "Pray, sir, are you not well?" I felt ashamed to confess the fact, although I longed to do so; and, therefore, thanking her for her attentions, dismissed her in the best way I could, awkwardly complaining that I had taken a longer walk than I had intended, and felt somewhat fatigued—which was in all its parts, although a lame tale, a literal truth.

An excellent supper, served up in the best style of village accommodation, made almost delicious by a mug of superexcellent home-brewed ale; the best, the very best, as the old lady herself (who, as she with humility confessed ought not to have said it) assured me most seriously, that could be procured for ten miles round, operated considerably to tranquillize and refresh me, and after taking a small glass of rum-grog, I retired to sleep, and to dream of the inexplicable circumstance I had met with.

To describe the character of my chamber, the size and quality of my bed, the furniture with which it was garnished, the grotesque figures which bestudded it—how I slept, and, if I did dream, of what I dreamed—would be too tiresome a task for my ardent feelings to attend to, nor would it, I apprehend, be more interesting or welcome to my readers; suffice it to say, that the strong excitement of the evening had so far fatigued nature, that the cuckoo-clock in the kitchen was repeating its monotonous sound ten successive times as I entered the parlour the next morning.

Some of the best Turkey, that is, a decoction of it, the house afforded, highly enriched by a plentiful supply of luscious

cream and new-laid eggs, with a number of *et-ceteras*, afforded me a good breakfast, and I began to think about pushing onwards to the metropolis of our country; when, as I paced round my *boudoir*, and gazed at the splendid illustrations of that *chef d'œuvre* of comic description, "Gilpin's Journey," which adorned the walls; my eye fell upon a paper which lay on the mantelpiece, which contained, in a neat hand—evidently a female's—some writing of a metrical order. Although, as I have stated, I am no poet, nor have the happiness to be able to decide, like some favoured critics of the day, who can do so even without reading a line, upon the merits of the productions of that illustrious race; yet, like most other people with little sense, I know when I am pleased with what I read; and have been, since first I coned over Homer and Virgil as tasks at school, enamoured with the lyre. Acting under this feeling, mingled with a spice of curiosity, and judging it could be nothing out of order to read what had been so left, I took up the paper, and, to my almost overwhelming astonishment, read the following stanza—

"'Tis even so, 'tis even so,  
Hope whispers no relief—  
Those cannot help, who cannot know,  
Or comprehend my grief—  
Too deep, too deep, for mortal ken,  
My careless sorrows flow,—  
The world may doubt my grief—but then—  
'Tis even so, 'tis even so."

On finishing the lines, my mind immediately reverted to the church-yard scene on the preceding evening, and I was now enabled to connect in my mind that of which I then could only distinguish parts. The fact appeared most evident, that I now held in my hand the very lines which had been so mysteriously chanted in my ears at that time. I was now, if possible, more perplexed, although certainly less agitated, than when they were sung. I instantly rung the bell, without knowing what definite design I had in so doing. By the time the waiting-maid entered, I had seated myself in my chair, and appeared carelessly perusing the paper which I still held in my hand; I desired the breakfast service might be removed, and while the task was performing, inquired of the fair attendant if she could inform me by whom those pretty lines were written, carelessly tossing them on the table. "No, sir," was the laconic answer, returned with a smile and courtsey; and it appeared likely that I should be compelled to leave the mystery undeveloped still.

Anxious, however, to be informed of what I felt so greatly interested in, yet

fearful to speak, lest I should drop any thing that might lead to a disclosure of my last evening's consternation, I pushed them with a seeming indifference further from me, observing, "I suppose that is your writing, Mary," for so I had heard her mother call her. "Yes, sir," the blushing maid replied. "And pray from what book did you copy them?" "I did not copy them from any book," answered my fair waiter, "they were given me, sir, by—by—sir—my—William." She hesitated, stammered, blushed, stopped. "Oh! oh! I see," said I, wishing to save her from more confusion, that I might if possible reach the end of the communication, and obtain the information I wanted. "You received them from a friend—well, well, no matter. I suppose then, Mary, he is the unknown author, and love—" "No, indeed, sir," interrupted the blushing girl, as she pushed back a straggling curl, "indeed he is not, he heard poor Emma Wilkinson sing them, as several others have done, every night in the church-yard." "Indeed!" I observed, with considerable agitation, which I could scarcely control: "And pray who is Emma Wilkinson?" "She is a poor crazed girl, sir, who visits every night the grave of poor Alfred's parents, and sings over them several melancholy pieces." The call of "Mary" from her mother, broke off our colloquy. As she hasted out of the room, I thanked her for the information she had communicated—by which I felt considerably relieved on the one hand, and oppressed on the other. "So then," thought I, "it was poor Emma who sang so enchantingly to me, although I knew her not. I must, however, if possible learn something of her history. Poor Emma, although ignorant of the circumstances which have led to so awful a catastrophe, yet from my heart I pity you."

I now determined to seize some opportunity to enter more fully into conversation with the pretty waiting-maid upon the subject, and therefore settled in my mind that I would spend another night at the village inn. Yielding to the impulse of the moment, I set off to visit by daylight the scene of my last night's fears; and taking the nearest way, soon found myself occupying the seat which I had filled on the preceding evening. I had taken my place only a few minutes, when I perceived, slowly pacing the gravelled pathway, and evidently making towards the seat on which I sat, a venerable old man. Adown his shoulders fell a profusion of snow-white hair, which seemed to proclaim "his

lengthened years." A cane, the mounted head of which threw back a dazzling sheen, as the sun's rays occasionally glanced upon it, supported his trembling frame. His garb, although after the costume of the olden times, was respectable, and his general appearance indicated that he was one of the "respectables" of the village.

I always respect old age, and when old age respects itself, I love, I almost reverence it. I rose from my seat, and, hastening towards the stranger, gave and received a courteous salutation. We soon filled the sitting side by side between the two aged elms, and a little conversation made us as intimate as old friends.

A slight glance at my companion was sufficient to convince me, that the lines formed in his placid countenance were rather the effects of sorrow than of age. They were deep and expressive; not like the signs of the gradual and easy wearing-out of nature, but such as the rough barbed tool of heartfelt sorrow would be likely to produce. Still there was a placidity, a resignation of a nameless order, playing about his features, like a halo of glory bedecking the scared brows of a veteran victor, which could scarce fail to inspire the beholder with sympathy and reverence.

"I should imagine, sir," said my aged friend, in reply to some observations I had made in reference to the beauty of the surrounding scenery, "I should suppose, sir, from the ardour with which you express yourself upon our Sussex landscapes, that you are either an entire stranger to this part of the country, or that you are not frequent in your visits?" "I am, sir," I replied, "a perfect stranger to it; my first visit here was made on the past evening. Charmed with the prospects by which I was surrounded on entering the village, I was determined to indulge myself with a few hours' stroll through at least a part of this Elysium scenery, and, without knowing whither I went, I wandered on until the setting sun warned me of the departure of day, and admonished me to return. I did so by this pathway; and, indulging on this seat in a lonely melancholy revery, I was almost lost to a consciousness of my situation, when—when—" I stammered at an attempt to retract from a narrative on which I perceived I had proceeded too far already,—my feelings had triumphed, not indeed a frequent case with me, over my discretion. The old man perceived my embarrassment, and, turning upon me a look which spoke unutterable things, obliged me to proceed in the best way I was able,

without exposing my recent fears: "when, sir, my ears were assailed by sounds of the most ravishing harmony, proceeding, as I have since learned from a female ma—" "Oh! my daughter!" groaned the patriarchal form beside me, covering at the same time his face with his hands—while through his fingers I perceived the big round tears oozing like streams from a pent-up fountain. "Your daughter, sir!" I exclaimed, with a feeling which can neither be painted nor conceived. "Yes, sir, my daughter—my poor, poor child, Emma—my beloved—my unhappy child! oh! oh! oh!" sobbed out the distressed parent. I forgot I was a stranger to him, his sorrows made him dear to me, I seized his hand, and wept with him.

After nature had in part relieved herself, I attempted an apology for the grief I had innocently occasioned. He perceived my intention,—and with a smile of dignified urbanity, assured me that an apology was not necessary. "Your sympathy, sir," he continued, "has laid me under obligation, and, if the detail of the unhappy circumstances which led to the breaking up of one of the finest minds of a created being, if the fondness of a father may be allowed to judge, would in any way interest you, I shall feel something like relief by reciting them to one, so evidently capable of judging of their aggravations as yourself." I attempted to assure the old gentleman of the mournful pleasure I should receive, by being so far obliged. "If your patience will not be worn out by its length," he replied, "you shall hear the tale of woe. But come," said he, rising as he spoke, and gently taking my arm, and leading me to another part of the churchyard; "I must conduct you to the spot, from which the sounds you have referred to arose."

At the western extremity of the ancient pile, I perceived another seat, constructed after the same Spartan form as the one we had just left,—and on this we took our sittings in silence. After a few seconds, at the end of which the old man observed, as he dashed a tear from his eye, and pointed to a grave full in front of us, done up with more than ordinary care, "There, sir, is the place of poor Emma's mournful vigils; there, sir, on that grave she strews fresh-gathered flowers each returning evening, and beside it chants her lays of sorrow, and then harmlessly and pensively returns to her lonely chamber." I perceived as he spoke the withered tokens of poor Emma's regard, half covering the raised clods of earth.

The old man again dried the moisture from his cheeks, and then proceeded: "There repose as worthy a pair as ever died of a broken heart. Forty summer suns have visited this our once happy village, since first I knew Egbert Harlow,—he was then but a youth of about twelve or fourteen years of age; a merry curled-headed boy, the darling of his affectionate parents,—and, ere we had thought of it, Egbert had become a man—a young one, it is true, but old enough, he believed, to marry. That indispensable requisite to happiness, or fruitful source of misery, 'a wife,' was wished for by him, nor was he long before he had found a maiden every way worthy so worthy a young man. They were married; and well I remember that day, it was a village jubilee. They were the pride of the circle in which they moved—all esteemed, and most loved them. Many were the healths that were with sobriety drunk, and sincere the wishes that were expressed on that occasion, for the welfare of Egbert Harlow and his lovely bride.

"The summer sky of prosperity was flatteringly bright above and around them; they did not even dream of ever knowing a sadder day than their wedding-day, and a happier one they could not know. Egbert's father, who had been some time before this a widower, soon after died, and left him a comfortable property; which, together with a few hundreds which his wife had brought as her marriage portion, placed them in easy circumstances.

"One year after their marriage, saw them the happy parents of a lovely son—who, at the proper period received the name of his father, Egbert; with a fondness such as parents only can conceive of, they contemplated their "first-born, much-loved boy." The fond mother beheld in his bright eye the sparkling intelligence of his father,—while he, with equal sagacity, discovered in his artless smile the amiable and attractive spirit of his mother: he possessed in short their undivided affections. Yes, he who soon became the cause of the almost first uneasiness they felt after their happy union, was almost, if not altogether, the idol of their hearts. No sooner had he learned to run alone, than enterprise became his delight; nor did a week pass, but some juvenile misdeemeanor of the infant Egbert filled the village with disquiet, and his mother's heart with uneasiness. He had attained his fourth year, when a portion at least of his parent's affections was transferred from him to a brother, by the birth of a second son.

"The joy which even children partake of at such an event was scarcely felt, and but a short time enjoyed, by the first-born. The dissimilarity of the tempers and pursuits of the brothers became obvious, as the character of each developed itself in their growing years. Alfred, so the second son was named, was gentle as the shorn lamb, and unassuming as the violet of the valley. His soul appeared all affection, the very element in which he lived was kindness. Noble, generous, courageous, and manly, even in childhood, he won insensibly the hearts of all who knew him. Egbert, with the keen eye of the bird of the sun, saw the growing virtues of his brother, and learned to hate the "excellence he could not reach." There was a morosity and surliness stamped upon his forehead, which lowered in curling wrinkles of disapprobation at Alfred's growing favour. Like another Cain, his soul brooded over imaginary wrongs, and determined revenge upon his unsuspecting rival.

"Egbert had reached his sixteenth year, when one night—the recollection brings a sickening influence over me—the wind howled dreadfully, it rose to a perfect hurricane,—occasionally cracking peals of thunder seemed to threaten some fearful destruction. The storm drew nearer and nearer, until the bursting cloud, perpendicularly above us, shot forth streams of forked lightnings—whizzing in zig-zag fury. It struck the tower of our church, and carried in its course a considerable portion of it to the ground. On that night the brothers were missing, servants were despatched in all directions in search of them. That wood which darkens in its shade the paddocks on our right, was scoured by myself and the distressed parent: We hollowed, and were answered by the bellowing thunders. We listened, and the roaring winds or mimic echoes mocked our anxieties. The storm gradually subsided, and the moon broke forth in splendour, an appalling stillness succeeded the raging tempest. Still we continued our apparently fruitless search; when, as we drew near the edge of the wood, where the swelling river, now almost overflowing its banks, wound along, a faint moan reached the listening and half-distracted father's ears—another—and another was audible. We called, but received no answer; and, while half suspended in our progress by our agitation, the glancing beams of the moon, bursting suddenly from behind a clump of trees, (the torches we had employed had gone out,) fell full on a human figure, prostrate on the ground. We rushed eagerly towards it, and

beheld, covered with clotted blood which had flowed from a deep wound on the left cheek and forehead, the youthful Alfred. But Egbert was no where to be seen. How to act we scarcely knew, the sight had almost unmanned us. A call brought to our aid some servants, and the insensible and cold Alfred, with scarcely any signs of life, was carried home, followed by his weeping father,—while I continued my search for Egbert.

"To attempt a description of the fond mother's feelings, would be folly in the extreme; while she gazed upon the bloody form of her beloved Alfred, and found, to aggravate her misery, that Egbert was still missing. Medical aid was soon procured, and the danger was pronounced to be much less than had at first been anticipated. Other small wounds than those on the cheek and forehead, with several bruises, seemed to intimate that considerable violence had been exercised upon the unfortunate youth. He was not in a fit state however to give information, and therefore questions were not put to him.

"The night had passed away—and morning's light peeped from the gray mist of the east, and still I could discover nothing of Egbert. I had taken a long circuit, and was returning by the way of the river, when just as I reached the spot where Alfred had been found, I perceived something entangled among the bushes which grew by the side of the stream, the branches of which touched the water. I hastened towards it, and soon succeeded in bringing it to land. It was a hat—on the inside was marked Egbert. Expecting I should find the body, I employed some time in examining the bushes as far as they extended, but in vain. I was compelled to return to the house of mourning, to add fresh sorrow to the bleeding hearts of my valued friends. Upon the production of the hat, no doubt was entertained that the youths had been waylaid, that Alfred had been left for dead, while his brother had been thrown into the river.

"We now regretted that we had not silently pursued our search, nothing doubting that the wretches who had committed the deed, had heard our voices and fled. The river was searched in vain. Egbert, neither living nor dead, could not be found.

"Two months passed away, and deep mourning clothed the family in its sable weeds, for the lost—for ever lost—child. In the mean time, Alfred slowly recovered; and as his weakness permitted, he continued to inquire with peculiar anxiety



after his brother. Waking, as from a dream one evening, while his father and mother, and myself, were sitting in his room, he exclaimed: 'Oh, do forgive poor Egbert, I am sure I forgive him, he is still my dear, dear brother!' We looked at each other with amazement, as if fearful to ask what the youth could mean; but conceiving he might be labouring under some partial delirium, we were recommencing our indifferent conversation, when he again inquired, 'What have you done, dear father, with Egbert? I am sure I forgive him; do let him come and see me, that I may tell him so.'

"I perceived that more than we had yet learned was to be disclosed; I therefore intimated that Mrs. Harlow should retire—but I could not succeed. Could it be possible that Egbert had done the deed; if so, whither had he fled, what was his fate? 'Tell me, Alfred,' I said, 'how this sad affair happened, what was the cause of it?' 'If you will promise to forgive Egbert, I will,' answered the sobbing youth. We promised his request should be complied with; when he informed us of what at this moment, distant as it is, and even by faint recollection, chills my very blood:—That Egbert had invited him to a ramble through the wood; and although unwilling to go, yet to please him, as he had for some days before assumed a more than ordinary degree of moroseness towards him, and hoping to gain him over, he consented. They walked together until they had reached the centre of the wood, when, fearing the approaching storm, he wished to return, but was prevented by Egbert—who still drew him onwards until they had reached its extremity, on the opposite side from that they had entered; when he suddenly charged him with having wronged him on several occasions. Alfred protested his innocence, and strove to pacify his growing anger, but in vain. With a stake which he tore from the thicket, he aimed a fierce blow at him; he staggered, and prayed his brother to spare him, but in vain—another and another blow followed; the blood gushed forth—he fell—and as his eyes closed, as he supposed in death, he saw Egbert rush fearfully from him towards the river, and, until he found himself in his bed, no recollection of what afterwards followed was possessed by him.

"The disclosure was horrifying. It was now no longer doubted that Egbert, supposing he had murdered his brother, had fled, and added to his crime self-destruction. Alfred saw our agony, but could not

explain its cause. Supposing we had learned the principal parts of the tragic tale from Egbert, whom he imagined to be still in the house, he had unsuspectingly with his own mouth furnished the awful truth, which never, but for such supposition, would have been made known.

*To be concluded in our next.*

#### THE WILD PIGEONS OF AMERICA.

In the autumn of 1813, I left my house in Henderson, on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. Having met the pigeons flying from north-east to south-west, in the barrens of natural wastes a few miles beyond Hardensburg, in apparently greater numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before, I felt an inclination to enumerate the flocks that would pass within the reach of my eye in one hour. I accordingly dismounted, and seating myself on a tolerable eminence, took my pencil to mark down what I saw flying by and over me, and made a dot for every flock which passed.

Finding, however, that this was next to impossible, and feeling unable to record the flocks, as they multiplied constantly; I rose, and counting the dots then put down, discovered that one hundred and sixty-three had been made in twenty-one minutes. I travelled on, and still met more, the farther I went. The air was literally filled with pigeons; the light of noon-day became dim, as during an eclipse; the pigeons' dung fell in spots, not unlike melting flakes of snow; and the continued buzz of their wings over me, had a tendency to incline my senses to repose.

Before sun-set I reached Louisville, distant from Hardensburg fifty-five miles, where the pigeons were still passing, and this continued for three days in succession.

The people were indeed all up in arms, and shooting on all sides at the passing flocks. The banks of the river were crowded with men and children, for here the pigeons flying rather low as they passed the Ohio, gave a fair opportunity to destroy them in great numbers. For a week or more the population spoke of nothing but pigeons, and fed on no other flesh but that of pigeons. The whole atmosphere during the time was strongly impregnated with the smell appertaining to their species.

It may not, perhaps, be out of place to attempt an estimate of the number of pigeons contained in one of those mighty flocks, and the quantity of food daily con-

sumed by its members. The inquiry will show the astonishing bounty of the Creator in his works, and how universally this bounty has been granted to every thing on the vast continent of America.

We shall take, for example, a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size; and supposing it passed over us without interruption for three hours, at the rate of one mile per minute, this will give us a parallelogram of one hundred and eighty miles by one, covering one hundred and eighty square miles, and allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion one hundred and fifteen millions one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in one flock: and as every pigeon consumes fully half a pint of food per day, the quantity must be eight millions seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day, which is required to feed such a flock.

As soon as these birds discover a sufficiency of food to entice them to alight, they fly round in circles, reviewing the country below, and at this time exhibit their phalanx in all the beauties of their plumage, now displaying a large glistening sheet of bright azure, by exposing their backs to view, and suddenly veering, exhibit a mass of rich deep purple. They then pass lower over the woods, and are lost among the foliage for a moment, but they reappear as suddenly above; after which they alight, and, as if affrighted, the whole again take to wing with a roar equal to loud thunder, and wander swiftly through the forest to see if danger is near. Impelling hunger, however, soon brings them all to the ground, and then they are seen industriously throwing up the fallen leaves to seek for the last beech-nut or acorn, the rear ranks continually rising, passing over, and alighting in front in such quick succession, that the whole still bears the appearance of being on the wing.—The quantity of ground thus swept up, or, to use a French expression, *moissonnée*, is astonishing, and so clean is the work, that gleaners never find it worth their while to follow where the pigeons have been. On such occasions, when the woods are thus filled with them, they are killed in amazing numbers, yet without any apparent diminution. During the middle of the day, after the repast is finished, the whole settle on the trees to enjoy rest, and digest their food; but as the sun sinks in the horizon, they depart en masse for the roosting place, not unfrequently hundreds of miles off, as has been ascertained by persons keeping account of their arrival, and of their depar-

ture from their curious roosting places, to which I must now conduct the reader.

To one of those general nightly rendezvous, not far from the banks of Green River in Kentucky, I paid repeated visits. It was, as is almost always the case, pitched in a portion of the forest where trees were of great magnitude of growth, but with little underwood. I rode through it lengthwise upwards of forty miles, and crossed it in different parts, ascertaining its width to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was about a fortnight subsequent to the period when they had chosen this spot, and I arrived there nearly two hours before the setting of the sun. Few pigeons were then to be seen, but a great number of persons with horses and waggons, guns and ammunition, had already established different camps on the borders. Two farmers from the neighbourhood of Russellville, distant more than one hundred miles, had driven upwards of three hundred hogs to be fattened on pigeon meat; and here and there the people, employed in picking and salting what had already been procured, were seen sitting in the centre of large piles of those birds, all proving to me that the number resorting there at night must be astonishing, and probably consisting of all those then feeding in Indiana some distance beyond Jeffersonville, not less than one hundred and fifty miles off.

The dung of the birds was several inches deep, covering the whole extent of the roosting place like a bed of snow. Many trees, two feet in diameter, I observed were broken at no great distance from the ground, and the branches of many of the largest and tallest so much so, that the desolation already exhibited, equalled that performed by a furious tornado. As the time elapsed, I saw each of the anxious persons about to prepare for action; some with sulphur in iron pots, others with torches of pine knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns double and treble charged. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had yet arrived—but all of a sudden, I heard a cry of "Here they come!" The noise which they made, though distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea, passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived, and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the pole-men. The current of birds, however, kept still increasing. The fires were lighted, and a most magnificent, as well as wonderful and terrifying sight was before me. The pigeons coming in by millions, alighted every where one on

the top of another, until masses of them resembling hanging swarms of bees, as large as hogheads, were formed on every tree in all directions. These heavy clusters were seen to give way as the supporting branches, breaking down with a crash, came to the ground, killing hundreds of those which obstructed their fall, forcing down other equally large and heavy groups, and rendering the whole a scene of uproar and of distressing confusion. I found it quite useless to speak, or even to shout, to those persons nearest me. The reports even of the different guns were seldom heard, and I knew only of their going off by seeing the owners reload them.

No person dared venture within the line of devastation, and the hogs had been penned up in due time; the picking up of the dead and wounded sufferers being left for the next morning's operation. Still the pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I perceived a decrease in the number of those that arrived. The uproar continued, however, the whole night; and as I was anxious to know to what distance the sound reached, I sent a man, who, by his habits in the woods, was able to tell me, two hours afterwards, that at three miles he heard it distinctly. Towards the approach of day the noise rather subsided; but long ere objects were at all distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they arrived the day before, and at sun-rise none that were able to fly remained. The howlings of the wolves now reached our ears, and the foxes, the lynx, the cougars, bears, rakoons, opossums, and pole-cats, were seen sneaking off the spot, whilst the eagles and hawks of different species, supported by a horde of buzzards and carrion-crows, came to supplant them, and reap the benefits of this night of destruction.

It was then that I, and all those present, began our entry among the dead and wounded sufferers. They were picked up in great numbers, until each had as many as could possibly be disposed of; and afterwards the hogs and dogs were let loose to feed on the remainder.

*Account of the Wild Pigeons of America, by Mr. John James Audubon.*

Lewis, in his excellent History of Lynn, Massachusetts, speaking of the wild pigeons which visited the early settlers of this country, remarks, that their flocks were so numerous as to obscure the light, and they continued flying for four or five hours together, to such an extent, that a person

could see neither beginning nor end, length nor breadth, of these millions. When they alighted in the woods, they frequently broke down large limbs of trees with their weight. A single family has been known to have killed more than a hundred dozen in one night, with poles and other weapons; and they were often taken in such numbers, that they were thrown into piles, and kept to feed swine.

#### ST. WINIFRED'S WELL.

DOCTOR MILNER, the Roman Catholic Bishop, at Wolverhampton, author of a Tour in Ireland, and of an Appeal to Irish Catholics on the subject of the Veto, has published an account strongly attested, that Winifred White, a servant in Wolverhampton, who lost the use of one side by a palsy arising from a curvature of the spine, after suffering this disease three years, and being given over by the physician as incurable, turned to God for a remedy, and repaired to Saint Winifred's Well in Holywell, Flintshire, near Chester; and upon once bathing was cured so completely that she could walk, run, and carry a considerable weight. This account is attested by her mistress, the doctor and apothecary, and two ladies who were present when she was bathing, and these attestations were collected by Doctor Milner, with strict scrutiny into their truth, as well as the deposition of Winifred White herself, who bears a character of veracity, modesty, and devotion.

Saint Winifred's Well is of the purest water, transparent as crystal, and the spring raises one hundred tons in a minute when the basin is empty, as proved by experiment in the presence of the Rev. J. Wesley, (see Armnian Mag.)

Dr. Milner, in asserting the miracles of his church, candidly admits instances of imposture and credulity; but as he has neglected to give the history of the origin of the miraculous power in the fountain, we shall supply it from a scarce book now before us.

The famous account of Saint Winifred; dedicated by Robert the prior of Shrewsbury to the prior of Worcester, was written in Latin, in the twelfth century, shortly after the relics of Saint Winifred were carried to the author's monastery, having been obtained from the place where they were previously deposited, by much interest, intrigue, and bribery to a large amount; and, to settle the dispute, king Stephen made a grant confirming the deposit in Shrewsbury.

The Saint is supposed to have lived in the year 660. The book of her life was printed in 1635, collated from the most authentic documents of the times, which were preserved in the libraries of the convents and monasteries.

It appears that Saint Buno was inspired to visit Winifred's father, who helped him to found a monastery, and as Winifred grew up, she appeared full of divine graces, and being much drawn to a spiritual life, besought Saint Buno to prevail on her parents to permit her to take the veil.—They consented, and gave away her dowry to the poor in alms, rejoicing to find in her such rare beginnings of future sanctity.

One Sunday, Winifred was at home alone, all the family being at Saint Buno's church, and prince Cradouis, son to king Alan, came to the house, pretending he wanted to speak to Lord Thevith her father.—The prince soon made known his criminal desires, and threatened to use force. She with great presence of mind spoke fairly to him, and, retiring to her chamber, ran out a back way as fast as she could towards the church. He, finding she had fastened the door, broke it open, and pursued her down the hill, and overtaking her near the church where her father and the congregation were assembled, with disappointed passion, in great fury struck off her head with his sword. The body fell without the church-door, and the floor of the church sloping down, the head, which fell into the church, rolled on towards the altar. The astonishment of the people did not decrease when they beheld a spring of pure water gush out of the earth where the head had first fallen from the body.

Saint Buno seeing prince Cradouis wiping his sword in the grass, prayed that a divine judgment might arrest him, upon which he dropped down, and his body disappeared, either the earth swallowing it up, or the devil carrying it away. Saint Buno then joined the head to the body; kissed it, breathed into her mouth, and prayed at the altar for her resurrection to life; and before mass was over, the virgin, like one newly wakened out of sleep, wiped her eyes, and rose up—having no mark except a white circle in her skin like a necklace. She afterwards took the veil, and lived many years, a mirror of sanctity, and performing great miracles, spiritual and temporal.

Saint Buno prophesied that the stones of the fountain would always retain the stains of her blood.—It is recorded that a blind maid was restored to sight by washing her head in the fountain.—A man lost

his horse by the theft of another, for profaning the chapel, and upon repentance discovered the thief, whose arms rotted off. Another who stole a cow, finding that her hoofs made deep marks in the rocks, left her to the owner. Sick children, agues, fevers, &c., were cured by bathing.

#### THE BEGGARS' DIALOGUE.

(FROM ERASMUS.)

Exposing the Practices, Cheats, and Impostures of crafty Beggars: with the Advantages and Privileges of that Condition of Life.

#### *Irides & Misoponus.*

*I.* WHAT new thing have we got here? I know the face; but the clothes methinks do not suit it. I am much mistaken if this be not Misoponus. I'll venture to speak to him, as tattered as I am. Save thee, Misoponus.—*M.* That must be Irides.—*I.* Save thee, Misoponus, once again.—*M.* Hold your tongue, I say.—*I.* Why, what's the matter? may not a man salute ye?—*M.* Not by that name.—*I.* Your reason for't. You have not changed your name, I hope, with your clothes.—*M.* No; but I have taken up my old name again.—*I.* What's that?—*M.* Apicius.—*I.* Never be ashamed of your old acquaintance; it may be you have mended your fortune since I saw you, but 'tis not long, however, since you and I were both of an order.—*M.* Do but comply with me in this, and I'll tell thee what thou'lt ask me. I am not ashamed of your order, but of the order that I was first of myself.—*I.* What order do ye mean? that of the Franciscans?—*M.* No, by no means, my good friend: but the order of the Spenothrifts.—*I.* You have a great many companions sure of that order.—*M.* I had a good fortune, and laid it on to some tune as long as it lasted; but when that failed, there was nobody would know Apicius. And then I ran away for shame, and betook myself to your college; which I look'd upon to be much better than digging.—*I.* 'Twas wisely done. But how comes your carcase to be in so good case of late? your change of clothes, I do not so much wonder at.—*M.* How so?—*I.* Because Laverna, (the goddess of thieves) makes many of her servants rich of a sudden.—*M.* You do not think I got an estate by stealing, I hope.—*I.* Nay, by rapine perhaps, which is worse.—*M.* No; neither by stealing, nor by rapine. And this I swear by the goddess you adore; (that's Penia or Poverty) but I'll first satisfy you as to my constitution of body, that seems to you so wonderful.

*I.* While you were with us, you were

perpetually scabby.—*M.* But I have had the kindest physician since.—*I.* Who was that?—*M.* Even mine own self; and I hope nobody loves me better.—*I.* The first time that ever I took you for a doctor.—*M.* Why all that dress was nothing but a cheat; daub'd on with frankincense, sulphur, rosin, bird-lime, and blood-clouts; and when I had a mind to't, I could take it off again.—*I.* Oh! Impostor! and I took thee for the very picture of Job upon the dunghill.—*M.* This was only a compliance with my necessities, tho' fortune sometimes may change the very skin too.

*I.* But now you speak on't, tell me a little of your fortune: have you found ever a pot of money?—*M.* No; but I have found out a trade that's somewhat better than yours yet.—*I.* What trade could you set up, that had nothing to begin upon?—*M.* An artist will live any where.—*I.* I understand you; picking of pockets, I suppose; the cut-purse's trade.—*M.* A little patience, I prithee; I am turned chemist.—*I.* A very apt scholar, to get that in a fortnight, (for 'tis thereabouts since we parted) that another man cannot learn in an age.—*M.* But I have found out a nearer way to't.—*I.* What may that be?—*M.* When I had gotten up a stock of about four crowns, by begging; by great good luck, I met with an old companion of mine, of about my estate; we drank together, and (as 'tis usual) he up, and told me the history of his adventures, and of an art he had got. And we came at last to an agreement, that if I paid the reckoning, he should teach me his art, which he very honestly performed, and that art now is my revenue.—*I.* Might not I learn it too?—*M.* I'll teach thee it gratis; if it were but for old acquaintance sake.

The world, ye know, is full of people that run a madding after the philosopher's stone.—*I.* I have heard as much, and I believe it.—*M.* I hunt for all occasions of insinuating myself into such company. I talk big; and wherever I find an hungry buzzard, I throw him out a bait.—*I.* And how's that?—*M.* I give him caution, of my own accord, to have a care how he trusts men of that profession; for they are most of them cheats and impostors, and very little better than pickpockets to those that do not understand them.—*I.* This prologue, methinks, should never do your business.—*M.* Nay, I tell him plainly, that I would not be trusted myself neither, any further than a man would trust his own eyes and fingers.—*I.* 'Tis a strange confidence you have in your art.—*M.* Nay, I will have him to look on, while the meta-

morphosis is a working, and to be attentive to't; and then, to take away all doubt, I bid him do the whole work himself, while I'm at a distance; and have not so much as a little finger in it. When the matter is dissolved, I bid him purge it himself; or set some goldsmith to do it: I tell him the quantity it will afford; and then let him put it to as many tests as he pleases. He shall find the precise weight; the gold or the silver, pure; (for gold or silver, 'tis the same thing to me; only the latter experiment is the less dangerous.)

*I.* But is there no cozenage in all this?—*M.* An absolute cheat from one end to the other.—*I.* I cannot find where it lies.—*M.* I'll shew ye then. First we agree upon the price, but I touch no money till I have given proof of the thing itself. I deliver him a certain powder, as if that did the whole business. I never part with the receipt of it, but at an excessive rate: and then I make him swear most horribly too, that for six months he shall not impart the secret to any thing that lives.

*I.* But where's the cheat yet?—*M.* The whole mystery lies in a coal that I have fitted, and hollowed for the purpose; and into that do I put as much silver, as I say shall come out again. After the infusion of the powder, I set the pot in such a manner, that it shall be in effect covered with coals; as well as coals under, and about it; which I tell them is a method of art. Among the coals that lie a top, I put in one or more that has the gold, or the silver, in't. When that comes to be dissolved, it runs to the rest, whether it be tin or copper, and upon the separation 'tis found, and taken out.—*I.* A ready way. But how will you deceive him that does the whole business himself?—*M.* When all things are done according to my prescription, before we begin the operation, I come and look about to see that every thing be right, and then I find a coal or two wanting on the top; and under pretence of fetching it from the coal-heap, I privately convey one of my own, or else I have it ready laid there beforehand, which I can take, and nobody the wiser.—*I.* But what will you do, when the trial is made of this without ye?—*M.* I'm out of danger, when I have the money in my pocket: or I can pretend that the pot was crack'd, the coals nought, they did not know how to temper the fire; and then it is one mystery in our profession, never to stay long in a place.—*I.* But will the profit of this give a man a livelihood?—*M.* Yes, and a very brave one: and if you are wise, you'll leave your wretched trade of begging, and turn quack too.—*I.* Now

should I rather hope to bring you back again to us.—*M.* What to take up a trade again, that I was weary of before? and to quit a good one, that I have found profitable?

*I.* But this profession of ours is made pleasant by custom. How many are there that fall off from St Francis, and St. Benedict? but ours is an order of mendicants, that never any man forsook, who was acquainted with it. Alas! you were but a few months with us; and not come yet to taste the comforts of this kind of life.—*M.* But I tasted enough on't tho', to know the misery of it.—*I.* How comes it then that our people never leave us?—*M.* Because they are naturally wretched.—*I.* And yet for all this wretchedness, I had rather be a beggar, than a prince; and there are many princes, I doubt not, that envy the freedom of us beggars. Whether it be war, or peace, we are still safe. We are neither pressed for soldiers, nor taxed, nor put upon parish duties. The Inquisition never concerns itself with us. There's no scrutiny into our manners; and if we do any thing that's unlawful, who'll sue a beggar? If we assault any man, 'tis a shame to contend with a beggar: whereas neither in peace, nor in war, are kings at ease. And the greater they are, the more have they to fear. Men pay a reverence to beggars, as if they were consecrated to God, and make a conscience of it not to abuse us.—*M.* But then how nasty are ye in your rags, and kennels?—*I.* Those things are without us, and signify nothing at all to true happiness: and for our rags, 'tis to them we owe our felicity.—*M.* If that be your happiness, I'm afraid ye will not enjoy it long.—*I.* Why so?—*M.* Because they say we shall have a law for every city to maintain its own poor; and for the forcing of those to work, that are able to do it, without wandering up and down as they did formerly.—*I.* How comes that?—*M.* Because they find great rogueries committed under pretence of begging, and great inconveniences to the public from your order.—*I.* Oh! they have been talking of this a long time; and when Satan is blind, it may be they'll bring it to pass.—*M.* Too soon perchance for your quiet.

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NOTES OF SIR HUMPHRY DAVY'S FIRST LECTURES DELIVERED IN DUBLIN, 1810, ON ELECTRO-CHEMISTRY.

He apologized to the audience for presuming to think he had any thing to offer worthy of interesting them. They had heard in that room lectures on the general

science of chemistry and electricity, to which he only meant to offer a sequel, and desired the indulgence of those fathers in science, who were much better acquainted than himself with its investigation. The connection of electricity with chemistry, by the improved Voltaic apparatus, had led him to a newly discovered country; but, as he had dwelt there only a short time, he could not profess a knowledge of its boundaries, or of all its phenomena; yet he offered himself to more able experimentalists as a humble guide. The laws by which he found electro-chemistry to act are *invariable*, and the application of electricity is as universal as that of chemistry!

The great phenomena of a thunder-storm, and of the aurora borealis or australis, are highly illustrated by electro-chemistry, and although it has not amounted to proof, the analogy leads to research.

It was only a few years since, that electricity became united to chemistry. The ancients had observed the attraction of amber, and chemistry was studied in Arabia in the eighth century; it entered Europe in the twelfth century, with the return of the Crusaders: but Helmont was the first great observer of nature who divested it of its fable. Baker, Boyle, Newton, Stahl, Kirwan, Black, Cavendish, and Lavoisier, brought it by degrees to its present state. Previous to Helmont, the alchemists, in search of a tincture to transmute base into perfect metals, and to make an elixir of life, for prolonging the age of man, thought to rival the light and heat of the sun, and even to exceed its virtue; but modern chemists command nature by following her laws, and the highest reward of their investigations is, to catch a gleam of that intellectual light which animates and directs all her operations.

England is the birth-place, and Dr. Gilbert the first scientific observer, of electricity in modern times. Harvey and Lord Verulam were contemporaries; Boyle made the electric machine; Franklin gave use and principles to the science, and asserted atmospheric electricity. It was not yet combined with chemistry. The train of facts which led to this discovery was first hinted at by Galvani, who observed the spasm of a dead frog's leg on a plate of copper, when in contact with a silver spoon. His Italian biographer says, that Madame Galvani being sick, he was cooking some frogs for her, and was rewarded for his affection by this noble discovery: he supposed that the animal's

muscles were in the electric state of a Leyden phial. In 1789 Humboldt wrote a quarto volume on the erroneous supposition of an ethereal fluid. Volta said it was electric, and that the zinc and silver, or zinc and tin, were similar in Galvanism to glass and tin in electricity, and that the properties of the Voltaic pile, which he invented, were similar to the electricity of the common cylinder. It is observable in proof of this, that the convulsion of the frog is greater with the electric machine than with the Voltaic pile. The frog, if dead some hours, is unaffected by the electricity; hence it appears to be the remains of life, which are excited to action by the contact of an electric conductor with the crural nerve of the frog.

Bennet shewed that metals became electric by contact. 'If,' says he, 'you touch a plate of copper with the blade of an iron knife, and then apply the knife to the electrometer, a feeble shock is perceived, but it is sufficient to shew that the copper had given a small change to the electricity of the iron.' This experiment is repeated with like effect by amber. If zinc is exposed to water, its surface is soon coated with a white oxide or rust. Fabroni and Dr. Ash observed, that the quantity of this oxidation is much increased in an equal time, if the zinc is in contact with copper! the difference is as 20 to 1;—in like manner, iron rusts ten times more in contact with copper, than in contact with glass.

It is remarkable, that one point of contact is as powerful as if the metals were united on one whole surface. Hence, copper-sheathing of ships with iron nails, and pans of iron or copper tinned, are more perishable than if made with but one metal.

(To be continued.)

#### ON THE NECESSITY OF ANATOMICAL SUBJECTS.

THE increasing interest excited in the public mind, since the late attempt to pass a bill in parliament for the supply of subjects to our anatomical schools, by the surrender of the bodies of such individuals as die in jails, hospitals, or workhouses, and are not claimed by their relatives, certainly calls for some public investigation into the real merits of the case.

The intended new law, as it now stands, is as revolting to the feelings of humanity, as it is inimical to the principles of natural justice; and strong indeed must be the reasons that can induce the legislators of our free and happy country to pass an act

which condemns the friendless pauper to a post-mortem examination, from which the refined minds of the legislators themselves would shrink with abhorrence.

Those unfortunate individuals whom poverty or accident reduces to the necessity of becoming patients in our hospitals, are the witnesses of scenes of pain and suffering, often, I fear, unnecessarily inflicted, both in their own persons and those around them, by the attendant surgeons and their assistants, which, with the horribly mysterious accompaniments of instruments, and their frequent use, gives an added pang to the contemplation, that they themselves may be consigned to those regions which exist within the walls, where their mangled remains will be doomed to a degree of ignominy worthy only of a brute, and to which no felons but murderers are exposed.

This highly important subject easily resolves itself into two general inquiries: First, What are the desiderata in our anatomical schools? and secondly, Whether the provisions of the new law are calculated to supply them?

After the numerous discoveries in Anatomy during the last thirty years, both in this country and in France, which have been so accurately described and delineated, it might be naturally supposed, that no further discoveries can be made. In this, however, much still remains unexplored, particularly respecting the lymphatic and absorbent systems, the use of the pancreas, its various ducts, &c. and innumerable other minute particulars, which, however fruitlessly, still engage the inquiry of the learned, as leaving a *hiatus* in those courses of demonstrative lectures they deliver annually to their pupils.

This is, however, not the only cause assigned for the necessity of the present act. Surgery, and particularly operative surgery, requires, from its very nature, a constant supply of fresh subjects: all the operations in surgery demand frequent repetition by each of the students; nay, I have been informed, on good authority, that the operation of removing the arm from the shoulder requires a practice of *twenty times*, to perform it without endangering the life of the patient.

These are certainly cogent reasons; but it has been asked, if this be the case, why not send the students to France, where, as the repugnance to dissection is by no means so great, and the consequent supply of subjects more plentiful, their studies might be conducted with much greater facility and with considerably less expense? Unfortunately the answer to this question is to

be found in the Royal College of Surgeons in London, who obstinately refuse to pass a student, however ably qualified, who has derived his knowledge from any source but the dissections and lectures which the London hospitals afford; and from this cruel, not to say unwarrantable jealousy, has arisen the present measure, with all its revolting enactments. Surely the College might be satisfied with the qualifications of the candidate on *operative desiderata*, (if such only be required,) though obtained in France, since the law protects the profession from the intrusion of foreign competitors. Surely they might concede this branch of study, rather than outrage the feelings of the friendless poor, by fears that add new horrors to the solemn and dreary hours of approaching dissolution.

But there is still another branch of Anatomy which demands attention. I mean morbid anatomy. Bones, muscles, arteries, veins, &c. often exhibit symptoms of disease, which become precedents to future cases; these are at all times desiderata. But does not hospital practice supply these in sufficient variety and abundance, to supersede the necessity of the present Act? These are the only true desiderata that appear to render legislative enactment necessary, since a few subjects, if properly dissected in the presence and under the direction of an attendant surgeon of proper qualifications, would fully suffice for the general course of Anatomy pursued in our schools, assisted, as it should be, by clinical lectures, extemporaneous instructions, and plates and diagrams suspended round the dissecting room.

But is this arrangement observed in the hospital dissecting room? Are the students divided into classes, with their work assigned to each; and a superintendant over each class, to see that the students do their duty properly? Is silence observed in the classes? Is there a superintendant over the whole, to demonstrate facts, and answer such inquiries as arise during the dissection? Lastly, are the hours sufficiently extended to allow the general dissection of a subject for any particular branch, as the muscles, before putrefaction renders its removal necessary? I am no surgeon, no anatomist, but since Anatomy is a science, and one which involves human life, it certainly demands to be studied with correspondent seriousness and system. If this were every where observed, surely the gallows, which affords numerous victims, might, as formerly, supply the tables of our hospitals, without the necessity of the present contemplated disgusting enactments.

But secondly, Are the intended new laws calculated to supply the above desiderata? I should answer in the negative; and that for the following reasons. 1. Healthy subjects are always to be preferred, and are indeed necessary, as in them all the secretions have kept up a supply of nourishment to the various parts of the body, which present themselves in their full proportions to the operator. Now this can scarcely be expected from the miserable, aged, and feeble inmates of the workhouse, or a prison; much less from the wretched victims of disease, derived from the hospital itself. Hence probably arose the horrible design of *murdering healthy subjects*, pursued by Burke and his gang. 2. The diseases of which these unfortunate persons die, are often contagious, and fatal consequences might ensue from their dissection. Nay, could it be commenced, even in common cases, the state of disease, and consequent exhaustion, in which most of the patients expire, would render the process of putrefaction so rapid, that no perfect dissection, even of the muscles, could be effected. 3. It is much to be doubted if the exertions of the humane do not, as I most sincerely pray they may, by establishing a society, or private subscriptions, for burying the friendless poor, defeat the object of this revolting and cruel measure.

In conclusion, I would observe, that it would even have been better to legalize the importation of bodies from France, though this is revolting to humanity, than to sacrifice our own poor to supply the dissecting tables of our hospitals. Or, as far as morbid anatomy is concerned, have authorized the attendant physician and surgeon to open the body of the deceased, attended by three students and a draughtsman, for the sole purpose of ascertaining the seat of the disease. This last would be a real benefit to science, and could be scarcely liable to any formidable objection from any sensible person. E. G. B.

To the preceding article we add the following paragraph on "Subjects for Dissection," from the Morning Herald.

"An article, evidently intended as a *feeler*, has been put forth in a morning paper, touching the future renewal of the nefarious dissection project. The paper in question, awed by the power of public opinion, affected to rejoice when a bill to create a market for the sale of the dead bodies of the poor, was knocked on the head, in the House of Lords, last session, and pursued by the honest execration of the public to its ignominious grave. It belongs to a journal not more celebrated for the loftiness of its



language, than the inconstancy of its opinion, to endeavour to raise something like a feeling of regret for the memory of the disgusting bill, over whose extinction it had pretended to triumph. It begins to talk of the interests of science, and the prejudices of mankind, in the established cant of the pseudo-philosophic school. The promoters of the body-selling bill mean nothing more by "interests of science," than the filling of their own pockets by obtaining the license of the legislature for the open traffic in human flesh. They want the glorious principle of "free trade," under the influence of which so many thousands are now dying of starvation, to be extended to the work-houses, and other abodes of human wretchedness, which the new system has filled with its victims, in order that they may drive a profitable trade in the merchandise of the grave. It is with this view, that the rites of sepulture are to be violated, the last offices of religion to be turned into a mockery, and those sentiments of pious veneration with which all people, savage and civilized, have regarded the sanctuary of the tomb, to be hooted down as ridiculous, by Act of Parliament!

"The prejudices of our nature! Yes, they are those prejudices, which, like the charities of the human heart, a set of cold and conceited system-mongers would extirpate, to introduce in their place one absorbing passion of barbarous selfishness. But the instincts which God and Nature have implanted in the mind of man for the wisest purpose, though they may be insulted, cannot be subdued by experimentalists in sordid legislation. If the interests of science required that men should abandon those sentiments of affection and decent pride, which connect the recollections of the living with the unconscious remains of the dead, they would be purchased at too dear a price. But they do not require it—more study and less mangling would improve surgery beyond what the modern schools of science are likely to improve it.

"We venture to say, that at present there are more bodies cut up, than are sufficient for any rational purpose. Books and principles require thinking, and thinking is laborious. We live in an age impatient of industry, and we make "short cuts" to all sorts of acquisitions, whether they come under the head of learning or riches;—but travellers in the intellectual as well as the material world often find, that "short cuts" are the longest paths they could take—the one and the other too often end in weariness and disappointment. It is easier to operate on a dead body as a butcher, than

to study the works of great Anatomists, in the painful spirit of their scientific ambition. Hence the knife is every thing, and the accumulated learning of ages, nothing, with the student of modern days. To gratify this propensity for wholesale cutting up of the dead—this rage for the philosophy of the shambles—mankind are called upon to divest themselves of the instincts that are closely interwoven with the best feelings of our nature—the decent affection for the remains of their kindred—the hallowed respect for the repose of the tomb! What a price to pay, that those who are chary of their own bodies, may have free scope to cut up ours!"

#### ROMAN ROADS.

THE Roman stations of Lancashire were, Blackrode, Ribchester, Colne, Overborough, Warrington, Lancaster, the Sistanian port, and Manchester. From the last mentioned of these places, situated in the direct line of communication from the south to the north of Britain on the west side of the island, Roman roads branched to six principal Roman stations, all of those roads having the Castle-field as their common centre.

According to Mr. Whitaker, who with exemplary diligence and perseverance explored the Roman roads, that from Mancunium to Cambodunum commenced from the eastern gate of the Castrum, and, taking a north-east direction across Piccadilly and Ancoat's-lane, passed over Newton-heath by Haigh-chapel into Yorkshire; that to Eboracum branched off from the Cambodunum road about Ancoat's-lane, and, passing through Street Fold in Moston, by the townships of Chadderton and Royton, continuing in a north-east direction through the small halting station at Littleborough over Blackstone Edge, to the imperial city, where Severus died, and Constantine was born.

The road to Condate, like that to Cambodunum, originated from the eastern gate of the Castle-field, through the village of Stretford by the Ford of the Mersey to its destination: to Rigodunum the way was by the Condate road, for a mile at least; then, taking the line of Throstle-nest, it passed over the Irwell at the place which gave the original name to Old Traf-ford, and by the Hope estate to Blackrode: to Veratinum the road must have issued out of that which led to Rigodunum, about the end of Hodge-lane, and, having passed Eccles, ranged through Barton to Warrington. The way to Rerigionum com-

menced at the north-west gate of the Castrum, and, passing across Quay-street, advanced nearly parallel with Dean's-gate, by the old church-yard to Hunt's-bank, crossed the Irk, and then proceeded along the Strangeway's-lane, over Kersall-moor, to Ribchester. In addition to these, there were several smaller roads, called Vicinal-ways, from Mancunium, but the above were the principal.

MEUM AND TUUM, (MINE AND THINE,) OR  
THE REIGN OF DISCORD.

(An Allegory.)

"O shame to men! Devil with devil damned  
Firm concord holds, men only disagree  
Of creatures rational, though under hope  
Of heavenly grace; and, God proclaiming peace,  
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife  
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,  
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:  
As if (which might induce us to accord)  
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,  
That day and night for his destruction wait."  
*Par. Lost, b. II, l. 496, &c.*

SINCE the fall of man, the greatest differences that ever existed, have been those between the distinguished personages Meum and Tuum.—Before Man disobeyed the fiat of his Maker, though they still existed, yet were they united in one sweet bond of amity and peace. The will of the one was the pleasure of the other; nor could a prevaricating contradiction dissolve their union, or interrupt their felicity. Thus proving to each other a mutual support, they appeared ready and willing to defy the attacks of aspersion, or the sneers of malevolence. Though jealous mistrust endeavoured to sow the seeds of dissension, yet were the tares of the enemy rooted out from the soil, and their friendship by those very hostilities rendered the more endearingly united. They appeared like two young trees of the forest, whose intermingling boughs had entwined around each other, till they seemed to be nourished from the same stock.

It was man that first broke this sacred union, this perfect felicity. He tore away their once lovely connexion, and destroyed their friendship and happiness. He placed them in situations that alienated their hearts and dissolved their affections. From that time forward their mutual obligations and their former endearments ceased—they were buried in the deepest oblivion. Then arose that bitter enmity which roused all mankind into one continued warfare, and never-ending animosities. From that ill-fated period may we date all the miseries that have visited this

earth, all the heart-breaking sorrows and unalleviated griefs. In that hour may we fix the commencement of all that is wretched, evil, and calamitous. The parent's interest clashed with the son's, and the son's with the parent's. The brother forgot his sister, and the ties of affection seemed burst for ever. The mother no longer smiled on her child, the child sought not the smiles of his mother. Horror herself added to her crimes, the unnaturalness of her cruelty.

Henceforth Meum and Tuum reigned separately over mankind, and held absolute dominion over each half of the world. But, though the empire and influence of both these monarchs were so vast, yet, as the boundaries of each territory had never been particularly fixed, an unceasing interchange of animosities and deadly hatred was cherished by the inhabitants of each frontier. Constant feuds and quarrels arose, and much blood was spilt in the bitterness of enmity; but a reconciliation never took place, and the assigned distinctions of country remained undecided. At times the two monarchs entered into open hostilities, and marched at the head of their troops, engaging each other in combats of the greatest fury. Cities were sacked; towns and villages were burnt; and the greatest cruelties committed. Families were plunged into the deepest misery, lamenting the blind animosities that entailed so much wretchedness on mankind; whoever were the aggressors, both suffered, and suffered deeply. Victory alternately raised their courage, and increased their pride. The conqueror shouted, with a cruel exultation, and the defeated, still rankling with the wound of injury, imprecated the most bitter revenge. He who was favoured with the least advantage over his rival, was treated with the malignant snarling of envy. He who was guilty of weakness or folly, was branded with insult, scorn, and contempt.

Philosophers had attempted to reconcile this cruel difference, but their conflicting opinions only savoured of the inveteracy of the party to which they belonged. Their sentiments were often just, but their codes of agreement were imperfect. This led many demoralized fools to sneer at the insufficiency of their wisdom, and laugh at their futile attempts. Some of these arbiters of mankind projected Utopian schemes, which, had they been practicable, would most assuredly have been of good effect. But even these philosophers shewed how small was their knowledge of the heart of man, and inculcated in their

lessons those precepts that flatter pride. They were generally treated with the greatest respect and reverence at the courts of their respective monarchs, but their advice only increased the existing hatred, and cherished the undiminished enmity.

Posts too sang of the mutual bliss of a reconciliation, and intimated that should such an union take place, the most delightful happiness would ensue. The hands were believed, but it remained to be decided who should make the first advances. He who first stooped to acknowledge his error, and sigh for a renewal of friendship, would only have been regarded as the dupe of infamy and cowardice. In this crisis, when utter ruin and desolation seemed to threaten both, when the effects of their hatred had undermined all that was dear. He who had long been foretold as the Messenger of peace, He who had long been regarded as the final judge of nations, appeared. Each monarch supposed that a mighty ruler would arise, who should crush the power of his opposer, and level it in the dust; each imagined that his own kingdom should be increased by the unresisted arbitrator of mankind. But what was their mortification, to find that the long expected Prince sprung from the lowest of mortals! What was their surprise, to hear him condemn most of the favourite maxims of those philosophers whose wisdom had hitherto been considered unimpeachable! What was their chagrin, to see their pride humbled, and their imaginary greatness counted as worthless vanity!

The authenticity of his mission was denied, and whatever was the difference of the contending powers, they both agreed in pronouncing their mediator an impostor. His servants, whenever they appeared at the two courts, were treated with insult and scorn. Some were ill-used and chastised; others were put to death. At length, when the cup of his sorrow overflowed, he himself was condemned to die with malefactors. But there were not wanting partisans, even amidst this scene of wickedness, who, witnessing his open sincerity, his uprightness, and his zeal, as he attacked their governors, both admired and applauded his conduct. There were beside, a chosen few who dispensed his precepts, heedless of the cruelty they met with in return. But a superior power can never be controlled by the idle opposition of man. This mighty Prince and Counsellor had left behind him a Testament which sufficiently attested his divine origin. He had bequeathed to them his will,

wherein was the only guide of moral conduct. Contempt at first arose, and then persecution.

At length the eyes of these two monarchs were opened. They saw the holy precept, "Love your neighbour as yourself." They beheld it and admired, though the injunction was often opposed to philosophy. From that time their hatred ceased, and all distinction was levelled. Then indeed was the renewed friendship of Meum and Tuum rendered indissoluble. They were united with the silken cords of love, never to be again burst asunder by the fiend of discord. Contention and strife left the world, and with them all their concomitant misery; while peace and good-will returned, and with them that happiness which makes a heaven on earth.

Beaconsfield.

J. A. B.

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#### ON THE EXISTENCE OF BEAUTY.

It is not unusual among metaphysical reasoners so to puzzle themselves about words, that, when they are at a loss for a definition of terms, they begin to suspect there is no certain idea annexed to them, and that consequently, they should be ejected from the language. It may be from such conclusions as these that many, among other erroneous notions, doubt the existence of beauty, forgetting that compound ideas admit of so many nice variations, that no single word can be found to express those ideas in all their bearings.

The definition of beauty is extremely vague, but we may perhaps call it that quality in certain objects which, through the medium of the senses, makes an agreeable, though not a violent impression on the mind. The principal cause of beauty seems to be a variety in colour and shape, where nothing strikes the eye suddenly, but where the different hues and forms are so imperceptibly blended, as to be lost in each other. By attention it may be observed, that bodies composed of angles and angular parts are not very beautiful, but only those, as Hogarth has ably shewn, which are formed of curves and curved inclinations. At one time the idea entertained of beauty by some persons was, that it consisted in proportion, while others supposed it to arise from fitness; but both these hypotheses have been completely disproved by Burke, in his dissertation on the sublime and beautiful. For though proportion and fitness in many objects, particularly those of art, are causes of beauty, yet

can neither of them be called its source, as they are often found to exist independent of each other. We find that irregularity of shape in the vegetable world produces beauty, and we often see in beautiful animals, that their proportions are very different, and even opposed to each other. Compare the stately giraffe with the Arabian steed; the relative proportion of their limbs sets all rules at defiance, yet who will say that neither of them possesses beauty?

With respect to the Platonic theory of fitness constituting beauty, when we would draw a parallel between those things which are grateful to the sight, with the utility attached to them, we are compelled to acknowledge its incorrectness; for objects, and those limbs or appendages of animals, which are the most useful, are not always the most beautiful. But as this essay is intended to consider the existence of beauty rather than its nature, the reader is referred to Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful, and to Blair's lecture on Beauty, for a closer investigation of the subject.

- In addition to the beauty perceived by the sight, we call the fragrance of perfume, the softness of feeling, and the chords of music, beautiful. Besides these variations, it is often found that the same objects appear beautiful to one class of people, and the contrary to others. While the unwieldy Moorish girl, daily fed with her enormous dish of kouskous, would never want a swarthy admirer, she would only disgust the refined European. The Chinese philosopher,\* with all his gravity, considered the English ladies "horribly ugly." He was astonished to find "red cheeks, big eyes, and teeth of the most odious whiteness, are not only seen here, but wished for; and then they have such masculine feet, as actually serve some for walking." This diversity of opinion has led many to conceive beauty to be only the pleasing result of fancy tutored by education, and that its aerial basis rests in a great measure upon the imagination. But we cannot suppose that the charms which so greatly operate in the actions and revolutions of this life have their origin wholly in fancy or education.

He that would attempt to divest beauty of its reality, is only endeavouring to rob man of part of his happiness; and if by any abstruse disquisitions, himself should come to the conclusion that it does not exist, let him allow the world still to maintain its long established opinion. And while this "ignorance is bliss," let him not

labour to dispel the enchanting illusion, if indeed it be an illusion. For,

"Who doth not feel, until his falling sight  
Faints into dimness with its own delight,  
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess,  
The might, the majesty, of loveliness."

But to argument.—One of the reasons adduced to prove the shadowy nature of beauty is, that it is by no means an intuitive perception, but rather the effect of education. It is urged, that there cannot be such a dissimilarity of opinion on an existing object, when the mind of man is universally the same; that is, the same in its ideas and feelings, though its powers may vary in different persons. For here we see that the same perceptions would lead one man to admire one thing, and another the very reverse; to suppose which, would be an absurdity. It may indeed be possible for this perception to vary, as the powers of the intellect vary, but it cannot be imagined that the same perception should contradict itself, any more than we can conceive that the same reasoning principles will at once assent to and deny the same proposition. Now, if beauty is not the result of a natural or intuitive perception, our ideas or knowledge of it must have been inculcated at some time and in some manner. We therefore come to the conclusion that it must have been insensibly acquired by education.

In answer to this, we would say that a lovely object is the same to sight as a musical chord is to the ear, where all the notes are blended in one. It is true that what would be harmonious to one, is not entirely so to another, and that there are degrees of harmony. A chord on one instrument is not always so perfect as on another—one chord may please one person, and the contrary; yet, notwithstanding harmony remains essentially the same. Who would be so absurd then as to dispute its reality? Thus reasoning, we would draw a parallel between the beauty of sight and the harmony of sound, feeling conscious that there is an intuitive perception or chord within, which, when echoed from without by some object whose qualities are in unison, produces that sensation which we call harmonious or beautiful. It is true that different, and sometimes entirely dissimilar objects, will produce this sensation, and that the same objects will not raise the same emotion in every mind,—yet the effect is universally the same, be the cause what it will. And there are few who are so sceptical as to doubt the existence of beauty, because they are at a loss to define the cause. Again, reasoning analogically; it is not the same object which will excite fear in every person, yet who will pretend

\* See Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," letter 34.

to deny its reality, or to refer it entirely to education. Education, it is true, will cultivate that which is in being, but it does not produce that which had no pre-existence.

It has likewise been urged that beauty must indeed be a creature of the imagination, when it can be classed neither with the material nor immaterial world. That which is material, it is affirmed, is capable of being seen, felt, and accurately described; it is likewise susceptible of resistance, extension, diminishing, &c. Though its attributes may not always be entirely the same; yet, as soon as it is completely transformed, the original object loses its existence. If compared with beauty, it is seen that its objects, generally speaking, are only perceived by sight—that if any part, or the whole of it, is arranged in a contrary manner, it may still retain the property of beauty; and that, unlike other material things, it is incapable of being accurately described; for if any number of persons were to sit down and enumerate its necessary qualifications, their conclusions would scarcely ever agree, because that quality which in the estimation of some would be called beautiful, in the estimation of others would be quite the contrary. But this cannot be the case with any thing material, for if its properties are changed, it immediately loses its former name. If we examine it in connexion with those qualities which are immaterial, that is, not perceptible as gross matter, we shall find a marked distinction. Were any virtue, vice, feeling, or passion to be defined, the conclusion of every person in every condition would generally be the same. Magnanimity, for instance, is a noble loftiness of mind, that would scorn to stoop to any meanness for self-aggrandizement, but would readily submit to self-deprivation for the good of others. So it ever was, and is now. If we were to ask any number of individuals, they would concur in their description. But in enumerating the classes of these qualities, we feel convinced that beauty belongs to neither of them; for the idea of it is always mutable and often contradictory.

In reply to this, we would say, that though beauty is not of the material world, but merely a quality in matter, yet the perception of it, perhaps, may be denominated immaterial. For, while the medium through which we receive its sensations is material, yet the perception itself has not the grossness capable of sight or touch. Now, it is the union of this quality in matter, which is the cause, with the perception, which is the effect, that produces the sensation of beauty. If there were no objects

capable of eliciting that which is within, or if there did not exist a feeling of the mind to echo that without, beauty could have no being.

It will be no argument to say that these objects are susceptible of change, and if there can still be found any ideas of beauty to accord with such changes, it must be the result of the imagination; for, as it was before asserted, the idea or feeling of beauty is called forth in different persons by different means. Critical caprice may offer many objections to fixed rules for the necessary qualifications of certain objects, and yet assent to their leading features. It may often suggest the alteration of a minor part, while it admits the general correctness of the whole. And it is even so with beauty, which, to the judgment of every individual, is immutable in all its most important principles, though not conceded to in some of its inferior causes.

Before we draw up the conclusion of this essay, we will glance from the subject, the existence of beauty, supposing it to be established, and make a few observations on a more generally received opinion, viz. that beauty has no standard.

We grant that it is absurd to raise a theory, and to endeavour to make nature subservient to its laws. But if, by minutely observing the causes by which she operates, we see that in all her actions, generally speaking, she works uniformly, it certainly is in our power to deduce a system according to her own laws of regularity—and this system may be called a standard. If the reader would consult the excellent works, before mentioned, by Burke and Blair, he may see the causes of beauty accurately assigned; and whatever object possesses real beauty may be referred to those causes, which proves no less than that there is a universal standard for beauty. Where dissimilarity exists, it may be traced to custom or education, which possess such a vast influence over man in his ideas of all subjects. For, as Burke observes in his dissertation on Taste, “The pleasures of all the senses, of the sight, and even of the taste, that most ambiguous of all the senses, is the same in all, high and low, learned and unlearned.” Thus, education, though it may bring us at length to admire what is naturally revolting, yet it can never affect the reality itself. But in order that the mind may discern correctly in all these things, care must be taken that prejudice never directs the judgment.

On the whole, if we have proved that the idea of beauty is not entirely the result of education, but a kind of intuitive

perception,—the sensation of which, though sometimes excited by different causes in different persons, is essentially the same in all; and if we have also proved that beauty, so far from not being capable of definition either as matter or quality, is clearly the effect of the latter, we may perhaps have adduced sufficient to shew that it is a reality, and that our ideas of it are not, as is often represented, the result of fancy or education.

Beaconsfield.

J. A. B.

## POETRY.

### VANITY FAIR.

By Thomas H. Bayley, Esq.

(From the *Spectator* for 1830.)

To Vanity Fair all my neighbours have been  
To see all the sights that were there to be seen;  
Old and young, rich and poor, were all hurrying  
there,  
To pick up a bargain at Vanity Fair!

A very rich man ostentatiously came,  
To buy with his lucre a liberal name;  
He published his charities every where,  
And thought he bought virtue at Vanity Fair!

A lady, whose beauty was on the decline,  
Rather *lawny* from age, like an over-kept wine;  
Bought lilies and roses, teeth, plumpers, and hair,  
And emerged a new person from Vanity Fair!

Another, so plain that she really resigned  
Pretensions to beauty—save that of the mind;  
Picked up a half-mad, intellectual air,  
And came back quite a genius from Vanity Fair!

A soldier came next, and he flourished a flag;  
By sword, gun, or bayonet torn to a rag!  
He had faced the grim mouth of a cannon, to share  
Renown's twig of laurel in Vanity Fair!

A mathematician there made up his mind  
To sneer at all things of a frivolous kind;  
A circle he vowed was by no means a square,  
And he thought he enlightened all Vanity Fair!

Another, despising refinement and grace,  
Growled at all who were near, with a frown on his face;

He prided himself on being rude as a bear,  
So he shone the eccentric of Vanity Fair!

A grand politician, unshaken, withstood  
Individual ill for the national good;  
To mount a new step on promotion's high stair,  
He toiled for precedence in Vanity Fair!

A *ci-devant* beau, with one foot in the grave,  
Still followed the ladies, their shadowy slave;  
Concealing his limp with a strut debonaire,  
He smoothed down his wrinkles in Vanity Fair!

The next was an orator, longing to teach,  
And to cut a great figure by figures of speech;  
At dinner he sat in the President's chair,  
In attitudes purchased at Vanity Fair!

One sailed to the Red Sea—and one to the Black;  
One danced on the tight rope—and one on the slack;  
And all were agog for the popular stare,—  
All mad to be Lions in Vanity Fair!

One raised on new doctrines his personal pride,—  
His pen put the wisdom of ages aside;  
The apple of Eve after all was a pear!  
So said the Reformer of Vanity Fair!

A poet came last, with a fine rolling eye,  
His shirt collar open—his neckcloth thrown by;—  
Such matters evince inspiration, he'll swear,  
So he sticks up his portrait in Vanity Fair!

### THE CONCLUDING LINES OF "DAYS DEPARTED," OR "BANWELL-HILL"

By the Rev. Wm. Lisle Bowles.

AND THOU, OH LORD AND SAVIOUR, on whose rock  
That Church is founded, tho' the storm without  
May howl around its battlements, preserve  
Its spirit, and still pour into the hearts  
Of all, who there confess thy holy name,  
Peace—that, through evil or through good report,  
They may hold on their blameless way,

For me,  
Though disappointment, like a morning cloud,  
Hung on my early hopes,—that cloud is pass'd—  
Is pass'd, but not forgotten,—and the light  
Is calm, not cold, which rests upon the scene,  
Soon to be ended. I may wake no more  
The melody of song on earth; but *THOU*,  
FATHER OF HEAV'N AND SAVIOUR—at this hour—  
FATHER AND LORD, I thank thee, that no song  
Of mine, from youth to age, has left a stain  
I would blot out; and grateful for the good  
Thy Providence, through many years, has lent,  
Humbly I wait the close, till thy high will  
Dismiss me, bless'd if, when that hour shall come,  
My life may plead far better than my song.

### THE ELEGY OF LIFE.

(The following Lines are from a Poem, not yet published, entitled *The Elegy of Life*.)

Now silence reigns majestic o'er the gloom,  
And pious orgies consecrate the tomb,  
Forth with unbending steps the mourners come,  
And watchful guard the sleeping pilgrim's home.  
No sighs intrude, no sorrows boisterous there,  
Disturb the unknown eloquence of prayer:  
No voice is heard, save one, whose accents rise  
In plaintive supplication to the skies.

And see, low bending o'er the new-form'd deep  
A mother claims her privilege to weep—  
O! who may tell the anguish of that hour,  
When death, triumphant, celebrates his pow'r!  
What skill divine the language of a groan,  
Wrung from a heart, by terrors all its own!  
The love which lingers near fond, cherished woes—  
Then leaves its object to a long repose!

O wake her not—she dreams of Life as one  
Who hardly bears the mortal vesture on—  
O wake her not—the clay-cold sepulchre  
Hath unknown charms and blandishments for her!

Farewell, fond, cherish'd excellence! thy woes  
Have fled for ever from thy last repose:  
Thy speechless grief, thy sad, heart-rending pain,  
Shall never break thy mother's rest again:  
But O! while memory keeps a record here,  
Great God! forgive the consecrated tear!

And oft when thoughts, unconscious of their flight,  
Recall thy image, beautiful and bright—  
The smile, whose lustre none like her could trace,  
Who read its meaning in thy dimpled face—  
The thousand promises that reveal'd there,  
Obedient to a mother's fondest prayer—  
The soft endearments of thy sunny hours,—  
The dawn of Mind, and Reason's nobler pow'rs—  
And that last parting token of my love,  
That smile in death!—that pledge of joys above!—  
O then—when Nature turns away her head,  
Forgive the tear that mourns her comforts dead!

Then let thy sleeping dust unconscious rest  
In the cold chamber of its parent's breast,  
Secluded there—the storms that wake the earth,  
(Like War's wild planets rushing to the birth.)  
Shall lightly pass the prison of thy clay,  
And winds beguile their energies away!

REVIEW.—*A Brother's Portrait, or Memoirs of the late Rev. William Barber, Wesleyan Missionary to the Spaniards at Gibraltar, &c. &c. By Aquila Barber, Wesleyan Minister. 8vo. pp. 526. Mason, London. 1830.*

A closely printed octavo, containing five hundred and twenty-six pages, is a formidable volume for the biography of a young man who died at the age of thirty, and whose life was not diversified with any remarkable occurrences. For family partiality and fraternal affection we can readily make a considerable allowance, but we must not forget that the time and patience of the public will not submit to an immoderate taxation.

In levying this impost, it does not however appear, that any design has been formed to attack the pocket of the reader. The price, only eight shillings, is as disproportionately small, as the volume is unreasonably large, and unless the sale shall prove extensive, the author will have pecuniary reasons for remembering the day when he passed the Rubicon. If a work of this magnitude be necessary to delineate the life and character of so young a man, about a dozen folios, each as formidable as that with which poor Joh was strangled by Caryl, would be required to do justice to the great founder of Methodism.

Mr. William Barber was born in Bristol of pious parents, in April, 1799, and received a religious education. Advancing to maturity, he became a local preacher among the Wesleyan Methodists, and after passing through some preparatory gradations, devoted himself exclusively to the ministry in their extensive connexion. In this capacity he removed to Gibraltar in 1825, and was taken by death from his labour to his reward, in October, 1828, leaving behind him a name which will be long cherished with affection and gratitude, by all who witnessed his piety and zeal, and enjoyed the benefit of his pastoral care.

But although the essentials of Mr. Barber's life may be thus confined within a narrow compass, many collateral circumstances which are full of interest, require a more ample development, and this the memoir before us fully and luminously supplies. In his early life we perceive the powerful influence of religious principles operating with the gradual dawn of intellect, and giving a decided bias to the judgment on the most momentous of all concerns. The struggles between grace

and fallen nature are depicted in his letters with a masterly hand, and the many exquisite touches of discrimination which appear, prove that he was a due observer of the emotions which contended for the ascendancy in his heart. They also bear the most unequivocal testimony, that he was not an inattentive spectator of the scenes which were passing around him, nor of the remarks and conversations which occurred in his presence. Of many of these he kept an interesting record, and from this source, and his numerous letters to his friends, a considerable portion of the materials which form the present volume, have been derived.

Following the dates of these letters, and noticing the entries made in his journal, we find his mind expanding through each succeeding year, and his descriptive powers acquiring additional vigour and diversity, from the acquisition of new ideas. The letters which relate to his interviews with Spaniards, and other foreigners, his journeys from one town to another, and his observations on the prevailing superstitions which he both saw and heard, are particularly interesting. Some of them are rather long, but they more than compensate by their delineations, for the room which they occupy in the volume.

Several of these little narratives, incidents, and anecdotes, are written with much sprightliness and vivacity. The descriptions are animated, and perspicuity pervades every part. The picture which they furnish of Spanish manners, knowledge, civilization, and refinement, is truly deplorable. It is darkened with shadows in all its parts, and exhibits the national character in a condition which no community would be disposed to envy, and no enlightened foreigner be induced, from choice, either to suffer or enjoy. In the country parts, the forests are infested with banditti; and in the town, superstition reigns with unmolested triumph. Robberies and assassination are of such frequent occurrence, that they excite little or no solicitude; and the arm of the law appears too feeble to arrest the progress of rapine and injustice. Scarcely any crime can be perpetrated which may not be commuted with a bribe; and he who perseveres in pursuing a delinquent, is in great danger of falling by the assassin's knife. In this state of semibarbarism, vast multitudes suffer wrongs of which they hardly dare to complain; and although they know the individuals by whom they have been injured, and are furnished with the most unequivocal evidence, prudence

and personal safety recommend silence, and a patient endurance of the evils for which they are afraid to seek redress. Many instances illustrative of this state of things, Mr. Barber has given in his letters, some founded on his own observations, and others drawn from authorities which leave no room for doubt.

In reference to religion, the aspect of affairs in Spain partakes of the common gloom. A stagnant mass of unmeaning ceremonies spreads a net-work of iron over the human mind, encircling its energies on every side, and prohibiting all possibility of escape. It is a region in which mental and spiritual ignorance soon acquires a maturity of growth, and where,

'Black melancholy sits, and round her throws  
A death-like silence, and a dread repose.'

These topics Mr. Barber has placed in a commanding light, and the perspicuity of his delineations gives an additional zest to the general interest which his letters and journal excite. In these departments no one will think that he has been too prolix; and few perhaps would have regretted, if the room occupied by expository remarks, and theological discussions, had given place to a still more diversified and extended detail.

An Appendix, containing seventy-two pages, preserves a memorial of Mrs. W. Barber, who died in August, 1822, aged twenty-one. This biographical sketch, written by her husband, who was appointed so soon to follow her into an eternal world, embodies a pleasing delineation of genuine christian experience, the particulars of which, we can have no doubt that the life of the deceased lady supplied. Though not immediately connected with the memoir of her transiently-surviving husband, it is a suitable companion, and seems half necessary, to hang with sable the portrait of his mournful history. It is written with much simplicity, sympathy, and pious feeling, and is very creditable to the christian character of Mrs. Barber, and to the head and heart of her biographer.

Viewed in its various groupings, this volume presents a decisive proof, that "the ways of heaven are dark and intricate." We sometimes perceive in the present state, causes without their effects, and effects detached from their causes; and this creates such apparent incongruities in the dispensations of Providence here below. Hereafter they will be seen together, and then the darkness which now obscures them, will be for ever done away.

The writer of this memoir has every where shewn the affection of a brother, but we are not aware that in any one instance he has sacrificed truth at the shrine of partiality. We have read it with attention and feeling; and though we cannot but think some portions might have been omitted, its intrinsic excellences make an ample atonement for every cause of complaint.

REVIEW.—*Memoirs of John Frederic Oberlin, Pastor of Waldbach, in the Ban de la Roche.* 8vo. pp. 372. Holdsworth. London. 1829.

Is any memoir is worthy of being transmitted to posterity, it must be that of an individual whose whole life has been devoted to pious and disinterested exertions, for the temporal and spiritual good of mankind. Such an individual was John Frederic Oberlin, and such is the memoir before us. A plain and unvarnished preface touches on his works and labours of love, and promises to devote the profits which the sale of this volume may afford, to the plans of instruction which the pious pastor established and cherished during his life, and bequeathed at his death to the protection of benevolence, and the care of Providence.

The Ban de la Roche is a mountainous canton in the north-east of France, and derives its name from a castle called La Roche, round which the ban, or district, extends. Its situation is between Alsace and Lorraine, and includes two parishes, three churches, and five villages. During the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV. this territory was in a state of desolation, and the few solitary inhabitants who peopled its deserts, exhibited a picture of misery and degradation which language wants energy to describe. After a lapse of nearly one hundred years, it was incorporated with France, and enjoyed some religious immunities, which the persecuted Protestants of Languedoc resorted hither to enjoy. In the year 1750, M. Stouber took up his abode among them, and began to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation, and for many years his labours were crowned with much success. At the commencement of his residence, the following characteristic anecdote will shew the condition of the people.

"Desiring some one to point out to him the principal school-house, he was conducted into a miserable cottage, where a number of children were crowded together without any occupation, and in so wild and noisy a state that it was with some difficulty he could gain any reply to his inquiries



for the master. 'There he is,' said one of them, as soon as silence could be obtained, pointing to a withered old man, who lay on a little bed in one corner of the apartment. 'Are you the school-master, my good friend?' inquired Stouber. 'Yes, sir.' 'And what do you teach the children?' 'Nothing.' 'Nothing, how is that?' 'Because I know nothing myself.' 'Why then were you instituted schoolmaster?' 'Why, sir, I had been taking care of the Waldbach pigs for a great number of years, and when I got too old and infirm for that employment, they sent me here to take care of the children.'—p. 9.

On the removal of Mr. Stouber, Mr. Oberlin, in 1767, succeeded to his charge, and entered on a life of usefulness both to the souls and bodies of those committed to his care, which, with his scanty means, can find but few parallels in history. During the long period of fifty years he continued the spring of action to all around him, and future generations will reap the benefits of his unremitting and virtuous toils. In the district of La Roche he will be remembered as the Alfred of his country, and as an apostle of our Lord; and in each character his works praise him in the grave.

To bring this genuine philanthropist and eminent servant of Christ before the religious public is the design of the present volume, and no one friendly to the human race can peruse its pages without reverence and veneration for his character. This the writer has placed in a most auspicious light, but the facts and incidents with which the picture is accompanied clearly demonstrate that the rays are not too luminous. In the eyes of those to whom most of the features are inapplicable, it may appear somewhat flattered; but the scene of his labours, both temporal and spiritual, will attest to all, that his numerous excellencies have not been fully told. To all ministers of the gospel of every denomination this volume indirectly says, "If you wish to approve yourselves in the sight of God and man, both by precept and example, go and imitate the conduct of John Frederic Oberlin."

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REVIEW.—*Interpretations of Prophecy, in which many Predictions of Scripture are elucidated, &c., numerous Extracts, &c., Illustrations of Prophecy on the Infidel Powers, the Bottomless Pit, Symbolic Dragon, Millennium, and Coming of Christ. Two Vols. 8vo. pp. 430, 460. Holdsworth, London. 1828.*

THESE volumes have been nearly twelve months in our hands, and the best reason we can assign for apparently neglecting them is, an unwillingness to give an opinion on a train of momentous conclusions, the

data of which are involved in obscurity. Unfulfilled prophecy is an abyss into which numerous authors delight to throw their lines and plummets, and each fancies that he can find soundings in depths which others have abandoned in despair. Enjoying his triumphs for a season, a new adventurer steps forth to supplant his predecessor, and having lived his day, he also submits to the destiny which he administered, and in a few years his dissertations remain unread, disregarded, and almost unknown.

No one can doubt that unfulfilled prophecy presents an ample field for inquiry: but no permanent resting place being afforded to dispassionate judgment, imagination usurps her station, and personates her character. Hence, the excursions of ingenuity arrest our attention, and gain our admiration, unaided by legitimate argument, and without producing that conviction which every writer professes to command, and every reader is solicitous to attain. It is rather unfortunate, that scarcely any two authors on these mysterious subjects concur in opinion. The building erected by one is demolished by another, and the conspicuous individual or remarkable event in which the former perceives the assemblage of prophetic characteristics, is dismissed by the latter to give place to something that is deemed more suitable and appropriate.

How applicable soever the preceding remarks may be to writers on prophecy in general, the work before us claims in them no more than a common share. Indeed the author appears to have been much less under the influence of visionary fancy, than many whom we could easily mention, and in most cases the plausibility of his reasonings entitles his observations to respect.

We learn from the preface, that the largest portion of these volumes was written and circulated about thirty years ago by the Rev. J. L. Towers, but that political reasons prevented the regular publication. A change of measures and of views having removed the embargo, the present editor, Mr. William Vint, being proselyted to the theory which these volumes contain, has, with some trifling alterations, ventured to send them into the world. To the original compiler and author, the work must have been a laborious undertaking. The authorities to whom he refers are both numerous and highly respectable, and the quotations which he has selected are ingeniously woven into a web which accommodates itself to his own theory.

Of the "New Illustrations of Prophecy in five Dissertations on the Infidel Power, the Abyss, or bottomless Pit, the symbolic Dragon, a Millennium, and the Coming of Christ," the language of Mr. Vint is not very sanguine. He considers that he has to encounter sentiments and expectations which have been cherished by the professors of Christianity through a long succession of ages, and also modern opinions, which are maintained not only by the fraternity of a new school of prophets, popular within a limited sphere, but by writers of first-rate ability.

Independently of the support, which the numerous passages quoted, yield to the respective views and hypotheses of Mr. Towers and Mr. Vint, they will be found both amusing and instructive as branches of history, developing manners and customs, now grown obsolete, and detecting habits of thinking and reflection, which, under given circumstances, associate themselves with the human character.

Against the general expectation, that, at the Millennium Christ shall make his personal appearance, and reign on earth a thousand years, the authors of these volumes enter their protest; and respecting the nature of this eventful era, their views are less visionary than those of several, which, on former occasions, we have been called to notice. Throughout the whole of these volumes, we discover but little of that inflammatory fever, under the influence of which, many works on prophecy have started into existence. Thus far we are invited to a calm and dispassionate investigation. Nor are we disappointed, although to us the conclusions are sometimes less obvious than to their respective authors. With them in some degree the sanguine temperament takes another turn, though we cannot but regret, that any portion of political feeling and opinion should be suffered to mingle with "Illustrations of Prophecy."

REVIEW.—*Sympathy; or the Mourner advised and consoled. By the Rev. John Bruce, Liverpool. 12mo. pp. 310. Westley, London, 1829.*

WE cannot but admire the neatness, the delicacy, and even elegance, with which this volume is put out of hand. The paper is of a very superior quality, the typography is excellent, and the frontispiece is really beautiful, whether we view the design by Pennie, or its execution by Robertson. To a fastidious cockney, the presumption of Liverpool in attempting to rival the pro-

ductions of the Metropolis, may be more apparent than its spirit of successful enterprise; but a lesson may be learnt from this emporium of the Atlantic, that

"Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,  
Is emulation in the learn'd and brave."

If, however, this work had nothing to recommend it to notice, besides dress and appearance, we should have deemed them too trifling to merit the least attention. Happily its contents coincide with its decorations, and present an unequivocal title to the respect which it otherwise claims. It is divided into eight chapters, which respectively treat of the Mourner's Sorrows, Duties, Exercises, Resources, Advantages, Motives to Submission, Consolations, and Anticipations. In each and all of these, human nature is surveyed by the light of revelation, in connexion with the evils of life. The latter furnish endless causes for lamentation, but the former administers the balm of consolation to enliven hope, and rescue the spirit from despondency. In moments of bodily privations and mental anguish, the sympathies of common friendship tend in no small degree to soften the rigours of distress, but the power of these is limited, both in energy and extent. True genuine relief must be sought in a higher source, and this can be found only in God.

Nor is it to the sufferings which are merely personal, that the author confines his observations. The heart bleeds under family bereavements, and wants some fond breast on which to rely, for a mitigation of its woes. Partial and uncertain is the consolation that man can communicate. His greatest power lies in his access to the throne of grace, and nothing short of an application to this, can ease the throbbings of a wounded heart.

The numerous and appropriate appeals which Mr. Bruce has made to the book of God, place the compassions and sympathies of Deity towards suffering humanity, in an amiable and affecting light. The distance which omnipotence and infinity present, is overcome by the greatness of divine condescension. This shines in the economy of nature, is developed in the dispensations of providence, but appears with brightest lustre in the system of gospel redemption, established for the salvation of the human soul.

From some observations made in an advertisement prefixed to the chapters, it would appear, that the author is not dealing

"In the false commerce of a truth unselt."

"The volume," he says, "now presented to the Mourner, has some claim on his attention and re-

gard, as it is the fruit of personal experience in the seasons of domestic anguish. When the author discloses the Sorrows, and depicts the Exercises of the bereaved, he throws open the window of his own heart; when he enforces their duties, he recommends the line of conduct which he himself has been solicitous to pursue; and when he points to Resources and administers Consolation, he declares the things "which he has heard, which he has seen with his eyes, which he has looked upon, and which his hands have handled." His official character, as minister of the Liverpool Necropolis, has afforded him daily opportunities of conversing with the bereaved. At such seasons, there has been little reserve. The sorrowful, in the very act of communicating to others their grief, seem to find a temporary relief. An advantage has thus been given to the writer, in applying himself to this subject, which has fallen to the lot of few." p. iv.

In the fifth chapter on "The Mourner's Advantages," and also in the sixth on "Motives to Submission," we have some valuable instruction. But the seventh on the "Mourner's Consolations," and the eighth on his "Anticipations," are the most animating and attractive. The conclusion is replete with obvious inferences, drawn from all the preceding topics, unfolding the numerous and varied evils of which sin is the prolific parent, and exhibiting the counteracting influence, which, through the medium of the gospel, the Spirit of God supplies.

For those who mourn, "Sympathy" is a book that will be found to contain much tenderness and kindred feeling. It vibrates on the chords of anguish, and none but the hardened and the profligate can peruse it without advantage.

REVIEW.—*Letters on Missions*. By William Swan, *Missionary in Siberia*, with an *Introductory Preface*, by William Orme. 12mo. pp. 340. Westley and Co., London, 1830.

So much has been said of late years on the nature, difficulties, and character of foreign Missions, that, generally speaking, but little original matter is to be expected. When however, new regions are explored, and the missionary is brought into contact with distant branches of the human family, with whose previous history we have but little acquaintance, the mind of the reader is on the alert to peruse the accounts which he transmits to his native land.

It was with feelings thus excited, that we commenced the examination of this volume, and to this we were led by the title, which announces it as "*Letters on Missions*, by William Swan, *Missionary in Siberia*." Unfortunately however, for these anticipations, all the letters are without dates, and the place where they were written is left to the conjecture of the reader. In addition to this, they have no more reference to Siberia than they have to Euclid's Elements, or to

the arches of Blackfriars-bridge, Recovering from the mistake into which we fell, by not duly considering the literal import of a takingly-constituted titlepage, we bid adieu to the snows of Siberia, and to its forlorn inhabitants, and simply survey these letters, on missions in general, by their own light, without asking when they were written, or where their author resides.

To the writer's view, the great subject of missions appears in all its relative and intrinsic importance. This he discusses with much comprehensiveness of thought, and great acuteness of observation, in twenty-one letters. In these, he weighs, with due deliberation, the nature of a missionary's life; and points out, in their various branches, the qualifications necessary for his arduous undertaking. Of Mr. Swan's general principles there can be scarcely room for two opinions. They seem founded on the duty of Christians to send the gospel into heathen lands, and inculcate a firm reliance for support, on that divine assistance which is promised in the word of God. But when from this general ground he proceeds to enter into details, the localities of preconceived plans become too prominent for universal approbation, and perhaps, in some instances, his zeal may trespass on the bounds of prudence. The thirteenth letter on "the best means of convincing the heathen of the truth of Christianity," is full of sound sense, and is luminously written.

The introductory preface, by Mr. Orme, has rather too much of a controversial aspect, for its station and professed character. Hence, the writer is led into digressions which might have been more suitable on many other occasions. It, however, displays a mind actively alive to the state of the heathen, and to the interests of the missionary cause; and concludes with a warm address to Christians, in every sphere of life, to exert themselves in promoting it with unanimity and active cooperation. Mr. Swan and Mr. Orme, are two excellent advocates for missionary exertions, and it is scarcely probable that they will plead in vain.

REVIEW.—*The Cabinet Cyclopædia*, conducted by the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, LL. D., &c. &c. Assisted by eminent literary, and scientific men. *The history of Maritime and Inland Discovery*, in 2 Vols. Vol. I. 12mo. pp. 410. Longman, London. 1830.

THIS volume commences with the early ages of the world, and traces, in a brief

but perspicuous manner, the progress of discovery among the various nations of the earth, from the immediate descendants of Noah, down to the birth of Columbus, and the era of his sublime discovery of America. It is replete with valuable information in its various departments, and furnishes the best vehicle of its own recommendation. To give a full enumeration of its excellencies would be an arduous task, and every effort but that which would transcribe the volume, must leave it incomplete. We shall therefore select from its pages such fragments and incidents, as will justify the observations already made, and enable the reader to judge of the whole work from the specimens submitted to his inspection.

Traditionary legend respecting the early discovery of America.

"*Story of the Almagrurim.*—There is very little reason, however, to believe that the Arabians were accustomed to make distant voyages on the ocean or Sea of Darkness. The only evidence that they ever attempted such a navigation is found in the remarkable story of the Almagrurim, related in nearly the same words by Ibn el Vardi and Edrisi. The former of these writers, after describing Lisbon, adds, that eight persons from that city, curious to know what was beyond the sea, equipped a vessel with all necessary provisions for a long voyage, and swore not to return till they had found the end of the sea and the land at the west. They advanced eleven days in the open sea, and then twelve days more in a sea of unfathomable depth with immense waves. The winds carried them to the south, and they at last arrived at an island to which they gave the name of Ganam, or the island of sheep; but the flesh of the sheep which they found there was too bitter to be eaten. They took water, however, and continuing their voyage towards the south, on the twelfth day discovered an inhabited island. The men were large and red. At the end of three days an Arabian interpreter came to them, in order to learn the purpose of their voyage. The king being made acquainted with their intentions, told them that he had sent persons to explore the ocean, who, having sailed westward for a month, were surprised with a thick darkness, and forced to return. The adventurers from Lisbon, hearing that they were a month's sail from home, hastened to return; and in memory of that event a quarter of the city received the name of *Almagrurim*, the Wanderers, a name which it retained in the time of Ibn el Vardi, who died in 1358. This attempt to reach the end of the ocean was made in 1147, and was probably not the only enterprise of the kind: in 1291 a similar attempt was made by two Genoese, of whose fate or success, however, no account remains.

Some have supposed, and De Onigues among the rest, that the red men mentioned in this account must have been Americans; but it is much more likely that they were Normans, who are not unfrequently called red men in the East. As there was an Arabian interpreter on the island, and the distance from Lisbon was known, the coast of Africa was probably not far off; and, in fine, the Almagrurim seem not to have sailed beyond the Canary Islands."—p. 172.

The following savours so much of the marvellous, that the reader must decide for himself, whether it be not more amusing than instructive.

"*A Peculiar Species of Men.*—To the south of Cara Cathay (the Black Desert), and south-west of Mongolia, Carpin says there is a vast desert,

in which there are said to be certain wild men who are unable to speak, and have no joints in their legs; yet they have ingenuity enough to make felt of camels' hair, for garments to protect themselves from the weather."

"*Cannibalism in Thibet.*—The inhabitants of Thibet, according to Rubruquis, had once the habit of eating the dead bodies of their parents, from a motive of piety, believing that to be the most honourable sepulture; but in his time they had abandoned that custom, which was looked upon as abominable by all other nations. They still, however, continued to make handsome drinking cups of the skulls of their parents, that they might call them to remembrance even in their mirth. This is precisely what Herodotus relates of the Massagetes, and does not differ materially from what he states respecting the Paimi, who were probably the Thibetian followers of Bauddha, or Buddha, in Thibet. The same custom of putting the aged and infirm to death exists at the present day among the Battas in Sumatra; who, like the Massagetes and Thibetians of old, act under the influence of religious opinions, and deem a man guilty of the basest dereliction of filial duty who refuses to eat his father."—p. 267.

The funeral rites of the Grand Khans of Tartary, to which the following passage alludes, will be read with indignant interest.

"It has been an invariable custom, says Marco Polo, that all the grand khans and chiefs of the race of Zingie Khan should be carried for interment to a certain lofty mountain, named Altai; and in whatever place they may chance to die, although it should be at the distance of a hundred days' journey, they are nevertheless conveyed thither. It is likewise the custom, during the progress of removing the bodies of those princes, to sacrifice such persons as they happen to meet on the road; saying to them, 'Depart for the next world, and there attend on your deceased master;' being impressed with the belief that all whom they thus slay do actually become his servants in the next life. They do the same with respect to horses, killing the best of the stud, in order that he may have the use of them. When the corpse of Mangu Khan was transported to this mountain, the horsemen who accompanied it, having this blind and horrible persuasion, slew upwards of ten thousand persons who fell in their way."

It cannot be denied, that the contents of this volume, carrying us back into the remote regions of antiquity, during the reign of ignorance and superstition, have, in many respects, an air of fable and romance. In this twilight of history it is difficult to distinguish between fiction and reality; but we have no right to call every thing legendary which is not conformable to modern manners, and justified by more recent discoveries and visits. The accounts though strange are always entertaining; and such is the variety, that some new incident, or narrative, presents itself in every page.

REVIEW.—*National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century, with Memoirs by William Jerdan, Esq., F.S.A. &c. &c. Fisher, Son, and Co. London. 1830.*

THE ninth and tenth Numbers of this splendid publication are now before us, the former containing Portraits and Me-

moirs of His late Majesty, the Right Honourable Spencer Perceval, and Admiral Lord Keith; and the latter, those of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, the Right Honourable Thomas Grenville, and Viscount Beresford.

The public voice has spoken so decisively in favour of this work, that the numerous encomiums which have been passed upon its merits by all the literary censors of the day, render any extended remarks from us unnecessary.

The ground which its spirited and enterprising publishers have chosen, was not preoccupied by any series of Modern Portraits worthy the attention of the connoisseur, or adapted to enter into that department of the library devoted to the fine arts. Competitors have certainly started up since the commencement of the work, but, we believe, the character of these rival productions, when compared with the style and manner of this Portrait Gallery, can serve only to excite admiration of its cheapness, and of the talent employed upon it, and to recommend it more powerfully to public notice.

The desideratum in Literature and Art which these Memoirs and Portraits have supplied, was one of the first importance; and even to have failed in an attempt to introduce the worthies of modern times into every respectable book-case, would have entailed no disgrace. The effort, however, has been eminently successful. At an unprecedented moderate price, the most finished labours of the best artists have been submitted to the public, accompanied with biographies, possessing all the interest which an intimate acquaintance with the distinguished subjects, and a commanding talent, can bestow.

The memoir of Mr. Perceval, in number 9, contains a great many hitherto unpublished facts connected with that gentleman's tragical catastrophe. These come from the best possible source; the learned editor having been a close spectator of the dreadful transaction which he has described.

#### BRIEF SURVEY OF BOOKS.

1. *The Modern Newgate Calendar, or Newgate and York Castle in the Nineteenth Century*, by Leman Thomas Rede, (Bennett, London,) is a catalogue of human enormities, at the sight of which a virtuous individual would "blush, and hang his head to think himself a man." We have before us two parts, and in them the portrait of Martin the incendiary, who has a most forbidding aspect, and that of Slack

the murderer, whose countenance betrays no symptoms of guilt. The trials of these miscreants, and of many others, occupy the pages, and suitable reflections are interspersed, to render crime odious, and to deter from its commission.

2. *An Address to the Members of both Houses of Parliament, on the West India Question*, by Alexander Mc. Donnell, Esq., (Ridgway, London,) is designed to palliate, if not wholly to deny, the evils connected with slavery. Cultivation by free labour the author thinks to be totally impracticable. The negroes, he argues, have little taste for artificial wants, and the real necessities of life can be so easily procured, that, if free, the greater part of their time would be spent in indolence. To prevent this, he gravely concludes, that their shackles should not be thrown aside, and that the driver's whip should still be brandished over these victims of injustice. The cause is worthy of such an admirable reasoner!

3. *A Catalogue of Embellished Publications on Architectural Antiquities, &c.* by J. Britton, (Longman, London,) contains some beautiful specimens of wood engravings, belonging to the works announced, and which cannot be inspected without exciting admiration.

4. *Philosophical Tables compiled from various Authors, Ancient and Modern*. (Simpkin, London,) is a literary curiosity, sublimely dark, and philosophically mysterious. The man who should be doomed to study these tables until they were perfectly understood, would be an object of pity; and if they are comprehended by the author, he deserves a patent.

5. *Annot and her Pupil, a simple story*, (Hamilton, London,) aims at nothing higher than to amuse children, without neglecting to blend instruction with entertainment. The incidents are natural, and the narrative is conducted with a degree of perspicuous simplicity, that can hardly fail to please.

6. *Natural Historian, or Traits of Animal History*, by Mrs. G. Vasey, (Bennett, London,) is a useful little work, publishing in numbers. It treats exclusively of the animal tribes, gives the natural history, and distinguishing peculiarities, of each, and is embellished with two hundred well-executed engravings. It brings animal history within a narrow and pleasing compass.

7. *The Principles and Plan of the Society for Promoting Christian Instruction*, (Davis, London,) place the design of this institution in an amiable light. It

is founded in benevolence, and every way deserving of public support.

8. *Intemperance; or, the Horrible Consequences of Ardent Spirits in their Excessive Use, &c.* by G. C. Smith, (Bethel House, London,) exhibits a painful, but not an overdrawn picture of the miseries attendant upon drunkenness. The demon of intemperance has stretched his pestiferous wings over the whole earth, and the demoralizing effects consequent upon the worship of this modern Moloch, are too dreadful to be contemplated. This work consists of a series of pamphlets, in which the general and excessive use of ardent spirits is shown by a multitude of facts, which serve also to prove that the great increase of crime, pauperism, and disease, is either the direct or collateral consequence of this colossal vice. We concede to Mr. Smith every praise for the energy and ability with which he has compiled this mass of information, on a subject most certainly involving a nation's welfare.

9. *An Introductory Lecture upon the Study of Theology, and of the Greek Testament, delivered at the University of London, by the Rev. T. Dale, M. A.* (Taylor, London,) details the object and the extent of the lectures which will be delivered in the Theological Institution of the London University. A highly unfavourable sensation was excited against this seminary, as originally founded, from an apparent laxity of regard, in the projectors, to the subject of religion. This feeling will give way, when it is clearly ascertained that a desideratum so important has been adequately supplied. The national tendency of a great public school, can, most certainly, be then only really serviceable, when its operations are conducted under the sacred auspices of the "faith we owe."

10. *A Concise System of Mechanics, by James Hay, Land Surveyor,* (Simpkin and Marshall, London,) is a treatise which embodies the essence of more voluminous works on mechanical science. The arrangement appears to be judicious, and the technology usually attendant upon scientific discussion is in a good measure dispensed with. They who feel interested in the doctrine of forces, and the construction of machinery, will meet, in the present work, with considerable information on these subjects, compressed into a reasonable space.

11. *A Dialogue between a Sceptical Physician, and his Christian Patient,* (Murray, London,) is supported on each side with much acuteness and talent. Its character is metaphysical, and each party

seems to be acquainted with its modes of argumentation. The Christian Patient has decidedly the advantage in all his reasonings and conclusions, though he sometimes deals in dogmas, and sweeping expressions which might have been spared. On the whole, it is a well-written tract, highly deserving the attention of such as think and reason, as well as read.

#### CELESTIAL PHENOMENA.

AT 54 minutes past 4 in the afternoon of the 24th of January, the second lunation of the present year commenced in the 4th degree of Aquarius, the Moon having nearly 3 degrees north latitude, descending and approaching the Earth: on the 27th she had arrived at her perigean point, and at 47 minutes past 10 in the morning of the 31st, she completes her first quarter revolution. On the evening of the 1st of February, she is observed to the south of the Pleiades, approaching Aldebaran; which she passes before her next appearance; she is consequently noticed to the east of this star on the following evening, directing her course under the horns of the Bull: she is seen to the east of these stars on the evening of the 3rd, and on the fourth she passes between  $\gamma$   $\epsilon$  and  $\zeta$  Geminorum; on the evening of the 5th, she is noticed under the Castor and Pollux, approaching Saturn, which she passes at 30 minutes past 8 in the morning of the 7th: at 42 minutes past 7 in the evening of this day, she completes her half revolution, being full in the 18th degree of Leo with nearly 3 degrees south latitude ascending; she is observed to approach Regulus, and will pass this star before her next appearance. On the 10th, she crosses the ecliptic in her ascending node, and arrives at the apogean point of her orbit on the 12th. On the morning of the 13th she passes above Spica Virginis; on the morning of the 15th she passes between  $\alpha$  and  $\beta$  Libræ, and directs her course above Mars and Antares: she enters her last quarter at 28 minutes past 12 at night, and is in conjunction with Mars at 7 minutes past 8 in the evening of the 17th; she is consequently noticed to the east of this planet, on the following morning; she is now observed to approach Jupiter, and will pass above him on the 19th, the conjunction taking place at 11 in the morning; her crescent now gradually diminishes until 36 minutes past 4 in the morning of the 23rd, when her revolution is completed, she being again in conjunction with the Sun.

The glorious luminary of the Solar System pursuing his unremitting journey

among the innumerable Suns that enrich the ethereal vault of heaven with their bright and twinkling beams, is now observed to recede from the noble planet Jupiter, which appears in the eastern hemisphere a short time before Aurora uncloses its portals, and the rosy Morn proclaims the approach of day to the inhabitants of this portion of the globe. This majestic wanderer through the immensity of space, is now a conspicuous object in the constellation Sagittarius, and will doubtless afford the observer a considerable degree of gratification, to notice his progress among the stars that compose this asterism. He is first seen between 25 and 29 Sagittarii; on the 4th he is observed in a line with  $\phi$  and 26 Sagittarii, directing his course between the latter star and 29 of this constellation; he is noticed between them on the 6th; after passing them, he directs his course between 26 and 30 Sagittarii, and passes them on the 9th: on the morning of the 11th, he is noticed between  $\phi$  and 29 Sagittarii, on the following morning he is observed in a line with 30 and 33 Sagittarii and on the 14th between  $\phi$  and 30 of the same constellation. On the morning of the 15th, he is noticed in a line with 29 and 30 and between  $\phi$  and 33 Sagittarii. His path now becomes exceedingly interesting, in consequence of his near approach to, and passage by,  $\nu$  Sagittarii; the distance between the planet and star continues to decrease until the 19th, when Jupiter is noticed to the south of the star, in a line with it and 33 Sagittarii, and between it and  $\omega$  Sagittarii. On the morning of the 21st he is seen in a line with  $\nu$  and 30 Sagittarii, and on the following morning, between  $\omega$  and  $\xi$  1 and 2 Sagittarii. His recess from  $\nu$  has now become very apparent, and his passage under  $\pi$  and  $\sigma$  is the next interesting feature in his course. On the morning of the 23rd, he is observed in a line with these stars, and on the 25th with  $\xi$  1 and 2 of this constellation. He is noticed between  $\sigma$  and  $\phi$  Sagittarii on the morning of the 27th, and on the 1st of March he is seen between the former star and  $\omega$  Sagittarii.

The approach of the planet Mars to Jupiter, which has been observed considerably to the west of him during February, now becomes very apparent, the distance between them daily and rapidly decreasing. At 43 minutes 34 seconds past 5 in the morning of the 5th, the first satellite of Jupiter is immersed in his shadow, the planet being observed between  $\sigma$  and  $\tau$  Sagittarii: on the 7th he is noticed between  $\sigma$  and  $\psi$ , and on the 8th, in a line with  $\sigma$  and  $\xi$  1 Sagittarii: He is observed in a line

with the former star and  $\xi$  2 on the following morning, and directs his course between  $\pi$  and  $\psi$ , passing between them on the 15th.

### Sir Thomas Lawrence.

THE death of this distinguished artist, which took place on the evening of Thursday, January 7th, 1830, has thrown a veil over the fine arts, which the lapse of many years may be insufficient to remove. The presidency of the Royal Academy has never been held by a more talented master, or by one more zealously devoted to the interests of pictorial science, than Sir Thomas Lawrence. In his own productions, to an exquisite fidelity of outline, he added a power in the relief of his figures, and the toning of his colours, which gave life to the canvass, and mimicked nature with a resemblance the most characteristic and striking. Artists who are now enjoying a well-earned celebrity, owe no small portion of their fame to the fostering hand of the late President. His urbanity and domestic virtues were not less remarkable than his talents, and in his death we have to mourn at once the loss of a highly gifted painter, and an excellent man. The following particulars embodying a brief memoir of his life, are extracted from the Literary Gazette of the 16th of January.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was born at Bristol, where his father, who had been an exciseman, kept an inn. From this place the family removed to Devizes, and finally to Bath, where the opening talents of the young artist became their principal support. When only seven or eight years of age, he attracted great notice by his imitations of the "human face divine," and became a pupil of Mr. Hoare, a crayon painter of exquisite taste, fancy, and feeling. At first he executed crayon likenesses in the manner of his instructor, and two portraits of ladies in red jackets, with hats and feathers, for each of which he was paid ten shillings and sixpence, are still in existence, and in their finish display much of the peculiar delicacy of his later productions.

After some time, the future President confined his exertions almost entirely to the production of small oval portraits in crayons, which were sold at a guinea apiece. He was, at the same time, much noticed and patronized by the Hon. John Hamilton, a member of the Abercorn family, who resided on Lunsdown Hill, and contributed greatly towards the cultivation of the young

artist's talents, as well by pecuniary encouragement as by affording him access to some very fine scriptural pieces, the production of the old masters, in his possession. Another of his early patrons was Sir Henry Harpur, a Derbyshire baronet, of fortune and liberality, who even went so far as to offer to send the lad to Italy at his own expense, and to dedicate a thousand pounds to that purpose; but the proposal was declined by the father, on the alleged ground, that "Thomas's genius stood in need of no such aid."

But the most remarkable incident in the life of young Lawrence during his residence at Bath, was his receiving the great silver pallet from the Society of Arts:—an event of which he spoke at a recent anniversary of that Society in terms of the warmest gratitude, ascribing to this encouragement and honour, much of that enthusiastic feeling and love of his art which had raised him to his eminent station. As the documents respecting this transaction are very interesting, we have copied them from the MS. proceedings of the Society in the Adelphi. The first entry appears under the date of March 9th, 1784, and is as follows:

"Resolved,—That as the drawing marked G. appears, by a date upon it, to have been executed in the year 1788, it cannot, according to the conditions, page 197, be admitted a candidate."

In consequence of this difficulty, it appears that inquiries had been instituted; and on the 30th of March we find the annexed record:

"Took into consideration the drawings of the Transfiguration marked G., and opened the paper containing the name of the candidate, according to the directions of the Society, and it appeared to the committee that the candidate was T. Lawrence, aged 13, 1783, in Alfred Street, Bath.

"The committee having received satisfactory information that the production is entirely the work of the young man;

"Resolved,—To recommend to the Society to give the greater silver pallet gilt, and five guineas, to Mr. T. Lawrence, as a token of the Society's approbation of his abilities."

The grant of five guineas was a very uncommon thing at this period of the Society's history, and shews how highly Lawrence's performance—the Transfiguration of Raphael, in crayons—was appreciated by his judges; one of whom, the chairman of the committee, was Valentine Green, the celebrated engraver.

From Bath, he appears to have gone to Salisbury, while yet in his teens, and practised there with considerable success. A Mr. Hancock is mentioned as the possessor of portraits, in coloured chalk, of his grand-

father Dr. Hancock (a physician at Salisbury,) and his daughter, which were painted at this period, and previous to Lawrence's removal to London. In this grand mart, and scene of enterprise, he flourished more than forty years, nearly ten of which he was at the head of the fine arts, as President of the Royal Academy, when his brilliant career was so prematurely terminated.

So late as the Tuesday preceding his decease, Sir Thomas was busily employed in the committee of the Athenæum, making arrangements for the opening of the new house: he was particularly animated on the subject of internal decoration, and took a great interest in procuring works of art to adorn the interior. He had himself promised to paint and present a portrait of his Majesty, to be placed in the library; and was at work upon it even on Wednesday, within thirty hours of his death—intending, (alas, for human intentions!) as he declared, to finish and have it in its place next week.

To his townsman Baily the sculptor, Lawrence seems to have been much attached; and he certainly could not have shewn his preference for a more modest and admirable artist. He had not only assured him that he would never sit for his bust to another; but, having postponed it from time to time, he only a few days previous to Thursday the 7th, (on which he died,) appointed Tuesday the 12th for his first sitting. Mr. Baily, instead of modelling the living, has taken a mask of the dead, and is now employed upon this posthumous bust. It was Sir Thomas's declared purpose to have a medal by Wyon, from Baily's work; and we trust the public, and the lovers of the arts, will not be disappointed in either.

It is said that a portrait of this celebrated artist by himself, is in existence, but that a sight of it was seldom granted even to his most intimate friends. In addition to the above, his likeness may be found in connexion with those of his two brothers and his sister, in a well-known series of prints after the manner of Westall. His hand-writing was peculiar, and very similar to the style of Titian and Dante.

In conversation, Sir Thomas was most at home in matters connected with the arts. "Almost the last time I was with him, (says a friend,) was on a Sunday morning, when I rode with him to church in Regent-Street. The article in the *Edinburgh Review* had just appeared, in which there was a comparison made between him and Mr. Martin; he observed the article was written by some one who knew but little of



the arts : and the comparison put him in mind of the old inquiry—How far is it from the first of January to the top of St. Paul's?"

With all his vast receipts, it is understood that Sir T. Lawrence has, from early encombrances and a profuse expenditure, which difficulties always aggravate, died poor. His noble collection, however, especially rich in drawings of the old masters, is estimated to be worth above £50,000; and as his executor, Mr. Keightley, is not only well versed in business, but a friend, it is probable that affairs may be wound up in a way respectful to his memory.

Sir T. Lawrence's first appearance as an exhibitor at Somerset House was in 1787, (when 666 pictures, &c. &c. formed the collection;) and the catalogue was comprised in 26 pages. Here we find Sir T. Lawrence at No. 4, Leicester Square, with seven productions, namely, No. 184. *Mad Girl*; 207. *Portrait of a Lady*; 229. *Portrait of a young Lady*; 231. *Portrait of a Lady*; 234. *Mrs. Estlin, in the character of Belvidera*; 255. *Vestal Virgin*; and 258. *Portrait of a young Lady*. Next year, the artist resided in Jermyn Street; and sent six of his performances, all portraits. In 1789, still 41, Jermyn Street, he exhibited no fewer than thirteen pieces, and was evidently advancing rapidly in his profession, as three of the portraits are of "*Ladies of Quality*," besides his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and a head from nature. In 1790, among twelve pictures we notice the Princess Amelia, Her Majesty, a Nobleman's Son, a General Officer, and a celebrated Actress. In 1791, his abode was 24, Old Bond Street; and Homer reciting his Poems is the first subject we meet with in his name.

In 1792, the prosperous record runs, "*Thomas Lawrence, a Principal Painter in ordinary to His Majesty*;" and his chief pictures are a *Lady of Fashion as La Penserosa*, and a *Portrait of His Majesty*!

When the beautiful whole-length portrait of Miss Farren appeared, Sir T. Lawrence was only in his twenty-first year: it was exhibited at Somerset House as a *pendant* to Sir Joshua's celebrated whole-length of Mrs. Billington, as St. Cecilia. The noble candour of this great man was then manifested by the unqualified applause which he bestowed on this work of the young painter; and he then predicted the honours which Sir T. Lawrence would obtain for himself, his country, and his art.

The career of Sir T. Lawrence may in many respects be likened to that of his

great predecessor. They both led a life of celibacy; the talent of each was no sooner demonstrated than it at once was appreciated, and it was throughout life the fortune of each to be honoured and esteemed, not only by all the great and the enlightened of every rank and class, but to experience the rare felicity of being equally respected and esteemed by the members of their own profession. No competitor for public favour expressed envy, nor took offence at the praises bestowed upon either, on the score of their acknowledged pre-eminence. We have been informed that the immediate cause of his death, as ascertained by Dr. Holland and Mr. Green on a post-mortem examination, was an extensive disease of the heart. On Thursday, after bleeding, the former gentleman left him in an alarming condition; and when sent for again hastily at night, his visit was too late—the patient was no more.

For the subjoined account of his funeral, we are partially indebted to the Times, of Jan. 22d, 1830.

The remains of this celebrated and excellent man were removed on Wednesday night, at nine o'clock, in a hearse-and-four, from his house in Russell-square to Somerset-house.

On Thursday morning, the body lay in state in the model room, which was fitted up for the occasion, hung with black, and the armorial bearings of the deceased placed at the head of the room. The academicians, associates, and students, were all in attendance at about ten o'clock, in the Royal Academy, and none but the private friends of the deceased were admitted to witness the lying in state. Shortly before ten, the mourning coaches and carriages of the nobility entered the square of Somerset-house, and placed themselves in four lines.

At a quarter past twelve o'clock preparations were made to convey the corpse to St. Paul's cathedral. Policemen were stationed along the Strand, to prevent any vehicles, except those connected with the procession, from passing. At half-past twelve all was ready, and the procession moved in solemn state.

On arriving at the western gate, the procession was received by the Dean, Chapter, and the whole of the Choir. The service was performed under the dome, by the Bishop of Landaff, who is the Dean. The crowd was exceedingly great; and besides the mourning coaches, which were forty, nearly eighty carriages belonging to the nobility and gentry, attended on this mournful occasion.

**Rev. Wm. Roby, of Manchester.**

In our number for January, 1828, we gave a portrait, accompanied by a memoir of this highly respected minister of the gospel, of whom we have now to record the death, which took place on the morning of Monday, Jan. 11, 1830.

For some time his health had been in a declining state. His chief complaint was a strong asthmatic affection, which the late severe weather tended to aggravate, but no one thought his end so near as events have proved.

After preaching his thirty-fifth annual sermon to the young on the first Sabbath evening of the New Year, having previously administered the ordinance of the Lord's supper, on that day, he was taken home in a sedan chair in a weak and emaciated state, and although he came down stairs during the ensuing week, he never afterwards went out of the house. On the following Sabbath morning he was evidently worse, but not supposed to be in imminent danger. He, however, kept his bed during the day, and about five o'clock on the ensuing morning there was a change in his breathing, which became more and more difficult; but so gentle was his exit, that not a sigh or struggle informed his surrounding friends when his happy spirit took its flight, and "the weary wheels of life stood still." His medical attendant perceived that his breathing appeared to be suspended, and on putting his hand on his heart, he found that it had ceased to beat.

The sensation which the announcement of his death occasioned, among all ranks in the vast and populous town of Manchester, evinced the high esteem in which he was held, and that his demise was considered as a public loss. Intelligence of this mournful event having been transmitted to the Missionary Society in London, of which Mr. Roby had long been an active and valuable member, drew from the Directors the following resolution:—

"That it is with deep and unfeigned regret the Directors of the London Missionary Society have received the intelligence of the death of the **REVEREND WILLIAM ROBY**, of Manchester, who has been connected with the operations of the Society from the first, as one of its founders, and most zealous supporters; whose personal and ministerial services, both at Manchester and elsewhere, have often conferred the most important benefits on the Society; and from whose church, some of its most valued Missionaries have gone forth to labour amongst the heathen. The Directors most sincerely sympathize with the widow of their departed friend, with the bereaved church and con-

gregation, and also with the various religious institutions in the county of Lancaster, which have been deprived of his efficient and influential labours."

They also further state, that it is with feelings of deep regret, "the Directors record, that seven of their number have been called to their reward, and to their rest, since the anniversary in May last; namely, William Shrubsole, Esq., Thomas Pellatt, Esq., John Clapham, Esq., Penzance. Rev. Joseph Julian, B. A., Trimley, Rev. Dr. William Harris, Tutor of Highbury College, Rev. Charles Atkinson, Ipswich, and Rev. William Roby; individuals who have, in their respective departments, greatly advanced the interests of the missionary society."

Of Mr. Roby's funeral, and the distinguished respect which was paid to his memory on the mournful occasion, our limits will not permit us to enter into any detail. The public papers of Manchester have recorded the particulars, and each in its turn has paid a becoming tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased.

To prevent the chapel from being improperly crowded, at the time of interment, tickets of admission were issued, but for these the applications were so numerous, that the seats and avenues were filled long before the appointed hour. The procession consisted of about fifty clergymen and gentlemen, all arrayed in deep mourning, with hatbands and scarfs. Among these were several clergymen of the established church, and a great number of dissenting ministers, not only of the town and neighbourhood, but from distant parts of the country. The four beadies of Manchester were in attendance, in their official dresses.

After the procession had entered the chapel, the Rev. J. A. Coombes, of Salford, and the Rev. Mr. Pridie (we believe) formerly of Windsor chapel, Salford, but now of Halifax, mounted the pulpit. Mr. Coombes then read the 80th Psalm, and afterwards the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians. An impressive prayer was then offered up by Mr. Pridie. Mr. Mc. All jun. (assistant to Mr. Roby) now gave out the 54th hymn of the 2d book (Wesley) which being sung, Mr. Coombes and Mr. Pridie left the pulpit, which was then taken by the Rev. Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool.

During the delivery of the funeral oration, Dr. Raffles was at times deeply affected; and his discourse, which was eloquent in itself, was rendered more impressive by the earnest and affecting manner in which it was delivered, and produced a corresponding emotion in all who heard it.

In the Manchester Times for January 16, a column has been devoted to the delineation of Mr. Roby's character, which, if time and room had permitted, we should rejoice to give entire. The following extract will however show the spirit and ability with which it has been written, and with this we must terminate our account. After adverting to the unexampled liberality of Manchester in furnishing pecuniary means for sending the light of the gospel among the heathen, and for which the deceased minister and his congregation were particularly distinguished, the writer thus proceeds:—

"Yet, though thus engaged in projects of extensive evangelisation, Mr. Roby was not withdrawn from the everyday duties of his pastoral office. Here it was that his soul rejoiced, and here did he earn as intense and as general a feeling of veneration and of love, as perhaps ever cheered the spirit of a faithful and laborious minister. We have stated that Mr. Roby earned this high and perpetual tribute. To be enjoyed, it must be earned; and earned it cannot be, without the constant exercise of sanctified moral excellence. If we want to know whether any man who fills the sacred office be useful and acceptable to a given body of professors, what inquiries should we make? Are we to ask whether his talents be admired? whether his sermons occasioned a 'sensation'? whether he is famed for skill in points of controversy, for melting tenderness of pathos, or bursts of surpassing eloquence? No; we must ask, do the people love their minister? Do they know him as their counsellor in difficulty; as their consoler in sickness; as the friend that sticketh closer than a brother in their adversity? Is he seen, not so often enjoying the social hospitality of those who have abundance, as performing the duties of sympathy and of kindness to them that are in need? Does his hand, as he passes through the dispersing assembly, grasp only the delicate fingers of those that 'toil not, neither do they spin'; or is it oftenest found knit in fellowship with that of honest hard labour, or withered and destitute old age? Do the children and youths of the poorer families belonging to his charge, share largely in his anxieties, his attentions, and his advice? Does he, in one word, bear towards his people that character which entitles him to assume, in all its many and delightful senses, the endearing name of *Pastor*? But there would be no need of these details. One simple question would comprehend them all. Do the people, old and young, rich and poor, together,—do they, in their several ways, but with one consent, all show that the minister is the object of their love? Years, many years, may be necessary for the acquirement of this affection from a large body of persons; but when gained, it transcends, as the testimony of excellence in the man to whom it is rendered, all that can arise from talents, however exalted, and from fame, however great. This is the precious ointment which will embalm the memory of Mr. Roby with an enduring fragrance; for, although his name may pass away in a few generations, yet will the influence of his character never be lost. That influence operates now on the surrounding ministers, who will weep over his grave—mourning for him as for a beloved father—they will transmit it to their successors, and these will send it on to future men and future times, in an ever widening circle, until time itself shall be no more.

Mr. Roby was not distinguished by extraordinary talent, that term being used in its common acceptance; and, perhaps, this is the very circumstance which gives especial value to his example. He possessed a clear and strong mind, with an easy, unimpassioned flow of thought and

language. These are common endowments: well would it be for society were those others equally common, by which they were in Mr. Roby adorned and made illustrious. Indefatigable industry; calm yet energetic perseverance; incessant watchfulness against all evil, and all appearance of it; holy boldness in the statement of truth, and the enforcement of duty; great kindness of disposition; and unbending moral rectitude;—it is these qualities, sanctified by a most powerful feeling of religious obligation, and all directed heavenward, during the course of a long life, that raised Mr. Roby to the elevation where it has been our delight to view him placed, and on which, perhaps, the existing race will never behold a successor, as truly worthy or as highly honoured. May he who writes, and they who read, this hasty and imperfect tribute, each in his own sphere, and according to his own circumstances, follow in the footsteps of the venerable departed, whose daily occupation it was, for forty years,

"To point the road to heaven, and lead the way."

### GLEANINGS.

*To the Memory of Mr. Whitfield.*—Mr. Strothers, of Philadelphia, has lately put up in the first Presbyterian Church in Newburyport, a cenotaph to the memory of Whitfield, after a design of Strickland. The following is the epitaph:—"This cenotaph is erected with affectionate veneration to the memory of the Rev. George Whitfield, born at Gloucester, England, Dec. 16, 1714; educated at Oxford University; ordained 1736. In a Ministry of 31 years, he crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, and preached more than 18,000 sermons; as a soldier of the cross, humble, devout, ardent, he put on the whole armour of God, preferring the honour of Christ to his own interest, repose, reputation, or life; as a Christian orator, his deep piety, disinterested zeal, and vivid imagination, gave unexampled energy to his look, action, and utterance; bold, fervent, pungent, and popular, in his eloquence, no other uninspired man ever preached to so large assemblies, or enforced the simple truths of the Gospel by motives so persuasive and awful, and with an influence so powerful on the hearts of the hearer. He died of asthma, Sept. 30, 1770; suddenly exchanging his life of unparalleled labours for his eternal rest."—Mr. Whitfield, it is well known, died in Newburyport, and, in his last moments, requested that his body might be buried under the pulpit of the church which now contains his monument; and there accordingly his dust still reposes.—*Newburyport Herald.*

*Church and State.*—Bishop Warburton, writing to Hard, says:—"Reckon upon it, that our ark goes to some Noble Ecclesiastic. This morning only for them. Our Grandees have at last found their way back into the Church. I only wonder they have been so long about it. But be assured that nothing but a new religious revolution, that shall sweep away the fragments that Harry the Eighth left after banqueting his courtiers, will drive them out again. You mention Noah's Ark. I have really forgot what I said of it. But, I suppose, I compared the church to it, as many a grave divine has done before me. The Rabbits make the ant Gog or Magog contemporary with Noah, and convinced by his preaching; so that he was disposed to take the benefit of the Ark. But here lay the distress: it by no means suited his dimensions. Therefore, as he could not enter in, he contented himself to ride upon it astride. And, though you must suppose that, in that stormy weather, he was more than half boots over, he kept his seat, and dismounted safely, when the Ark landed on Mount Ararat. Imagine now to yourself this illustrious cavalier, mounted on his back, and see if it does not bring before you the church, beset by some lumpish Minister of State, who turns and winds it at his pleasure. The only difference is, that Gog believed the preacher of righteousness and religion."

*Interior of the Globe.*—It is a matter of curious speculation what composes the central part of our globe. From the temperature which is found at a depth to which caloric from the sun's rays cannot penetrate, it has been imagined that fire is at the centre. The average density of the earth, as estimated by experiment and calculation, seems opposed to this hypothesis. Others, with more probability, have believed that the centre is composed of a mass of liquid burning matter; and others, that its central parts consist of solid granite. One thing is clear, that the crust or shell is composed of this substance, in which no vestige of an animal form has yet been discovered.—*Dr. Crombie's Natural Theology.*

**Libel.**—Henry IV. being importuned to allow the prosecution of a person who had written a libel on him, magnanimously replied, "I cannot in conscience do any harm to a man who tells truth, although it may be unpalatable."

**Blasphemy in the Fourteenth Century.**—In the year 1327 one Adam Duffe O'Looley was burnt in College-green, for blasphemy, which blasphemy consisted, amongst other matters, in calling "the Apostolical See" an imposture and usurpation.

**False Economy.**—Many fathers there are, that so love their money and hate their children, that lest it should cost them more than they are willing to spare to hire a good schoolmaster for them, rather choose such persons to instruct their children as are of no worth—thereby beating down the market, that they may purchase a cheap ignorance. It was therefore a witty and handsome jeer which Aristippus bestowed on a sottish father, by whom being asked what he would take to teach his child, he answered, A thousand drachmas. Whereupon the other crying out, "O Hercules! how much out of the way you ask, for I can buy a slave at that rate."—"Do then," said the Philosopher, "and thou shalt, instead of one, purchase two slaves for thy money—him that thou buyest for one, and thy son for another."—*Plutarch.*

**Royal Religion.**—There are forty-nine sovereigns in Europe, and their respective persuasions in religion are as follows:—Lutheran, 18; Catholic, 18; Protestant, 1; Evangelic, 5; Reformed, 5; Mahomedan, 1; Greek, 1.

**Cigar Smoking.**—The following is the opinion of Professor Waterhouse, of the American University of Cambridge, in New England, on this subject. It is extracted from a lecture delivered to the students, dissuading them from the practice:—"I have been a Professor in this University twenty-three years, and can say as a physician, that I never observed so many pallid faces and so many marks of declining health, nor ever knew so many hectic habits and consumptive affections, as of late years; and I trace this alarming inroad on your young constitutions principally to the pernicious custom of smoking cigars."

## Literary Notices.

### Just Published.

No. X. of the National Portrait Gallery, exhibits beautifully engraved heads of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox—the Right Honourable Thomas Grenville—and Viscount Beresford—with a Biographical Memoir of each.

The Bruised Reed and Smoking Flax, (for the benefit of Weaker Christians), by Dr. Sibben. 18mo. New Edition.

Sherman's Plea for the Sabbath Day, a Second Edition, with Corrections. 18mo.

Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Notices of his Life. By Thomas Moore, in 9 vols. 4to.

The Family Library, vols. I. II. III.

Popular Lectures on the Study of Natural History, and the Sciences, &c. By W. Lampriere, M. D.

Lectures on the Apocalypse. By W. Jones, M. A.

Memoirs of Christian Friendship, third edition. By Isaac Mason, M. A.

A Compendium of Astronomy, &c. By R. T. Linnington.

An Exposure of the Causes of the Present Deteriorated State of Health, and Diminution of Human Life. By Joel Piny, Esq.

Queries for Self-Examination answered and illustrated, &c.

Satan, a Poem, by Robert Montgomery.

A New and Comprehensive Topographical Dictionary, Nos. I. II. with Maps. By J. Gorton.

Philothos, or Hints to Young Christians.

Meditations and Discourses on the Glories of Christ. By John Owen, D. D.

A Sermon. By James Bunting.

The Principles and Plan of the Society for Promoting Christian Instruction.

Spirit and Form, as exemplified in an Established Church.

On Free Inquiry in Religion.

Dialogue between a Sceptical Physician and his Christian Patient.

The Peculiar Doctrines of the Church of Rome. By the Rev. H. C. O'Donoghue, M. A.

Jones's Classical Family Library, 8 vols. In one, complete.

Annot and her Pupil, a simple Story.

Imperial School Grammar of the English Language, Part II. By George Granville.

Philosophical Tables, compiled from various authors. An Address to both Houses of Parliament, on the West India Question.

A Catalogue of Embellished Publications, on the English Cathedrals, &c. By J. Britton.

A Portrait of John the Baptist. By H. Belfrage, D.D.

The Christian and the Unitarian not the same character. By William Senbrook.

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SAMUEL FAVELL, ESQ.

*Sam<sup>l</sup> Favell*

THE  
**Imperial Magazine;**  
 OR, COMPENDIUM OF  
**RELIGIOUS, MORAL, & PHILOSOPHICAL KNOWLEDGE.**

MARCH.]

"PERIODICAL LITERATURE IS THE GERM OF NATIONAL LEARNING."

[1830.]

MEMOIR OF SAMUEL FAVELL, ESQ.

(With a Portrait.)

"Pro Patria."

AMONGST the numerous individuals who have advocated the cause of parliamentary reform, some, without doubt, have been led into the field of political controversy, by motives widely removed from "love of country;" with many, disappointed ambition may have given the first impulse to patriotism; and with others, the primary object might have been personal aggrandisement, or public notoriety. In the religious world, also, it will be found, that the champions of toleration have not always been distinguished by that consistent and liberal conduct which forms the best argument in favour of universal liberty in matters of faith. To promote the views of some particular sect, or to be the founder of a new one, may have been the source of active energies, which hypocrisy might persuade us, emanated from substantial virtue. The subject of the present memoir is, however, to be exempted from every such charge of self-interest or inconsistency. In what point of view soever we look upon his political character, we associate with it a manly and honourable assertor of civil and religious liberty, and an able promoter of such measures as involve the welfare of his country, and affect the general interests of mankind.

In looking back on the remote ancestors of MR. FAVELL, we find their names, for a series of years, enrolled among the distinguished non-conformists of the day; and several anecdotes are preserved in the family, characteristic of the times in which they lived. At the period of the Revolution in 1688, their place of abode was Midhurst, in Sussex, where they had many painful opportunities of noticing the brutality of the soldiers quartered in the neighbouring villages, at the time when King James assembled his troops on Salisbury Plain, where they also committed every outrage. On one occasion, an old lady, nearly 100 years of age, was locked up in her room to secure her from

their visits, and they were requested not to disturb her. One of them, however, burst the door open with the butt-end of his musket, and said this was only a prelude to what she might expect on their return: but the disasters of their ill-fated monarch prevented the threat from being carried into execution. On another occasion, an elderly woman was accustomed to parade the streets, uttering her imprecations against the Presbyterians for selling their king for "a rotten Orange." During this and the preceding reigns, they were exposed to many trials, and suffered much for conscience-sake. One of them having permitted a minister to preach in his out-house, was thrown into prison, and it cost him £20 to obtain a Bible and a candle. The whole family were therefore, of course, among the many who hailed the success of King William, as the only surety for the preservation of the rights and liberties of their country.

The friends of King William, on the contrary, used every effort to manifest their zeal in his cause; and on his birth-day, some of the poorer sort, who could find no other way of testifying their attachment, placed candles in their washing-tubs, and deposited oranges between them. During this tide of party spirit, and hostile ferment, we therefore need not be surprised that many excesses were committed.

The immediate parents of Mr. Favell inherited the principles of non-conformity which had been transmitted from their progenitors; and his father dates his first spiritual awakening, from a sermon preached by the celebrated Mr. Whitefield, in Moorfields. Being eminent for piety and virtue, for a considerable time they were members of Mr. Hill's and Mr. Pike's churches, at the Three Cranes, but they died in communion with Mr. Barker, of Deptford. The Mr. Hill here mentioned, was author of an excellent volume of sermons, of which, five on the text, "*It is well*," having been separately republished, are of peculiar value to Christians in seasons of affliction.

Mr. Samuel Favell, the subject of this biographical sketch, was born in the

Borough of Southwark, on the 26th of April, 1760, and from his pious parents received a religious education. His mind, thus early imbued with the principles of the gospel, soon became susceptible of serious impressions and of rational inquiry. While yet very young, the discourse of an aged minister on the nature and objects of human pursuits, gave to his mind a bias that has been his companion through life. The three grand particulars on which the minister insisted were, first, to get knowledge, and with all our getting to get understanding; secondly, to purpose utility to our fellow-creatures; thirdly, to support unblemished a religious character. To the directions thus communicated, he has endeavoured through a long and active life stedfastly to adhere. The comfort of an aged parent was the first object of his affectionate solicitude; and the multitudes who have witnessed his integrity in mercantile pursuits, his exertions in the cause of liberty, his readiness to promote benevolent institutions, both with his talents and his purse, his cultivation of religious habits, and his long and highly respected connexion with the Independents and Baptists, with whom he has chiefly associated through life, need not be told, that his multifarious exertions have not been without success.

When about the age of twenty-one, Mr. Favell attended the ministry of Mr. Brewer at Stepney, who on one occasion related to him the following incident. The Rev. Thomas Bradbury, in the reign of Queen Anne, having rendered himself obnoxious to the Roman Catholics, one of their dupes had been so wrought upon by a priest at confession, that he undertook to assassinate him. He therefore attended Mr. Bradbury's place of worship, to make himself fully acquainted with his person. Here the word of divine truth reached his heart. His conscience was smitten; he relinquished his murderous design; and voluntarily confessed to the venerable minister, the diabolical intention for which he came to his chapel.

Losing no opportunity to advocate, and hear advocated, the cause of civil and religious liberty, Mr. Favell by insensible degrees was brought into an acquaintance with most of the celebrated Reformers of his day. Among these, in the religious world, were the well-known Mr. Robinson of Cambridge, and the scarcely less renowned Dr. Jebb. By the latter he was introduced to the Duke of Richmond, Major Cartwright, Horne Tooke, the Earl of Effingham, Sheridan, Whitbread, and

others, forming an illustrious band of patriots, distinguished by ardent zeal, and talents of the highest order.

The political life of Mr. Favell may be said to have commenced in 1780. It originated in a strong aversion to popery, which at that period was not thought to lie within the range of unrestrained toleration. By this feeling Lord George Gordon was actuated. His multitudinous followers, embracing the leading men among the orthodox dissenters, participated of the same spirit; and every measure that could tend to render the introduction of popery possible, was watched with the most vigilant circumspection.

In the year 1788, Mr. F. acted as a Steward of the Centenary Dinner of the Revolution of 1688, at the London Tavern, November 4; and then wore the sash and bore the flag which had been given by King William to the Tozer family, when he landed at Torbay.

His views and his conduct evinced continuity as well as decision of purpose, especially after he fixed his residence in the city of London in 1809. Previously to this, however, he had in 1802 moved the borough address to the throne, containing congratulations on the return of peace: and when companies of volunteers were raised, he entered with great military ardour into one of the regiments, of which he was major, under Colonel Tierney.

Having been chosen common-councilman, Mr. Favell, in December 1809, moved certain resolutions in the common Hall, London, against the Walcheren expedition. In January, 1810, he moved an address to the throne on the same subject; when his late majesty's refusal to receive it on the throne, led to the assembling of a crowded hall, in which other resolutions were passed, condemning, in strong and pointed terms, the conduct of his majesty's advisers. In May, of the same year, he also bore a conspicuous part in the business of a common hall, most numerous attended, and convened in consequence of Sir Francis Burdett's committal to the tower,—an event which created among all ranks a sensation too powerful to be speedily forgotten. During all the succeeding years, until he retired from public life, Mr. F. was actively engaged in city business, and scarcely any affair of moment was transacted, in which he did not, on the popular side of the question, sustain a prominent part.

The strongest feature, however, in Mr. Favell's political career, appears in the



strenuous effort which he made in 1818 to effect a reform in our criminal code. In the month of December of this year he delivered before the corporation of the city of London, "A speech on the propriety of revising the criminal laws." This masterly address, which excited much attention at the time of its delivery, was subsequently published in a pamphlet, in the opening paragraphs of which the author thus powerfully argues.

"In reference to the present discussion, I have examined the criminal calendars for nearly a century past, and find one general result. There has been a great harvest of crimes succeeding the termination of every war. I am aware, indeed, that the question now brought before the court is to a considerable extent mixed up with that most difficult of all difficult questions, *pauperism*. To a large portion of the community, the unavoidable consequence of war is indigence. The change from war to peace, also, immediately alters the condition of soldiers, sailors, mechanics, and indeed of many individuals in all classes of society. The honest among the necessitous, sink into paupers. The vicious, without fortitude to support, or industry to strive against, misfortune, too soon become criminals. Such are some of the baneful effects of war, among which eminently appear taxes, pauperism, and vice.

"And what subject next to war can excite more painful feelings than the consideration of those laws which deprive a fellow-creature of life—that life which no mortal can either give or restore—a consideration which excites the most poignant feelings, when our humanity is shocked by hearing of the crimes of murder and self-destruction? Yet how nearly does that code of criminal law excite and justify the same feelings, while it affixes the punishment of death to numerous offences, vastly different in magnitude and enormity!—a punishment ever at variance with the instinctive feelings of our common nature. What human enactments can have authority to release a nation, which should silently acquiesce in the destructive operation of such a criminal code, from their awful moral responsibility to that Almighty Being, before whom all nations are but as the drop of a bucket?—p. 4.

For the abolition of slavery Mr. Favell was always ready to exert his utmost influence; and among the warmest advocates of this praiseworthy measure, he pleasingly ranks many of his intimate friends. Among these, the name of Granville Sharpe will

be long remembered with veneration; and when it was proposed to place the bust of this genuine philanthropist in the council chamber, Mr. F. had the honour of moving the resolution which led to its adoption.

To the formation and support of various benevolent institutions, Mr. Favell willingly lent a helping hand, and several might be mentioned, which date their origin from his individual exertions. To Maze-Pond school, and the British and Foreign School, he was an early friend. In 1785, he attended the first meeting for the establishment of Sunday schools, when Jonas Hanway, Esq., was called to the chair; and he was a member of the first committee, consisting of an equal number of churchmen and dissenters formed on the occasion. This committee, in the estimation of Mr. Owen of the Bible Society, laid the foundation of that union between churchmen and dissenters, which has so happily co-operated ever since in the formation of Bible Societies, Missionary Establishments, and Sunday Schools, which are now diffusing their salutary influence throughout the world. When the London Missionary Society was formed, Mr. Favell was a member of its first committee, and to the establishment of the British and Foreign Bible Society he rendered considerable assistance.

About the year 1807, at the suggestion of the late Mr. Fox the dentist, Mr. Favell held interviews with various ministers of the Independent and Baptist denominations, which led to the establishment of Mill-Hill grammar-school. This seminary was formed, to afford the higher classes an opportunity of acquiring for their children a good classical education, combined with a strict attention to moral and religious duties. The success attendant on this institution has equalled the most sanguine expectations of its founders. Nearly one thousand youths, now sustaining reputable characters, and filling respectable stations in society, have been educated here; and the energy which invigorates the institution, has given an impulse to many similar establishments throughout the kingdom.

It was in a still more dignified department of education, that Mr. Favell found the last great object to which he endeavoured to render assistance. This was in 1825, at a public meeting convened for the purpose of establishing and erecting the London University; on which memorable occasion Alderman Garrett, then Lord Mayor, was prevailed upon to take the chair. This national establishment is yet in its infancy. Much time will

be necessary to call its principles into active operation, and we must consign to future years the pleasure of beholding the great advantages of which it may hereafter be productive.

We have now seen this active citizen, Mr. Favell, both as a politician and a philanthropist, and in each department, his aim has been to promote the welfare of his fellow-creatures. In the cause of civil and religious liberty his exertions have been rewarded with the warmest encomiums by his coadjutors; and even those who have differed from him in opinion, have borne testimony to his honest and upright intentions on every occasion. This will be seen in the following extract taken from "The Times," of Nov. 6, 1829, the day which announced the resignation of his seat in the Common Council.

"Mr. Favell, a gentleman long and well known in the Common Council of London for his strenuous exertions in favour of civil and religious liberty, of equal rights, and the diffusion of knowledge through all the classes of society, we regret to see, takes his leave as a public man of his constituents and fellow-citizens, in a sensible and manly address, to be found in this day's journal. We thank him in the name of our fellow-labourers, and in our own, for the part which he ascribes to the press in enlightening the public mind; and whilst we do not shrink from a comparison with any, in the part which we have borne in producing the important changes described by Mr. Favell, we are disposed to acknowledge the services even of those from whom we have differed in opinion on grand questions of national polity or interest. Published errors are more useful than concealed knowledge, because the former draw their own refutation after them: the latter is, as Lord Bacon says on a similar subject, like a virgin dedicated to the Deity—"pure and sacred, but barren."

Mr. Favell's publications consist of several pamphlets, of which the following are the principal:

"Substance of a Speech delivered in the Common Council, on a motion to address the Prince Regent to accede to the Treaty concluded between the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia, 1816."

"A Letter addressed to the Livery of London, 1818."

"A Speech on the Propriety of Revising the Criminal Laws, 1819."

"A Speech delivered in the Common

Council of the City of London, advocating Reform in Parliament, 1820."

"A Speech upon moving an Address to the Queen, on the 14th of June of the same year."

"A Letter to George Lewis, Esq., relative to a Public Meeting at Camberwell, 1821."

Mr. Favell has been twice married. By his first wife he had seven children, all of whom are dead. The offspring of his second marriage are two sons and a daughter. Mr. F. is now residing at Camberwell Grove, retired from political turmoil, and enjoying the pleasing satisfaction of having performed, to the best of his ability, the sacred duties of a Christian and a Citizen. Here, in the bosom of a church, which has found in him a warm benefactor, Mr. Favell has long enjoyed the benefit of an evangelical ministry, to which, from education, principle, and habit, he has been uniformly attached. On his removing to Camberwell, he assisted in the establishment of a small church under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Berry. It was greatly increased by the Rev. Mr. Innes, and it now flourishes under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Orme.

This biographical sketch might have been extended with interesting matter to more than double its present length, but prudence directs us to speak with moderation on living characters. We have only to add our best wishes, that the evening of Mr. Favell's days may be as tranquil, as his career has been bright and steady, and that his end may be as triumphant, as his life has been beneficial to mankind.

#### THE MISSIONARY.

"The soul whose sight all-quickening grace renews,  
Takes the resemblance of the good she views,  
As diamonds stript of their opaque disguise,  
Reflect the noon-day glory of the skies.  
She speaks of Him, her author, guardian, friend,  
Whose love knew no beginning, knows no end,  
In language warm as all that love inspires,  
And in the glow of her intense desires  
Pants to communicate her noble fires."

*Cowper's Charity.*

To those who feel within them a deep and supreme love for their Creator, no employment can be more delightful than the dissemination of the grand truths of Christianity. But of these champions of the noblest cause, the Missionary will claim our highest esteem and regard. He leaves his home, his country, and the world—he severs the closest ties of affection—to visit those nations that know not God.

While he feels that he is engaged in a pursuit best calculated to draw his mind from the vanities of this world, and to produce an unreserved intercourse with his Maker, he is conscious that he is employed as a communicator of those privileges which unfold to man the goodness of the Almighty.

The sun was setting in the distant waves of the Pacific ocean. His gorgeous beams glittered throughout the western sky, and were reflected on the softly heaving billow. The boat had just landed the Missionary and his companions, and was returning to the ship, which stood at some distance out at sea. He gazed upon it with intense interest—it was the only link that connected him with the world, and that link was about to be broken for ever. A tear fell from his fixed eye; it was not the tear of sorrow or regret—it was the tear that spoke of the bitterest separations of nature. But these were absorbed in the remembrance of the work to which he had dedicated his whole heart. And while the susceptible feelings of the devoted servant of God rendered the wound a wound of anguish, these same feelings elated him with inexpressible joy when he considered the cause he had espoused.

An establishment had been made on the island before their arrival. They were therefore received not only by their countrymen, but by the natives, with the most cordial affection. In the course of some weeks a school was established, and attended by children of many of the chiefs. The islanders treated the missionary with a profound respect, that almost bordered upon adoration. The dignity of his behaviour, his seriousness, his suavity of disposition, all inspired a deep veneration for his virtues and character. He mildly reasoned with them on the absurdity and wickedness of their idolatrous customs. He unfolded to them the beauties of Christianity, and directed their attention to the goodness of God.

Though sometimes opposed, yet he had the unspeakable happiness of seeing at length that his conversations and addresses were not without effect. The principal chief heard the "glad tidings" with a seriousness that manifested itself in the abolition of many disgraceful rites and festivals. The seeds of the gospel, that had been sown throughout the island, now began to appear. This the Missionary beheld with unspeakable joy—a joy that only served to redouble his exertions. Yet when it seemed that he had laid the sure

foundations of Christianity in that uncivilized part of the world, he was called from his labours to meet his reward. The fatigue of constant activity, the climate, and his own enfeebled constitution, prepared the way for his dissolution.

Behold him stretched upon his couch, surrounded, not indeed by his countrymen and the friends of his youth, but by those whom he had been the means of calling from darkness to eternal light. His pale countenance, still cheered by that hope which sustains the Christian in his departure from life; his emaciated features, lighted up by those sparkling eyes which betrayed the joy of a happy spirit about to be released from thralldom; his hand, resting on the inspired volume opened before him; the melancholy group, that gazed with tearful eye and unfeigned sorrow upon the scene,—mutely declared how sweet it is to "die the death of the righteous."

As he spoke his last solemn words, attention sealed the lips of the listening audience. He reminded them of the instability of life, of the everlasting happiness of the world of spirits to which he was going. He bade them remember the future responsibility of man for all his actions, and of his proneness to evil. He repeated the important truths unfolded in the Scriptures, whereby the redemption of the sinner is sealed. He exhorted them to yield perfect obedience to the Lord their God. He joined them in addressing the throne of mercy: the exertion was too great—he breathed his last.

The old chief rose with weeping eye and tremulous lip. He declared to his people his resolution to adopt the advice of him who was now no more. "Regard," said he, "the death of this good man. Have any of our warriors died so nobly? No; they fell in the bitterness of enmity; but he in the most virtuous cause. While the madness of revenge stung their last moments, he expired peaceful and happy; for the Spirit of the great God was upon him. Then, while heaven bears witness to our solemn declaration, let us henceforth cease to bathe our children in the blood of the valiant, and wash them with the tears of sorrow. Let us never forget the exhortations of him who can exhort no more; and while we take heaven to witness the sincerity of our determinations, may the good Spirit help us to perform them; for, as the sacred book declares, "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

*Beaconsfield.*

J. A. B.

## REPROBATION INDEFENSIBLE.

The following extract is from a curious and extremely scarce work, entitled—"The Platonic Philosophy, with an account of the hypothesis concerning the Pre-existence of Souls, by Bishop Parker, second edition, printed 1667."—By inserting it you will oblige a constant reader.

J. D.

Holloway, London, Jan. 28, 1830.

"THE Rights of God's Dominion over sinless Creatures, do not extend so far as to warrant his dooming them to a condition more wretched and forlorn than non-existence—that he has power to reduce them into a state not worse than not being, is already proved, but farther he cannot go without transgressing all the lines of goodness and equity; because, if he should, he would rob his creatures of more than he had ever given them; and if this would not be an injurious Cruelty, I must challenge all the World to tell me what would.

"This assertion is level'd against those men who are so hardy as to say that God might, to shew the uncontrollableness of his sovereignty, have decreed *infinite myriads* of faultless creatures to endless and insupportable torments.—That ever such thoughts could enter into the minds of men! For what can we imagine more repugnant to all the notions of goodness and equity, than to be the deliberate and sole Author of the biggest misery to an innocent and harmlesse person? What more Heavenly wide from the nature of true Goodness? 'Tis a malice so meer and abstracted, that it can reside no where but in the breasts of *Fiends and Devils*; nay, 'tis the blackest part of their natures, and that very ingredient which makes them what they are.

"Besides, how can God be glorified in the Eternal Miseries of Guiltlesse Creatures? How can their undeserved Damnation be conducive to his interests? How can their unmerited torments gratifie infinite goodness, or add to infinite happiness? Could he form his own real Felicity by the Infelicities of an innocent creature, yet we cannot imagine him so selfish spirited, as to effect it, much less for the meer ostentation of his greatness. If God can Damn his creatures to magnifie the absoluteness of his dominion, why do we Raile at tyrants and Devils, when they upon the same account take pleasures in the miseries of others? Nay, there never was any tyrant so savage, as to

please himself in the endless and most exquisite tortures of an harmlesse infant? 'Tis the property of Devils (whose malice is boiled up to an infinite rancor and cruelty) to make another's torment their pleasure, and to do mischief for mischief's sake. And shall we fasten that upon God, which is the Devil's reproach? Shall he contrive mischief, feed and recreate upon misery, and glut his vengeance with innocent blood? Shall he, who delights not in the death of sinners seek pleasure and glory in the Eternal Miseries of innocents? This is the very top and extremity of cruelty. So that were it thus, we must add Cruelty to the divine attributes, and believe him as infinite in that, as in any other."

## THE APOCRYPHA BRIEFLY SURVEYED.

THE Apocrypha is nearly as large as the New Testament, and occupies a space equal to a fifth part of the Bible. It is allowed by all Protestants, and most Catholics, from St. Jerome, to be destitute of the doctrines of true religion, and therefore its morality is worldly wisdom: hence the unconverted are partial to it. The first book of Esdras is an incorrect summary of a portion of Ezra, Nehemiah, and the 2d Chronicles, ch. xxxv. and xxxvi. The second book of Esdras seems the work of a Christian Jew, during the last captivity under the Romans. The angel is made to say, that a woman's first children are larger and taller than the latter children she has, which is contrary to the fact. He mentions Jesus Christ by name, though the name Jesus was not known till after the incarnation.

The stories of Tobit, Judith, and Susanna, are worthy of a place in the Arabian tales. The religion of nature is taught in the Wisdom said to be Solomon's, such as an unconverted but amiable reader of scripture might draw up with a good intention. Ecclesiasticus deserves to be printed for the use of all ranks, ages, and sexes, that would thrive in this world. "When thou doest good, know to whom thou doest it; so shalt thou be thanked for thy benefits. Do good to the godly man, and thou shalt find a recompense. Help not a sinner: give not to the ungodly: hold back thy bread, and give it not unto him, lest he overmaster thee: give to the good, and help not a sinner." This is not only below the standard of common humanity, but quite as opposite to divine instruction as darkness is to light.

The picture of a great man is admirable, though it is not generally true. "If thou be for his profit, he will use thee; but if thou have nothing, he will forsake thee." The author seems a sly politician in the court of a tyrant. "If thou be invited by a mighty man, withdraw thyself, and so much the more will he invite thee: press thou not upon him, lest thou be put back: stand not far off, lest thou be forgotten."

There are not extant finer maxims for common life, than those of Lavater Rochefoucault. Fuller and Bidpay are inferior compilations. St. Jerome said the book of Baruch is spurious, and that Bel is a fable. The Story of the Three Children was not in Hebrew, Chaldee, or received by the Jewish canon; yet these are part of the common prayer. The seven supplementary chapters of Esther, are only from Josephus. The first book of Maccabees is a valuable Jewish history of forty years; about 131 years before Christ. The second is by an inferior author. The story in Esdras, that the Bible was burned, and not extant—that he, by inspiration, wrote all that had been done in the world since the beginning—is improbable, absurd, and derogatory to the word of God. It was judicious in the compilers of the canon to present all the writing called Apocrypha, for the judgment of the public; if they had not, some infidel might have cavilled, and published them as of equal authority, when scarce and unknown, as the spurious Gospels and book of Enoch have been. But it does not follow that the Bible Society should expend a sixth of its funds, in spreading these condemned books over the whole earth, as a dead weight, impeding the progress of the word of eternal life.

#### RELIQUES IN AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

TRANSLATION from the catalogue sold by Mullen, permitted to be printed by the prefect Ladoucette, and approved by the Bishop J. D. F., 8th April, 1811.

1. The shift of the holy Virgin, of cotton web, which she wore when she was brought to bed of our Lord Jesus Christ.

2. The swaddling clothes wherein our Saviour Jesus Christ was swathed. "They are of cloth, thick as felt, of a yellowish colour."

3. The cloth in which the body of John the Baptist was wrapped up and carried away, after he was beheaded.

4. The linen that covered our Saviour Jesus Christ at the holy cross, whereon is still seen the stain of his precious blood.

5. The skull of Charlemagne. 6. His hunting-horn. 7. A bone of his arm.

8. A ring of the chain that bound St. Peter.

9. A particle of the holy cross.

10. The hair of the holy Virgin.

11. The leathern girdle of our Lord Jesus Christ.

12. The cord that tied our Lord to the pillar when he was scourged.

13. The holy Virgin's girdle.

14. The sponge offered, full of vinegar, to the Saviour to drink, when he was nailed on the cross.

15. A thorn of the crown of thorns.

16. The point of a nail, taken from his crucifix.

17. A piece of our Lord's handkerchief.

18. A piece of the reed that was put into his hand.

These are shewn every seven years, from the 10th to the 24th July.

I walked through the streets of Aix-la-Chapelle, Sunday evening, the 10th of July, 1825. It was the first day of the feast of the reliques; and vast crowds, with joyous faces, were walking in all directions. In three parts of the town I saw festoons of flowers crossing wide streets, about sixty ropes, of forty feet long, covered with foliage, flowers, flags, garlands, religious devices; and many lanterns. Temporary altars were erected in the streets, and no small pains were taken in their embellishment. It seemed to be the voluntary work of the inhabitants of the houses opposite to which they stood, and the children were busily engaged as with their baby-houses.

Approaching the cathedral, I was hurried into it by the torrent of people, who pressed onwards through a narrow passage. I got near the rail that divides the choir from the nave. It was lighted up. The grand procession had just returned. Forty flags, standards, and relics, with more than military splendour, surrounded the altar; some bearing crucifixions, carved and painted in the most affecting manner. A brilliant lustre of a hundred lights suffered the evening sun to appear dimly through the lofty narrow windows, divided by such narrow piers, as gave this part of the cathedral the appearance of a gigantic lantern; and the small iron bars outside the lead-light sashes, made it seem as light through a net-work. The eye with difficulty reaching the top, discovered the Virgin suspended in the centre, as if floating in the air to bless the worshippers. Outside the altar-rail, under the dome, which is supported by massy square pillars, 500 voices of the people sung a chorus in full harmony, and were

answered from the choir in recitatives, accompanied by a band of music, which occasionally thundered a passage of trumpets, trombones, and bugles, making the lofty dome resound. The priest at the altar, in his many-coloured dress, surrounded by some attendant priests, gave the final benediction. The procession and flag-bearers moved out, the multitude yielding a passage, and slowly following, till the cathedral was cleared.

By this time the festoons and altars in the streets were illuminated; and the number of candles, and keeping them burning bright, appeared the only object of the votaries' care. While passing crowds, I admired their taste and devotion.

The next day, at three o'clock, the relics were to be shown. Not many assembled before the time, but as they kept close to the door, there was some difficulty in getting genteel females forward. The sacristan not only pushed, but thumped several of the people next the door, and would have done execution, but he was fat, and fell into a perspiration so violent that he was obliged to retire. After passing the first door, there was a double door, in a very thick wall, and these were opened to pass one at a time, until the closet had about sixty persons surrounding a rail, within which was a table, containing bottles, images, and carved works in ivory, ornamented with gold; a large gilt cabinet covered the wall behind; it was the strong box for enclosing the reliques when not exhibited. A priest appeared like a lecturer, and told in French, and then in German, what the relic was, which he held in his hand, and carried around the rail, till all the spectators got a sight of it.

The priest had a droll expression of face, as if he could scarcely keep his countenance. The linen and leather mentioned in the list, were only small pieces enclosed in fine bottles handsomely ornamented. There was not much gold, silver, or precious stones on the cases of the relics. One old woman was praying heartily, but she was so ignorant that she prayed most fervently to the hunting-horn of Charles the great. A young man blew it, and made a screeching noise; at which most of the audience laughed aloud. In general they seemed pleased at seeing what was so seldom to be seen, and had a great name in ancient times,—when 100,000 pilgrims came to Aix to behold these things. They may well be called dark ages, when such tools as these enchained the mind, and held the soul captive. One young man said openly it was a shame; there was no truth in

them. No one contradicted him. He put his arm round a girl's waist, as if to raise himself on the step, but she was so engaged looking into one of the bottles, that she did not hinder him.

As soon as the last in the list was shewn, another double door was opened; and, through a very narrow passage in massy walls, the people passed to an outside door opening into the street. I remained to see the exhibition to a second set of company. If these people were asked, did they believe the relics were genuine, they would in general reply, 'No doubt;' and yet they had no such reverence for them, as the association of ideas should produce. No people of rank were there, and very few genteelly dressed. Those that did attend laughed and joked as if at a puppet-show, and the sleek priest, who acted as showman, frequently joined in their mirth. H.

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ON READING.—NO. III.

"I READ nothing," exclaimed a spruce, flashy something, trimmed up neither like man nor woman, but midway between the two, "I read nothing but the sports of the day!" Plays, horse-races, cock-matches, balls, assemblies, routes, parties, gaming, and a yet longer list of slaughter-masters, whose names would be too tedious for insertion, but who are individually skilled in what these fine gentlemen call "killing of time," are the only associates with which these men in disguise are found. Comedy, farce, jest-books, bon-mots, calendars containing the pedigrees and exploits of horses, names and qualifications of jockeys, state of the Derby and Oak's and St. Ledger bets, &c. Lists of colours, shapes, and weights of game-cocks, mode of training, and the abilities of feeders; etiquette of ball-rooms, published by the masters of the ceremonies; favourite dancers, and the reigning belle, who is the toast of the day; Hoyle's game of Whist, Tables of Hazard, &c. &c. engross the attention, and are all, or nearly all, except news, novels, and romances, which these gentlemen read.

The publications which contain these, compose their libraries: but think not, because these are all, that they are few. The noble art of printing, pressed into this ignoble service, teems upon these triflers loads of matter far too voluminous for them individually to wade through: sporting newspapers, magazines, reviews, pocket-books for ladies and gentlemen, calendars, lists, &c. all of periodical complexion, are no trifles, as to bulk; but plays, novels, romances, and the long list of sporting publi-

cations, are a mass far too formidable for the keenest sportsman of the tribe to ransack, and fairly encounter. The volatile minds of these triflers feed upon volatile matter; and over sheet after sheet they skim with a rapidity almost incredible. No pigeon flies quicker; nor in all its atmospheric gambols diverges farther from the straight line. The airy wheels of these fanciers of things are, like the sportive flocks of rooks amidst the ethereal concave, to be accounted for upon no principle but that of whim.

Alas! what do these multitudes of human beings acquire by this voluminous reading? Acquire! what do they wish to acquire? Nothing! Already wise, already great, already independent of science and religion, to acquire ideas is not their aim. What can be their object then in a course of reading? To slaughter an hour—to kill time! The amusement the pursuit affords is their object, viz. to kindle up pleasing sensations in incessant variety, amidst their bosoms, which, like the delirium of the drunkard, leads the man out of himself, and for the moment fills the aching void which the total vacuity of such minds labour under; and with which they are as seriously afflicted as a patient labouring under a confirmed chronic distemper.

Who could have supposed, when printing, in its infancy, was hailed, like light from heaven, divine—a gift from above to chase away the demon, darkness, and lead up men to glory, that it would be prostituted to such a purpose as this? But, so it is; there are books of amusement as well as books of worth, over which human intellect is employed, as much to the purpose intended by the Creator, as the limbs of those indolent baskers in the sun are, who loll and stare throughout the day at passengers and labourers, but are totally inactive themselves. What a spectacle! Men and women—mortals, possessed of immortal souls, born for eternity, employed from day to day in killing time! Yea, until the last moment allotted them on earth flies away, and time kills the body, and launches the soul into the abyss of eternity: alas! perhaps unprepared for heaven, and meet, ah, far too meet, for that place of torment from whence there is no return!

Can we reasonably suppose that man was created for such a purpose as this? What! To spend a life in cheating himself out of himself—inducing delirium, in order to drown conscience? Monstrous! The Oriental opium-eater, and the Occidental wine-bibber, each has as good a plea

for his individual fancy as this man or woman. Do these gentlemen or ladies suppose they have made provision for perpetuating this dear delirium amidst eternity? The question is curious, and may be thought impertinent, but they were born for eternity, and into eternity, whether they have made provision or not, they must soon be launched. Stern death is no respecter of persons, and the distinctions established among men, upon earth, as to birth, fashion, etiquette, &c. &c. are a mere nonentity in eternity. They were born like other men and women, and like other men and women must they bow to the sentence of the Judge of all. No such delirium, according to the Word of God, can exist in eternity; there, all who are admitted into the realms of light, see as they are seen, and know as they are known; and, alas! darkness and woe, unutterable and interminable, cannot be charmed away! In hell, lifting up his eyes in torment, the rich man petitioned in vain for a drop of water to cool his tongue, Luke xvi. 24.

Last, not least, we notice the political reader. With food for political appetites, the press teems in such rank abundance, that this man never can, for a moment, be at a loss for a theme. Hosts of writers, whose daily bread is earned by ephemeral productions, which are intended for the day, and die with it, swarm throughout Christendom. Every one of these either fares sumptuously, or, hardly beset, wrangles through the period of his existence, in proportion to the actual quantity of excitement he is capable of dealing out to the multitude. Not the wisest man, not the most able writer, but the writer who deals out the largest quantity of excitement to the public mind, is the popular man; and he, of course, fares the best, because he makes the largest profit by his works; for the political reader is the glutton of the press. The whole secret consists in knowing how to play well upon the passions of mankind; and, in this place, upon the lust of domination, avarice, discontent, and anger. A mighty grumbler, an adept at snarling, is your man for this work. The adept political reader is a mine ready charged; the writer has, therefore, only to skilfully and opportunely apply the match, and the explosion is certain. The quantum of morose and angry feeling, and, consequent upon this, of morose and angry expression, among mere political writers and readers, exceeds all description; until at length every thing the world contains, the works of man and the works of God, alike, are rated in good set terms from the rising of the sun to the

going down of the same; yea, until he rises again. From such a temperament, in civil community, who would not pray to be delivered?

But this temperament exists, and ever will exist, while men read political effusions in order to feed malignant passions, instead of reading them with the sole view of improving and expanding their minds; and while readers are found to buy, writers will ever be found to vend food for vitiated appetites; thereby they live, and thereby are their names exalted to honour with the multitude. In what way does political reading generally operate? Does it induce meekness, gentleness, long-suffering, kindness, devotion, faith, hope, or charity? Alas! No! The very reverse of all these; and this too often, to a very eminent degree, is induced. Then, until political reading can be rendered subservient to pious devotion, I should advise the reader to lay it aside.

The greatest care ought to be taken by every man to ascertain his own motive in reading. If this object is bad, how can his course of reading be good? It may be asked, What, can a man be ignorant of his own object? Yes, wilfully ignorant, carelessly ignorant, yea, criminally ignorant! "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool!" Proverbs xxviii. 26. Led astray by passion and lust, he fancies the act to emanate from his own understanding! whereas it is no such thing; it is the result of passion; and thus the man becomes his own dupe,—men behold his folly, and mourn over it; and he is nearly the only being whose notice his madness has escaped!

(To be continued.)

#### THE BROTHERS, OR THE LAST EMBRACE.

(Concluded from col. 154.)

"The pledge was renewed that Egbert should be forgiven, and the assurance was most sincerely given by his distracted parents, and the invalid felt partially satisfied. He was soon so far recovered as to leave the house, when, to silence his repeated inquiries for Egbert, the heart-rending truth was unwillingly, and as easily as possible, told him. Poor Alfred! I see him now; almost I imagine I hear the piercing agony that burst from his heaving bosom—while with eyes that would, had it been possible, have wept streams of blood,—suffused with tears, he exclaimed, "My brother! oh! my brother!" Time, however, which obliterates the deepest traces of sorrow from the brow of youth, smoothed the wrinkles from Alfred's; the impression

was gradually weakened from his bosom, and the intense pain of sorrow wore off; while the cheering and consoling influence of Christian principles, tended partially to lead to tranquillity and happiness, the bereaved and sorrowing family.

"About the period to which I now refer, I was called, by unerring Wisdom, to suffer an irreparable loss, by the death of one of the most excellent of wives, and affectionate of mothers. By this means, I became a cheerless solitary, and my beloved Emma defenceless and forlorn. The times of affliction are periods when friendship is proved; then it is perhaps, that the high endearment of that sacred name is fully known. A powerful, but indefinable feeling puts forth its uniting influence, blending the hearts of rational beings to their fellows in distress and misfortune, so that the circumstances, which in themselves are always to be deprecated, are not unfrequently made to subserve our best interests, by drawing into closer compact kindred affections. I experienced this in the kindness of Alfred's mother; her attentions were unremitting, her friendly services without end. She became as an angel of mercy to me in my sorrow, and the guide of the youth of my motherless Emma.

"The friendship subsisting between our families before this period was strong, but now our intimacy became uninterrupted. As our residences were contiguous, being merely parted by a small meadow, through which a narrow streamlet, made passable by a plank-formed bridge, winds gently, and a little copse-wood of young oak and beech trees; scarcely a day passed without a visit being made by one family or the other. Grief is more hastily destructive than time—I felt it so; my strength became insensibly impaired. The arm of my affectionate child was therefore a valuable support, as we moved over the meadow during the freshening hours of a summer's evening. On such occasions, Alfred was usually seen bounding like a roe to meet us, and, thus conducted between the two, I was welcomed to the house of my friend, or guided and assisted back to my own. The result of such visits, as might have been expected, was a virtuous affection between Alfred and Emma. I saw the growing passion of the youthful pair, and approved it: I could but do so. Every thing conspired to make it durable, that two families, so united in friendship, should in their representatives be more indissolubly bound together.

"Alfred had now attained his twenty-sixth year, while Emma was three years



his junior. The day of their espousals was fixed, and bustling preparations were making for the occasion. It was determined that the house in which Alfred first drew the breath of life should be their dwelling place, while I was to be their happy inmate. One week only, one little week, intervened, between the consummation of their promised earthly blessedness. The Sabbath came, the first day of the week, at the end of which the beings who had long before been united in heart, were to attend to a public recognition of it, and be legally made one. They joined in the solemn services of the sanctuary on that hallowed day, and then walked in company to my dwelling, where on that night Alfred slept, as on the following morning he intended leaving by coach which passed my house, for Hampshire on business of importance.

"That evening was spent as Sabbath evenings should be spent. The father and mother of Alfred were present with us. The exercises of the day were recapitulated: the intellectual delights we had experienced, and the spiritual enjoyments with which we had been favoured, were gratefully acknowledged and improved. Alfred was our priest at the domestic altar, and with a song of adoration our families separated.

"On the following morning an early breakfast was got ready for our traveller, which prepared him for his journey. Emma felt unusually dull at the idea of his departure. We strove, but unsuccessfully, to rouse her by a little gentle railery: "Surely," I jocosely observed, "you can spare him for three days, my Emma, that will be the extent of his absence, and then, my love, you will have no fear of losing him." A blush covered her maiden cheek, as she turned her eye playfully from me to Alfred, who stood gazing upon her. She endeavoured to smile, but it was the smile of grief, which she could alone give as she faintly replied, "I do not fear that, my dear father." I shook him heartily by the hand as he left the parlour—while Emma walked on with him to the garden gate; where, until the coach was lost to her sight, she stood looking after it.

"On her return I perceived a paleness upon her cheek, which pained and alarmed me. She had evidently shed tears too. With a view to cheer her from her depression of spirits, I proposed a walk to Alfred's father's. To this proposal she agreed with evident pleasure; for she loved his parents with a daughterly affection. We almost immediately set off. The visit operated as

I wished and expected; she recovered her usual buoyancy of spirits, and returned in the evening with cheerfulness to our home.

"The afternoon of Wednesday had arrived, and Emma had taken, I thought, a little more than ordinary pains with her hair and her dress. With the utmost impatience she visited the kitchen clock, and before four o'clock had struck, the usual time for the return of the coach, she had not looked at its face less than twenty times. Four o'clock at length came, and she hastened into the garden, and listened with agitated attention for the rumbling of the wheels of the conveyance, which now would have sounded to her more sweet than the most delightful music: but no sound saluted her ear. She strolled round the walks of the garden, and prepared a bouquet for Alfred, and while confining the scented group with a piece of blue riband, the welcome, wished-for rumbling of the coach-wheels was heard in the distance. She turned in the direction of the road.—A cloud of dust rose above the trees, which hid the conveyance from her view.—It travelled rapidly, and just as she reached the gate it drove up—passed—and again vanished—Alfred had not returned.

"I had entered the garden, to welcome his return, and met my Emma just in time to witness, partially, the effects the disappointment had produced upon her. The flowers she had gathered fell from her hand, as mournfully she strained her eyes after the swiftly-moving vehicle, the sound of whose wheels had nearly died away in the distance. Knowing the punctual habits of Alfred, I felt at a loss myself to explain the cause of his absence, but dared not allow my astonishment to be seen by my child. I strove to rally her, by intimating that some unforeseen business had undoubtedly detained him until the next day, when she might chide him for his present inattention: there was an appearance of satisfaction with my reasoning, but, alas! it was only an appearance. The next day came,—the afternoon arrived,—two, three, half-past three—a few minutes of four.—Four struck, the coach was heard—came, and passed as on the preceding day, but Alfred was still absent.

"While confounded at this unaccountable occurrence, and grieved to distraction at the affliction of my dear Emma, Mr. and Mrs. Harlow arrived, not aware that he had not reached our house on the preceding day. A variety of conjectures was submitted, to charm away each other's unpleasant sensations, while neither appeared satisfied, either with his own or others

thoughts. I still urged that business alone had detained him : but then I was met by—"He would have written," and was compelled to be silent. Friday came, and went, without explanation ; and Saturday, the day appointed, and long-looked for, on which the marriage was to have taken place, had more than half lapsed away. The "Telegraph" had passed, but Alfred had not arrived. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick"—I had fondly nourished hope until the moment of the coach's arrival, but that circumstance produced for a time a stunning effect upon our whole circle. That something of a serious character had occurred, now appeared certain to all.

"My best horse was instantly saddled ;—the anxious father threw himself upon its back, and, with the fleetness of a courier, directed his way to the house which Alfred had left home for, in Hampshire. Until the following Tuesday, our feelings were kept on the rack of agonizing suspense. Tortured by a thousand imaginings, and bewildered in the maze of inexplicable mystery—we suffered a thousand evils in fearing one : we wished for information, yet dreaded to receive it. As the shade on the sun-dial pointed to seven o'clock, Mr. Harlow returned, but his countenance pre-  
saged evil tidings. From him we learned that Alfred had left Southampton on the Monday evening, and from thence had passed on to Portsmouth, intending, as he stated, to return home from that place on Tuesday morning. Thither the grieving father traced him, but all further knowledge of him was cut off.

"Emma heard the tale as though she heard it not. A lethargic stupefaction seemed to have taken irremediable possession of her, all our attempts were unavailing to cheer or rouse her ; the very core of her existence had become affected. Her only amusement, now, consisted in rambling across the fields to Mr. Harlow's,—or strolling round our extensive garden, and visiting the harbour, where Alfred used for hours to sit during the summer's evenings, and read by her side, while she engaged herself in some piece of fancy-work.

"Thus months passed away, when one morning the servant entered our breakfast-parlour, with a letter. It was directed to Emma. Scarcely had her tear-dimmed eye fallen on the well-known characters of the address, than, with an ecstasy almost overpowering, she pressed it to her lips, and then tore it open, as she exclaimed—"My Alfred still lives." Hastily she ran over part of its contents, but had not pro-

ceeded far before it fell from her nerveless hands—and, in a fainting stupor, which looked like death's forerunner, she was borne to her bed.

"I immediately despatched a messenger for Mr. and Mrs. Harlow, who attended instantly to the summons, when I laid before them the letter from Alfred. It was dated from Gibraltar, and was written amid the bustle and noisy preparations of war. He informed his beloved Emma, that he had reached Portsmouth late on Monday night, anxious to leave on the following morning for home. He had scarcely left the coach, before he was surrounded by a party of men, desperate alike in looks and action. He soon learned they were a gang of men employed to impress both seamen and landmen for the naval service. Without allowing him time to write, they hurried him on board a vessel ready to receive the unfortunate individuals who were thus inhumanly trepanned. From thence he was, with several others, drafted on board a ship of war, which weighed anchor the following day, and sailed to join the fleet under the command of lord Exmouth, who was about to attack the city of Algiers. The troops, he informed us, were entering the ship while he wrote ; and in a few hours from the date of the letter, he expected he should be called to witness scenes, at the bare idea of which his heart revolted. A noble spirit breathed throughout the whole, while the grief of the man was absorbed in the resignation of the Christian."

Mr. Wilkinson paused a moment, the scenes of by-gone years stood out before him. His frame shook from the intensity of his feelings, and he attempted in vain to suppress the violence of his grief. Nature triumphed over the man, and a torrent of scalding tears gushed from his aged eyes, and laved his furrowed cheeks. The relief was instantaneous and salutary, but it was infectious. Before I was aware of it, I had mingled my tears with the good old man's, and felt as though I realized, by actual vision, all the scenes he had so pathetically, and with all the irresistible power of unadorned simplicity, narrated. The luxury of unbroken silence, save only as a half-suppressed sigh struggled out, tranquillized us both. "You will excuse the feelings of a parent and a friend," said the venerable mourner, as he wiped away the tears and dried the dampness from his face.—"I loved Alfred as though he had been my own son, but the sequel of my tale will be brief, and will be the best apology for my conduct ; you will, therefore,

sir, allow me to proceed, I hope."—I bowed assent, for I could do no more, and he went on.

"Five weeks of dreadful anxiety passed away after we received Alfred's letter, during which period a strong and alarming evidence was given, that the shock which his mother had received, who was naturally of a tender constitution, was likely to prove fatal. Poor Emma, too, had never since been seen to smile. Her native vivacity had entirely deserted her. The buoyancy of her spirits had been succeeded by a pensive melancholy, which no effort could remove. The weekly journals were now read with lively, yet painful interest. The success of the British arms, in reducing to subjection the haughty and cruel dey, was announced; a general list was furnished of the killed and wounded, but nothing particular could as yet be obtained. At length the fatal tidings came—Oh! I see the rolling madness now, that then fired the eye of my beloved Emma, but which wild brightness soon declined to dulness, to shine in its wonted lustre no more for ever in this world.—The fatal tidings came, which told us that our Alfred was among the slain.

"To describe the scene which immediately followed the information, would be as impossible as to gather up the tears which then were shed. To attempt it is not necessary—it was overwhelming. The father and mother, like two majestic oaks smitten by the same blast of lightning, drooped—and died. That grave, sir, before three weeks had passed, received them both. Emma and myself followed them to their resting-place,—we watered the earth of those we so much loved, and returned, but not in comfort, to our home. Ah, no, my child survived indeed the blow—but how? Her body lived—but the ethereal spark, which lighted up her once lovely form, went out, or burned but with a fitful glimmer. Reason was dethroned, and she who once was the pride of the village, now wanders a harmless, joyless, mourning maniac. If she is now capable of receiving pleasure, it is derived from her lonely visits to the tomb of Alfred's parents, on which she scatters flowers,—over which she chants a melancholy air, and then returns to muse, in almost unbroken silence, in her own chamber."

The good old man paused, and placed his hand on his forehead for a moment, as if lost in deep abstraction. The tears again started from his eyes, as he elevated them in meek submission, and exclaimed, clasping his wrinkled hands together, "Thy will

be done.—I dare not, sir, rebel," he said, "although I can not but grieve, mercy has been mingled with all my afflictions; as has been my day, so has been my strength also. The painful scene will soon close, and I shall then know fully, and approve entirely, what now I cannot comprehend." I was unable to reply. I felt unutterable things. I seemed surrounded by another atmosphere than that in which I had before lived. So different was the experience of the venerable being by my side, from the frigid calculations of mere orthodox theorists, I half-regretted that I should be compelled to leave him. I, however, prevailed upon him to accompany me to my inn, where we dined together, after which we took an affectionate leave of each other, and I journeyed towards my residence in town.

Weeks passed on, and still my mind instinctively reverted to the pathetic statements and pious resignation of Mr. Wilkenson. An effect was produced of which I could not divest myself; my spirits appeared tinged with a species of melancholy, derived, as it would appear, by sympathy, which, being directly opposite to my natural habits, became the more observable. I was one day, at a distance of about five or six weeks after my return from Sussex, absorbed in mournful reverie on the pitiable circumstances of the poor maniac Emma, while sitting alone in my parlour, when a gentleman was announced. Rousing myself as well as I was able, I had the pleasure of receiving by the hand an old and valued friend in the person of Mr. Roberts, who had lately returned from Gibraltar.

After a few hours' conversation, a question was very naturally asked by my friend, if, during his absence, I had experienced any serious loss, to produce such a sombre cast in my manners. Until this moment I was not properly conscious of the fact, but now I felt it. In a few words, therefore, I mentioned the incident I had lately met with. I perceived in some parts of my narrative, especially towards its end, his attention was roused in an extraordinary degree. I had not mentioned names, and therefore when I ceased he inquired, with evident anxiety, the name of the young man to whom I had referred.—I answered, "Alfred Harlow."—"Alfred Harlow!" exclaimed my friend; "Is it possible?" I have now letters in my portmanteau from him, directed to his Parents and beloved Emma. If you will allow me I will finish the tale, of which you have furnished me with the first part, with the sequel of which, I apprehend, you will not be less interested than by the former portion. I requested he would gratify me

with the detail—still hoping that something might yet transpire, by which to comfort the sorrowing heart of poor Emma. Mr. Roberts immediately commenced as follows.

Of my visit to Gibraltar, and the purposes of my going thither, it is not necessary I should trouble you, as you possess already sufficient information of those subjects: I will therefore confine myself, for the present, to the circumstances immediately connected with the subject before us.

On the morning of the 14th of August, 1816, a morning memorable to every lover of liberty, a sight awfully impressive stood before the impregnable Rock. A fleet of British ships of war was just breaking from its anchorage, each vessel was spreading her flowing sails, to shape her course towards the bay of Algiers, to chastise the ferocious plunderers of Africa, by the bombardment of the tyrant's capital. The squadron consisted of the Queen Charlotte, of one hundred and ten guns; on board which the admiral, lord Exmouth, had hoisted his flag: the Impregnable of ninety-eight guns; four seventy-fours; with frigates and smaller vessels, attended by a sufficient number of bombs, gun-boats, and other flotilla. The signal for sailing was watched with anxiety by the assembled multitudes on the shore, who had met to animate, by their cheers, the departing heroes of their country. The signal-gun, from the admiral's ship, reverberated in the excavations of the Rock, and was answered by a shout whose echo only died away, to be answered and repeated again and again. It was an imposing spectacle to stand and gaze upon the lessening sail, until the beautiful fleet receded from sight in the foggy distance.

It was scarcely possible, on such an occasion, not to feel the force of Montgomery's beautiful lines:

"Majestic o'er the sparkling tide,  
See the tall vessel sail,  
With swelling wings, in shadowy pride,  
A swan before the gale."

The object which the ship-lodged warriors had in view was glorious, the humbling the arrogant power of the pirates of Barbary, and the deliverance from slavery of numbers of their countrymen. But the sickening conviction would force itself upon the mind, amid the brightest visions which an emulation of Roman greatness and Grecian heroism could create, that numbers of those who had but now quitted the shores with cheering spirits, would, ere a few hours had elapsed, have exchanged the warm embraces of wife and children, for the cold and bloody arms of death.

The results of that expedition are well known: to recapitulate the sanguinary scenes which followed the anchoring of our fleet immediately in front of the Barbarians' city, at a distance of not more than fifty yards, would only be to excite feelings of the most painful nature. On the 28th, the haughty dey, willing to capitulate on any terms to save his city from the burning ruin which threatened it, engaged to abolish Christian slavery for ever, and throw open the prison-houses immediately to all slaves in his dominions, of whatever caste and nation they might be. Other concessions were made, honourable to our country and beneficial to the parties immediately concerned. The mission being completed, the victors returned; and as they cast anchor in the gut, received the hearty welcome of their countrymen and friends. But, ah! how changed the scene. The gallant war-ships which only a few days before stood out to sea in all the pride of nautical beauty, bestudding ocean's bosom with white and flowing sails, presented in their battered hulks and shattered rigging, some of the destructive effects of warfare; while many of our hardy tars, whose tongues had sounded in the loud "huzza" as Gibraltar lessened from their view, had found a watery grave, and hundreds were writhing under the agonies of burning wounds, or disabled for ever by the loss of limbs.

The hospitals were soon crowded with mutilated sufferers, whose prolonged lives appeared only the prolongation of their mortal miseries. A few days after the return of the fleet, I visited the receptacles of the wretched sufferers. But the scenes of woe I witnessed baffles all description. The spectacle still stands before my mind's eye, and never shall I escape the heart-felt impression which they made. But with none was I more struck than with two young men whose beds were next each other. One had served in the army, the other had been engaged in the navy. The soldier had lost both his legs, which, during the heat of the action, had been torn away by a chain-shot; the sailor was deprived of both his arms, one of which had been shot off in the onset of the fight, the other, from being much fractured, had since been amputated. Of neither were there any hopes of recovery entertained. But the difference with which each bore his sufferings was expressively striking. The youthful seaman enjoyed a calm tranquillity, which neither the agonies he suffered nor the prospect of death could remove. The effects of Christianity were vividly displayed by him. His waking hours, and they were

many, were employed either in fervent silent prayer, or in affectionate and meek exhortation to his fellow-sufferer. The character of the soldier was the very antipodes of this. A dreadful gloom sat scowling upon his sun-browned visage, while the agonies of his body seemed exceeded by the torments of his mind. A fearful drowsiness gradually fastened upon him, as the certain precursor of approaching death.

During one of my visits, for I visited the young sailor several times, being greatly interested in his welfare,—I found the soldier groaning in uneasy slumbers, while his companion, as usual, was prayerfully looking towards a better world. I soon obtained from him his tragic history: his name he informed me was Alfred Harlow; of his birth-place, family, and recent prospects, I received a brief but painful recital. His anxiety for his parents, and his beloved Emma, was excessive. While I sat by his side, I became his amanuensis, penning the effusions of his soul, in which piety and affection were blended to his Emma and his parents. Another week passed, and hopes, faint ones indeed, were entertained of his recovery. He had so far recovered his strength as to be able to rise, which circumstance he improved by walking amid his fellow-sufferers, from bed to bed, and directing their minds to the realities of a future state. The incessant labour he had bestowed upon the soldier was happily succeeded by the most beneficial results. His attention had been roused, and the latent feelings of his mind brought into vigorous play.

On entering their ward one morning, I found Alfred sitting by the bed-side of William Clark, (so the soldier was called,) in close conversation with him. A violent degree of agitation possessed the bosom of Clark, and yet there was a change in his countenance of the most pleasing kind. Alfred had urged him to the recital of some scenes of his past life, to which he had repeatedly referred, with much evident mental suffering, without mentioning any thing distinctly. As I drew near him, he held out his feverish hand to me, at the same time observing,—“Sir, I shall soon leave this world, but before I die, I feel wishful to make a disclosure of the most painful kind, a disclosure which will indeed stamp my memory with infamy, and yet I feel it necessary to make it: I know no persons more fit to make it to, than yourself and this kind friend, to whose attentions I shall be indebted for ever. Will you, sir,”—he continued “listen to me?” The earnestness of his manner was

peculiar, and perceiving that it was likely he would soon be past the power of communication, I assured him of my readiness to hear him,—when he thus commenced.—

“Twenty years have rolled away since I left the house of the most indulgent of parents, during which period I have wandered like an accursed spirit through the earth, seeking rest, but finding none,—yes, twenty years have passed since I perpetrated that crime, which has blasted all my happiness—and brought me to my present miserable end.

“I was naturally of a morose and churlish disposition. Pride and jealousy were among my besetting sins, and these were perhaps fostered, by the mistaken kindness of my parents towards me. I was their first-born child. The birth of a brother four years after my own, tended in some degree to divert their adoration from me. I perceived, or fancied I did, that as he grew up, their attentions towards myself became weakened; and well they might, for he was worthy of all their heart’s affections. He was gentleness itself, and goodness personified. My proud heart could not bear a rival, and secretly, but resolutely, I determined to remove him out of my way.—I shudder while my thoughts go back to the dark purposes of my mind:—we grew together—we slept together—we ate and drank together;—still my purpose was unbroken;—the very kindness which he showed me, maddened me to rage against him. I had attained my sixteenth year, when artfully I enticed him from home—to which I determined he should return no more alive.—I led him to the deep bosom of a wood, not far from my father’s house—a place well fitted for my purpose of blood.—Nature seemed to execrate the deed I was about to perpetrate. The distant thunders rolled awfully, vivid lightnings darted betwixt the closely-matted trees of the forest. My brother became alarmed, and urged my return, which I as resolutely opposed. I had led him to the opposite side of the wood, without devising any precise means for his destruction, when he refused to proceed any further, alleging as the reason for his wish to return, the pain our absence would cause to our parents. That which ought to have touched the finest sensibilities of my nature, stung me to the quick.—I seized the trembling youth, and tearing a rude stake from the boundary hedge, aimed at him a deadly blow.—I see him staggering from me now—he fell, exclaiming most-beseeching, as he lay prostrate at

my feet—"Oh brother, spare me."—But pity had fled my satanic breast, I stayed not my hand until I had stained my soul with my brother's blood.—From a gaping wound in his forehead I saw his life ebb out. A fearful clap of thunder roused me from the stupor into which I had fallen;—all the atrocity of my crime flashed upon me, and I fled from the spot—with the cries of my brother's blood,—"*Oh spare me,*" sounding in my ears.

"To prevent pursuit and discovery, I threw my hat into a river which skirted the wood, judging it probable that my parents, from whom I had now separated myself for ever, might, should it be discovered, conceive we had been robbed and murdered, and that I had been thrown into the stream. I wandered on without knowing whither: night soon wrapt the heavens in awful gloom.—Oh the horrors of darkness to a murderer's soul. I rested from my flight, and as I listened, heard the sound of voices; they drew nearer, and I crept, serpent-like, into the thickness of a bush overhung with honeysuckle. Scarcely had I cringed myself up with breathless stillness, before the flashing light of torches penetrated my recess, and the voice of my father calling my brother and myself as he passed the bush, tore my very soul.—I saw him then, but I saw him no more, he passed on, and darkness and silence again succeeded.

"Fearing detection, I left my hiding-place, and early on the following morning, met with a hoard of gypsies, to whom I told a tale which easily satisfied them. I exchanged my clothes, and assumed their garb, discoloured my face, and became one of their wandering tribe; and was soon initiated into all their mysteries and villany. Frequent repetitions of petty thefts hardened my seared conscience,—but still the blood of my brother spoke out, and the cry of "*Oh spare me,*" sounded ceaselessly like the knell of my destruction.

"Three years I wandered thus, and then, under an assumed name, entered the army. The novelty of my new situation, and the constant change and bustle of a soldier's life, awhile diverted my attention. I plunged into every species of vice, and took the lead in every daring enterprise. But conscience only slumbered;—it was silenced, not conquered;—there were times when it did speak out; and oh! the misery of an awakened conscience. The information I had received from a pious mother, prevented my crediting the falsehood I would fain have believed.—That

I did not possess an immortal soul—that there was no hereafter—that death was an eternal sleep! I felt a hell within me, comfort had fled my guilty bosom; I even wished for death, but death fled from me. I have visited each quarter of the globe, have been engaged in various battles, have revelled in every kind of riot,—but when pleasure appeared within the reach of my grasp, such pleasure as sin can yield its votaries,—its slaves;—"Oh! spare me, brother!" has thundered through my brain, and driven my soul near to madness.

"Three months since our regiment was sent to Gibraltar, many fell beneath a malignant fever which then raged here,—I was spared, but neither judgments nor mercy moved my hardened heart. I was among a detachment ordered to attend Lord Exmouth in his expedition against Algiers,—my race is now nearly run, and but for this stranger friend,"—and he turned, as he spake, an expressive look towards Alfred,—"*misery more dreadful than I have suffered during my life must have been my lot eternally,—but I shall now die the repentant Egbert Harlow.*"

"Egbert Harlow," exclaimed the agitated Alfred,—yes, it was indeed the wretched Egbert,—"*I am Alfred your brother,*"—added he,—his hair fell aside as he leaned over his astonished brother, and discovered the seamy scar upon his forehead to the astonished Egbert,—"*O my brother!*" exclaimed the dying man, as with a convulsive effort he threw his arms around his brother's neck and expired.—And when they lifted up the wasted Alfred, it was discovered that his spirit had joined his brother's in a better world."

Burslem.

J. YOUNG.

#### THOUGHTS ON INTERMENT AND ANATOMY.

HOWEVER desirable for the advancement of science it is to encourage dissection, yet the subjects for anatomy should not be supplied by theft; nor the members of a liberal profession be receivers of any thing stolen, or otherwise illegally obtained.

To prevent this demoralizing practice, by which the sexton betrays his trust, and the resurrection-man becomes a victim to justice, it is recommended that a coffin, having a lid to fit a groove in the interior of the sides, should have its seams within pitched; and when the lid is put on, a groove round the juncture is to be filled with pitch: in this state, free from the possibility of exhalation, the body should remain in the custody of its relatives for

ten days, and then be carried to the church-yard for interment, without fear of being disturbed in its putrid state.

The objection to iron coffins on the part of the rector may be removed, by using thin sheet iron, such as encloses Frederic the Great in Berlin: this would decompose in the damp earth sooner than oak.

In Naples the coffin is hired, as a hearse is with us. It is splendid, and laid before the altar of the church. After the requiem is sung, the priests in their glittering garments depart with the body in a slight case by a side-door near the altar, to the grave, and the coffin is taken back to the undertaker, when the people have departed from the interment.

#### BRAZILIAN SLAVE TRADE.

(Extract of a Letter from an English Officer,  
dated May 29, 1829.)

DURING the afternoon a large ship passed into the harbour, loaded with a cargo of 580 slaves, and another with 348 had previously arrived during the week. This latter vessel I passed close alongside on Saturday morning, and saw the long-boat slung between the two masts, crowded with children from seven to twelve years of age. They were naked, and apparently in good health and spirits. The deaths during the voyage in the large vessel amounted to 40, and in the smaller to 10. The price of a newly-arrived slave, in good condition, here, is about 50*l.* sterling—a high price, occasioned by the demand arising from the stipulated termination of the trade in February, 1830, according to a treaty made with England. The emperor, however, who derives a considerable portion of his revenues from a duty on the importations, amounting to about 5*l.* per head, is making great efforts to obtain an extension of the period.

The number of slaves imported into this town (Rio) last year was 40,000, and doubtless the misery inflicted must have been great. I am, however, of opinion that this traffic is carried on in a system as mild (if such a term can be applicable to it) as its horrid nature permits. The condition of the slaves here does not appear to be a peculiarly hard one; they are not, apparently, overworked. They seem to be generally well made, and their naked shoulders, well-expressed muscular form, and fine polished skins, often put one in mind of an antique bronze statue.

On the 19th, a gentleman, whom I had met at —, kindly conducted me to the

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street inhabited principally by the slave merchants. We entered seven or eight magazines, and saw probably nearly 1,000 exposed for sale. Four-fifths are children, of all ages, from five to fourteen, they being preferred on account of their greater docility than the full-grown men or women. The wretched creatures in one magazine were in a dreadfully emaciated state, some being merely living skeletons. The contents of the others were generally well-conditioned. Of course, I attributed their difference of condition to the comparatively mild or cruel treatment to which they had been subjected during their transmission here. They wear a narrow piece of blue striped calico round the loins, and some of the females a handkerchief over the bosom and another on the head. They appeared generally pleased, if noticed; their eyes glistening when ordered to stand up for examination. One purchase was made in my presence, of five female and four male children. The purchaser walks round the different groups who were standing, sitting on benches, or squatting on their hams, and having seen one which he thinks will answer, beckons, and the slave is removed to a corner of the apartment. The number being completed, they are brought in a line to the light, when they are thoroughly examined, beginning with the teeth, then the beard, if a male, nostrils, eyes, arms, legs, and all over; the flesh is felt and kneaded, in order to judge of its muscular texture. If approved, they are generally clad with new garments, and marched away. A little girl of eight or nine was examined, for my curiosity, by my guide. She was asked by a slave who performed the part of interpreter, if she would like me for a master, and I believe, answered in the affirmative; and whilst undergoing the examination, the agitation of the bosom, and change of the colour of her face, (the flush of blood being distinctly visible) showed intense feeling; and I pleased myself with the idea that more of hope than fear prevailed. I sincerely wish the poor little wretch a good master. The price asked for the child above-mentioned was 440 milreas, equal to about 50*l.* sterling.

NOTES ON THE LATE SIR HUMPHRY DAVY'S  
UNPUBLISHED LECTURES, DELIVERED  
IN DUBLIN, 1810.—NO II.

(Continued from Col. 165.)

It has been observed, that porter tastes more palatable out of a pewter vessel than out of one of glass. There may be some electric foundation for this old remark; and

if a cup of the most pleasing electric quality were to be constructed, *TIN, gilt*, is the combination that will afford it.

Some persons have gone so far as to prefer certain metallic snuff-boxes, but this combination can have no effect, as the box does not touch the body. A plate of zinc, and a plate of silver, in contact, and one of them applied to the tongue, gives it a sour taste. This was observed several years since, and is found to arise from a slight electric shock.

The Voltaic battery was invented in 1800. It is not less important to science than any former discovery whatever, either in astronomy, optics, physiology, or navigation. It is a series of alternate layers of zinc, copper, and cloth, moistened in a solution of salt or ammonia. These were at first the size of a dollar, and from twenty to one hundred in number. They give a smart shock, on forming a circle, by contact with both ends, or by a wire at a distance. The charcoal gives a slight spark from it. The large pile is twelve to twenty inches square; the wire from the extremity that terminates with zinc, gives oxygen; the other gives hydrogen. This battery burns metals, and fires gunpowder.

In 1800, the lecturer observing that common salt was decomposed by this battery, was led to conclude that it might become an instrument for general decomposition, and in prosecution of this inquiry, he found the laws of its action were always constant. In the course of his experience he decomposed alkalies, earths, and carbonic acid; and found that most bodies in nature attain a metallic appearance; and that the rocks, stones, and earth under our feet may be converted into metals.

Some of the new metals are so light, that they float on water, and so combustible, that they immediately take fire, and burn on the water: example—potass metal floated on a glass of water, and burned with a purple light. The density of these new metals forms a gradation down to the density of tin. All the decompositions that are possible to chemical means, are so by electricity, and in a like ratio!

Both classes of phenomena may be owing to the same cause! the one (chemic) by sensible contacts, the other (Voltaic) more distant, by imperceptible action.

As science advances, analogies approach.

The classes of phenomena now approximate, which were formerly held distinct.

Sensible qualities of bodies are insensibly affected by electricity, and become insensibly altered.

In different states of electricity, as posi-

tive or negative, the *same* thing appears *different* in its nature. Newton said *all matter* may yet be found the *same*, only differently arranged. If this can be proved, it will refer the multiplicity of phenomena to the most simple principles; "as nature is derived from one Infinite Cause, which scatters the dust in the blast, makes it animate the plant, or forms the intellect of man!"

After a sketch of the series of his intended lectures, he said, it may be asked, Of what use is this knowledge to human nature?

It is, even for vulgar uses, of great value; but chiefly for the attainment of truth, wisdom, and knowledge, which are the dignified, noble, and superior qualities of humanity.

He then read a long extract from Lord Verulam on the excellence of science. If ladies love learning, ignorance will disappear from among men, and the intellectual part of their empire will be endured with unfading youth.

The mother gives, or ought to give, all the early impressions to her children; and it depends on her, whether her son is an honour or a disgrace to his country. Hence, females can promote science, and direct the exertions of the rising generation from hurtful to the most beneficial purposes, as the torrent which devastates a garden, can be made to fertilize an estate.

Learning is good in every degree—a little is not dangerous to the prudent. Newton had once only a little learning, and with the love of learning the opulence of rank must produce the wealth of nations.

(To be continued.)

#### THE NECESSITY OF EXPERIENCE IN TEMPORAL AFFAIRS.

It seems not a little surprising at first sight, that the experience of one generation should be of so little real advantage to another: that those more safe and correct views of men and things, which it has cost a man fifty or sixty years to obtain, should not form the ground-work or basis on which his son, arrived at years of discretion, commences his career. Instead of beginning where his father did, and passing through the same routine of error, till at the age of sixty, he finds he has only arrived at the same conclusions which his father told him, forty years before, he might take for granted—he should have taken advantage of the experience of his parent, and have made *that* the starting-place from which he set out in search of additional information.



If this method were adopted, might we not suppose that the son of sixty would know as much as his father would have known, had he lived in the vigorous exercise of all his bodily and mental powers till his hundredth year? and if the grandson, receiving from the lips of his father the knowledge derived from the experience of his father and grandfather, regulated his conduct by it, his own experience, as he passed along, would confirm that which was correct, and discover that which was erroneous. If such were the case, we should have young men entering on life with those correct views of things, which the experience of generations before them had been successively realizing and confirming.

It will, of course, be understood, that this is spoken in reference to that kind of knowledge which results from the experience and close observation of prudent age, and by which it is particularly distinguished from the view taken of it by the youthful and the gay. The one looks upon the past as on a reality; and as he has found the world, so he expects to find it. The other looks upon the present, and scarcely sees things as they are; looks into the future, and expects to find them according to his hopes, or, judging of the future by the past, he wrongly calculates that his wants and wishes will ever meet as near their fulfilment as they have done in childhood and in youth, while fostered with parental care and solicitude.

In the arts and sciences we find that the improvements and discoveries of one generation are ready at hand, and immediately turned to advantage by the succeeding one, and so on without intermission. But in that species of information which most intimately connects itself with our happiness, and equally concerns in its degree every class and grade of society, every generation of mankind have been equally and alike lamentably deficient. We are determined to believe nothing but what the sad lessons of experience force upon our notice.

The prime and vigour of manhood are spent in the attainment of that, which when attained, we find of no further use than to soften the pillow of declining years, and provide food for reflection. Old age looks back upon the past, and says—"O had I but known and believed in youth what now I know, how different should I have acted!" How many years of my life have been spent in seeking, what I now clearly see it was never likely I should find. How much time has been spent, and how

much pain and anxiety have been wasted, in pursuit of that, which, when attained, did not answer its purpose! How often have I murmured and repined at circumstances which I could easily have overlooked, had I not thought myself less favoured than my fellows; but in these I now almost rejoice, because they seem the common lot of humanity. But worst of all, I have been momentarily forgetting that, both in pursuit and possession, I was every moment subject to be called away to other objects, and to other scenes, with which I was alike unacquainted, and for which I was unprepared. Had I now to live my days over again, in possession of my present knowledge, what time should I have to devote to the most rational and noble purposes! I should smile, not with indifference, but with pity, on the pursuits and the thousand anxieties of those of my own years; and make rapid advancements in knowledge human and divine. I should always have some object in view, which, when attained, would surely answer its purpose in the increased happiness of myself, my family, or my fellow-creatures. But the years are gone, not to be recalled or retraced. It remains for me, therefore, while regretting the past, to improve what is left, and seek to impress my principles upon the minds of those who have yet opportunity to turn them to real advantage. My son is just entering on life: if I could but impress on him my opinions, if I could but radicate in him my principles, he might turn them to that account which I want opportunity to do. This would make some, nay, ample amends, for all it has cost me to obtain them. But, alas! I sadly fear that he will do as I have done; he will accept his knowledge on no cheaper terms: he may, by the concurrence of sounder judgment, closer observations, purer morals, and providential circumstances, arrive somewhat sooner at the same conclusions; but this is all that the history of human nature teaches, or allows me to hope.

Perhaps we might find the groundwork of this singularity in our species, in their *fallen and depraved natures*. And this seems partly evident from the fact, that if we find any one person more removed from this peculiar trait than another, it is the man who is under the influence of divine grace. Men in general will not take the testimony of others in matters of experience; they will try the thing for themselves in *their own way*, apparently presuming, that no one else has ever tried *that way* before. If you find a young man forming

an estimate of this world in a manner that would do credit to age and experience, you will instantly discover, that it is because he has first believed the bible to be a *divine* revelation, and has fully embraced all that it tells him of himself and of the world, without questioning or doubting for a moment the correctness of its statements. Hence, because the bible is infallibly correct, his estimate, and his actions consequent thereon, are also imbued with the same sterling character. Here we find the difference—the man that would have doubted and disputed the avowed experience of every other man, accepts without hesitation the testimony of Jehovah, which has imparted to him its spirit.

We shall, however, upon reflection, find something to allay our astonishment, by examining the working of the human heart. Dr. Young says, "All men think all men mortal but themselves;" and with a little variation, we may add, from the general conduct of the human race, "All men think all men fallible but themselves."

Our happiness depends not so much on our actual situation in life, and the circumstances by which we are surrounded, as on the estimate we form of that situation, and the degree of satisfaction it affords to the mind. If a man fancies himself unhappy—he is so—though there may be no reasonable ground for his disquiet. He may have all the blessings which life can afford; but if he is insensible of their value, they will add little to his happiness, and however prosperous his external circumstances may be, he has only to be dissatisfied, to be miserable.

To be happy, a man must know and feel he is so. Let us apply this reasoning to the matter of experience. Experience robs us of those afflictive fancies that make us miserable.

Suppose, for instance, a man placed in circumstances, in which, upon the whole, his friends consider that Providence has favoured him, so that they call him a "fortunate man." Yet, perhaps, he often hears or reads of some more fortunate than himself. He looks at himself—at them—he sees himself equally capable with them, and to his eye there is equal probability that he will succeed as well as they. At last he hits upon some project, which, if he succeeds, he thinks will be much for his advantage. His friends—his more experienced friends—advise and urge him not to risk his present good, without an almost certainty of something better. They represent the probability of failure to be ten to one against success, and remind him

that the recollection of his present circumstances will unceasingly reproach him, should he miss his mark. For a considerable time he listens to the advice of his friends; but still he perceives that the happiness he might now enjoy is absolutely undermined by the anticipation of some good, which his blind obedience to his friends prevents him from attempting.

Upon considering the matter, he readily disposes of the advice of his friends, by observing, that their cautiousness might be suited to the age in which they spent their prime, but it will not do now; nothing is to be obtained without risk and exertion; advancing years naturally render them more timid than they were at his age; altogether they are very unsuitable persons to judge in such an affair. Besides, however others may have failed in similar attempts, their failure may, in a thousand instances, be ascribed to their own indiscretions; but he can place such confidence in himself, and can so well adapt himself to the moment, that he has no doubt of gaining his point. He resolves, he makes the attempt—he fails—but, by the kindness of his friends, is again reinstated in his former situation; and now, and not till now, he knows its real value, and that too not on the testimony of others; he gathers it from his own experience.

No phantom of the imagination now distresses him—what he has, he enjoys, and is determined to make the best of it; not greatly anxious about the future, but still ready to avail himself of whatever may be presented of sufficient importance and certainty to be worthy his attention.

Before ever this man acted so foolishly, he had the very same things, and was in precisely the same circumstances, as now; but then he was unhappy and dissatisfied, now he is comfortable and contented. Then he was thinking how many were better off than himself—but now his gratitude is awakened by frequent reflection, on how many there are in a worse condition. It must be allowed in this instance, experience has done for him what nothing else could do. Had he followed the instructions of his friends for twenty years, without being *fully convinced* of their truth by experience, for twenty years he would have been a discontented man; and though he may now chide himself for his rashness and his folly, yet he does not think he has bought his peace too dearly.

Nor is this instance far fetched. Every man will find something analogous to it, either in his own experience, or in that of his friends. This is only one instance,

but there are innumerable actions of our lives of greater or less importance, which will be found to turn upon the same principle or disposition by which this was occasioned. This seems, then, to be the key to the general tenacity with which men adhere to their opinions in things of which they have had no experience. Man will disregard the experience of man, unless the results of that experience are pressed upon him in a way and manner that will entirely convince him of their invariable correctness; and the reason why so few are thus convinced is, because every man has more or less that confidence in himself, which, though hundreds and thousands before him should have borne testimony to that same result, he thinks, *with him*, under *his* care, and *his* management, a different one will take place.

The attachment of every one to his own personal identity fully bears out this assertion. And what is that attachment, but that though he would exchange his individual gratification for those of others, yet that good common sense which is peculiarly his own, that which is in fact the grand substratum of the human mind, he would not part with for any other man's. Such, then, seems to be the fact. Experience, and that alone, makes man *really* and *actually* believe what is the truth; though it was as much so before he found it out, as it is now.

We are almost continually mistaking things, from the earliest period of life, to the most advanced; except that as years accumulate, experience lessens the frequency of error, as it diminishes the number of strange circumstances that present themselves. The child nursed on the lap of tenderness, and seldom distant from the maternal eye, knows not the value of its comforts, but longs to go from home, to school, to see something strange, and something new, to gain increased enjoyment, not expecting there first to learn the value of its paternal abode.

The school-boy longs to leave his book, to get more liberty, to get into the world, and fancies all business play, and calculated to afford delight, in comparison of the unwearied monotony of school. The apprentice longs to see the dawn of manhood, and the time that shall present him to the world an independent man. The young man looks forward to settlement in life, enlarges his expectation, over-estimates its good, and quite overlooks its ill.

He thinks of marriage, and its transcendent bliss; the ardency of his hopes remaining unchecked by all he has read,

and seen, and thought, and known, of the uncertainties that attend it. His imagination forms some fancied object, all sympathy, all love, all prudence, patience, and accomplishment. Some young female soon presents herself, distinguished for the chief excellency on which he has set his mind. His first serious thought now is—how much he can do without, of that which his fancy had originally required; and his second, to accept what he can get, as he is not likely to obtain exactly what he wants. He is married—its newness dies away, as its cares and troubles advance; and it is for experience to discover to him, that in estimating earthly bliss, we must weigh the good against the evil, and then consider on which side the scale preponderates.

Ambition, perhaps, inflames his breast—he seeks for fame and honour. These attained, deceive him; or in the pursuit, he is called hence to give an account of his folly.

But whilst reflections of this sort are calculated to allay our wonder at the foolish perverseness of the inexperienced, and reconcile us to misfortune, they ought also to impress upon our minds the more vividly the necessity of attempting, not merely to advise, but to *convince* others, of the truth of what experience has taught us. If we wish to produce conviction in another, we must present to his mind all that evidence which produces our own.

The aged to the young, and especially parents to their children, are sadly too apt to *dictate* the truth, instead of studying to make it an object of apprehension to the minds of those on whom they wish to impress it. This is not only an insult to the understandings of men, and an injury to that of children, but it is almost sure to meet with a corresponding disbelief from both.

I. C. L.

Derby, January, 1830.

#### INVENTION OF LETTERS BY A CHEROKEE INDIAN.

(From Mr. Krapp's Lectures on American Literature.)

THE Indians themselves are becoming philologists and grammarians, and exciting the wonder of the world by the invention of letters. The invention of the Cherokee alphabet has excited the astonishment of the philosopher in this country and in Europe; but as I have not yet seen any satisfactory account of the progress and history of this great effort of genius of the present day, I will state what I know of it, from the lips of the inventor himself.

In the winter of 1828, a delegation of the Cherokees visited the city of Washington, in order to make a treaty with the United States, and among them was See-quah-yah, the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet. His English name was George Guess; he was a half-blood, but had never, from his own account, spoken a single word of English up to the time of his invention, nor since. Prompted by my own curiosity, and urged by several literary friends, I applied to See-quah-yah, through the medium of two interpreters—one a half-blood, Captain Roger, and the other a full-blood chief, whose assumed English name was John Maw, to relate to me, as minutely as possible, the mental operations and all the facts in his discovery. He cheerfully complied with my request, and gave very deliberate and satisfactory answers to every question, and was at the same time careful to know from the interpreter, if I distinctly understood his answers.

No Stoic could have been more grave in his demeanour than was See-quah-yah; he pondered, according to the Indian custom, for a considerable time after each question was put, before he made his reply, and often took a whiff of his calumet while reflecting on an answer. The details of the examination are too long for the closing paragraph of this lecture; but the substance of it was—that he (See-quah-yah) was now about sixty-five years old, but could not precisely say—that in early life he was gay and talkative, and although he never attempted to speak in council but once, yet was often, from the strength of his memory, his easy colloquial powers, and ready command of his vernacular, a story-teller of the convivial party. His reputation for talents of every kind gave him some distinction when he was quite young, so long ago as St. Clair's defeat. In this campaign, or some one that soon followed it, a letter was found on the person of a prisoner, which was wrongly read by him to the Indians. In some of their deliberations on this subject the question arose among them whether the mysterious power of "*the talking leaf*" was the gift of the Great Spirit to the white man, or a discovery of the white man himself? Most of his companions were of the former opinion, while he as strenuously maintained the latter.

This frequently became a subject of contemplation with him afterwards, as well as many other things which he knew or had heard that the white man could do; but he never sat down seriously to reflect on the subject until a swelling in his knee confined him to his cabin, and which at length made

him a cripple for life, by shortening the diseased leg. Deprived of the excitements of war and the pleasures of the chase, in the long night of his confinement, his mind was again directed to the mystery of *speaking by letters*, the very name of which, of course, was not to be found in his language. From the cries of wild beasts, from the talents of the mocking-bird, from the voices of his children and his companions, he knew that feelings and passions were conveyed by direct sounds from one intelligent being to another. The thought struck him, to try to ascertain all the sounds in the Cherokee language. His own ear was not remarkably discriminating, and he called to his aid the more acute ears of his wife and children.

When he thought that he had distinguished all the different sounds in their language, he attempted to use pictorial signs, images of birds and beasts, to convey these sounds to others, or to mark them in his own mind. He soon dropped this method as difficult or impossible, and tried arbitrary signs, without any regard to appearances, except such as might assist in recollecting them, and distinguishing them from each other. At first these signs were very numerous; and when he got so far as to think his invention was nearly accomplished, he had about two hundred characters in his alphabet. By the aid of his daughter, who seemed to enter into the genius of his labours, he reduced them at last to eighty-six, the number he now uses. He then set to work to make these characters more comely to the eye, and succeeded. As yet he had not the knowledge of the pen as an instrument, but made his characters on a piece of bark, with a knife or nail. At this time he sent to the Indian agent, or some trader in the nation, for paper and pen. His ink was easily made, of the bark of the forest trees, whose colouring properties he had previously known—and after seeing the construction of the pen, he soon learned to make one, but at first he made it without a slit; this inconvenience was, however, quickly removed by his sagacity.

His next difficulty was to make his invention known to his countrymen; for by this time he had become so abstracted from his tribe and their usual pursuits, that he was viewed with an eye of suspicion. His former companions passed his wigwam without entering it, and mentioned his name as one who was practising improper spells, for notoriety or mischievous purposes, and he seems to think that he should have been hardly dealt with, if his docile and unambitious disposition had not been so gene-

rally acknowledged by his tribe. At length he summoned some of the most distinguished of his nation, in order to make his communication to them—and after giving the best explanation of his discovery that he could, stripping it of all supernatural influence, he proceeded to demonstrate to them in good earnest that he had made a discovery.

His daughter, who was his only pupil, was ordered to go out of hearing, while he requested his friends to name a word or sentiment, which he put down, and then she was called in, and read it to them; then the father retired, and the daughter wrote: the Indians were wonder-struck, but not entirely satisfied. See-quah-yah then proposed that the tribe should select several youths from among their brightest young men, that he might communicate the mystery to them. This was agreed to, although with a lurking suspicion of necromancy in the whole business. John Maw, (his Indian name I have forgotten,) a full-blood, and several others, were selected for this purpose. The tribe watched the youths for several months with anxiety, and when they offered themselves for examination, the feelings of all were wrought up to the highest pitch. The youths were separated from their master, and from each other, and watched with great care. The uninitiated directed what master and pupil should write to each other, and the tests were viewed in such a manner, as not only to destroy their infidelity, but most firmly to fix their faith. The Indians on this ordered a great feast, and made See-quah-yah conspicuous at it. How nearly alike is man in every age! Pythagoras did the same on the discovery of an important principle in geometry. See-quah-yah became at once schoolmaster, professor, philosopher, and a chief. His countrymen were proud of his talents, and held him in reverence as one favoured by the Great Spirit. The inventions of early times were shrouded in mystery. See-quah-yah disdained all quackery.

He did not stop here, but carried his discoveries to numbers. He, of course, knew nothing of Arabic digits, nor the power of Roman letters in the science. The Cherokees had metal numerals to one hundred, and had words for all numbers up to that, but they had no signs or characters to assist them in enumerating, adding, subtracting, multiplying, or dividing. He reflected upon this until he had created their elementary principles in his mind, but he was at first obliged to make words to express his meaning, and then signs to explain it. By

this process he soon had a clear perception of numbers up to a million. His great difficulty was at the threshold—to fix the powers of his signs according to their places. When this was overcome, his next step was in adding up his different numbers, in order to put down the fraction of the decimal, and give the whole number to its next place; but when I knew him, he had overcome all these difficulties, and was quite a ready arithmetician in the fundamental rules.

This was the result of my interview, and I can safely say, I have seldom seen a man of more shrewdness than See-quah-yah. He adhered to all the customs of his country, and when his associate chiefs on the mission assumed our costume, he was dressed in all respects like an Indian.

See-quah-yah is a man of diversified talents; he passed from metaphysical and philosophical investigation to mechanical occupations with the greatest ease. The only practical mechanics he was acquainted with were a few bungling blacksmiths, who could make a rough tomahawk, or tinker the lock of a rifle; yet he became a white and silver smith without any instruction, and made spears and silver spoons with neatness and skill, to the great admiration of the people of the Cherokee nation. See-quah-yah has also a great taste for painting. He mixes his colours with skill. Taking all the art and science of his tribe upon the subject, he added to it many chemical experiments of his own, and some of them were very successful, and would be worth being known to our painters. For his drawings he had no model but what nature furnished, and he often copied them with astonishing faithfulness. His resemblances of the human form, it is true, are coarse, but often spirited and correct; and he gave action and sometimes grace to his representations of animals. He had never seen a camel-hair pencil when he made use of the hair of wild animals for his brushes. Some of his productions discovered a considerable practical knowledge of perspective; but he could not have formed rules for this. The painters in the early ages were many years coming to a knowledge of this part of their art; and even now they are more successful in the art than perfect in the rules of it.

The manners of this American Cadmus are the most easy, and his habits are those of the most assiduous scholar; and his disposition is more lively than that of any Indian I ever saw. He understood and felt the advantages the white men had long enjoyed, of having the accumulation of every branch of knowledge from generation

to generation, by means of a written language, while the red man could only commit his thoughts to uncertain tradition. He reasoned correctly when he urged this to his friends, as the cause why the red man had made so few advances in knowledge in comparison with us; and to remedy this was one of his great aims, and one which he has accomplished beyond that of any other man living, or, perhaps, any other who ever existed in a rude state of nature.

It, perhaps, may not be known that the government of the United States had a fount of type cut for his alphabet, and that a newspaper, printed partly in the Cherokee language and partly in the English, has been established at New Echota, and is characterised by decency and good sense; and thus many of the Cherokees are able to read both languages. After putting these remarks to paper, I had the pleasure of seeing the Head Chief of the Cherokees, who confirmed the statement of See-quah-yah, and added that he was an Indian of the strictest veracity and sobriety. The western wilderness is not only to blossom like the rose, but there, man has started up, and proved that he has not degenerated since the primitive days of Cecrops, and the romantic ages of wonderful effort and godlike renown.

#### HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

THE key to the Greek poets, is the system of *personification*. How much of their fables was handed down from the more ancient Cults of Egypt and India, may involve some particulars in doubt, but, generally speaking, the planets were characterized. Hence, Saturn represented Agriculture; Jupiter, Power; Mars, War; Venus, Love; Mercury, Intelligence; Apollo, the Sun; Diana, the Moon; and Atlas, the Globe. Next came the four elements, in which Juno is Air; Vulcan, Fire; Terra, Earth; and Neptune, Water. The three principles of attraction, repulsion, and circulation, are aptly described by Sisyphus, Tantalus, and Ixion: the first rolls a stone up a hill, down which it rolls again, by gravitation: Tantalus, or the centripetal force, pursues what he can never attain; and Ixion, the revolving power, is tormented on a wheel.

Of the nine Muses, Calliope, personifies Rhetoric; Clio, History; Erato, Dancing; Thalia, Comedy; Euterpe, Tragedy; Melpomene, Epic and Lyric Poetry; Terpsichore, Music; Polyhymnia, Oratory; Urania, Hymns. Of the three Graces, Euphrosyne is the emblem of Cheerful-

ness; Aglaia, of Hohesty; Pasithea, of Constancy.

Fruit, is represented by Pomona; Flowers, by Flora; Corn, by Ceres; and Wine, by Bacchus; Woods, by Sylvanus; the Firmament, by Cæus. Iris, is the Rainbow; Aurora, the Morning; and Nox, Night. Morpheus, is Sleep; and Minerva, Wisdom.

Having personified Heaven and Earth, they represent Hell by the furies, Tisiphone, Alecto, and Megara, the keepers of the damned, in the dark pit of Tartarus, surrounded by the fiery river Phlegethon.

The giants confined in Hell, for rebelling against Jupiter, is a tradition of the fall of Angels; and the Last Judgment is personified by Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Eacus. Fatality and Purgatory may be traced to the Mythology, in which all the vices and virtues have their representatives.

#### ON PUBLIC HOSPITALS FOR THE CURE OF INSANITY GRATIS.

MR. EDITOR,  
SIR,—Greatly obliged, and I may say encouraged, by the letters of Mr. Alfred Wilson, inserted col. 1084, vol. xi., I now take upon me to re-state what may be found in some of the former pages of the Imperial Magazine, on the utility, and indeed necessity, of establishing public hospitals for the cure of the poor (gratis) who are visited by insanity. And it may be that what I shall find now to say upon the subject, will make an impression upon some, who would not be at the trouble of looking into an old Magazine.

There are at this time upwards of a hundred lunatic asylums in the united kingdom, many of them very large, having several hundred inmates each; and it is confidently stated, that many more are required, the number of lunatics being triple what it was twenty years ago; and that a County Asylum is now under hand, that will be much larger than any yet seen in the United Kingdom.

Having said a great deal upon the causes of the alarming accumulation of incurable lunatics, I would again most earnestly recommend, what I firmly believe might be the means of preventing the future increase of these unfortunate fellow-beings, and of greatly diminishing the evils of mental disorder.

I would propose, for the whole united kingdom, the establishment of twelve Hospitals, solely for the purpose of curing insanity—say two for Scotland, four for

Ireland, and six for England and Wales, as conveniently situated as possible for all parts of the empire, and to be upon the best principles possible for the purposes of cure; to admit none but recent cases, and such as gave a rational chance of recovery; and to be kept only for a reasonable trial of cure; to be received under the certificate of a medical practitioner, as to the nature of the disease; and of two respectable characters, as to the patient being a proper object of charity, while under the complaint.

Twelve hospitals, having accommodations for fifty at a time each, would be found quite sufficient to admit all the fresh cases of poor lunatics, and to give them time for full trial of cure. The first cost I calculate at a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and to support them afterwards twenty-five thousand pounds annually would be required. There cannot be a doubt of their great utility; it being probable that in a little time they would be a means of saving to the nation the money now expended in the keeping of incurable lunatics, which amounts to more, annually, than what I have stated as the whole cost of the first establishment.

The only question is, how are the ways and means to be raised? for notwithstanding the funds required are trifling, in comparison of the sums expended on other public charities; yet, upon this repulsive subject, I fear the hand of benevolence would not be sufficiently extended.

As, by our constitution, the King is the guardian of his lunatic subjects, a parliamentary grant, to pay the expense of curing lunacy, might be thought appropriate, but of this I have little hopes.—Perhaps the best way would be to charge the expense upon the county rates, in proportion to the population of each district. This, in a little time, would prove a great saving of money and trouble to the parochial authorities. The parish apothecary should in the first instance use his best efforts in these attacks on the poor, and in some cases they would be successful, but in such as are obstinate and confirmed, removal from home, and experienced moral as well as medical means, are required.

Supposing the nation too poor to act upon my scheme, an experiment might be made with one Hospital, such as I have recommended; and supposing I am too sanguine in my expectations of the good that might be produced by even one, and that I am too confident in recommending it, still there must be an obvious difference in the result to be expected, betwixt the

best possible system, and the very worst. A moral fitness is required for the best chance of success in all the transactions of man, but there is no moral fitness in the County Asylum law, as it regards the cure of mental derangement, however correct the practice may be in these houses, for practice cannot make that right which is wrong in principle.

Institutions solely for the cure of insanity gratis, and in which none pronounced incurable, or idiots, or criminals, or paralytics, or epileptics, were kept, and particularly if termed Hospitals for the cure of Nervous Fever, and the term insanity were discontinued, could not but prove acceptable to the feelings of the common people; a matter of no small importance to weak and disordered minds, the popularity of a measure of this kind contributing greatly to its success. And not only might incalculable good be done in restoring the poor from a degraded, a deplorable, and for them an expensive, state of existence; but it might be the means of introducing more enlightened views and humane sentiments into the minds of many who are above the lowest class in society; for if it was found that the poor could be generally cured of insanity, the means of recovery would not be so much withheld, as they now are, from those who become afflicted with the same disease, and who are not prevented by poverty from obtaining the best means of cure. As it is, from the great numbers who do not recover perfectly, and permanently, under the care of medical professors, who are eminent for their skill in the general practice of medicine; from the few who are discharged cured from private Asylums, where keeping is a mere matter of pecuniary advantage; and particularly from the large proportion who relapse soon after being discharged as cured from public asylums;—the incurable nature of insanity is so generally admitted, that not only medical professors and keepers of asylums are content to have it thought so, but even the friends and guardians of those afflicted, are too often brought to satisfy themselves with providing them the common comforts of life, without any proper efforts to obtain recovery. And those who make the most confident pretensions to their cure, as old Dr. Willis did, run the risk of being branded as pretenders and impostors.

Celebrity for success in the cure, is but a partial recommendation to public favour; nor can there be any doubt, that those keepers of Private Asylums who have the least success in the cure, have the best chance for money-making by keeping

lunatics, with an equal chance of being respectable; for we are by no means free from the superstition which would denominate every lunatic a demoniac, and only to be cured by supernatural agency. But let recovery be as common as it might be made, the claims of lunatics to justice, and proper treatment, would be more recognized, and better established. We should not then hear of commissions of lunacy, before means had been used, or the patients had been permitted time for recovery. It is not long since, that I had to expostulate in strong language, with a party, who had, as I was told, intentions of obtaining a commission in the case of a person then under my care, from the idea that he was not likely to recover;—but I had the pleasure, a few days since, of discharging him perfectly recovered.

For more than fifty years I have particularly attended to the private history of persons suffering under mental afflictions, and I can safely say, that the ill-treatment and sufferings of lunatics have been trifling in any regular asylums, compared with what they have been in private families, under the idea, that once a lunatic and always a lunatic; and therefore, that any advantages which avarice or sinister designs should suggest, might be taken of them with impunity, and no means of recovery used. And too often, if these unfortunate beings are sent to a proper place for cure, it is not until it is too late, and they can be no longer managed at home, and then their not being cured, is laid to the charge of the asylum to which they are sent.

No doubt, many thousands of unfortunate lunatics, whose friends were respectable in life, have been kept from the timely means of cure, by the dread of exposure; but many more by avarice, and the want of proper feelings in those having the power over them. I received a letter three days ago from a man that I know to be opulent, who has a daughter a lunatic. He seems fully aware of the necessity of her removal from home, and says that he wishes to give me a preference, but he will only agree to certain terms, and those terms are below what her actual expenses would be at my house, and less than they would be at home, if she were properly treated. Of course his offer was declined. It is astonishing what letters I receive, *postage not paid*, the evident object of which is, only to inquire after cheap living for lunatics, and sometimes for idiots, though I have taken pains to have it known that I do not take idiots.

But I have been still more astonished and amazed at the great numbers who have been inquired after as patients, who never were at Spring Vale; their friends having reported that they were here, when otherwise disposed of. What could these falsehoods be for, but to cover some disgraceful practice?

Some time ago a very respectable looking old gentleman drove up to the door, to inquire after a lady, who, he said, was a near neighbour, when at home, and a particular friend. Upon my assuring him that no such person was here, and never had been here, he expressed his astonishment, for said he, "her own mother told me she was here, only a few days ago, and I have come many miles out of my way, to inquire how she was going on." But what was become of the lady?—why, most likely shut up for life in some dark closet, there to live "alike unknowing and unknown." I knew a case of a poor object, being kept for fourteen years unknown to the next neighbours, who thought he had died from home.

What is done within the circle of my knowledge, is no doubt done elsewhere, and within that circle many acts have been done in the treatment of lunatics, that are too shocking to relate, and which could not take place in any private asylum, without detection and exposure, and the ruin of the keeper. But if the aggregate of the sufferings of those afflicted with mental disorder, in different situations, were fully known, there surely would be less of that apathy I have so often lamented, and more of those exertions I have so often *in vain* solicited, from noblemen, statesmen, and public orators, in private letters. The subject did not interest their feelings, and the writer was, no doubt, thought an *intrusive enthusiast*.

THOMAS BAKEWELL.

*Spring Vale, near Stone, Dec. 15, 1829.*

P.S. Since writing the above, I have seen the report of the commission of lunacy, in the case of Mr. Davis. The termination of it has given me great pleasure, and I trust that this, and the one which preceded it, with a different result, will convince the world of the necessity of better provision in our laws, for the protection of those to whom lunacy is imputed. In cases of real lunacy, time should surely be given, and the means of recovery used, before a commission of lunacy issues.—May we not hope that the time will arrive, when *mad doctors* may be reputed honourable? J. B.



## CAPTAIN CAMPBELL AND THE KING OF DAHOMEY.

At a time when little besides romance goes down, and when the public mind is led, or rather misled, by the mighty dealers in fiction, it is hoped that the following incidents will not be the less acceptable, for being real matters of fact.

Captain Campbell, a northern Hibernian, was some years engaged in that nefarious commerce, the African slave-trade, and, were it not for the nature of his calling, would have been accounted an honest kind-hearted fellow. After having made many voyages to Africa, from whose bourn few travellers return, he was entrusted by his employers to present certain offerings to the king of Dahomey, in order to conciliate the favour, and soften the iron heart, of this despotic monarch.

Of his reception at the court of the dingy king, on presenting his credentials, which consisted of a gold-laced waistcoat, a gold-laced hat, and a magnificent sword, the Captain gives the following account.—On being ushered into the hall of court, he found his majesty surrounded by his guards, and seated squat upon the floor. After having first laid his peace-offering at the feet of royalty, he was then obliged to kneel, or rather to lie down, to kiss his great toe.

This part of the ceremony being ended, the Captain, with his mate, (who attended him on the occasion as his *aid-de-camp*), was regaled in the royal presence with the most abundant and solid refreshments; after which they were permitted to saunter about and gratify their curiosity in the purlieus of the palace. During this excursion they passed through several squares and court yards, the walls of which were *ornamented*, or rather studded, with human skulls; proofs at once of the monarch's courage and barbarity, these being the heads of those of his enemies who were either slain in battle or butchered in cold blood, or such of his *friends* as in their visits to the court of Dahomey might inadvertently or otherwise have given him offence, or trespassed on his laws.

Our travellers, on seeing these defunct gentry grinning at them as they passed along, began to feel some very unpleasant sensations; and not having a guide to direct their steps, they did not know but that *they* too might have been by forced marches advancing towards the *guillotine*. While thus ruminating on the "various turns of chance below," they still kept moving onward, till they found themselves in the centre of that sacred place, the

Harem. Of the indiscretion of entering this forbidden region they had no idea, having, as they supposed, like our first parents, "the world all before them where to choose."—But they soon found to their grief, that though they were not treading on classic ground, they were trenching on a very ticklish territory, no less a place than that hallowed precinct which was exclusively reserved for the king, and those ministers of his licentious pleasures, the eunuchs, who officiate as the attendants on the Sultanas.

When these strangers found themselves in the middle of the Harem, they perceived the Fatimas and the Roxalanas staring at them with as eager a curiosity as a London schoolboy gazes at Mister Punch or the Dromedary; but while they were thus, as they supposed, gratifying a harmless curiosity, they perceived a file of *black guards* armed *cap-à-pée* advancing, which terrified them not a little. Our adventurers now began to feel that they too had inadvertently qualified themselves for an appointment at *head-quarters*, and that they were likely to lend their ghastly countenances to ornament the walls of the Seraglio,—they trembled and looked pale!

Their fears were by no means ill-grounded, for Capt. C. and his mate were immediately surrounded by the guards, and marched off to the council chamber, where the king and his ministers were still sitting in dreadful conclave.—Pending the examination, a cimeter was suspended from the ceiling. This terrific instrument of decapitation, should it be decided that they should die, an event which the Captain and his companion fully expected, with fears and trembling, was the appalling signal for giving them up to death! But the king, whether from "a feeling of humanity, or a fear of incurring the displeasure and resentment of that government of which the accused were subjects, or from gratitude for the handsome presents they had just made him, relaxed his muscles, and dismissed the prisoners, with an admonition, warning them never again to trespass or *pouch* on the *game* of their superiors, nor disturb those *preserves* which they keep exclusively for *themselves*! Observing at the same time, "that he loved the English."

The sequel of Captain Campbell's story being purely English, and occurring on his safe arrival in his native land, although it contains many useful hints respecting debtor and creditor, we have omitted, as not being sufficiently singular either to excite interest, or gratify curiosity.

## IDLE CURIOSITY.

BUSY-BODIES commonly are not solicitous or inquisitive into the beauty and order of a well-governed family, or after the virtues of an excellent person; but if there be any thing for which men keep locks and bars, and porters—things that blush to see the light, and either are shameful in manners, or private in nature—these things are their care and their business.

But if great things will satisfy our inquiry—the course of the sun and moon, the spots in their faces, the firmament of heaven, and the supposed orbs, the ebbing and flowing of the sea, are work enough for us; or, if this be not, tell me whether the number of stars be even or odd, and when they began to be so. If these be too troublesome, search lower, and tell me why this turf this year brings forth a daisy, and the next year a plantain; why the apple bears his seed in his heart, and wheat in his head: let him tell why a graft taking nourishment from a crab-stock shall have a fruit more noble than its nurse and parent.

But these are not things that please busy-bodies; they must feed upon tragedies, and stories of misfortunes and crimes: and yet tell them ancient stories of the ravishment of chaste damsels, or the debauchment of nations, or the extreme poverty of learned persons, or the persecutions of the old saints, or the changes of government—these were enough to scratch the itch of knowing stories; but unless you tell them something that is within the bounds of their own knowledge, it seems tedious and unsatisfying. *Envy* and *Idleness* married together, and begot *Curiosity*; therefore Plutarch rarely well compares curious and inquisitive ears to the execrable gates of cities, out of which only malefactors and hangmen and tragedies pass; nothing that is chaste and holy.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

## DEATH SONG.

(From the Arabic.)

THE current was against us, and as we came near the city (Cairo) the wind lulled almost into a calm. While we were busy at the oar, we heard some unusual sounds on the river's side, and our watermen suddenly threw themselves on their faces, and began a prayer. A procession was seen in a few moments after, advancing from a grove of date-trees at a short distance from the bank. It was a band of Bedouins, who, in one of their few ventures into the half-civilized world of Lower Egypt for trade, had lost their chief by sickness. The train were mounted, and

the body was borne in the middle of the foremost troop in a kind of palanquin, rude, but unornamented with the strange mixture of savageness and magnificence, that we find not unfrequently among the nobler barbarians of the East and South. The body was covered with a lion's skin; a green, gold-embroidered flag waved over it; and some remarkable rich ostrich feathers, on lances, made the pillars and capitals of this Arab hearse. The tribe seemed not to observe our boat, though they moved close to the shore: their faces were turned to the setting sun, which was then touching the horizon in full grandeur, with an immense canopy of gorgeous clouds closing round him, in shade on shade of deepening purple. The air was remarkably still, and their song, in which the whole train joined at intervals, sounded in perfect unison. The voices were deep and regular, and as the long procession moved slowly away into the desert, with their diminishing forms, and dying chorus, they gave us the idea of a train passing into eternity. I send you a translation of their song or hymn, such as I could collect it from the unclassic lips of a Cairan boatman:—

Our father's brow was cold; his eye  
Gazed on his warriors heavily;  
Pangs thick and deep his bosom wrung,  
Silence was on the noble tongue;  
Then writhed the lip, the final throes  
That freed the struggling soul below,  
He died!—Upon the desert gale  
Shoot up his eagle shafts to sail.  
He died!—Upon the desert plain  
Fling loose his camel's golden rein.  
He died!—No other voice shall guide  
O'er stream or sand its step of pride.  
Whose is the hand that now shall rear,  
Terror of man, the Sheik's red spear!  
Lives there the warrior on whose brow  
His turban's vulture plume shall glow?  
He's gone, and with our father fell  
Thy sun of glory, Ishmael!

(From the Manuscript Journal of a late Travel-  
ler in Egypt, 1817.)

## POCKY.

## THE STORM.

THE winds arise, and o'er the face of heav'n  
The angry storm increasing, flies resistless:  
Loud howling, and more bolst'rous still it grows;  
'Till far and wide the sweeping tempest's force  
Redoubled, threatens with portentous rage.  
Each soul beholds, with fear and terror fill'd,  
And nature owns its dire, destructive pow'r!

Spectator of this dread, alarming scene,  
I wander'd forth; nor had I travel'd far  
Ere I had reach'd th' affrighted margin of  
The troubled deep. What see I now! A sight  
How grand! how awful! wave o'er mountain wave  
Lifts high its pond'rous head, and swells and bursts  
With madd'ning rage, in one tremendous crash,  
And foaming wide with fury, roaring loud,  
Lashes the trembling shore! while all around  
The black'ning cloud pours forth its icy store,  
Which (mingling with the gath'ring sands, that rise  
And swiftly fly, borne on th' impetuous wind,)

Relentless falls on my unshelter'd head,  
And, pattering, pelts me as I pass along.  
But still I onward walk, or rather creep,  
Until I gain the wide and dreary waste:  
I stop and look around, in hopes to find  
Some friendly covert nigh, but look in vain!  
Th' extended waste, alas! no shelter yields;  
No hedge, no house, no hut, can I espy,  
To shield me from the rude, inclement blast.

As thus the cheerless wild I sadly pass,  
My strength I try, with many an effort vain,  
And wrestle with the storm; but ah! full oft,  
Compell'd to yield, reluctantly I turn  
Unwilling feet obliquely from the path.  
But, persevering still, at last I reach,  
With joy, the lane that to yon village leads;  
And tho' fatigued, with quick'ning steps I haste,  
And soon repossess the well-known, ancient tow'r,  
That many times hath stood the mighty force  
Of many a brother storm, that seem'd in rage  
As tho' 'twould hurl destruction on its head,  
And turn it tottering from its solid base!—

Lo! now, the busy villagers I see,  
In wild confusion, hurrying to and fro,  
Eager to save their little cottages  
From fearful ruin. Some, with hasty steps,  
The trembling ladder climb, with cord in hand,  
To bind the shatter'd roof; while some below,  
With anxious looks, oft warn them to beware,  
Lest, in unguarded moment, from the top,  
They headlong tumble down, and meet their fate!—

But now, as if in pity to mankind,  
He who commands the storm, and with a nod  
Can bid it rage, or make its raging cease,  
Displays at once his over-ruling pow'r;  
For, lo! the tempest ends; th' obsequious wind  
Breathes forth a gentler breeze, which sinks at last  
Into a perfect calm. The happy change  
Fills ev'ry breast with gratitude and joy.

And now in peace each to his home retires,  
Where, seated snugly by his little fire,  
He ponders o'er the hidden ways of fate;  
Or to his family, perhaps, recounts,  
In simple narrative, a sad detail  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes from late impending danger:  
While ev'ry one, with truly grateful heart,  
Directs his thoughts to heaven, nor forgets  
The friendly hand of Providence divine,  
Who led them all in safety to their homes,  
And bade them live to see the close of day!

Near Kingsbridge, Feb. THOS. JARVIS.

#### STANZAS TO AN INFANT.

SHALL death inspire the bard to write  
The mournful elegy,  
And may I not, dear child, indite  
A simple strain to thee?

More pleasure too methinks the strain  
To celebrate thy birth,  
Than sing of that dread monarch's reign,  
Whose arm depeoples earth.

Serenely calm thy morning sky,  
As mildly breaks the day,  
On the pale iris of thine eye,  
Which shuns the dazling ray.

How indistinct must things appear  
To thy weak infant gaze;  
What trifles too excite thy fear,  
And strike thee with amaze.

But not alone, poor helpless boy,  
In groundless hopes and fears;  
Even folly is pursued for joy  
By men of riper years.

Just launch'd upon time's ebbing tide,  
And reckless of all danger:  
To all the yawning gulfs of pride,  
To vice an utter stranger.

And reckless, too, what storms may rise  
To agitate the air:  
Oft fortune's trackless passage lies  
Through whirlpools of despair.

Where countless numbers have been cast  
Upon the rocks of fate,  
The few who have escap'd the blast,  
May envy not their state.

Dark clouds may overspread *their* skies,  
Eclipse life's brightest sun;  
And few may be accounted wise,  
Until their course is run.

Experience keeps a costly school,  
And teaches by reflection;  
In which, the proverb says, a fool  
Grows wiser by correction.

If other's faults will nought avail  
To set us on our guard,  
Too late we may our own bewail,  
And reap the same reward.

But if our hearts we cannot trust,  
No wonder should we find,  
To friendship's claims few true and just,  
And constant 'mongst mankind.

Searce wilt thou and *one faithful friend*  
'Mongst all the sons of men,  
Should Providence thy life extend  
To *four score* years and ten.

Of this vain world to thee so new,  
Sad picture have I given;  
But much I fear 'twill prove as true,  
As if 'twere said by Heaven.

Yet may existence prove to thee  
Less cloudy and more fair;  
From all tormenting discords free,  
And few of evils share.

Such is the wish, poor helpless child,  
Which innocence may claim;  
In manhood's bloom that passions wild  
May never stain thy name.

Grimsbey.

G. HERRING.

#### ON THE LATE MRS. FIGOT.

(St. Helen's, Lancashire.)

BREATHS softly o'er this grave, O gentle wind,  
For here the gentlest of the human kind  
Is laid—lamented by the bitterest grief  
That e'er gave sorrow's scope a full relief.

Conscious we feel, the tears that now are shed,  
Mix with no murm'ring for the silent dead,  
Whose spirit soaring to the blest abode,  
Attains new life transcendently in God.

The gazing rustics saw the funeral train  
Of her they lov'd, ne'er to behold again;  
Amazed that youth and innocence should die,  
Or matron beauty in a tomb should lie.

Eight sons bereft of fond maternal cares,  
That tomb will visit in succeeding years,  
The altar of their father's ceaseless love  
To her who lives in purer realms above.

A parting picture of the mother's grace,  
Left in the infant daughter's dimpled face,  
Sheds on the solitary parent's saddest year  
A pleasing light, such as from his loved Mary  
never fall'd to cheer.

#### ON JUDAS.

(From the *Italian* of Gianni.)

GLOADED by frenzy, Judas now had sprung  
From the dread fatal branch; when onward came,  
Caring on his wings of lurid flame,  
The tempter fiend,—to where the traitor hung:

With hideous fangs the rope he seized, and flung  
The felon down into the realms of shame,  
And liquid fire, which roll'd around his frame,  
And to his hissing bones and marrow clung.

Amid the horror of this vast abyss,  
Smoothing his haughty front, the Foe of Heaven  
Was seen to grin a smile of happiness,  
When seizing in his arms the traitor craven,  
He with his sulphur lips gave back the kiss—  
The traitor kiss—which he to Christ had given

REVIEW.—*Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Notices of his Life. By Thomas Moore, Esq. In two Vols. 4to. Vol. I. pp. 678. Murray. London. 1830.*

OF Lord Byron's powerful intellect, commanding talents, and superlative genius, but one opinion can be entertained; and it is to be regretted, that his friends have not been spared the mortification of palliating in his morals, what they can neither deny nor honourably excuse. He is, however, gone before another tribunal, to which all, whether they applaud his talents, or condemn his principles and conduct, are alike amenable, and the curtain which divides time from eternity is too awful to be drawn aside by mortal hands.

This volume is dedicated to Sir Walter Scott; and in a short, but modest, preface, we are told, that in Lord Byron "the literary and personal character were so closely interwoven, that to have left his works without the instructive commentary which his life and correspondence afford, would have been equally an injustice both to himself and to the world."

The work commences with some historical notices of the Byron family. These were originally of Normandy, and the branch from which the noble poet is descended, came into England with William the Conqueror. The narrative is briefly pursued, until it reaches the birth of his Lordship, "in whose character the pride of ancestry was one of the most decided features."

In tracing Lord Byron from his infancy to schools and college, Mr. Moore loses no opportunity to "catch his manners living as they rise;" and if on many occasions the picture is not pleasing, we have no reason to doubt its accuracy. Pride, passion, sullenness, irritability, self-will, and an impatience under all control, appear to have dawned almost in his cradle, and to have followed him to maturer years. The irritable portion of this unamiable assemblage, he seems to have inherited from his mother, who took charge of him during his infant education, and, unhappily, interfered with the management of the preceptors to whose care he was afterwards consigned.

Between Lord Byron and his mother, we are introduced to a review of many petty quarrels, which sometimes descended to disgraceful personalities. It is well known that, through some accident at his birth, he received an injury in one of his feet, which finally induced lameness, and a settled deformity. On this personal defect he was always remarkably sensitive, nor could his

whole life furnish a sufficiency of philosophy to counteract the vexation, which a reflection on it never failed to occasion. Of this his mother was well aware, and in one of her fits of passion, calling him "a lame brat," he, in return, upbraided her with having "given birth to a monster."

In running through the characteristics of his lordship's ancestors, Mr. Moore has noticed their more striking peculiarities; among which, dissoluteness and wild excesses rarely fail to appear remarkable. These he does not attempt to conceal; and in associating with his family the subject of his biographical notices, he has inserted the following paragraph:

"In reviewing thus cursorily the ancestors, both near and remote, of Lord Byron, it cannot fail to be remarked, how strikingly he combined in his own nature some of the best, and, perhaps, worst qualities that lie scattered through the various characters of his predecessors,—the generosity, the love of enterprise, the high-mindedness of some of the better spirits of his race, with the irregular passions, the eccentricity, and daring recklessness of the world's opinion, that so much characterized others."—p. 5.

In confirmation of the preceding opinion, many anecdotes are recorded of his Lordship's ungovernable passions while a child, and when farther advanced in life; but the amusement which a perusal of them affords, is more than counterbalanced by the pity which some among them are calculated to excite. To think, to act, and to be thought different from others, was to him a source of delight, but unhappily, this singularity rarely enlisted itself on the side of sobriety and virtue. Constitutionally gloomy and misanthropic, his mind seems to have found its principal gratification in the indulgence of romantic thought, traversing the regions of terror in quest of the dark and the mysterious, the awful and the sublime. With wine, women, pistols, pugilism, and midnight revels, he was in his element; and an indefinite notion of fatality presiding over his actions, frequently associated with singularities and omens, gave a colouring of superstition to many of his thoughts and observations.

"In reference to the circumstance of his being an only child, Lord Byron, in one of his journals, mentions some curious coincidences in his family, which, to a mind disposed, as his was, to regard every thing connected with himself as out of the ordinary course of events, would naturally appear even more strange and singular than they are. 'I have been thinking,' he says, 'of an odd circumstance.' My daughter (1.) my wife (2.) my half sister (3.) my mother (4.) my sister's mother (5.) my natural daughter (6.) and myself (7.) are, or were, all only children. My sister's mother (Lady Conyers,) had only my half sister by that second marriage, (herself too an only child,) and my father had only me, an only child by his second marriage with my mother, an only child too. Such a complication of *only* children, all

reading to one family, is singular enough, and looks like fatality almost. But the fiercest animals have the fewest numbers in their litters, as lions, tigers, and even elephants, which are mild in comparison."—p. 7.

Enumerating the books which he had read on various subjects, when about nineteen, his Lordship thus introduces the articles which come under the term Divinity.—"Blair, Porteus, Tillotson, Hooker—all very tiresome. I abhor books of religion, though I reverence my God, without the blasphemous notions of sectaries, or belief in their absurd and damnable heresies, mysteries, and thirty-nine articles."—p. 98.

On pugilists and pugilism, the following fragment will convey his Lordship's sentiments.

"On this day arrives an epistle, signed . . . containing a petition for Robert Gregson, of pugilistic notoriety, now in bondage for certain paltry pounds sterling, and likely to take up his everlasting abode in *Banco Regis*. Had the letter been from any of my *lay* acquaintances, or in short from any person but the gentleman whose signature it bears, I should have marvelled not. If . . . is serious, I congratulate pugilism on the acquisition of such a patron, and shall be happy to advance any sum necessary for the liberation of the captive Gregson."—p. 156.

The anecdote which follows, presents his Lordship in another attitude.

"Of his charity and kind-heartedness, he left behind him at Southwell, as indeed at every place throughout life, where he resided any time, the most cordial recollections. 'He never,' says a person who knew him intimately at this period, 'met with objects of distress, without affording them succour. Among many little traits of this nature, which his friends delight to tell, I select the following, less as a proof of his generosity, than from the interest, which the simple incident itself, as connected with the name of Byron, presents. While yet a school-boy, he happened to be in a bookseller's shop at Southwell, when a poor woman came in to purchase a Bible. The price, she was told by the shopman, was eight shillings. 'Ah dear,' she exclaimed, 'I cannot pay such a price!—I did not think it would have cost half the money.' The woman was then, with a look of disappointment, going away, when young Byron called her back, and made her a present of the Bible."—p. 93.

While but little advanced from infancy, Lord Byron had obtained an extensive acquaintance with the sacred books, first from his nurse, who taught him to repeat a great number of Psalms; and the first and twenty-third, were among the earliest that he committed to memory. In the attachment thus acquired, he was confirmed, while under the tuition of Dr. Glennie, who in reference to this important subject, has made the following observations.

"That the impressions, thus imbibed in his boyhood, had, notwithstanding the irregularities of his after-life, sunk deep into his mind, will appear. I think, to every impartial reader of his works in general; and I have never been able to dress myself of the persuasion, that, in the

strange aberrations which so unfortunately marked his subsequent career, he must have found it difficult to violate the better principles early instilled into him."—p. 31.

That Dr. Glennie was not altogether incorrect in the opinion above stated, may be gathered from the following passage, though it may be fairly doubted, if any thing more than the diction of the sacred writings, their scenes of sublimity, and the incidents and historical facts which they contain, dictated to his pen.

"In a letter which he wrote to Mr. Murray, from Italy, in 1821, after requesting of that gentleman, to send him by the first opportunity a Bible, he adds—don't forget this, for I am a great reader and admirer of those books, and had read them through and through, before I was eight years old—that is to say, the Old Testament, for the New struck me as a task, but the other as a pleasure. I speak as a boy, from the recollected impression of that period at Aberdeen, in 1796."—p. 10.

The biographical notices which this volume contains, though brief, are sufficiently extended to enable an impartial reader to form a fair estimate of the noble poet. They mark the more prominent incidents of his life, trace the progressive development of his intellect and genius, and, in connexion with passages from his works, the times of their publication, and the occasions which called several into existence, of which they are illustrative, leave few things untouched, which it is the province of biography to make known. Combining these notices with his Lordship's letters and journals, Mr. Moore seems to have presented to the public a faithful copy of the original, and if the portrait sometimes excites disgust, the blame attaches not to the artist, but to the person who sat for his likeness.

Between the journals and letters there is such a striking resemblance, that no one can doubt they are the production of the same mind and pen, and to those readers who have been enraptured with his Lordship's works, they cannot fail to prove highly agreeable. The notices of the biographer will be found on most occasions to connect the parts together; and the poetic effusions of his Lordship's muse, which are scattered throughout the volume, will add the charms of verse to the sprightliness of prose, and thus render the whole doubly attractive.

The readers into whose hands a work of this description is likely to fall, may be divided into two classes, the romantic, the reckless, and the gay; and the thoughtful, the reflective, and the sedate. By the former, the brightness of his Lordship's genius will be thought of sufficient lustre to atone for the aberrations of his moral character. To the latter, however, these aberrations will

appear to tarnish the brilliancy of his genius, and cast a sickening gloom over its most splendid emanations. The former, beholding nothing but sparklings of wit and humour, will drink in the delicious nectar of its pages with unhesitating avidity; but the latter, will demur, lest the fascinating garden should teem with vegetable poison, and impregnate with a deadly vapour the atmosphere they are invited to breathe. By the former no danger will be apprehended, and the beauties which they could easily select might be produced, to confirm their opinion; while in these beauties, the latter will suspect that a serpent lies concealed, and to avoid its sting, they will be careful not to come within its range. The former will smile at their superstitious simplicity; but they will be repaid with pity for their presumptuous temerity, and an inability to discover that—

"The fowers of eloquence profusely poured  
O'er spotted vice, all half the lettered world."

The letters of Lord Byron in this volume amount to two hundred and forty-one; beginning with the date of 1804, and ending with 1816. These are addressed to various correspondents, sometimes on business, but more frequently for the sake of intercourse, to make communications or inquiries, imbody incidents, and transmit observations on remote occurrences and passing events. The style in which they are written is vivacious in the extreme. The evidence of superior mental power is visible in almost every sentence. Every thing which looks like dulness is driven away by the strokes of humour, and the sallies of thought, with which their energetic language abounds. They display a mind richly fraught with brilliant and appropriate imagery, with a great diversity of acquirements, and endued with power to command the most felicitous expressions to become their vehicle. The mine whence this enchanting ore is extracted appears inexhaustible; and nothing seems wanting but that the arsenic should be disengaged, to render the metal pure, and, freed from alloy, to give it sterling worth among all classes throughout the civilized world.

But while we bear this testimony to the characteristic merit of these letters, we must not forget that many noxious weeds are growing among their flowers; and unhappily they are so intertwined, that to remove the tares will be to destroy much of the wheat. Easy and familiar in their diction, they unhappily combine colloquial dignity with the unchaste phraseology of titled profligacy. The heedless laugh is frequently blended in an unnatural associa-

tion with subjects of awful solemnity; profaneness is sprinkled over the page with no very sparing hand; and allusions may be found, which need not be twice read, to be fully understood. Sometimes, indeed, supercilious mockery condescends to pay a ceremonious homage to virtue, but the affected attempts to conceal the imposition, only serve more successfully to arrest the attention, and attract the eye, by the thin disguise which seems spread on purpose to be penetrated.

The following extracts will rescue these remarks from the charge of severity:—

"I like the Greeks, who are plausible rascals, with all the Turkish vices, without their courage. However, some are brave, and all are beautiful, very much resembling the busts of Alcibiades:—the women are not quite so handsome. I can swear in Turkish; but, except one horrible oath, and "pimp," and "bread," and "water," I have got no great vocabulary in that language. They are extremely polite to strangers properly protected, and as I have two servants, and two soldiers, we get on with great ease. We have been occasionally in danger of thieves, and once of shipwreck, but always escaped.

"At Malta I fell in love with a married woman, and challenged an aide-de-camp of General . . . (a rude fellow, who grinned at something,—I never knew rightly what) but he explained and apologized, and the lady embarked for Cadix, so that I escaped murder and crim-con. Of Spain, I sent some account to our Hodgson, but have subsequently written to no one, save notes to relations, and lawyers to keep them out of my premises. I mean to give up all connexion on my return, with many of my best friends—as I supposed them—and to snarl all my life. But I hope to have one good-humoured laugh with you, and to embrace Dwyer, and pledge Hodgson, before I commence cynicism."

—p. 322.

"I omitted Ephesus in my catalogue, which I visited during my sojourn at Smyrna; but the temple has almost perished, and St. Paul need not trouble himself to epistolise the present brood of Ephesians, who have converted a large church built entirely of marble into a mosque, and I don't know that the edifice looks the worse for it.

"My paper is full and my ink ebbing—good afternoon! If you address me at Malta, the letters will be forwarded wherever I may be. H. greets you, he pines for his poetry, at least some tidings of it. I almost forget to tell you that I am dying for love of three Greek girls at Athens, sisters, I recs. Mariana, and Katina, are the names of these divinities, all of them under 15."—p. 324.

Of Lord Byron's Journal, commencing June 14th, 1813, the following extracts will speak for themselves:—

"If this had been begun ten years ago, and faithfully kept!!! heigho! there are too many things I wish never to have remembered, and so it is. Well, I have had my share of what are called the pleasures of this life, and have seen more of the European and Asiatic world, than I have made a good use of. They say 'virtue is its own reward'; it certainly should be well paid for its trouble. At five-and-twenty, when the better part of life is over, one should be something:—and what am I? nothing but five-and-twenty, and the odd months. What have I seen? the same man all over the world, ay and the same woman too. Give me a Mussulman who never asks questions, and a she of the same race who saves one the trouble of putting them. But for this same plague—yellow fever—and Newstead delays, I should have been by this time a second time close to the Enxine. If I can overcome the last, I don't so much mind your pestilence; and at any rate, the spring shall see me there,—provided I neither marry myself, nor unmarried any one else in the interval. I wish one was ——— I don't know what I wish. It is odd I never set myself seriously to wishing without attaining it—and repenting. I begin to believe, with the good old Magi, that one should only pray for the nation,

and not for the individual; but on my principles this would not be very patriotic.

"Darius called before I was up, so we did not meet. Lewis too—who seems out of humour with every thing. What can be the matter? he is not married—has he lost his own mistress, or any other person's wife? Hodgson too came. He is going to be married, and he is the kind of man who will be the happier. He has talents, cheerfulness, every thing that can make him a pleasing companion; and he is intended to be handsome and young, and all that. But I never see any one much improved by matrimony. All my coupled contemporaries are held and discontented. W. and S. have both lost their hair and good humour; and the last of the two had a good deal to lose. But it don't much signify what falls of a man's temples in that state."—p. 436.

"No letter from C.—but I must not complain. The respectable Job says, 'Why should a living man complain?' I really don't know, except it be that a man can't; and his old patriarch did complain nevertheless, till his friends were tired, and his wife recommended that pious prologue, 'curse and die,' the only time, I suppose, when but little relief is to be found in swearing."—p. 439.

"I have begun, or had begun, a song, and flung it into the fire. It was in remembrance of Mary Duff, my first of flames, before most people begin to burn. I wonder what the d—l is the matter with me. I can do nothing, and fortunately there is nothing to do. It has lately been in my power to make two persons and their connexions comfortable, *proprio*, and one happy *ex proprio*; I rejoice in the last particularly, as it is an excellent man. I wish they had been more inconvenient, and less gratification to my self-love in it, for then there had been more merit. We are all selfish—and I believe, ye gods of Epicurus! I believe in Rochefoucault, about men, and in Lucretius, (not Busby's translation) about yourselves. Your bard has made you very *melancholic* and blest; but as he has excused you from d—l, I don't envy your blessed *weak*—a little to be sure. I remember last year, C. said to me, at C.—'Have we not passed our last month like the gods of Lucretius?' And so we had. She is as adept in the text of the original, (which I like too), and when that booby Bus. sent his translating prospectus, she subscribed. But the d—l prompting him to add a specimen, she transmitted him a subsequent answer, saying, that 'after perusing it, her conscience would not permit her to allow her name to remain on the list of subscribers.'"

"Called on C.—to explain C.—. She is very beautiful, to my taste at least; for on coming home from abroad, I recollect being unable to look at any woman but her—they were so fair, and unmeaning, and *monde*. The darkness and regularity of her features reminded me of my 'Jannet al Aden.' But the impression wore off, and I can now look on a fair woman, without longing for a Hourie. She was very good tempered, and every thing was explained."

"A day great news—the Dutch have taken Holland, which I suppose will be succeeded by the actual explosion of the Thames. Five provinces have declared for young Stadt, and there will be inundation, conflagration, constupration, consternation, and every sort of nation, and nations fighting away, up to the knees, in the d—l—ble quags of this will-the-whip abode of Boors. It is said Bernadotte is amongst them too, and, as Orange will be there soon, they will have (Crown,) Prince Stork, and King Log, in their loggery at the same time. Two to one on the new dynasty."

"Mr. Murray has offered me one thousand guineas for the 'Ginour,' and the 'Bride of Abydos.' I won't—it is too much, though I am strongly tempted, merely for the *say* of it. No bad price for a fortnight's (a week each), what?—it was intended to be called poetry."

"I have dined regularly to-day, for the first time since Sunday last—this being Sabbath too. All the meat, tea, and dry biscuits, six *per diem*. I wish to G.—I had not dined now. It kills me with heaviness, stupor, and horrible dreams;—and yet it was but a pint of bucellas, and fish. Meat I never touch—nor much vegetable diet. I wish I were in the country to take exercise, instead of being obliged to cool by abstinence, in lieu of it. I should not so much mind a little accession of flesh,—my bones can well bear it. But the worst is the d—l—always came with it, till I starve him out, and I will not be the slave of *any* appetite. If I do err, it shall be my heart, at least that heralds the way. Oh my head—how it aches!—the errors of digestion. I wonder how Buonaparte's dinner agrees with him."—p. 441 to 443.

From the preceding extracts, the reader will be able to form a tolerable estimate of this volume. The specimens given may

be considered as a fair sample of the whole.

The same vivacity, versatility, and unchastened levity, run through nearly all the letters, and all the journals. Sometimes indeed a few sober sentences may be found, but they are rarely permitted to enjoy undisturbed repose. An unexpected turn of thought, sally of wit, or indelicacy of allusion, brought into contrast, makes them appear ludicrous, by dressing them in the garb of caricature. In all the productions of his Lordship's pen, recorded in this volume, the element in which he delights to move may easily be perceived. His centre of gravity occupies no very considerable altitude; and it is only when he discharges his rockets, that we admire the elevation to which they rise, and wonder at the power that could cause them, thus soaring, to display such varied stars of beauty, and such enchanting flashes of intellectual lightning, as sometimes half dazzle the sight of the beholder with their numerous coruscations and the brilliancy of their colours.

There are few books of interest, which any reader can peruse without being either benefited or injured by their contents. The good or evil genius which presides over their pages, will extend its influence through no small portion of the reading community. The wings of wit are capable of conveying a ponderous mass of evil to a considerable distance, and wherever the load is dropped the surrounding atmosphere becomes contaminated with the infectious effluvia it emits.

To readers whose minds are constituted like Lord Byron's, and whose admiration can be excited by similar pursuits, this will be ranked among the most entertaining books which the present, or any preceding age, has produced; and perhaps occupy, in their estimation and catalogue, the most conspicuous place. In addition to these, vast numbers may be found, who, disclaiming all attachment to dissipation, take shelter under *freedom of thought, impartial inquiry*, and a *superiority to vulgar prejudices*, and who think that an exuberance of genius can supply the deficiencies of morals, to whom it will furnish a delicious repast: and the names of individuals filling exalted stations in the community, which constantly recur, will strongly recommend it to the uninitiated.

To the more sober, deliberate, and calculating, it will, however, appear in a very different light. They will view it as a polluted book, to which many branches of their families ought to be denied access; and not a few, we suspect, will be ready to exclaim,

"What better far to oblivion were consigned  
Is hung on high to poison half mankind."

In our perusal, we have found much to admire, and much, to condemn. It abounds with beauties, and also with the virus of moral contamination. It seems to combine "some of the best and some of the worst qualities" of the noble poet. His name, however, is more than sufficient to ensure an extensive sale; and few, perhaps, among the numerous admirers of his poetry, but will be anxious to possess these Letters, and biographical notices. In the latter, from the pen of Mr. Moore, no attempts have been made to vindicate the deformities of his Lordship's morals; and we consider the omission not less honourable to the principles of the biographer, than the arrangement of the materials is reputable to his talents and his fame, though standing among the foremost poets of the age in which he lives.

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REVIEW.—*Satan; a Poem.* By Robert Montgomery. 12mo. pp. 390. Maun-der, London. 1830.

THE author of this volume having, by his former publications, secured an honourable niche in the temple of fame, great expectations will always be excited by every article which he sends into the world. On the present occasion, solicitude is awakened with peculiar intensity. The name of his hero communicates to the reader a kind of poetic inspiration, through which he is prepared for great exploits; so that while "on weak wings from far," he follows the enchanter's flight, it is with a full persuasion, that he shall behold his muse soaring

"Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

Satan is a very notorious character, of extensive dominion, and of large acquaintance. To his moral features very few are entire strangers; and unless the lineaments of his countenance are faithfully preserved, many will entertain doubts if he ever sat to Mr. Montgomery for his likeness. There can be no question, that his infernal majesty may be exhibited in a great variety of attitudes. Cloven feet, a long tail, and a frightful pair of horns, are not essential to the fidelity of representation. He may transform himself into an angel of light, visit the pulpit, the senate, or the bar, or admire the paintings at Somerset-house, without displaying those terrific appendages to which fanciful superstition has given a monstrous birth. There are not many positions in which he can be placed, that will be wholly inconsistent with his real character; and with almost any mode of

conduct, it would be easy to incorporate many of his striking peculiarities. What fable has attributed to Proteus of old, may be affirmed of him without fiction or hyperbole, through all the intermediate gradations, from "a stripling cherub" visiting Uriel in the sun, to "a roaring lion," roaming the earth, "seeking whom he may devour."

When the name of Satan first appeared before us in the titlepage, fancy immediately depicted him as glorying in fields of battle, delighting in rivers of human blood, originating the intrigues of courts, generating despotism, slavery, anarchy, and national commotions on an extended scale, and exulting over the miseries of a distracted world. Through the same magical optic, we beheld him presiding at the gaming table, frequenting masquerades, amusing listening audiences with the speeches of mimic heroes on the stage, inspiring passion with ferocity, promoting assassination, duelling, and suicide, and encouraging drunkenness, midnight revels, and criminal excesses in all their varieties. Over these, and over all the numerous vices which deform the human character, though located in operation, rather than diminutive in turpitude, we expected to behold him glow with rapture, and

"Grim horrible a ghastly smile."

On turning, however, to the pages of this poem, we found that the author had, in many respects, taken a very different view of this "chief of many throned powers," and exhibited him with features, which many, who would disclaim the character of devils, would be almost proud to own.

The whole is divided into three books, in each of which, Satan is the only personage who either meditates or speaks. It is a long soliloquy, which proceeds from beginning to end, without any interruption, containing observations on historical incidents, on passing occurrences, and on events which are as yet embosomed in futurity. To the dark workings of the infernal mind, no one is presumed to be privy; the poet has therefore a fair opportunity of representing Satan under the influence of feelings, and as uttering expressions, which he can have no inducement to disguise. Thus circumstanced, we feel no astonishment, that he should bear his testimony to the truths of Revelation, and half regret the miseries, as well as triumph over the degraded condition, of human nature.

If "the keen vibration of bright truth be Hell," we may well allow Satan in solitude to become a genuine moralist, and even a preacher of righteousness, when there is no



hearer to be benefited by his discourse. In much of this character the poet presents him to our view. For a season he sustains the part assumed with consummate address, but various incidents breaking in upon the reveries of his meditation, rage and passion burst forth in terrible violence, and all the devil burns and heaves with infernal fury. Throughout the poem many instances of this kind occur; but we perceive nothing inconsistent in the whole, although the materials may appear incongruous. That these views of Satan have been taken by the author, we have his own authority for asserting. His preface is in verse, and in one of the stanzas he thus delineates his plan of procedure:—

"And such, a wanderer o'er the earth,  
The viewless power, I've dared to draw,  
And humanly have given birth  
To all he *WILL* and all he *SAW*."

In the first Book, Satan, standing on the mountain-head, where he tempted the Saviour, and was foiled by him, takes a cursory review of the world, and looks back, through the vista of departed ages, on the most renowned kingdoms of the earth, which having lived their day and disappeared, furnish a certain presage, that every thing beneath the sun being in a state of mutation, will finally sink in the vortex of time, and retire from the empire of visible existence. This universal desolation, he not only infers from analogy, but from the language of inspiration, in which he

"—Is visioned as the Prince of air,  
A spirit that would crush the universe,  
And battle with eternity."

In his gloomy retrospection, and while moralizing on various events, Columbus appears on the stage of existence, and his discovery of America leads the fiend to the following observations on this great achievement, connected with some of its effects and consequences:—

"Then hugest region of the quarter'd globe,  
Where all the climates dwell, and Nature moves  
In majesty,—hereafter, when the tides  
Of circumstance have roll'd their changing years,  
What empires may be born of thee!—thy ships,  
By thousands, dancing o'er the isle-strewn deep;  
Thy banners waved in every land. E'en now  
Defiance flashes from thy fearless eye,  
While Nature tells thee greatness is thine own.—  
Who on those dreadful giants of the South,  
Those pyramids, by the Creator rear'd,  
Those Andes, girdled with the storms, can gaze;  
Or hear Niagara's unearthly might  
Leap downward in a dash of proud despair,  
Mocking the thunder with impassion'd sound,—  
Nor think the Spirit of ambition wakes  
From each free glory?—What a grandeur lives  
Through each stern scene!—in yon Canadian  
woods,  
Whose stately poplars clothe their heads with  
clouds,  
And dignify creation as they stand;  
Or in the rain-woods,—rivers where they fall!—  
Or hurricanes, that howl themselves along,

Life-winged monsters, ravenously wild,  
Sublimity o'er all her soul hath breath'd,  
And yet a curse is on thee!—'tis the curse  
Of havoc, which the violators reap'd  
For thy young destiny, when first amid  
Thy wilds the cannon pour'd his thundering awe,  
Shaking the trees that never yet had bow'd,  
Savage to the storminess of Nature's ire.  
"Hath gentleness redeem'd the guilt of old?  
Hath Freedom heal'd the wounds of War, and paid  
Her ransom to the nameless and unknown,  
The unremember'd, but the soul-immortal still,  
The dead,—whose birthright was sublime as kings'?  
Approach, and answer me, dejected one!  
Art thou the remnant of a free-born race,  
Majestic lords of Nature's majesty?  
Of them, whose brows were bold as heaven, whose  
hands

Off tamed the woods,—whose feet outfi'd the winds  
Who faced the lightning with undaunted gaze,  
And dream'd the thunder language of their God?  
The Earth and Sky—'twas Freedom's and their  
own.

But thou—the Sun hath written on thee, SLAVES!  
A branded limb, and a degraded mind  
The tyrants give thee for eternal toil,  
And tears; or lash thy labour out in blood!

"And some are Britons, who enslave the free;  
Then boast not, England! while a Briton links  
The chain of thralldom, glory can be thine.  
Vain are thy vows, thy temples, and thy truths  
That hallow them, while yet a slave exists  
Who curses thee: each curse in heaven is heard;  
'Tis seal'd, and answer'd in the depths below!

"From dungeon and from den of thence comes a voice  
That supplicates for Freedom; from the tomb  
Of martyrs her transcendence is told,  
And dimm'd she may, but cannot be destroy'd.—  
Who bends the spirit from its high domain,  
On God himself a sacrilege commits;  
For soul doth share in His supremacy;  
To crush it, is to violate His power,  
And grasp the sceptre an Almighty yields!

"For freedom,—such as proud Ambition call'd  
A freedom, I lost heaven, and therefore, slaves  
On earth, are victims that I scorn to see.  
No! let them in their liberty be mine;  
Or, what if foul Oppression fill the cup  
Of crime, that Hell may have a deeper draught?  
My kingdom is of evil, and the crowns  
Of many an earth-born despot glitter there.  
Then let the pangless hearts of tyrants beat  
Unblasted, till, from deepest agony,  
With the proud wrath of ages in her soul,  
Freedom arise, and vindicate her name!"

Book I. p. 56—62.

The preceding extract can hardly fail to place Mr. Montgomery's principles and talents in a very favourable light. His reasonings are clear and natural, his feelings on slavery impassioned, indignant, and humane; his accusations against Britons more than merited, and his lines dignified, glowing, and harmonious. His description of India is full of vigour. Her mountains, capabilities, and the superstitions of her inhabitants, are encircled with wreaths of poetic laurels. Ancient Rome rises before us in hoary grandeur, and the mind is awakened to pensive reflection on contrasting her former with her present degraded state.

The Second Book is more ethical and didactic than the First. In these departments Satan ranges uncontrolled, and delivers his sentiments in language that may be supposed to portray the inward workings of a mind alienated from good, yet

awed into a transient abandonment of dissimulation, by the overwhelming force of truth. On exploring the sources of moral phenomena, as displayed in the conduct of mankind, the arch-fiend discovers in his train of ministers, Pride, Ambition, Avarice, Envy, Lust, and Jealousy. These he apostrophizes; to these he acknowledges his obligations; and to their active operation he admits that he is much indebted for the wide diffusion of his empire, and its stability among mankind. Atheism also comes in for its share of praise, but the eulogy bestowed on its abettors, is such a felicitous compound of approbation and contempt, that we quote the following lines:—

"An Atheist,—he hath never faced an hour,  
And not belied the name he bore. His doubt  
Is darkness from the unbelieving will  
Begot, and oft a parasite to sin  
Too dear to be deserted,—for the truth  
That unveils Heaven and her immortal thrones,  
Uncovers Hell, and awful duties too!  
Meanwhile I flatter the surpassing fool,  
And hear him challenge God to bare his brow,  
Unsphere some orb, and shew Him all sublime."  
p. 144.

The primeval state of man, the infernal machinations which introduced moral evil, and some of the immediate effects of sin, present themselves to the mental eye of Satan in his retrospection of ancient great events. Christianity also claims a place in his reflections, and to the Saviour of mankind he yields a sort of involuntary and reluctant homage.

"The Saviour, Son of the Most High, enthroned  
Amid the Hallelujahs of the blest,  
I saw him ere the universe began:  
When space was wordless, luminously filled  
With emanations of vast deity;  
I saw him when immensity his voice  
Obeyed, and NOTHING started into worlds.  
And did I not,—he witness, Powers infernal!  
Bear on my brow the lightnings that he wreaked,  
Because I would not to his Godhead bend?"

"Too deep the vengeance of atoning blood  
On me shall come, for him to be forgot!  
I hate him for the ruined world he saved;  
And yet his glorious pilgrimage confess."  
p. 183—185

The world thus morally surveyed, Satan towards the termination of this book, withdraws his attention from other objects, and meditating on himself, and on the relation in which he stands to the Almighty, thus pours forth the agonized feelings which burn within. The lines are majestic and awful, and derive an indescribable pathos from those mingled emotions of pride, terror, indignation, sorrow, and despair, which live in every sentence.

"Thou dread Avenger! ever-living One!  
Lone Arbitrer! Eternal, Vast, and True;  
The soul and centre of created things  
In atoms or in worlds, around whose throne  
Eternity is wheel'd; who look'st— and life  
Appears; who frown'st, and life hath pass'd away!  
Thou God!—I feel thine everlasting Curse,

Yet wither not: the lightnings of Thy wrath  
Burn in my spirit, yet it shall endure  
Unblasted,—that which cannot be extinct.

"Thou sole Transcendency, and deep Abyss  
From whence the universe of life was drawn?  
Unutter'd is Thy nature; to Thyself alone  
The fathom'd, prov'd, and comprehended God;  
Though once the steep of Thine Almightiness  
This haught, unbowing spirit would have climb'd,  
And sat beside thee, God with God enthron'd,—  
And vanquish'd, fell.—Thy might I'll not disclaim.  
Immutable! Omnipotence is Thine;  
Perfections, Powers, and Attributes unnamed  
Attend Thee; Thou art all, and oh! how great  
That consummation! Worlds to worlds  
Repeat it, angels and archangels veil  
Their wings, and shine more glorious at the sound:  
Thus infinite and fathomless, Thou wert,  
And art, and wilt be. In thine awful blaze  
Of majesty, amid empyreal pomp  
Of Sanctities, chief Hierarchy, I stood  
Before Thy throne, terrifically bright,  
And heard the hymning thunders voice Thy name.  
While bow'd the heavens, and echoed Deity!

"Then heard a dark and dreadful swell of  
pride  
Within me; an ambition, huge and high  
Enough to overshadow The Supreme,  
In full intensity before me tower'd;  
And fronted pride against Omnipotence!  
Thus rose the anarchy, the hell of war  
Amid the skies; then frown'd embattled hosts,  
In unimaginable arms divine,—  
But why recount it? we were disarray'd,  
And sent in flaming whirlwinds to the deep  
Tartarean, where my never-ending doom  
Is hell!—but Thou art heaven, and heaven is God.

"And yet divided empire I have won.  
Behold the havoc in Thy beauteous world!  
And have I not, recount it, Space and Time!  
Thy master-piece, creation's god of clay,  
Dethroned from that high excellence he proved,  
When first man walk'd a shadow of Thyself?  
Prostration vile, an alienate from Thee,  
Man is;—and shall his fallen nature rise,  
Regain her height, and fill ethereal thrones?  
Many a cloud of evil shall be burst  
Ere that day come; severe and dread the strife  
Of sullied nature with the soul of man!  
Wherever localized, what'er his creed  
Temptation, like a spirit, tracks his path,  
Though every pang by sin produced, increase  
The agonized Eternity I bear.

"A doleful midnight to cerulean day  
Is not more opposite, than I to Thee:  
Thou art the glorious, I the evil One;  
Thou reign'st above; my kingdom is below;  
On earth, 'tis thine to succour and adorn  
The soul, through Him the Interceding Judge,  
By thoughts divine, and agencies direct;  
To cheer the gentle, and reward the good,  
And o'er the many waves and woes of life  
To pour the sunshine of Almighty love!  
'Tis mine to darken, wither and destroy  
Creation and her hopes,—to make them hell.  
"Then roll thee on, thou high and haughty  
World,

And queen it bravely o'er the universe!  
Still be thy sun as bright, thy sea as loud  
In her sublimity, thy floods and winds  
As potent, and thy lordling elements  
As vast in their creative range of power,  
As each and all have ever been: build thrones,  
And empires, heap the mountain of thy crimes,  
Be mean or mighty, wise or worthless still,—  
Yet I am with thee! and my power shall reign  
Until the trumpet of thy doom be heard,  
Thine ocean vanish'd, and thy heavens no more!  
'Till thou be tenantless, a well'ring mass  
Of fire, a dying and dissolving world:  
And then, Thy hidden lightnings are unsheath'd,  
O God! the thunders of Despair shall roll;  
Mine hour is come, and I am wreck'd of all,  
All save Eternity, and that is mine."—p. 198 to 204.

The Third Book bears, in several respects, a strong resemblance to the second,

so that many remarks which have been made on that, are applicable to this. Enough, however, still remains, to render the dissimilarity quite apparent. In some respects the reasoning is more abstract and philosophical, and in others the objects are more specific and local. England undergoes a long investigation, and, with all her excellencies, advantages, and pretensions to sanctity and virtue, furnishes Satan with more occasions for smiles than tears. Money, we are told, the "god of England seems;" and the Thespian dome, among others, is frequented by

"—— a sensual tribe  
Convened to hear romantic harlots sing,  
On forms to banquet a lascivious gaze,  
While the bright perdy of wanton eyes  
Through brain and spirit dart delicious fire."

p. 273

In England, fashion also holds her court, and here religion lends a garment to hypocrisy. Glory, Pleasure, Learning, Power, and Fame, are among the idols which are worshipped, and the streets of her metropolis teem with crime. But this the author shall express in his own language:—

"Thou English Babylon! The Book of Life  
With records that have made the angels weep,  
Each daring moment thou dost darkly dill:—  
For whatsoever the Spirit can reveal  
Of fallen nature, in her varying realm  
Of sinfulness, is ever shewn by thee.  
Here, Fraud and Murder on their thrones erect  
Infernal standards, and around them swarm  
Such progenies as Vilence, Want, and Woe  
Beget,—to live, like cannibals, on blood;  
Or move as crawling vipers in the path  
Of infamy, foul lewdness, or despair.  
Here, Misery betrays her wildest form,  
And sheds her hottest tear. See! as they rush,  
Thy million sons, along the sounding streets,  
Upon them bow she turns her haggard gaze,  
Lifts her shrunk hand, and with heart-piercing  
wail

A boon in God's name asks:—but let her die,  
And be her death-couch the remorseless stones!  
For when the hungry winter blast shall pause  
To list the wailing of a lonely tree,  
Thy crowds will stop, and pity her despair!  
Here Pride in her most vulgar glory struts;  
And Envy all her vip'rous offspring breeds,  
To scatter poison with a hand unseen.—  
But Mammon! thou almighty fiend of Hell,  
Sure London is thy ever-royal seat,  
Thy chosen capital, thy matchless home!  
Where rank idolaters, of every lot  
And land, do bow them to the basest dust  
That Falsehood, Flattery, or Cunning trends,  
From dawn to eve, and serve them with as true  
A love, as ever angel served his God!  
See! how the hard and greedy worldlings crowd,  
With toiling motion, through the foot-worn ways;  
The sour and sullen, wretched, rack'd, and wild,—  
The whole vile circle of uneasy slaves;  
Mark one, with features of ferocious hue;  
Another, carv'd by Villany's own hand  
A vimage wears, and through the trait'rous blood  
The spirit works, like venom from the soul!"

Book III. p. 326—328.

On the luminous side of England, it is but fair to state, that Satan is taught to cast some frowning and unpleasant glances. He rejoices that the truths promulgated are so generally neglected and disbelieved,

but regrets that so many should enlist under the banners of salvation. On these topics, however, we have no room for any further extracts, and very little for additional remarks.

We have perused this poem with much attention and interest, and have, on the whole, been highly gratified with its contents. In some parts, however, the description of scenery appears to be redundant; occasionally Satan assumes an attitude better calculated to excite our pity, than to secure our indignation; and several paragraphs might be found, in which we insensibly forget the speaker, and are involuntarily led to think, that the poet has taken the place of his hero. More than once have we thus been brought to a pause, but the reflection of a few moments dissipating the clouds, consistency of character has speedily resumed its station.

This poem embraces a vast fund of materials, which are at once diversified and important. The sentiments are bold, masculine, and energetic. The language is always harmonious, frequently elegant, and sometimes sublime. It is a work which genius may be proud to own, and one which will augment, rather than diminish, the author's reputation.

REVIEW.—*Materialism Refuted, in a Series of Observations on Time and Eternity; Space and Extension; Matter and Motion; Light and Darkness; from which a conclusive proof is drawn, that neither the Universe, nor any of its Materials, can have always existed.* By Joseph Unwin. 8vo. pp. 72. Hurst and Chance. London. 1829.

SHOULD any of our readers be disposed to estimate the value of a book by the number of its pages, an attentive perusal of the thin volume before us, will effectually correct the error. Its title exhibits the land of promise beaming in perspective, and the conclusion at which it aims is too momentous not to summon all the energies of the soul to the subjects proposed for investigation. Under this impression, and with expectations highly excited, we have followed the author through his chapters and sections, and in the result we feel some surprise that our sanguine anticipations have not been disappointed.

Within so narrow a compass as seventy-two pages, it is not to be expected that Mr. Unwin has examined all the topics which stand connected with Matter, Motion, Time, and Eternity; or that he has analyzed the various objections to which ingenious

sophistry has given birth. This is a task which no human effort can perform; but we feel no hesitation in avowing our full conviction, that he has made good his conclusion—that “neither the universe nor any of its materials can have always existed.”

The views which the author has taken of Space, Duration, Time, and Eternity, have in them much novelty; but it is of such a character as to strengthen, not impair the cogency of his reasonings. The following extract, from the first section in his concluding observations, can hardly fail to confirm our favourable opinion of the author's talents, and to exalt his treatise in the estimation of the reader:

“If time be *without beginning*, it was always without beginning; or it could not now be so. Now, from what has been shewn, it is evident, that there cannot be any one point taken in time without beginning; when *past time* will not *then* be as inexhaustible as it now is; or when *past time* will not *then* be as inexhaustible as it *ever* will be. No truth can stand on surer foundations than this,—that *time* has, and ever will have, two limits. For let *past time* be considered under the idea of a right line, having only *one end*, and surely it will not be said that *past time*, having only *one end*, is not in similar circumstances to a *right line* having only *one end*. Now it has been clearly proved, that any right line, having only *one end*, is inexhaustible; and one having no ends at all can be no more. Wherefore, any time *without beginning* is inexhaustible; and time having neither beginning nor end, cannot be more. Whence it follows, that time never can have been open to increase: it never can have been open to increase with less than two limits; but it never had more than one, consequently *past time* can never have been open to increase. Nor will *time* to come ever be open to increase: for it will never be open to increase with less than *two limits*: but it can never have more than one. Wherefore, it follows unavoidably, that there has not been a period in *past time*, when the universe had not *then* existed as long as it now has; and that there never will be a period in *time* to come, when the universe will have then existed longer than it now has.—Now, because this conclusion cannot be true, the premises must be false. Time has two limits, and for ever will have two: as motion must be brought into operation at all as an exhaustor, of what has only one end; it never can have been in operation as a generator, of what has only one end.”—p. 62.

To survey the author's reasonings in all their acuteness, and to communicate a clear conception of the premises on which his ultimate conclusion is founded, it would be necessary to transcribe nearly all his book. The arguments, though distinct as parts, are linked together by indissoluble ties, and no portion can be detached without breaking the chain, and thereby injuring the whole. We have perused what he has advanced with admiration, and think it calculated to inundate the field of scepticism with a flood of light.

During the whole course of our wanderings through the thorny regions of metaphysics, we have rarely seen profound argument conducted with less ostentation, or with more ability. Nothing extraneous is

suffered to intrude on the question at issue, to divert the attention, of either writer or reader, from the paths which are conducting both to the ultimate result. The distance between the premises and conclusion is confined within narrow limits; and in the examination of all the links in the chain, should any one escape the mental eye, the journey will not be long, should the reader find it needful to retrace his steps, to recover what he had either overlooked or lost. In doing this, he will find an ample compensation for a momentary exertion; it will shew, as he advances, the solid foundation on which he treads; and render impregnable the conviction, in which his mind will find repose. He will be compelled to assent to a few simple propositions, namely, that something must have existed from eternity, of which space and eternity are the mediums,—that infinity must be predicated of this something which has thus existed,—that neither the universe, nor any of its materials, can be this something, because they cannot always have existed;—and, as the inevitable consequence, that this something is God.

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REVIEW.—*Six Sermons, on the Nature, Occasions, Signs, Evils, and Remedy of Intemperance.* By Lyman Beecher, D.D., Boston, United States. pp. 112.  
—*Notices respecting Drunkenness, and the means employed for restraining the evil.* By a Medical Practitioner. pp. 31.—*On the Extent and Remedy of National Intemperance.* By John Dunlop, Esq. pp. 124. Whittaker, London, 1829.

EVERY reasonable person will allow, that intemperance is an evil of the most gigantic magnitude; involving, by its destructive influence, individuals and families in misery, and extending its awful consequences into another world.

In the United States this prevailing vice has awakened the solicitude of laymen and divines, to devise means for checking its progress; and, through their laudable exertions, 500 temperance societies, including 100,000 members, have been formed in various parts. Of these societies the fundamental rule is, that all their members engage to abstain from the use of ardent spirits, unless for medicinal purposes, and also to relinquish all intoxicating liquors, agreeably to given laws, by which they all profess to be governed. Already have these establishments been productive of incalculable benefits, and from their rapid increase they promise to effect a moral revolution among all classes of the community.

The flame thus lighted up in America, has thrown both its light and heat across the Atlantic, so that England, Scotland, and Ireland begin to catch its rays, and enjoy its vital warmth. In our last number, an energetic pamphlet, by G. C. Smith of London, dragging the monster intemperance before the public, and exposing its hideous deformity, fell under our observations, and we have now to notice, transmitted from Glasgow, the several articles named in the title.

On subjects of this kind, it is not literary but moral excellence that must furnish a passport to recommendation; we shall therefore rather estimate their aggregate weight, than descant on their comparative degrees of merit, leaving them to combine their forces against the hydra which something more than the power of Hercules will be necessary to subdue. The evils of intemperance are so numerous and prominent, that little ingenuity is required, to find advantageous points of attack. Depraved appetite, the influence of bad example, and the force of pernicious habit, furnish its armour, and only fortification; and these the pamphlets before us unite their powers to destroy.

By the authors of the above pamphlets, this detestable but fascinating vice, is viewed in various lights, in reference both to time and eternity, and the arguments which they concentrate are of considerable force. To this source may be traced the major portion of the crimes that degrade, and the miseries which afflict human nature. Between intemperance and disease the connexion is clearly pointed out; it deteriorates the intellectual powers, emaciates the bodily frame, and shortens the life of man; and in proportion to the fatal indulgence which the propensity craves, it acquires an imperious ascendancy, lays prostrate the power of resistance, and bids defiance to all control.

In addition to the forcible reasonings which these pamphlets contain, their authors give many awful instances, founded on fact, to illustrate their positions; and concur in opinion, that the only certain way to escape the effect is, by avoiding the cause. In Scotland we apprehend that the exertions of these genuine philanthropists have produced a powerful sensation, and the public press has cheerfully rendered its assistance to second their benevolent efforts. In England and Ireland also, a movement is beginning to be perceived, and as the effects of these humane exertions become apparent, there can be little doubt that the influence of temperance societies will be diffused throughout the country.

It will be needless to enumerate the arguments by which the vice of drunkenness is assailed. They lie on the surface of the subject; and, sufficient in force and number to produce conviction, they cannot fail to present themselves to every person who values health, prosperity, and peace. On the ground of reason, nothing can be urged in favour of the vice. It is not therefore a subject of controversy, but a war between reason, revelation, and all the moral virtues, on the one side—and appetite, habit, and mere animal gratification, on the other. Among the victims of intemperance, few are to be found who will seriously vindicate their own excesses; but propensity and temptation are too strong for the dictates of conscience and the decisions of the judgment to overcome. With such as these, reason, revelation, and conscience, will perhaps plead in vain; but to the young, and unconfirmed in habits of intemperance, these societies offer a friendly asylum, in which, with a moderate share of resolution, they may find safety, beyond the reach of allurements, which, when exposed to their influence, they have scarcely power or inclination to resist.

In the suppression of intemperance all ranks of society are deeply interested, and to accomplish so desirable an object, every friend to his country, and every advocate of virtue, should lend a helping hand. Scotland, in these pamphlets, has set a noble example, worthy of universal imitation. We wish them an extensive circulation, being fully persuaded, that to secure approbation, they need only be known, and, that the principles they inculcate, reduced to practice, will produce a mighty change in the condition of the vast family of human population.

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REVIEW.—*A New Metrical Version of the Psalms*, by W. Wrangham. 12mo. pp. 385. Simpkin and Marshall. London. 1829.

So many unsuccessful attempts have been made to reduce the Psalms into regular metre, that we could almost wish another version had never been projected. The formalities of a measured cadence consist so badly with these divine compositions, that, perhaps, it is not too much to say, they cannot be versified without manifest injury. If, however, there could be found a species of verse which would take in all the sublimities of sound and sense that dignify the original, it must be one far removed from the rhythms, usually employed.

A versification of the Psalms is intended to adapt them better to musical composition and devotional singing; the translator therefore, fettered with metre, is necessarily led into paraphrase; and between the rhyme and the amplification of words, all the spirit, chastity, and dignity of the Hebrew are nearly lost.

The Version of the Psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins is miserable, and that by Brady and Tate is, at least, not very successful; to say, therefore, that the present version bears the common stamp of human inability to speak with the voice of God, can imply no censure. A few instances from the latter, will serve to show how much is lost by the versification:

"O could I, like the dove, perform  
My voyage through the sky;  
Then would I hasten from the storm,  
And to the desert fly." Psalm 55.—p. 125.

6. "Oh! that I had wings like a dove: for then would I flee away, and be at rest.

7. "Lo, then would I get me away afar off: and remain in the wilderness.

8. "I would make haste to escape: because of the stormy wind and tempest." Psalm 55.

Can any thing be more beautiful than the language and imagery here employed? The stanza preceding this citation certainly has not clothed the ideas in circumlocution, but it exhibits very little of the superhuman dignity of sentiment which shines in the original.

Again:—

"The God of battle *shall* arise,  
And scatter all his enemies;  
They who the Lord of hosts defy,  
Before his vengeful arm *shall* fly.

"As smoke driv'n onward by the wind,  
The wicked *shall* no shelter find;  
Like wax dissolv'd before the fire,  
They *shall* at His approach expire."

Psalm 68.—p. 151.

1. "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered; let them also that hate him flee before him.

2. "Like as the smoke vanisheth, so shalt thou drive them away: and like as wax melteth at the fire, so let the ungodly perish at the presence of God." Psalm 68.

One more comparison between the metrical version and the translation in use, and we have done:—

"Where Babel's streams their course pursue,  
We sate, and tears of anguish shed,  
As memory placed before our view  
Those joys which had for ever fled;  
And o'er our breasts, O Zion, rose  
The sad remembrance of thy woes.

"Our harps, neglected and unstrung,  
Which once to sounds of joy gave birth,  
Upon the drooping willows hung,  
Whilst those who spoil'd us ask'd for mirth;  
And tyrants with insulting tongues  
Cried, 'Sing us one of Zion's songs.'

"How shall we in a heathen land  
Rehearse in songs Jehovah's fame?"—&c.

Psalm 137.—p. 351.

1. "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept: when we remembered thee, O Sion,

2. "As for our harps we hanged them up: upon the trees that are therein.

3. "For they that led us away captive required of us then a song, and melody in our heaviness: sing us one of the songs of Sion.

4. "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Psalm 137.

One of the most successful attempts in the volume follows:—

"O Thou, whence grace and mercy flow,  
To thee my heart I'll raise,  
Before the gods Thy wonders show,  
And sing aloud thy praise.

"As tow'rd Thy house I worship, Lord,  
Thy truth I will proclaim;  
Who hast o'er all things rais'd Thy word,  
And magnified Thy name.

"In trouble when to Thee I cried,  
Thine eyes my sorrow view'd;  
Thy hand my every want supplied,  
My soul in strength renew'd.

"Ev'n kings shall at Thy footstool bow,  
And worship at Thy throne,  
When I throughout the earth shall show  
The works which thou hast done.

"They *shall* of Thy salvation sing,  
*Shall* make Thy law their choice,  
The tribute of their praises bring,  
And in thy ways rejoice.

"For Thou in glory, Lord, art great,  
The proud thou dost reprove,  
But look'at on those of low estate  
In tenderness and love.

"Though enemies around me stand,  
And all my paths inclose;  
In might Thou shalt stretch forth Thy hand,  
And save me from my foes.

"Make perfect, Lord, Thy work in me,  
The work of righteousness,  
And with that grace which flows from Thee,  
Thy servant ever bless." Psa. 138.—p. 352.

No one can read this arrangement of the 138th psalm, and entertain a doubt of Mr. Wrangham's ability, to accomplish nearly all that human talents, subject to human frailty, can do, in the matter of sacred poesy. This review is intended, in no wise, as a censure of his performance; its object is only to illustrate a remark, to the truth of which he will readily assent,—that a prose translation of the Psalms can come nearer to the genius of the Hebrew than a metrical version; and that the further we depart from the original, the more we lose of the perfection of beauty.

REVIEW.—*The Living Temple, or a Good Man the Temple of God.* By the Rev. John Howe, A.M., with an Introductory Essay, by Thomas Chalmers, D.D. 12mo. pp. 329. Simpkin, London, 1829.

THERE is a secret something in the writings of our old divines, which impresses upon them the characters of immortality. Viewed as portions of matter, they are always buoyant, rising and floating on the surface as

they move on the stream of time ; while as flowers, their leaves are of amaranth, the aroma of which never loses its fragrance.

Howe's Living Temple appears destined to be a living book. It has already survived the vicissitudes of nearly two hundred years, and among the volumes of "Select Christian Authors" it can hardly fail to descend to posterity. Its design is to shew that man in his converted state is the temple of the Holy Ghost, who is both its builder and its inhabitant. But this work, as well as its author, is too well known to require either elucidation or praise.

The Introductory Essay, by Dr. Chalmers, is both luminous and comprehensive. It presents us with much original matter, that has a strong bearing on the work to which it is prefixed. This, however, is connected with topics, long rendered familiar by repetition to all readers of divinity ; but every one knows that neither time nor use can impair truth, or give a new feature to its character.

REVIEW.—*Writings of the Rev. Thomas Becon, Chaplain to Archbishop Cranmer, &c.* 12mo. pp. 512. Religious Tract Society, London.

BECON was well known among the reformers, and although he escaped the faggot and the stake, he was not without his share of suffering, having been imprisoned and exiled for his testimony against papal tyranny. His works, which exceed forty in number, were much read when they first issued from the press. Some of them were voluminous, but in general they appeared as tracts. In 1564 they were collected together, and published in three folio volumes, in which state they have remained, until the present effort of the Tract Society to bring some of them before the religious public.

The titles of these tracts are remarkably curious and quaint, such as "A pleasant Nosegay," "David's Harp newly strung," "The Jewel of Joy," "The Castle of Comfort," "The Christian Knight," &c., and the style in which they are written, from its peculiarity, may not have a familiar sound to modern ears. There is, however, much strength, both of sentiment and expression, in the tracts themselves. They enter into most of the leading doctrines of the gospel, and contain solid reasonings founded upon scripture principles. The appeals which the author makes to the divine authority, are both numerous and judicious ; and although some few things are advanced by him, in which he is not so clearly borne out by the sacred records, in

general he stands securely in a fortress, from which he cannot be dislodged.

Many excellent rules to be observed between man and man, may be found in this volume, and some questions of importance, but of difficulty, are answered with brevity and precision. The influence of religion, however, in the heart and on the life, is the great and essential topic throughout the whole, at which the author aims. To this point all others are rendered subservient ; and no one can read what he has advanced, without being convinced that the hand of a master is every where visible ; and what is still of more importance, that it emanates from a heart which is not a stranger to the operations of the Holy Spirit.

REVIEW.—*A Portrait of John the Baptist, or an Illustration of his History and Doctrine.* By Henry Belfrage, D.D. 12mo. pp. 237. Hamilton, London, 1830.

EVERY reader of the bible will admit, that John the Baptist ranks conspicuously among its celebrated characters. We see indeed, less of him than of many others, but whenever he appears, his dress, his food, and his mission, are not more singular, than the prediction which foretold his coming, and the circumstances which attended his birth. Of these and other peculiarities, Mr. Belfrage has taken especial notices making them, in the aggregate, the basis of eleven discourses, which he presents to the religious public in this volume.

Following this devout and inflexibly faithful servant of God, from his cradle to the prison in which he was beheaded, the author finds a great variety of matter for each discourse. On this he expatiates in a perspicuous and useful manner, pursuing his delineations in their several branches, and thus laying an extended foundation, for his application of the truths elicited, to those whom he addresses at the conclusion of each sermon.

It will be readily gathered from this brief statement, that the Portrait of John the Baptist forms only a part of the author's design. The picture is indeed drawn with fidelity ; but its parts being always in keeping, it is hung out as an example to invite and encourage imitation. Independently of this, it dwindles into an historical fact, and is nothing more ; but this included, it furnishes the author with numerous occasions to introduce some practical inferences, of which, the events of almost every day will point out the application.

Few characters throughout the sacred volume, exhibit more uniformity of stern and unyielding integrity, than that of John. While preaching in the wilderness, and when reproving Herod, the same undaunted resolution appears; nor do we ever behold him shrinking from the discharge of duty, even though martyrdom should crown his perseverance. In the present day we find some solitary instances in which this fearless honesty assumes an imbodied form; and the inferences of Mr. Belfrage are calculated to confirm their virtue, and increase their numbers.

Viewing this volume simply as a history of John, it is at once instructive, pathetic, and interesting; but when we attend to the numerous lessons which the narrative every where teaches, it acquires an additional value. In these discourses, we hear, "The voice of one crying in the wilderness, —Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight; and saying, Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." To ministers in general, but more particularly to missionaries, these short sermons furnish some valuable hints; and the volume which contains them, is entitled to a station in every library, selected for those who embark to preach the gospel in foreign lands.

REVIEW.—*A Sermon preached at Loughborough in July, 1829. By J. Jarrom.* pp. 52. Wightman and Cramp, London.

THE primary object of Mr. Jarrom is to shew, that "Faith, without the evidence of sense, in the resurrection of Christ, is most commendable." The two following propositions form the subject of this discourse: "That there is sufficient evidence, without that of sense, to warrant our believing in the resurrection of Christ;" and, "That it is more commendable to believe on the former than on the latter." These propositions are supported by well-arranged and powerful arguments, which will have considerable weight with every unprejudiced and reflective mind. The passage cited below, condenses the author's reasoning on the first point.

"By the evidence of the Roman soldiers who were appointed to guard the sepulchre; by the manner in which the Jews attempted to account for the absence of his body; by the testimony of the apostles, who had so many means of ascertaining the fact, and who, on every account, are witnesses so unexceptionable and worthy of credit; by the descent of the Spirit upon the Apostles at the feast of Pentecost, and the stupendous miracles which they performed in the name of Christ; and by the success which attended their ministry—the truth of his resurrection is firmly established. Any one of these considerations, and especially any one of the last three enumerated, would justify and demand our believing it; but together they form such a mass of evidence, as can

with no show of reason or propriety be resisted. It is true that it is not the evidence of sense: but it is not on this account the less worthy of credit."  
—p. 52.

REVIEW.—*Memoirs of Rear-Admiral Paul Jones, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 340—341. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Simpkin and Marshall, London. 1830.*

DURING that eventful war which terminated in the independence of America, few men who figured on the great theatre of hostilities, either by land or water, excited more attention than the subject of this memoir. For a considerable time he was the terror of the ocean. The hardest naval warriors felt something of panic, if Paul Jones was known to be cruising in the latitudes they must sail; and unpleasant forebodings were sure to follow, whenever his squadron hove in sight.

The newspapers of his day emblazoned his exploits, exaggerated with all the extravagance of colouring, derived from the two opposite sources of panegyric and execration. On the one hand he was represented as a more than mortal hero—as Mars imbodied in a human form, as possessing courage beyond the range of mortality, and as invincible, if not invulnerable; while on the other he was depicted as a renegade, an outlaw, an incendiary, a pirate, and the public enemy of mankind. From his surname he was described as a Welshman, from his christian name he was presumed to be a saint, and from his actions an incarnate fiend. Through this strange effervescence of party feeling, prejudice, and misrepresentation, little of truth was to be expected, and few were either disposed or able to draw aside the veil.

Time, however, has at length accomplished what neither ingenuity, courage, nor inclination was then able to effect, and in the volumes now under examination, we behold the man in his native character, exhibiting the hyperbole of romance in real and actual life.

John Paul Jones, who was born in Scotland in 1747, commenced his career as a shipboy at Whitehaven, and passing through a variety of strange vicissitudes, ended his days at Paris in 1792, bearing the titles of the Military Order of Merit, and of the Russian Order of St. Anne. To his surviving relatives he always bore a strong attachment, and although many years had intervened to obstruct their intercourse, he bequeathed to them the property he had acquired during his adventures as the commander of a solitary ship, as an American commodore, and as an admiral in the service of Russia.



Although a considerable portion of these volumes is occupied with letters, discussions, plans, contrivances, and disappointments, it abounds with incidents of chivalrous enterprise, and deeds of uncommon daring. In many of his schemes Paul Jones was astonishingly successful, and if in others he was defeated, it was by distracted counsels, unexpected delays, contrary winds, and adverse circumstances, over which he had no control.

His resolution to attack Leith, to lay the inhabitants under contributions, or reduce the place to ashes, together with his appearance off the port, must still be fresh in the memory of many of its ancient residents. On this memorable occasion his confidence of success induced him to prepare the following document :

"The Honourable J. Paul Jones, Commander-in-chief of the American squadron, now in Europe, &c. to the worshipful the Provost of Leith, or, in his absence, to the chief Magistrate, who is now actually present and in authority there.

"Sir.—The British marine force that has been stationed here for the protection of your city and commerce, being now taken by the American arms under my command, I have the honour to send you the summons by my Officer, Lieutenant Colonel de Chamillard, who commands the vanguard of my troops. I do not wish to distress the poor inhabitants, my intention is only to demand your contribution towards the reimbursement, which Britain owes to the much injured citizens of the United States, for savages would blush at the unmanly violation and rapacity, that has marked the tracks of British tyranny in America, from which neither virgin innocence, nor helpless age, has been a plea of protection or pity.

"Leith and its port now lies at our mercy; and did not our humanity stay the hand of just retaliation, I should, without advertisement, lay it in ashes. Before I proceed to that stern duty as an officer, my duty as a man induces me to propose to you, by the means of a reasonable ransom, to prevent such a scene of horror and distress. For this reason, I have authorised Lieutenant-Colonel de Chamillard to conclude and agree with you on the terms of ransom, allowing you exactly half an hour's reflection, before you finally accept or reject the terms which he shall propose (£200,000.) If you accept the terms offered within the time limited, you may rest assured that no further debarkation of troops will be made, but that the vanguard will immediately follow, and that the property of the citizens shall remain unmolested.

"I have the honour to be, with sentiments of due respect, Sir, your very obedient and very humble servant.

"On board the American Ship of War, the Bon Homme Richard, at anchor in the Road of Leith, Sept. 17th, 1779." Vol. 1. p. 168.

In a note subjoined to the preceding menacing letter, the author, in his own hand-writing, observes as follows :

"N.B. The sudden and violent storm which arose in the moment, when the squadron was abreast of Leith Island, which forms the entrance of the Road of Leith, rendered impracticable the execution of the foregoing project."

In allusion to the memorable event which menaced Leith with destruction, we are informed in a succeeding page, that it being on a Sunday when Jones meditated his attack, the Rev. Mr. Shirra, a dissenting minister, collected his congregation on the sandy beach of Kirkaldy. Here he prayed most fervently that the enterprise of the piratical invader might be defeated, and in

this he was no doubt joined in his devotion by all present. The violent gale to which Paul Jones refers in the preceding note, immediately sprang up, and multitudes considered it as an answer to the preacher's powerful intercession. In after-times, when complimented on the prevalence of his prayer, that had raised the wind which drove the invader from the shore, his usual reply was—"I prayed, but the Lord sent the wind."

The engagement between the Serapis and the Bon Homme Richard, stands almost unrivalled in the annals of naval warfare. The carnage was awful. Victory long remained in suspense; but at length decided in favour of Paul Jones; his ship, however, was so dreadfully shattered that she never reached port.

In the subsequent parts of these volumes we find this astonishing man passing through numerous vicissitudes; engaged in various conflicts, raised to the rank of rear-admiral in the service of Russia, and honoured with high testimonials from official authority in favour of his talents, his prowess, and his brilliant achievements. The paths of glory, however, "lead but to the grave." Honoured, neglected, applauded, and censured, his naval exploits exposed him to many vexations, and perhaps, on the whole, his important services were but ill-requited by the governments under which he served. In 1792 he was consigned to the house appointed for all living, and his name now stands among those by which "the mighty troublers of the earth" have been distinguished.

That Paul Jones was a pirate, appears to be triumphantly refuted by the evidence adduced in these volumes. He never acted but under commissions sanctioned by the laws of war, nor ever turned his force against any but the enemies of that country which furnished him with authority and power. All the reproaches, therefore, in this respect, with which his memory has been loaded, must be attributed to the voice of calumny, and the partiality of national prejudice.

The documents whence these volumes are compiled, appear in every respect to be authentic. The preface explores their source, and traces their historical descent, and the means of their preservation, in the most satisfactory manner. They certainly place his life in a favourable light, when compared with former representations of his actions and character. It is a work which the name of Paul Jones can hardly fail to render popular,—a work which would be read with peculiar interest, even though the hero had been totally unknown.

**REVIEW.—Jones's Classical Family Library.** Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 377. Jones and Co., London, 1830.

THE first volume of Jones's Classical Family Library, has recently come before us; and, on a careful examination of its contents, we do not hesitate to express a decidedly favourable opinion of the work. The series commences with the *Annals of Tacitus* translated by Murphy; and the whole labours of the historian, usually occupying eight octavo volumes, will be compressed within two parts of the present publication, which may be conveniently bound together. The price of each part or volume is five shillings and sixpence; so that, for eleven shillings any person may furnish himself with a beautifully and correctly printed copy of the Roman historian.

This first volume is embellished with a brilliant engraving, by Freeman, from the antique bust of Cornelius Tacitus; and a vignette title-page, beautiful in design, and chaste in the execution. The literary portion opens with "an *Essay on the Life and Genius of Tacitus*," in which the author is blended with his country, and his history vested with interest, from its being rendered illustrative of the state of Rome at the period in which he lived.

The character of Murphy's translation is too well established, to need any observations on its merits in this place. Our remarks must have reference, principally, to the form in which it is now given, and to the claims which the present work may rationally urge, at the bar of the literary world.

The book is printed in double columns, on paper of a superior texture; and the type employed in its composition, while it admits a vast quantity of matter into each page, is remarkable for legibility and distinctness. The attention which the sheets received in passing through the press, must evidently have been great, since scarcely a literal error is to be met with in the volume.

The illustrious characters of the classic ages have always been held in high estimation. An acquaintance with them forms a considerable portion of modern learning, and every publication which renders them more accessible to general readers, deserves the encouragement of an enlightened public.

On comparing this work with others of a similar character, it will be found to possess a decided advantage in the article of compression. Bringing within a given space, four times the matter usually contained in it, this Family Classical Library will be distinguished, not less for its cheapness, than for the care and ability employed in its compilation.

**REVIEW.—A New and Comprehensive Topographical Dictionary.** By John Gorton, Editor of the *General Biographical Dictionary*, 8vo. Chapman and Hall. London.

THE author informs us in his plan, that this work will be comprised in forty-two numbers, one of which, including a quarto map, will be published on the first of every month. Thus far we have seen only the first number, which is of fair promise, and of correspondent execution. It is neatly put out of hand in an ornamented wrapper, contains a decently finished map of Middlesex, and forty closely printed pages, the price of which is only one shilling.

We learn from the face of the work, and from various accidental intimations, that it will embrace England, Scotland, and Ireland; but if the author had plainly told us so, we should have acknowledged, as due to him, that obligation which we now owe to conjecture.

The arrangement being Alphabetical, we are naturally carried from place to place, without any regard to proximity or distance, but no better plan could have been adopted. On some towns, villages, and parishes, which have nothing to recommend them to particular notice, the remarks are judiciously short; while on others, that either contain memorials of antiquity, or have figured in history, they are more amplified, and sometimes border on detail. To each place is annexed the distance from its capital, London, Dublin, or Edinburgh, the amount of its population, its ancient and present ecclesiastical relations, public edifices, institutions, and local peculiarities.

The sources of information which the author has been able to explore, appear to be sufficiently numerous for his purpose, and of unquestionable authority. To the accuracy of many delineations we can bear testimony from personal knowledge, and as the work advances, the opportunities of extending our observations will increase. At present it augurs well, and we hope the author's care will prevent us from altering the favourable opinion which we now entertain of his *Topographical Dictionary*.

**REVIEW.—*Debate between Owen and Campbell, on the Claims of Infidelity, and the Evidences of Christianity.***

THIS debate originated in a challenge of Mr. Owen, to the Christian world, which being accepted by Mr. Campbell, was held in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, America, between the above gentlemen, before a vast concourse of persons, from

the 13th to the 21st of April, 1829; and, taken in short hand, was afterwards printed in two volumes, a copy of which having lately been brought to England, we have been permitted to inspect.

On each side, the debate is conducted with considerable ability. Mr. Owen has urged every thing of importance, that Infidelity has to advance in its favour; while Mr. Campbell, meeting his opponent on his own ground, has manfully exposed his principles, and repelled his arguments.

We have followed the disputants through much of their reasonings, with considerable interest, and think that, in favour of Christianity, the triumph of Mr. Campbell has been complete. With the localities of sect and party, the controversy has no connexion. It is simply this, Is Christianity true or false? As all are interested in the final issue, we regret that no publisher has announced an edition on this side of the Atlantic. The bane will be prevented from doing mischief by the powerful antidote with which it is accompanied.

#### BRIEF SURVEY OF BOOKS.

1. *Counsels to a Newly Wedded Pair, with an Appendix, by John Morrison, (Westley and Davis, London,)* is rendered attractive by the gay attire in which it appears. If books grew like flowers, we should be tempted to think that from a seedling, it had lately begun to bloom, and that by Christmas next it would ripen into a splendid annual. It has, however, something more substantial to recommend it than mere appearance. It touches, though in a transient manner, on the various duties both of husband and wife, peculiar to the marriage state, and gives some excellent advice respecting the new relations which each will be called to sustain. Many quotations from the writings of others are scattered throughout; but religion and moral obligation are made the basis with all. It is a compendium of well-selected precepts, the advantages of which will be experienced by every one who has wisdom enough to follow its guidance.

2. *The Child's Prayer Book, Select Hymns, Texts of Scripture, Short Questions, &c. by Ingram Cobbin, M. A. (Westley and Davis, London,)* is a neat little manual, surrounded by an atmosphere that is not impregnated with any pestilential vapours. The sentiments are unobjectionable, and the language is adapted to the capacities of children, for whose use it was intended.

3. *Elementary Steps to Geography and Astronomy, &c. by Ingram Cobbin, M. A. (Westley and Davis, London,)* we have examined with much satisfaction. The simple outlines of these sciences are drawn with accuracy, and treated in a manner that will be intelligible to children of ordinary capacities. Many maps are interspersed, to illustrate the facts described; and questions are proposed at the conclusion, to exercise the memory and understanding of the pupil. Simplicity and perspicuity are every where apparent. The author has a peculiar tact for the instruction of children, and appears in a natural element when conveying instruction to the youthful mind.

4. *Contemplations and Letters of Henry Dorney, (Religious Tract Society, London,)* furnish some sterling materials for building up believers in their most holy faith. About one hundred and fifty years have elapsed since the author flourished in the church militant, but the spiritual perfume with which his Contemplations and Letters were impregnated still retains its fragrance, and will be renovated in every new edition through which they pass. The Religious Tract Society have rescued many valuable works from departed years. Among which, this little volume was highly deserving their notice, being intrinsically excellent, and every way suitable to their design:

5. *The Origin and End of Civil Government, a Lecture founded on Rom. iii. 1. by Adam Clarke, LL.D. F.A.S. &c. (Clarke, London,)* is a pamphlet which has been some time before the world, but which has never yet obtained publicity equal to its merits. In seasons of political ferment, party feeling leaves but little room for truth. Whig and Tory are of more account than right and wrong; and he whose creed is opposed, instantly "grins horribly a ghastly smile" on his antagonist. The tide of public opinion is now in a favourable state for dispassionate investigation, and to all who wish for much information within a narrow compass, we would recommend this lecture.

6. *On Free Inquiry in Religion, (Westley and Davis, London,)* we have before us No. 1. of a periodical, the principles of which are avowed in an address on the cover, and which may be designated Evangelical Nonconformity. In the part under inspection we find but little either to praise or blame. It appears to be closely buttoned, and marches in a state of armed neutrality.

7. *Queries for Self-examination, Answered and Illustrated in Scripture Lan-*

guage, (Oliphant, Edinburgh,) is a very neat little article. It has a splendid exterior, and its contents are every way deserving of the embellishments which attract the eye.

8. *Anti-slavery Monthly Reporter*, (No. 56,) contains, like most of its predecessors, much to excite disgust, at the sordid traffic in human flesh, still carried on in our colonies. Miserable must be the state of morals, where humanity and justice can be openly discarded for silver and gold.

#### CELESTIAL PHENOMENA.

At 2 minutes past 8 in the evening, of the 1st, the Moon enters her first quarter; (the lunation having commenced at 36 minutes past 4 in the morning of the 23d of February;) when her latitude is nearly  $5\frac{1}{2}$  degrees south, and she may be observed between Aldebaran and  $\zeta$  Tauri. On the following evening she is noticed between the latter star and Betelguex, the brightest in the constellation Orion. She is now observed to direct her course to the third and fourth, and included nebula, of the Crab, and passes under them during the night of the 5th, when her approach to Saturn is very conspicuous, as she will evidently pass him before her next appearance, when she is noticed to the east of him. On the 9th, at 31 minutes past 1 in the afternoon, she is full in the 18th degree of Virgo, when she crosses the ecliptic, in her ascending node. She consequently passes through the Earth's shadow, and suffers an eclipse, which is invisible here, in consequence of her not being above the horizon, but it will be total to the greater portion of Asia, and its Islands. (The commencement of the lunation was attended with an eclipse of the Sun, which was also invisible here.) On the 12th, she arrives at the apogean point of her orbit, and after passing Spica and  $\zeta$ , she directs her course through the constellations Libra and Scorpio, to Mars and Jupiter, which are noticed considerably to the east of her. At 36 minutes past 5 in the afternoon of the 17th, she enters her last quarter; and passes the above-mentioned planets on the morning of the 19th. After this day she gradually recedes from them, and approaches the Sun, until 44 minutes past 2 in the afternoon of the 24th, when the lunation is completed.

During this month, the observer will have again an opportunity of noticing

Mars, as he progresses through the constellation Sagittarius. By referring to the Numbers from April to Sept. 1828, the reader will find a minute description of his last passage through this part of the Zodiac; when his long stay afforded an ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with most of the stars in this portion of the heavens. His continuance at the present season will be very short, but it is rendered interesting by his conjunction with the planet Jupiter, which is situated about 9 degrees to the east of him. The distance between these planets daily diminishes; and after passing 12 Sagittarii, Mars directs his course between  $\lambda$  and 21 Sagittarii, passing them on the 3rd. On the morning of the 8th, he is observed very near 26 of this asterism. On the morning of the 9th, he forms the summit of an isosceles triangle with  $\phi$  and  $w$ , Sagittarii, and is noticed nearly between the former star and 30 Sagittarii. His configurations with the stars forming the head of the Archer, at this time are very interesting, and the observer will find in the above-mentioned numbers, a particular description of their situations. On the morning of the 18th, he is observed very near Jupiter, and between  $\pi$  and  $\psi$ , stationary. Near the latter star, it will be remembered, he was stationary in 1828; he now passes a considerable distance from it. On the morning of the 19th, he is noticed at nearly his nearest distance from Jupiter, being observed to the west of that planet. From his motion for some days past, the observer will conclude, that on the following morning he will be seen to the east of Jupiter, which is the case as the conjunction takes place in the course of the forenoon of the 19th, when the difference of latitude of the two bodies is 41 minutes. After this day, the distance between the planets rapidly increases, and Mars is noticed quickly to remove from the head of the Archer. On the 23d, he passes under a star of the sixth magnitude, marked 50 Sagittarii.

On the morning of the conjunction of Mars and Jupiter, the latter planet is observed between  $r$  and  $d$  Sagittarii, a star of the sixth magnitude. On the 23d, he is seen between  $\psi$  and  $d$  and  $r$ , and  $\rho$  2, also of the sixth magnitude, and of this asterism. On the morning of the 26th, he is observed between  $\psi$  and  $\rho$  2. Mars is now noticed to the east of him, and that planet's recess from him is peculiarly interesting; his course is now very slowly directed to a star of the sixth magnitude, marked 50 Sagittarii.

## SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Lord Byron—Mr. Murray—and Mr. Colburn.

At a trade-sale at the Albion, on Friday, February 19, 1830, amongst other things submitted to the hammer, were copy-rights of sixty-five of Lord Byron's minor poems, the titles of which are given below. Mr. Hanson, one of Lord Byron's executors, and the two great publishers, Murray and Colburn, were present. Upon the first lot being put up, Mr. Murray was the first bidder at 500 guineas: the biddings went on to the enormous sum of 3,700 guineas, when it was knocked down to Mr. Murray. At this moment Mr. Colburn claimed the purchase, and much altercation ensued, so that the room was thrown into a state of complete confusion; Mr. Murray contending on the one hand that it was his; and Mr. Colburn on the other, that it was his. It was a very considerable time before Mr. Colburn could get a hearing, when, submitting his case to the company, he stated, that he had given the auctioneer unlimited authority to go on bidding till he desired him to stop—which the auctioneer did not deny: Mr. Colburn, at the same time, very handsomely gave the purchase up to Mr. Murray, which information was received by the company with acclamation.

## Lot I.

"On Leaving Newstead Abbey—Epitaph on a Friend—A Fragment—The Tear—An Occasional Prologue—On the Death of Mr. Fox—Stanzas to a Lady with the Poems of Camoens—To M.—To Woman—To M. S. G.—Song—To —.—To Mary on receiving her Picture—Damoetas—To Marion—Oscar of Alva—To the Duke of D.—Adrian's Address to his Soul when dying—Translation—Translation from Catullus—Translation of the Epitaph on Virgil and Tibullus—Translation from Catullus—Imitated from Catullus—Translation from Anacreon. To his Lyre—Translation from Anacreon. Ode III.—Fragments of School Exercises—Episode of Nisus and Euryalus—Translation from the Medea of Euripides—Thoughts suggested by a College Examination—To the Earl of —.—Granta, a Medley—Lachin y Gair—To Romance—Elegy on Newstead Abbey—The Death of Calmar and Orla—To E. N. L. Esq.—To —.—Stanzas—Lines written beneath an Elm in Harrow Church-yard—English Bards and Scotch Reviewers—Notes to English Bards and Scotch Reviewers—Waltz: an Apostrophic Hymn—Farewell to England—To my Daughter, on the Morning of her Birth—To Jessie—Song to Inez—Lines to T. Moore, Esq.—Ode—

Curse of Minerva—Lord Byron to his Lady—Lines found in the Traveller's Book at Chamouni—Childish Recollections—To a Lady—"On this Day I complete my Thirty-sixth Year"—Lord Byron's Reply to Lines written by Mr. Fitzgerald—Wind-sor Poetics—Werner—Heaven and Earth—Vision of Judgment—The Island—Age of Bronze—Deformed Transformed—Morgante Maggiore—Parliamentary Speeches—Eight Poems printed in Mr. Hobhouse's Miscellanies."

## Lot II.

"Don Juan, Cantos 6 to 16," bought in by the executors of Lord Byron for 310 guineas.

## GLEANINGS.

*The Annuals.*—The annual cost to the public of these beautiful volumes amounts to £90,000, which is distributed as follows:—Paid to authors and editors, £6,000; Painters, 3,000; engravers, £10,000; copper-plate printers, £4,000; paper makers, £5,500; binders, £9,000; silk manufacturers, £4,000; leather-sellers, £2,000; for advertising, &c. £2,000; incidental matters, £1,000; publishers' profits, £10,000; retail booksellers, £30,000. One biter alone, Mr. Westley, of Friar-street, Doctors Commons, has 250 persons almost exclusively engaged on those works. This will give some idea of the employment they afford to working printers, silk manufacturers, copper-plate printers, paper makers, &c. We have no hesitation in asserting that they give bread to above 2,000 persons during a considerable portion of the year.—*Spirit and Manners of the Age.*

*Grand Metropolitan Cemetery.*—We have seen the plans of the pyramid, which is to be the principal feature of this novel undertaking. It is intended to be a progressive work, proportionate to the annual demand for burial. When finished, it will be capable of receiving five millions of individuals, being somewhat larger in dimensions than the celebrated Pyramid of Egypt—simple in form, sublime in effect, and curious in its arrangement. Its area will be surrounded by a terrace walk, enclosed by a wall thirteen feet high, and the ground within this enclosure, to the base of the Pyramid, is to be tastefully laid out for private tombs and monuments, in the style of the famous Cemetery of Père le Chêne, near Paris. It will represent an object of extraordinary grandeur to the metropolis. A large drawing of the design is exhibiting at the Royal Repository at Charing Cross, explanatory of the theory, which appears capable of any extension that may be required.—*London University Magazine.*

*Longevity.*—We copy the following list of persons, who lived to an extreme old age, from the "European Magazine," for 1786.

Thomas Parre . . . . .	152	Shropshire
Henry Jenkins . . . . .	169	Yorkshire
Robert Montgomery . . . . .	126	Yorkshire
James Sands . . . . .	140	Staffordshire
His wife . . . . .	120	Staffordshire
Countess of Desmond . . . . .	140	Ireland
Countess of Egleston . . . . .	113	Ireland
J. Sagar . . . . .	140	Lancashire
J. Laurence . . . . .	141	Scotland
Simon Sack . . . . .	141	Trinolia
Col. Thomas Winslow . . . . .	146	Ireland
Francis Conlist . . . . .	150	Yorkshire
Christopher J. Drakenberg . . . . .	146	Norway
Margaret Forster . . . . .	136	Cumberland
Her daughter . . . . .	104	Cumberland
Francis Bone . . . . .	121	France
John Brookey . . . . .	134	Devonshire
James Bowels . . . . .	125	Killingworth
John Tice . . . . .	136	Worcestershire
John Mount . . . . .	136	Scotland
A. Goldsmith . . . . .	140	France
Mary Yates . . . . .	128	Shropshire
John Bales . . . . .	126	Northampton
William Ellis . . . . .	130	Liverpool
Louisa Truxo, a Negress . . . . .	175	Tucuman, S. Amer.
Margaret Patten . . . . .	138	Paisley
Janet Taylor . . . . .	108	Fintay, Scotland
Richard Lloyd . . . . .	133	Montgomeryshire
Susanah Hillier . . . . .	100	Northamptonshire
James Huxley . . . . .	112	Cheshire
Ann Cockbott . . . . .	105	Northamptonshire

**English Trade in Horses.**—By an official French table of the importation of horses into that country, it appears that our neighbours are in the habit of borrowing at the rate of from fifteen to twenty-five thousand annually from us. It is said that the supply is almost entirely of stolen horses, accounting for the prevalence of the crime of horse-stealing in this country. Supposing the mean price of each horse to be 500 francs, or £20. 16s. 8d. and this supposition is moderate, the sum expended by France has been 36,968,000 francs, or £1,374,916 sterling in five years.

**Who are Esquires?**—The title of Esquire is coeval with the Conqueror, but in its present application it takes its date from Henry the Fifth. Some go so far back as Edward the Third, but this is a mistake, as in that reign an esquire was only, as it originally implied, an attendant on a knight. *Escaque* and *Mercuer* were the esquires or attendants of Edward the Black Prince. The word is derived from the Norman *esquire*, from whence also is derived the word *esquary*. Henry the Fifth, after the battle of Agincourt, reads from a paper, presented by a herald, the names of the principal characters who were slain—

“Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk, Sir Richard Ketley, David Gam, *Esquire*.  
None else of name; and, of all other men,  
But five-and-twenty.”

The late Lord Barrington was once asked by a German prince, “Pray, my lord, of what rank is an esquire in England?” when his lordship replied, “Why, sir, I cannot exactly tell you, as you have no equivalent for it in Germany; but an English esquire is considerably above a German baron, and something below a German prince.” Nothing can be more absurd than the commonly received notion that a certain property constitutes a man an esquire: in the country, however, every village has its *esquire*, and to dub him less would be an affront not easily to be forgotten. The fact is, none are *esquires de facto* but the following—viz: all in his majesty’s commission of the peace; all members of and appertaining to his majesty’s government; all officers in the regular army down to a captain, and all officers in the navy down to a lieutenant. These are the only *esquires de facto*; however, the title or distinction is generally given to professional men, to persons engaged in literary pursuits, and to wealthy people in general. Doctors of the three learned professions, and barristers, rank above esquires. Attorneys are gentlemen by act of parliament.

**The Jews.**—In 1825 the Jewish nation amounted to about 3,165,800 individuals, not comprising 15,000 Samaritans and 500 Ishmaelites. In Europe, 1,216,173; Asia, 738,000; Africa, 504,000; America, 57,000;—New Holland, 50.—Total 3,165,000.

**Benevolent Anniversary.**—The anniversary meeting of the Society for the Relief of the Widows and Children of Protestant Dissenting Ministers, will be held on Wednesday, the 7th April next, when a Sermon will be preached at the Old Jewry Chapel, removed to Jewin Street, in Aldersgate Street, by the Rev. John Scott Porter, of Carter Lane.—Service to begin at 12 o’clock precisely.—The friends of the Society will assemble together, at the Albion Tavern, in Aldersgate Street.

**Ardent Spirits.**—At a late meeting of the New York City Temperance Society, one of the speakers alluded to various facts, in proof that the use of spirits is not only a useless but pernicious indulgence. He mentioned the schools in England for training prize-fighters, in whom the perfection of muscular strength and activity is aimed at, and in which ardent spirits are entirely expelled, and even ale is very rarely allowed. In those prisons in which spirits are forbidden, even constitutions broken down by intemperance are restored to healthfulness and vigour. The Roman soldier, he added, who fought the battles of his country with a weight of armour which a modern spirit-drinker could hardly stand under, drank nothing stronger than vinegar and water; and multitudes of farmers and mechanics, engaged in hard labours of all kinds, and exposed to every change of weather, have made fair trial of the plan of entire abstinence, and with one voice declare themselves gainers by it in every respect. As many as 600 Temperance Societies are already in existence in the United States. In the lower part of Middlesex county, Connecticut, 612 men have agreed, since September last, to abstain entirely from distilled liquors. In many places dram-drinking is almost wholly abolished. In one town, where there were last year nine persons who retailed ardent spirits, there is now not one; and more than 1,500 venders and distillers have discontinued all traffic in the poison.—*Christian Observer*.

## Literary Notices.

### Just Published.

National Portrait Gallery, No. XI. with Heads of the Earl of Liverpool—Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis—and of Dugald Stuart, Esq.

No. VII. of Devonshire and Cornwall Illustrated, with four beautiful Engravings: Orestes and the Cat Water—Freemasons’ Hall, Plymouth—Shaugh Bridge—and Tiverton Church.

Mental Discipline. By Henry Forster Burder. 2d edition. 12mo.

Part I. of an Edition of the Old Testament, according to the established Version; with the substitution of the Original Hebrew Names in place of the English words Lord and God. Royal 8vo.

Counsels to a Newly Wedded Pair. By Rev. John Morrison.

The Grammatical and Pronouncing Spelling Book. By Ingram Cobbin, A.M. 2d edition.

The Pulpit, Volume Thirteen, containing upwards of Fifty Sermons on important subjects, by the most popular Preachers of the age; original *Essays*; select *Reviews*, Poetry, &c. &c.

Personal Narrative of a Mission to the South of India, from 1880 to 1883. By Elijah Hoole.

A concise System of Mathematics. Second edition. By Alex. Ingram.

A Compendium of Modern Geography, &c. Second edition. By the Rev. Alexander Stewart.

Conversations upon Chronology and general History, from the Creation to the Birth of Christ.

India’s Cries to British Humanity. Second edition. By J. Peggs.

A Topographical and Historical Account of Wainfleet, and the Wapentake of Cuddephoe, Lincoln. By Edmund Oldfield.

Answer to Mr. Henry Drummond’s Defence of the Heretical Doctrine promulgated by Mr. Irving. By J. A. Haldane.

The Causes of Declension in Christian Churches; a Discourse. By John Arundel.

A Grammatical Collection of Phrases and Idioms of the French Language. By C. P. Huguet.

A Reply to the Remarks of the Rev. P. Penson Durham. By James Natheson Durham.

Prayer, a Poem. By Frederick Edwards.

Weeds and Wild Flowers. By the late Alexander Balfour, with a Memoir of the Author.

A Manual of the Economy of the Human Body in Health and Disease.

The Toy Shop; or Sentimental Preceptor. Revised by E. H. Barker, Esq.

The Traveller’s Prayer. Second edition. By Adam Clarke, LL.D. &c. &c.

Memoir of Jane E. J. Taylor. By J. Lewis.

A Christian View of Trade, present Distress, and Remedy. By William Crofts.

An Historical Account of the English Stage.

The Young Wanderer’s Cave, and other Tales.

### In the Press.

On the 2d of April will be completed, Vol. I. of The National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Individuals of the XIX. Century, edited by W. Jordan, Esq. F.S.A. &c. &c.

Essays on the Lives of Cowper, Newton, and Heber; or an Examination of the Evidence of the Course of Nature being interrupted by Divine Government.

The Three Temples of the one true God contrasted. By the Rev. Samuel Hinds, vice-principal of St. Alban’s Hall, Oxford.

Notices of Brazil in 1828–9. By Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D. M.R.I.A. &c. &c.

The History of an Enthusiasm; the History of an Enervé; the History of a Misanthrope. By Maria Jane Jewsbury.

Chronicles of a School Room; or Characters in Youth and Age. By Mrs. S. C. Hall.

Forty Family Sermons. By the Editor of the Christian Observer.

A Volume of Sermons. By the Rev. Jas. Parsons, of York.

A complete History of the Jews in Ancient and Modern Times. In three vols. 8vo. By the Rev. George Croly.

A Memoir of Samuel Hick, by James Everett.

Duty and Drabback on Paper for the Year ending 5th of January, 1830.

Duty Drabback.

England.....£607,836 8 10.....24,612 12 5,

Scotland.....93,792 18 4.....4,551 13 3,

Ireland.....37,335 12 7.....1,032 11 1

# THE Imperial Magazine;

OR, COMPENDIUM OF

RELIGIOUS, MORAL, & PHILOSOPHICAL KNOWLEDGE.

APRIL.]

"PERIODICAL LITERATURE IS THE GERM OF NATIONAL LEARNING."

[1830.

## MEMOIR OF THE REV. DANIEL ISAAC.

(With a Portrait.)

WHEN a biographer attempts to catch the likeness of a living character, who was never solicited to sit to the task, and who, if requested, would modestly decline, he should, in addition to the greatest precision, have at immediate command much quickness of perception, that every feature and peculiarity may be instantly caught, as the subject, unconscious at the moment of the design of the artist, flits before the eye. The same difficulties are not to surmount in other cases, as in this,—when, for instance, a father sits to his son, or one friend to another; or, in other words, when the subject himself cautiously deals out select materials for the composition, furnishing not only the easel, the canvass, the stretching frame, palette, and pencil, but even descending to the sponge on the one hand, in order to wipe off any imperfection, and ascending to the colours on the other, not forgetting the tulip and the rose, which never fail to bring with them the breath of spring. Self-furnished tints are invariably improved by admixtion, by softening and toning down with colours of a sedater character; for whatever may be the boast of disinterested friendship, it will be generally found to be more kind than honest, and will withhold from the canvass those broad masses of shade, which go to complete the picture, and give full effect to the sudden openings and streaks of light, flickering like patches of sun-shine over the face of a landscape.

In the present instance, and it may serve as an apology for any apparent poverty of incident, though more might have been added—in the present instance it may not be improper to state, that a thorough knowledge of Mr. Isaac's hostility to appear in public, like others whose memoirs have often been published, prevented all personal communication with him on the subject; and than himself, no one will be more surprised to find that he is both in letter-press and copperplate. He has been caught flying, but caught by those who have been on the wing with himself; and while they have been toiling for the gratification of his numerous friends, without any expenditure of

time or talent of his own, he ought not to be displeased with that gratification, though at the expense of a little personal feeling. His own modesty, not to notice other reasons, leads him to resist the solicitations of appearing elsewhere; and his real worth, without his own knowledge, and consequently consent, brings him forward here, brings him forward as a man, a christian, a talented minister of God, and a profound controversialist.

Still however, though the subject of the present memoir is to be contemplated as a whole, and the whole can only be constructed out of the detail, it is not so much with his private character as a christian, that we feel ourselves concerned, as with his character in the capacity of a public teacher from the pulpit and from the press. In reference to the latter, he is public property, and here it is that we find our justification for the public part which we now take; and as it regards the former—christian character, his admission to the sacred office among the body to which he belongs, together with his continued union, are sufficient securities against what suspicion might surmise or malice invent;—a body, to its honour be it proclaimed! rigid in its adherence to the sacred writings as a guide, in *keeping the way as narrow* for the *walk* of its members, as the *GATE* is *strait* on their *entrance*.

Mr. DANIEL ISAAC was born about the year of our Lord, 1780, at Caythorpe, in Lincolnshire, a small village situated between Lincoln and Grantham, about eighteen miles from the former, and only a few from the latter. Like the founder of Methodism, who also was born and cradled in the same county with himself, he had a narrow escape from death by fire. This was occasioned by his falling against the grate of the fire-place, when a child; a circumstance of which he has been heard to state, he retains but an indistinct recollection. He was severely burnt, and although he grew away from most of the scars left by the accident, two of them, one on each side of the mouth, are still slightly visible. Both of these, which he is destined to carry with him to the grave, are left as mementos of that overruling providence, which thus snatched him

from death, and threw him back upon life to be a blessing to its possessors; and the writer has been reminded of Mr. Isaac's own temporal deliverance, while hearing him expatiate on the mercy of God in the final destiny of children, from "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish;"—a passage which will receive no injury by an accommodation even to the present life.

Some of the peculiarities of his contemplative mind were manifested at an early period, in the indulgence of various reveries; and once in particular, when between three and four years of age, rolling on the ground, and looking up to the heavens, he was awed and delighted with some of the most sublime thoughts of God, of space, and of eternity, which it is possible for the infant mind to possess, and which, though perfected in riper years, never afterwards so completely absorbed, filled, and affected the soul in the same way. This will be readily credited by the more intellectual of our species, from finding similar coincidences in their own personal history. Such impressions are also partially recognized in the experience of the Hebrew bard, whose words may be considered as divinely poetical: "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength.—When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

He acquired an early taste for reading; and this, as in all such cases, excited a restless anxiety for literary food. The village itself could furnish but few supplies of works from the press, and his resources from domestic quarters, had they been much greater than they were, would not have been equal to his wants. Never, however, was a bibliomanist more inventive, more honest, and more independent in procuring means to enable him to go beyond the line of regular and ordinary purchases, than was little Daniel; for while still in boyhood, he spent some of his leisure hours from school in going into the fields and woods to collect goose and crow-quills, and in making pens, which he carried to the nearest market towns, sold them to the stationers and booksellers, and made literary purchases with the cash. In this way he enlarged his little library, looked upon it as chiefly the fruit of his own industry, and quenched his thirst for knowledge at these springs of learning. No conqueror ever returned from the field with the spoils of war, in greater triumph than did our youthful tyro with his books; and here it is that we perceive the buddings of that

noble, independent spirit, which he has exhibited through life, living not upon others, but rejoicing in its own.

Lincolnshire, which has not yet lost the glory of its mud floors, could boast of a village, when Daniel was yet a boy, which had made such slender advances towards the gaities and fineries of life, that neither gentle nor simple, the wealthy farmer nor the thrifty husbandman, indulged themselves with a carpet. A patriarchal simplicity pervaded the domestic circles; the ancient pewter dishes, the heirlooms of the family, shining like silver on the shelves, the clean swept floor of the kitchen, and the still more cleanly scoured boards of the upper chambers, possessed a charm to the eye of purely rural spirits, which no modern decorations could afford, while the drapery of the floors would have been considered an useless expenditure of money, much better employed in purchasing clothing for the poor, than carpets for the house. Caythorpe seems to have been a nook by itself; and the village, which could not furnish books sufficient for the head, thus refused, not from poverty or parsimony, but simplicity and hardihood, a carpet for the foot. Mr. Isaac has been heard to relate, with his characteristic humour and keenness, his first introduction to a carpeted floor, which was about the twelfth year of his age, at Grantham, in the house of a respectable grocer.

His thirst for knowledge was ever on the increase, and his improvement kept pace with the means within his reach. At an early period we find him usher in an academy at Denton, in Lincolnshire; and in the nineteenth year of his age, residing in Nottingham. Here he became acquainted with T. Jerram, Esq. now of Beeston, near Nottingham, with whom he associated as a companion, and slumbered on the same couch. Mr. Jerram, whose brother is a highly gifted clergyman of the established church, and who himself has long been an ornament of christian society, experienced a lively interest in the religious welfare of Mr. Isaac, and invited him to the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel. Here he soon found that something more was necessary to form the christian, than moral character; and on experiencing the gospel of Jesus Christ to be the power of God to salvation, he united himself to the Wesleyan body. After a residence of between one and two years in Nottingham, he removed to the city of Lincoln, where he kept a seminary for the instruction of young people, acting at the same time in the capacity of a local preacher. While a resident in this city, he was "in labours more abundant." He taught his pupils in the course



of the week, and the members of the christian church on the Lord's day. It was no unusual thing with him to preach three times, and walk from thirty to forty miles on the christian sabbath; and to add to the toils of the Sunday, a twenty miles' walk from the country to the city, on a Monday morning, to be ready for the reception and instruction of his pupils.

When he had been about two years and a half a member of the Wesleyan society, and had resided about fifteen months in Lincoln, he was called to supply the place of the Rev. John Cricket, in the Grimsby circuit, of which Lincoln itself formed a part. Mr. Cricket was unable to attend to the work of the ministry, owing to declining health; and such was the state of the roads, that the horses were often in danger of being left as fixtures in the mud. Mr. Isaac had acted as a local preacher for the space only of about twelve months before he commenced his itinerant career; and it is no unimportant proof of the value put upon his ministry to find him advanced in the course of one year from a local to a travelling preacher, and called upon to exercise the functions of the latter, in the course of the first year of his itinerancy, in the same circuit in which he had exercised his talents in a local capacity, a circuit, which at a more subsequent period, he was again called upon to enter and to superintend.

The circuits, to employ the phraseology of his own community, in which he has successively travelled since 1799, are Louth, Lynn, Yarmouth, Wetherby, York, Newcastle, Shields, Malton, Scarborough, Lincoln, Leicester, Sheffield, Hull, and Leeds, at the last of which places he is now fulfilling the duties of a Wesleyan itinerant minister. At York, he has travelled twice; on one of the occasions two, and on the other three years; and on his removal to Leeds, the York societies strongly petitioned the Conference for him a third time. It was during one of his stations here that he led to the hymeneal altar his present wife, a lady richly meriting what she in fact enjoys, the good will and good word of all who have the happiness of her acquaintance. Since three-years stations became general in the Wesleyan connexion, he has generally enjoyed them; and Hull, one of the last places to yield to this modern regulation, was glad of the opportunity of making Mr. Isaac the first-fruit of its bendings.

Having thus measured our distances, in a hasty run over the scenes of his labour, we shall now return and notice a few of the circumstances which have given rise to some of his works, and notoriety to his name, and

which otherwise tend to develop his real character, in its bearings upon civil and religious society.

When Mr. Isaac was stationed at Lynn, in 1802 and 1803, Mr. Vidler visited Wisbeach, which was then in the Lynn circuit. This gentleman, while advocating the doctrine of Universal Restoration, frequently made the Methodists the butt of his vituperations. On one occasion, he was heard by Mr. Isaac, who took notes of his sermon, visited Mr. V. the next morning, shewing him what he had penned, and asked him to be candid enough to state whether he had given a correct view of his arguments and objections. Mr. Vidler answered in the affirmative. Mr. Isaac then told him, that from the views he entertained of the nature and tendency of the doctrine, he felt it his duty to oppose it, and to guard those who might sit under his ministry against it; further adding, that he purposed to enter into a refutation of it the next Lord's day, and had waited upon Mr. V. for any correction he might offer, as he wished to do him perfect justice in correctly stating what he had advanced. Mr. Isaac accordingly preached against the doctrine, and out of this arose his publication of "Universal Restoration Refuted, in a series of Letters, addressed to Mr. W. Vidler;"—a work which bears the exact image and superscription of his own mind, in its endless resources, its deep, acute, varied, and original thinkings.

The Wesleyans, at different periods, and in different places, have not unfrequently become the subjects of public censure, for the noise accompanying several of their meetings. These extravagances, however, which are often the result of inexperience among persons who have been suddenly roused to a sense of danger because of transgression, and received sudden deliverance in consequence of a manifestation of divine mercy, have not been permitted to pass unnoticed and unchecked by the more grave and intelligent members of the body, nor less a matter of regret and abandonment by the persons themselves, when all high-wrought feeling has subsided, and solid progress has been made in the divine life; persons who can afterwards say, in reference to the infancy of both lives they have lived, natural and religious,—“When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.” It must not be omitted at the same time, that many of those, properly “without,” who rank themselves on the objective side of the question, are such as would have been offended at the noise of a religious assembly

of old, when *all the people*, with no ordinary degree of earnestness and emphasis, shouted "AMEN;" or even at a modern christian assembly, entering heartily into the spirit of devotion, during the reading of the Litany of the established church, the soul rising higher and higher as supplication proceeds, till it is somewhat affected like the soul of Him, who, when he was "in an agony, prayed more earnestly."

Mr. Isaac, with a view to correct any impropriety, and yet, at the same time, to defend and encourage a hearty *response*, in opposition to ignorant and malevolent cavillers, published, during his first appointment to the York circuit, in 1806, a small tract on the origin, meaning, use, abuse, &c. of the word "Amen." This, though replete with judicious remark, is noticed, not so much because of its necessity and seasonableness, though a writer of the puritanic age led the way before him, but because of the grave, deliberate manner in which he proceeds in his ministerial work; his manner, abstractedly viewed, being so dissimilar to what might be expected from its perusal, especially by a person possessed of a fiery spirit; and yet, on a nearer approach, and to a close and solidly devotional observer, so much in character with his ministry, which diverts the eye of a hearer from looking at others, and fixes it upon himself, turning inwardly, and there, from a sight of the hidden abominations of the heart, extorts from its depths, in the midst of its depravity, the heavy and the lengthened groan. A reprint of this tract has been repeatedly urged, and he has had thoughts of enlarging it, and of adapting it more immediately to the present state of the Wesleyan connexion.

In addition to some excellent discourses on the "Person of Jesus Christ," published when he was in the Newcastle circuit, in 1808 and 1809, in which the divinity of the Son of God is established by scriptural evidence, and by a process of reasoning rarely brought to bear upon the subject in so small a compass, he is the author of several papers in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, to which latter work he ceased to contribute, (a subject much to be regretted) after the death of the Rev. Joseph Benson, one of the first divines of the day.

Mr. Isaac's next work we purposely omit till nearer the close of this sketch, as it will require a more extended notice, from the personal character involved in it, and the occasion which has been made of it by the timid, the wary, and the ignorant, to draw upon him the vengeance of both church and state. It will be readily perceived, that

there is here a reference to his "Ecclesiastical Claims."

It was during his residence at Leicester, in 1820, &c. that he published "Baptism Discussed: containing Scripture Principles, Precepts, and Precedents, in favour of Baptism of Infants and Little Children." This work came out in a district which might be considered as the garden of persons of directly opposite theological sentiments, and in the presence, so to speak, of the great and the good Robert Hall and his flock. That, however, which might have been characterised as obtrusive ignorance in others, resolved itself into principle in Mr. Isaac, — principle operating on a fearless, uncompromising spirit, which compels personal respect and comfort, the smiles of friendship, in short, every thing on this side of truth and duty, to bend to the publication of *that* truth, and the performance of *that* duty. If Mr. Isaac had not had some *private* reasons for publishing, (of some of which we happen to be in the secret,) abstracted from its being a public question, we are inclined to think that he would not, from his naturally retired character, and from the intelligence and piety with which he was surrounded, in many of the members of the Baptist persuasion, have girded himself for the battle, and entered the field: but since he has actually engaged in the contest, it is not too much to say, that from his peculiar mode of treatment, the controversy assumes a new character in his hand, that there are features given to it which it never had before, or which, if it had, were either ill-placed, disproportionate, wanting in strength and beauty, or not sufficiently prominent, and that a reviewer has not gone too far in affirming that the "arguments," employed in the work, "are numerous, strong, and formidable." A second edition, that was soon called for, stamped a value on the book, which friendship and criticism often strive in vain to impart. But this was *Mr. Isaac's* work, and *search* must be made.

The publisher sent an advertisement of it for the cover of an extensively circulated periodical in the metropolis. Among the persons authorised to sit in judgment on advertisements, were some of Mr. Isaac's minor friends, who being unable to find any thing objectionable in the argument or illustrations in the body of the work, gravely started a *numerical* objection, which they supposed they had discovered in the title-page. The consequence was, that the actual advertisement of the work hung in suspense through a few individuals linking their prejudices to a mere matter of *business*. Besides the impolicy of such an act, few per-

some but would have been *grateful* for the obligation conferred by the publisher, not to say, that a man has certainly a right to tell his tale in his own way, while others retain the privilege of *charging* him for it. He tells it at his *own cost*. This did not surprise Mr. Isaac, and had the act been his own, more might have been made of it. It brought him, however, to the final determination, of never more appearing in the inside of the pages of a periodical, by his own voluntary consent, while his works were adjudged as unfit for its cover.

To Instrumental Music, established Forms of Prayer, Ordination, and Popery, as connected with the christian church, he has an insuperable objection; and to Atheism and Infidelity, the foes of that church, he is an avowed enemy. His opposition to the first of these has long been known, but it was not evinced in public debate, till the question of introducing an *organ* into Brunswick chapel, Liverpool, came before one of the Conferences held at Sheffield, several years back. He was found one of the sturdiest opposers of organ advocates, and they experienced no small trouble in answering his objections.

Having expressed his sentiments in private, and before the Conference, and finding applications multiplying for the erection of organs to the last court of appeal, he stepped forward in the midst of the bustle occasioned by the Leeds case, and published his sentiments to the world in a pamphlet, entitled "Vocal Melody." An attempt was made to answer this pamphlet, but the author was not the man to measure swords with Mr. Isaac. The Leeds separatists calculated on Mr. Isaac as a powerful auxiliary, from his appointment to one of their circuits, from the simple circumstance of his being an anti-organist, but in this they were disappointed; for though he differed in *opinion* from some of his *brethren* on the subject in question, yet he had no quarrel with the *system* itself, but bugged it to his heart with affectionate gratitude for what it had done for himself and for thousands; and full of trust in its capabilities, under God, of still effecting more. But though his hostility extends to *all* instrumental music in places of worship, (for which no candid man will condemn him till he has first read and answered the pamphlet satisfactorily for himself) yet he is most at variance with the violin in the assemblies of the saints,—“those squeaking shoulder-height things,” as he contemptuously denominates them. His opposition does not originate in a want of taste for music, for he is seen now and then, in a left-handed way, fingering the piano-forte.

His hostility to *forms of Prayer* is supported by arguments less convincing to many of his brethren in the ministry than to the people, though conscientiously proposed, and satisfactory to himself. This opposition is stated to have been carried, on one occasion, a little beyond the wishes of his hearers, as well as the deference due to the established custom of the place, by reading the prayers otherwise than in the order in which they are intended to be read. He has been known to direct the current of opposition against the introduction of the Liturgy, where attempts have been made; and it is said, that he has objected to an appointment to the metropolis, in consequence of his being, by such appointment, subjected to the necessity of either reading them contrary to all judgment of propriety, or of opposing them from principle. At all events, his brethren—highly creditable to their respect for his character and feelings—have hitherto avoided stationing him in circuits where the Prayers are read.

Though great talent and learning are employed on the Ordination question, so called, in support of its claims, yet the majority of the Wesleyan Ministers are opposed to it; among whom Mr. Isaac—without at all detracting from the glory of others—may be considered as the *leader*. At the Conference of 1822, held in London, the subject was formally discussed. Dr. Clarke was President, and could, of course, take no part in the debate. Some of the most highly gifted spoke long, eloquently, and argumentatively in favour of Ordination; others took the opposite side, yet no one was more distinguished than Mr. Isaac on the occasion, who, added to his arguments, had public prejudice in his favour. He warily lagged behind in the march, and after several set speeches had been delivered, rose in the midst of the assembly with his pocket Bible in his hand. Unusual attention was paid; the hopes of numbers hung upon him; he adverted to chapter and verse—stripped the various texts of appeal of the glossaries put upon them—and, by a course of ratiocination, occasionally wedged in by sudden strokes of irony, repartee, and wit, bore away the palm. It is certain that the question was not carried by those who pleaded in its favour.

On the subject of *Dissent*, Mr. Isaac is an exception, generally speaking, to his brethren; for the Wesleyans are not, in the proper acceptation of the term, Dissenters: and he is as thorough-paced in his *protestantism* as in his *dissentarianism*,—the Church of Rome and the Church of England meeting with equal courtesy, when their abuses look him in the face.

While preaching at W——, in Nottinghamshire, on a public occasion, he dealt out some tremendous blows against Popery. A Jesuit, who taught in a school in the place, was one of his auditors. He muttered disapprobation of what was stated, though not sufficiently loud to be heard by Mr. Isaac, who would have had no objection to a public disputation. The Jesuit waited upon him at the house in which he took up his abode during his stay in the place, in order to contest with him several points of dispute. They set deliberately to work: Mr. Isaac very cautiously commenced in the interrogatory style—proposing questions, and imperceptibly drawing him into slight concessions. After some points of concession had been gained, he then requested him to state the points of difference. This being done, he proceeded with much dexterity to combat his opponent with weapons drawn from Popish writers, reminding him, ever and anon, with great adroitness and presence of mind, of the concessions he had already made, and from which it was impossible to recede. The Jesuit was baffled; and, though unconvinced, as was naturally to be expected, acknowledged afterwards that he never before had a more powerful and subtle antagonist to grapple with, or one who maintained a better temper in the course of argument.

In 1825, when the Roman Catholics directed their artillery particularly against Bible Societies, and convened a public meeting in Ireland to discuss the points at issue, Mr. Isaac is stated to have had it in contemplation to publish a small pamphlet, entitled, "A Short and Easy Method with the Roman Catholics," adopting part of the title of Leslie's celebrated work against the Deists. In this he intended to shew, that the arguments employed to prove that the Scriptures ought not to be put into the hands of the common people, because of their inability to interpret them—wresting them, as unlearned men, to their own destruction, would operate equally against the Popish Clergy, who, from the doctrines which they held, evinced themselves fully as inadequate to the work of fair and proper interpretation as the subjects of their charge. One of the principal points of attack was to have been the doctrine of *Transubstantiation*, or actual presence of Christ in the bread and the wine.

The doctrines of Absolution, Purgatory, &c. were noticed to him by a friend, as proper subjects for attack, when he observed, that these would lead him into too wide a field, his object being to have something brief, and transubstantiation was as capable

of being rendered ridiculous as any topic that could be suggested. The propriety of connecting some other subject with Transubstantiation being still urged, he replied, "If I am about to attack a city, and see a large breach made in the wall, at which I can enter with ease and take it with safety, there is no occasion for me to go round and round the outskirts, in order to ascertain at how many other small openings I can gain admission. If my way is clear by one entrance, it will be as good as a thousand of minor importance, and to go in quest of others would only be a needless expenditure of time."

It was by a short cut of this kind, in another work, that he contemplated a thrust at the *ignorant and practical Atheism* and *Infidelity* of the *Vulgar*, as induced by the writings of Paine, Carlie, Taylor, and others of the lower school: but, like a treatise on the "Atonement" of Christ, these, and other intended publications, must be calculated upon, on the prolongation of life, and some sudden, inspiring turn of the mind to the several subjects. He entered the list, when in Hull, against the quackery of *Phrenology*, through the medium of the public journals, and is strongly suspected as one of the authors of the "Head-Piece and Helmet," or "Phrenology incompatible with Reason and Revelation,"—a work reviewed in our pages some months since.

To return to his "Ecclesiastical Claims," it is not only his most popular work, but a work on which he has bestowed the greatest pains—though it is not altogether the labour conferred, which has given it celebrity. It was printed in Edinburgh, in 1815, and on its publication, at once unfolded, to such as were unacquainted with them before, his reasons for *dissent*. Like his other works, it bears the distinct stamp of his own mind; and to a person of only a moderate share of discernment, the separate publications of Mr. Isaac, without even his name being appended to them, might be selected from others, and filiated upon him with as much ease and accuracy as the paintings of Rembrandt, Vandyke, and Martin, could be brought home to the several artists by a connoisseur of taste and judgment: and this work, by the way, shews, by the dark masses of shadow lying on the scene, and the strong lights by which they are relieved, that he prefers the school of Rembrandt to any other. He seems to know, that though there may be more of *art* in the compositions of many of the other *masters*, admired by the public, yet there is a greater portion of *truth* in the models he has studied, and after which he has laboured.

It has been already intimated, that in this work a good deal of personal character is involved; and as it has been the subject of public censure by a public body, the public at large, before whom the censure has been laid, cannot, since their attention is courted by the act, be justly blamed for the expression of their *opinion*, especially where a memoir of the man himself is concerned. In the "MINUTES" of the body to which Mr. Isaac belongs, we read, "RESOLVED, That the Conference approve of the conduct of their Book Committee in London, in having refused to facilitate the circulation of a Book on Ecclesiastical Claims, which was printed in Scotland, and published by a Member of our Connexion; and deem it a public duty to declare, in the fear of God, their most decided disapprobation of various passages contained in that Book, as well as of the general spirit and style of it, which the Conference believe to be unbecoming and unchristian."

That there are expressions employed in the work, which Mr. Isaac's warmest admirers, would wish to see removed, and which they doubt not will be omitted in future editions, must be admitted; yet it is singular, that those who have made the greatest outcry against objectionable modes of expression, have been mute on the great *argument* of the work. The "Minutes" of Conference have had a general circulation; but, as Mr. Isaac's defence, entitled, "Remarks on a Minute of Conference," had only a limited circulation among the members of the Conference, the public at large are only furnished with one side of the question.

Not to enter into the means employed for the purpose of impugning the general character of the work, and the ingenious distinctions resorted to between a *man* and his *book*, charging the blame on the latter rather than the former, with a view to get rid of Mr. Isaac as a defendant, Mr. I. considered himself as having just cause of complaint, chiefly on the following grounds, inasmuch as,—That it was not the *whole*, but only a *part* of the Book Committee that refused to advertise his work,—that the Conference, in its accusation, did not give him a public hearing,—that the same Conference, in its condemnation, never informed him of the objectionable passages,—that it had departed from its general usages in condemning without the permission of defence,—that, instead of joining in the general outcry against another objectionable work of one of its members, a number of palliatives were offered to the public, founded on the absence of bad intention and the excellences of personal character,—that the Book Committee had

frequently advertised "Simpson's Plea" and "Neale's Puritans" on the cover of the Magazine, as well as allowed them to be inserted in the Catalogue of Books for sale at the Conference Office, in both of which works, as well as in the writings of Messrs. Wesley and Benson, much severer things had been declared against the Church than any thing he had advanced,—and that some of the members of the Conference, in their hostility to the book, had ungenerously excited groundless suspicions against his piety and loyalty. The former was too gross to be admitted, and any defect in the latter was quite sufficient to operate to his disadvantage with a loyal people.

That Mr. Isaac is amenable to his brethren, who have a right to call him to an account for any heresy in doctrine, or any moral irregularity in his conduct, cannot be disputed; but that he was treated with any thing like brotherly feeling, or common courtesy, on the present occasion, admits of doubt,—and that, too, from a number of other showings besides his own. Nor is it to be wondered that a difference of opinion should exist on this question out of doors, when Conference itself is violently riven into two parties in its decision in the case,—119 preachers being for the vote of censure, and 86 against it. "Had I," says Mr. Isaac, "been permitted to plead my own cause in Conference, I am confident I should have had a large majority in my favour. My accusers were just able to "settle the business *without me*."

Few things tend more to mark the dignity of Mr. Isaac's character, than his exclusion of public questions from private life. He never suffers their associate feelings and expressions to settle like an entail upon the harmonies of social society. The question is left at the place of debate, and closes like the performance of a drama, at the dropping of the curtain, or the apparently angry debates of opposite counsel with the cause at issue. This was eminently the case on one public occasion, when his grand antagonist, as was not unusual with him, dealt in personalities.

Private, petty prejudices, with Mr. Isaac, have nothing to do with public questions. Such things strip the questions themselves of their dignity, and prostrate their supporters in the eyes of the opposing party, who cannot help commiserating their condition, in seeing them shorn of their strength like Samson, and voluntarily rolling in the dust of their own prepossessions. An excellent minister of God has been known to be lost to the body, chiefly by suffering one of the customary *manœuvres* of the same

person to have an undue share of influence on the public question of admission, because the candidate, forsooth, took the liberty of thinking for himself, and so differing from him in opinion, on a question of politics.

The endless variety of Mr. Isaac's matter in preaching is at once a proof of the labourer's industry, and of the fertility of the soil; while his readiness, when summoned by a sense of duty, to rush into the thickest of the battle, exculpates him from the charge of timidity. His Maker has not so endowed him as to lay him under the necessity of *kitchening*, so to speak, a slender share of talent, and, by rigid economy, make it go as far as possible. He has a natural repugnance to public gaze, and prefers the village, with all its quiet and rural associations, to the thickly populated city—the chapel of narrow dimensions, to the magnificent fane.

This love of seclusion has had its share of influence upon us, in bringing before our readers the artist's reflected image of the man, whose substance, in opposition to the moving peculiarities of the Methodist body, is so much localized, and which, to advert to a former remark, he will not suffer to appear elsewhere. The manner in which the present likeness was obtained, would form an interesting paragraph for the page of an artist. The likeness was recognized by the little children to whom he was personally known. But, as engravings are deprived of the lines of the pencil, we are compelled to summon description to our aid, towards which the following anecdote will furnish a rather humorous illustration.

While Mr. Isaac was in the Shields circuit, Mr. Frey, "the converted Jew," so called, was in his glory. He obtained permission to preach in the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel; and Mr. Isaac, being the senior minister, commenced the service. A religious female, not personally acquainted with Mr. Isaac, and expecting to hear Mr. Frey, exclaimed to her companion on entering the chapel, "Ay, there he is, bless him,—a true son of Abraham!" She was soon corrected, by Mr. Isaac giving place to Mr. Frey. His name had occasionally led to the inquiry, whether or not he was of Jewish extraction, but this was the first time he was taken for an Israelite in person; though the good lady, in addition to the circumstances of the occasion, might be partly misled by the comparatively dark and embrowned hue of his complexion. He is rather above the middle size—well built—strongly *timbered*—fleshy, though not corpulent. His crown of glory is gone, but the manner in which the hair is adjusted, destroys any artificial effect to the eye. The

forehead is remarkable for its amplitude; the eye peculiarly soft, blended with great quickness and penetration, with a dark pupil speaking in the centre of a light grey ring; while the under lip presents the keen controversial cut of the polemic's razor.

Leaving Mr. Isaac's private character, on which it is difficult to treat without the charge of partiality, we hasten to another topic, as yet untouched, and which we have purposely reserved for the close of our remarks—The peculiarities of his *public ministry*.

From an intellect of such an order, and so constructed, no ordinary mode of treating theological subjects could be expected. In his delivery he is slow and grave, and commands a full voice, stripped of all harshness. The commencement of his discourse furnishes an example of the easy, conversational, rather than that of the oratorical style. There is no elevation of the voice, no adjustment of the person—nothing of that which characterizes the men, who, like school-boys, have committed the lesson to memory, and are about to repeat it as a *task*—none of the attitudes of the man, who, in fair set form, is entering upon a set work, and is solicitous, from beginning to end, to show off to the best advantage. He is the man who preaches not *before* you, but *to* you. An inclination of the person forward, the left elbow resting on the Bible, the left hand turning up the corners of its leaves, and crossed by the right arm—a complacent look at a part of his auditory, gradually changing, till the under lip becomes partially pouched, the face kindling meanwhile,—a breathless pause—and with the first sentence, a determined glance shot from the eye, like an arrow from the bow,—when he proceeds a short space with the easy indifference of a friendly conversation with his hearers—the preacher imperceptibly unfolding himself, till he stands clothed with all the power of the ministerial character before them;—these, these are the occasional attendants of his exordium.

He disdains all the restraints imposed upon preachers by the modern method of sermonizing,—in dividing and subdividing. He has a *plan*, but it is his own, and is discovered by his hearers in the mass, not in the detail. His matter is not so much brought to his text as raised *out* of it; hence, God is permitted to speak for himself, and every sentence for itself. This secures an endless *variety* from God, who delights in it, not less in his Word, than in the operations of Providence, of Grace, and of Nature. The Bible in his hand, as in the hand of Dr. Adam Clarke, seems to speak a new

language, and yet it is the language of reason and truth.

His sermons are not like those of the late Joseph Benson, a perfect *forest of thought*; his thoughts are few, but bold, and well managed. Some men would pass through twice the work in half the time, yet could not do the tenth part of the execution. He always takes the people with him;—he is the man of the multitude;—and, say what we will, the people love faithful preaching;—truth meets, generally speaking, with the kindly reception of an old friend:—and here is the secret of the whole, Daniel Isaac is found *faithful* in all God's house. His character, as a preacher, cannot be summed up in better language, or illustrated by a more appropriate simile, than what has been employed by a writer in striking off the character of Chaucer as a poet, where he says, "The chain of his story is composed of a number of fine links, closely connected together, and riveted by a single blow."

#### A PROVIDENTIAL JOURNEY, OR THE TWO-BEDDED ROOM.

(A Narrative founded on Fact.)

[Occurrences may be accidental, and contingent, with regard to us, who are not acquainted with the plan to be executed and developed; but they are not so with regard to Him who sees the end from the beginning, and worketh all things after the counsel of his own will.—JAV.]

Who has not read, or heard, (with feelings of lively admiration,) of the hero of Preston Pans, the immortal Colonel GARDINER, and in his experience beheld a refutation of the antiquated notion, that religion cannot exist in the camp, or that peculiar circumstances render eminent piety impossible? Like the pious commandant at *Cesarea*, and the Centurion whose prayers and alms ascended as a memorial before the throne of the Eternal, he feared and obeyed God.

We are favoured to live at a period, when numbers who draw the sword for the protection of our national rights, our civil and religious liberties, are found not less expert in wielding the unearthly weapons of a holy and unsanguinary warfare;—men, whose zeal and attachment in their country's cause, and fearless avowal of such devotedness, are equalled only by their entire consecration to the service of Him, by whom "kings reign and princes decree justice."

Among this phalanx of host Captain ARNOLD was not the least conspicuous. He had frequently evinced his bravery, "When the shrill trumpet's blast call'd to the war, Mist gleaming arms, where death stalk'd madly forth, And blood-eyed carnage strode th' ensanguin'd field."

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Nor had he afforded less unequivocal evidence, when occasion required its exhibition, of Christian heroism. By integrity and consistency of character, he had lived down the taunts of the witting, and the sneer of the infidel; his equanimity of spirit had accomplished what fierce polemical discussion would never have achieved. He had fastened upon his companions in arms an obligation to love the man, although they might occasionally jest at his *puritanical* notions.

When the victorious arms of the justly celebrated HERO OF WATERLOO had freed the half-enslaved kingdoms of Europe from the scourge of nations, transporting him from the abdicated throne of *Louis*, and the gorgeous apartments of the *Tuileries*, to the circumscribed limits, and less splendid abode of *Elba*, and the thunders of war were hushed to the quiet of peace, our Captain, like another WASHINGTON, sought, in the northern part of his native country, the retreat and rest of retired life in a beautiful *villa*, until his beloved SOVEREIGN might again require his services.

A short period only elapsed before an occasion was afforded to call into active exercise the religion of his heart, and which furnished him with an opportunity of demonstrating that he lived "not unto himself."

The incumbent of the parish in which Captain ARNOLD had fixed his residence, was one of those whom the keen sarcastic pen of COWPER has so inimitably portrayed,—

"Behold the picture! Is it like? Like whom?  
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,  
And then skip down again; pronounce a text;  
Cry—hem; and reading what they never wrote,  
Just fifteen minutes, buddle up their work,  
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene!"

His horses and his hounds shared much more of his solicitude and company than either his parishioners or his family enjoyed. He had been transferred from the academic purtious of OXFORD, where he had acquired more of the fashionable accomplishments of the day, *sporting* and *intrigue*, than of classic lore or sound theology, to the valuable living which he now held by the gift of a titled relative.

His lucrative benefice, together with his hereditary patrimony and a handsome fortune which he had received with his wife—in herself a fortune—afforded him ample means to follow the prevailing dispositions of his mind,—to unite in the inspiring "Hallo" by day "over mountains and through dales," and to join, in the evening, a merry group of bacchanalian revellers.

His establishment was of an extensive and superior order; his *landeau* was of the most modern construction, and his *greys* of the highest blood. His manners, however, were in the highest order *gentlemanly* towards strangers, and, until intimate connexion tore away the mask, they wore the most imposing front; while to the poor of his parish he had long endeared himself, if not by pastoral visits and ghostly counsel, by liberally supplying, whenever requested, their temporal necessities.

The active and benevolent mind of Capt. ARNOLD did not allow him to be an idle and indifferent spectator here. Hence, while he deplored the immoral state of the parish, and of the person who was appointed as the leader of

"The sacramental host of God's elect,"

he exerted all his influence for their welfare, and became extensively serviceable to the interests of the parishioners. Repeated meetings with the Reverend Gentleman had removed the coldness of formality, and even visits to the parsonage were not infrequent.

An affair of importance, of a parochial nature, called for the presence of the minister and his military friend at a distance. The Clergyman very politely requested that the Captain would favour him with his company in his carriage, to which invitation the gallant son of Mars, with something like violence to his own feelings, gave consent.

The morning of the day on which the journey was to be commenced, broke forth with more than usual loveliness. The sober tints of autumn tended only to heighten and give effect to the beautiful scenery by which the Rev. Mr. W——'s dwelling was surrounded. The vehicle drove up the smoothly rolled gravelled pathway, a livery servant threw open, in *beau-monde* style, the arms-embazoned door, and the two *leaders* took their seats on opposite sides of the carriage; the pawing steeds proudly lifted up their heads, and pricked their ears, as a gentle twitch of the reins put them in motion, and, dashing forwards, the stately mansion was soon reduced to a speck in the distance. For a while the Captain, with the eye of a Christian philosopher, surveyed in silence the rich scenery which, at every turn of the road, broke upon his gratified vision. His mind soared rapidly on the wings of contemplation up to the great Author of the whole, while his soul breathed the sublime language of our great epic poet:

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,  
Thou wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous  
then!"

The thoughts of his companion were evi-

dently differently employed. Occasionally he referred to the woody dingle or the extended plain, and reported, with uncommon volubility, the *excellent* sport he had enjoyed there, or the *confounded* disappointment which he had there encountered.—Again and again the Captain endeavoured to give a rational turn to the tale "of sport," and to direct it to a channel more congenial with his own feelings, and in accordance with the profession of his REVEREND fellow traveller; but all his attempts were unavailing. The theme upon which Mr. W—— descanted was one which he *felt*—"out of the abundance of his heart his lips spoke"—every thing with him seemed *naturally* to turn to it.

The description which the clerical sportsman had furnished of *scent lost*, *hares escaping*, *foxes taking earth*, *bunglers unhorsed*, *flashes in the pan*, and a thousand other matters connected with field-sports, were embellished with frequent *oaths*, "and mingled with *impious* wishes." The Captain, finding all efforts to change the subject of conversation vain, felt it obligatory upon him to protest against the *oaths* which were used. He was however aware, that this would require no ordinary skill, so that it might be done effectually, without giving offence. At length, after considerable hesitancy as to the mode of attack,—he addressed himself to his companion, by saying, "Sir, I must entreat you to desist from the use of language, which is so unbecoming your calling, and which to my own feelings is peculiarly offensive." He was met with a half good-natured, sarcastic smile, accompanied with the hacknied declaration, that he was "*righteous overmuch*." To avoid, however, argument upon the subject, which he was conscious he could not defend, he thought it better to allow it to go by default, merely observing, "that if it really pained his friend's squeamish conscience, he would not again so offend." The Captain politely thanked him for his attention to his wishes, and the conversation again became general.

At every place, where they had stopped to bait, the Clergyman had taken pretty freely of his favourite antidote to cold and drought, —*brandy and water*; and to this circumstance might be attributed, more than to a thorough propensity for the vice, or a wish to offend the Captain, the oaths he had uttered.

Our travellers had pursued their course the whole day, with tolerable speed, and as the shades of evening were gathering fast around, they reached a small town,



which lay in their route, at which they were under the necessity of remaining for the night. The coachman drove to the principal inn, where they alighted; and while the Captain and his friend walked into a warm parlour, the horses were conducted into a comfortable stable. A violent pull at the bell, by Mr. W——, brought in *Boniface*, with more than ordinary speed, being anxious to meet the wishes of his important inmates. Refreshments having been furnished, and cheerfully consumed by the sharp-appetited guests, the landlord was again summoned by the vociferation of the noisy bell, and informed of the intention of his visitors to become his tenants for the night. Making an unusually low congée, he assured them, with unassumed sincerity, how much he felt himself honoured by their company, and how gratified he should be in serving them to the extent of his ability. He regretted, however, to inform them that his inn did not afford any other unengaged accommodation than a *two-bedded room*. "A *two-bedded room*!" thundered out the portly rector,—and then with an oath declared he should not be accommodated in that way. The poor inn-keeper stood trembling before his reverend guest, more alarmed at the prospect of losing two such valuable customers, than at the sudden paroxysm of rage into which Mr. W—— had fallen. Captain Arnold noticed his trepidation; and, feeling for his friend, mildly desired the innkeeper to withdraw, and then, in a tone and manner perfectly easy, observed as follows: "Mr. W——, do not disturb yourself on this subject; I have frequently, in the campaigns in which I have been engaged for my king and country, been obliged to be thankful for much worse accommodation than this inn will afford.—A blanket and pillow in this large arm-chair will serve my purpose,—where I have no doubt of sleeping soundly until the morning;—you can therefore occupy the *two bedded-room* yourself, and all difficulty on this head will be immediately removed."

This was language and conduct for which Mr. W—— was not quite prepared, and at first he felt half-ashamed of his own expression, but presently recovering himself, he replied, "No, no, Captain, I am not to be beaten after that fashion, we will share the room between us." "This was soon agreed on, and the rejoiced tapster speedily furnished them with a guide, who, tripping before, conducted them to their chamber.

The incumbent soon disrobed himself,

notwithstanding his powerful objection to a two-bedded room. The Captain was not; however, quite so expeditious; for a difficulty had now presented itself to his mind. His invariable conduct, before he sought

"Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

was, to read a chapter either from the Old or New Testament, and by solemn prayer commend himself and family to Him, "whose eyes neither slumber nor sleep." To do so *now*, he felt assured would expose him to the charge of pharisaism from his reverend friend; and *not* to do so, would be to wound his own conscience. The conflict was short, he determined to attend to propriety, and leave the result to the Judge of principle. He accordingly drew from his pocket his constant companion, a New Testament, and sitting down, piously read a chapter from one of the Gospels, after which he bowed his knees before the Omnipresent Deity, supplicated with fervour his blessing, acknowledged with sorrow his sins, and with gratitude reviewed the mercies he had received, and then retiring to rest,

"Slept soundly 'till the morning light  
As on the bosom of his God."

On drawing aside the curtains which surrounded his bed, he was surprised to find that Mr. W——, had already left the room. By referring to his watch, he found it was yet early, and felt some considerable astonishment. He dressed hastily, and, after performing his morning devotions, descended to the parlour, in which he had supped on the past evening. On entering, he was struck at beholding the reverend gentleman walking backwards and forwards with agitated action, while his countenance bore evident expression of restlessness and irritation.

Captain Arnold courteously wished him "a good morning,"—and inquired if he had not slept well? "Slept!"—vociferated his companion, "who the devil could sleep, while you were making a fuss with reading and praying all night?"—He again paced the room with increased agitation, while his friend expressed his sincere regret, if he had disturbed him; accompanied with an assurance, that he was not aware his voice had even arisen to a whisper. Such indeed was the fact;—but without regarding the apology offered, or without answering it,—he rejoined,— "I pray as well as you, sir,—I pray once a week, without making all this ado about it, and that is sufficient."—The Captain perceived, that to enter into discussion on the point at issue, for the pre-

sent, would produce no beneficial effects, and therefore softening down his offence as much as possible, and bearing with christian temper the wrath of his fellow, he resolved to watch a favourable opportunity, at some future period, to advert to the subject.

An unusual gloom hung over the countenance of the clergyman during breakfast, and when they entered the carriage, the same feeling was displayed; so that they pursued their journey in silence, excepting at some few intervals, when it was broken by a few disjointed common-place observations.

They were returning from the second day's journey, when Captain Arnold, who had been for some time silently gazing upon and pitying his companion, felt considerably agitated by the thought of losing the favourable, and, perhaps, only opportunity he might ever have, of speaking closely to him on the subject of religion. He accordingly commenced, and for some time appeared to be heard with cold indifference, when suddenly Mr. W——, turned half round, as if indignant at the kindness displayed towards him. The hopes of the Captain appeared all blighted. To pursue his conversation further, he conceived would be vain;—when he perceived his friend place his elbow upon his knee, and leaning his pale cheek upon his hand, tears, which were sought to be concealed, flowed silently down. This caught the attentive gaze of the anxious soldier. Transporting emotions flowed through his soul. He hailed the noiseless stream as a harbinger of coming joy. He did not, however, appear to observe the tears which fell; but left them to work their own effects, not doubting that his prayers and exertions had been rendered instrumental in affecting the mind of his clerical fellow-traveller.

They reached the inn at which they had slept on the last night but one before; when, on entering the parlour, the first question asked of the landlord, by Mr. W——, was, "Is your two-bedded room vacant?" On being answered in the affirmative, he turned to the Captain, and with an affectionate smile, inquired, "Will you object, Captain Arnold, to sleep in the two-bedded room?" "Not in the least, my dear sir," replied his friend. "Indeed, if it accord with your wishes, I shall most certainly prefer it."

No further explanation took place; but after supper, they retired, as on the previous evening; when, on being left alone, the clergyman, placing his hand on the

Captain's shoulder, said, in a tone of the most subdued character, "Captain, you know how to pray for yourself, will you pray for me?"—Astonishment and joy mingled their efforts, and united their influence so powerfully, as nearly to overcome the pious Captain. He was unable immediately to articulate a sound.

Having somewhat recovered himself, he affectionately pressed the hand of Mr. W——, at the same time congratulating him on the change which had been wrought on his mind; and kneeling together, he wrestled with God for him,—in all the eloquence of heart-felt sensibility—and with all the irresistibility of vigorous faith. The convulsive emotions of the penitent were seen, and audible.—They retired; each to his bed, but not to sleep. No! the desire of Mr. W——, for information was astonishing.—A light surpassing the brightness of the mid-day sun had shed its luminous rays across his mind. "Tell me, Captain, about this new-birth, or explain to me what it means," was his continued language. Never was teacher more successful or more happy to instruct, never was pupil more docile and anxious to learn, than the Captain and his friend. The things which had been taught and listened to in former days as a task, now appeared to be remembered and understood. A peculiar aptitude to comprehend the things of God possessed the mind of the convert.

They reached home on the following night, when the first question asked by Mr. W——, of his servant, was,—"*Is Mrs. W—— well? how are the children?*" The servant stood half confounded, gazing at his master with open eyes and mouth: doubting if he were not suddenly deranged. Had he inquired how *Dido*, *Scrapp*, *Splash*, *Fortune*, or some other of his dogs or horses, were, no astonishment would have been excited:—but to ask after his wife and children, was past comprehension. It was what had never been heard before. At length the servant stammered out,—"*Mistress, sir, is I believe well; I have not heard of any accident befalling her, sir.*"

He passed the servant before he had concluded his speech, and with the Captain entered the drawing-room. There sat his too much neglected wife, surrounded by three or four blooming children. With a half frantic eagerness he embraced each in turn, dropping a tear on their cheeks as he kissed them, and then turning to his wife, he said, "My dear, we will have family prayer to-night,"

Mrs. W——, turning upon him her affectionate pleading eye, mildly replied,—“Oh, Mr. W——, do not let us add hypocrisy to all our other sins.” “No, my dear,” rejoined the now sincerely kind Mr. W——, I am, I trust, no hypocrite. I will read a portion from the sacred volume, and, continued he, turning to Captain Arnold,—“My friend here, will pray with us.”

In a few words an explanation was given to his thankful wife, and the bell was rung.—A servant entered: “John, said his Master, “go to my study, and bring me the Bible.” “The Bible, sir?” repeated John, doubting if his ears had not deceived him. “Ah, John, you may well ask if I mean the Bible,” replied Mr. W——, “Yes, go and bring me that too long neglected book.”—The servant disappeared, and while he was gone for the Bible, the bell was again rung for the other servants. They came with some degree of misgiving into his presence, endeavouring to call to mind what they had done, and to receive, as they expected, a severe reprimand, as was not unusual with him. They were, however, additionally surprised, when he kindly desired them to take each a seat, while he read, with peculiar emphasis and solemnity, a portion from the word of God. The Captain prayed, and the evening closed in a way that none had ever witnessed in that dwelling before.

Friday came, and on the following Sabbath, Mr. W—— would have, as usual, to meet his flock in the church. He entered his study;—turned over a heap of sermons, one by one, exclaiming to himself, as he threw aside his former exhibitions,—“that will not do,—that is not proper,—that is wretched.”—“Is this (he sighed) the trash with which I have been so long in the habit of feeding the souls of my people, or rather starving them with a shadow of the bread of life?—I will, however, no more so insult God, and ruin the people of my charge.”

Perplexed and confounded, he determined to offer an apology to his people, on the following Sabbath, for not having a sermon for them, on the ground of his recent journey—and so dismiss them. The day arrived, and he entered the desk in the morning, and in an impressive tone, never before heard from him, read the service. There was something even about his appearance and manner, so perfectly new and strange to the people, that they gaped with wonder, scarcely believing the evidence of their senses. He ascended the pulpit, and commenced by stating his

regret that he had not had time to prepare a discourse agreeably to his present views of truth.—In undisguised simplicity, he informed them of his recent change, the means, its nature, and its effects, and declared he had been among them as a wolf in sheep's clothing, but that he now determined, by the grace of God, to be a true minister of the gospel which he believed; walking in and out before them in uprightness, and feeding them with knowledge, and with the bread of life.

Thus he continued, for half an hour or more, preaching Christ to the people, without taking a text, or being aware that he was performing the work which he pledged himself hereafter to accomplish. Overpowered at last by his feelings, he burst into tears, and, descending from the pulpit, was met by his weeping friends, who, hanging upon his arm, or surrounding his person, accompanied him into the vestry.

His church was soon filled with such as worshipped God in spirit and in truth; and he still labours, it is believed, with growing pleasure, and increasing success, in his Master's vineyard, blessing the time that he first met with the pious Captain Arnold, or slept in a TWO-BEDDED ROOM.

#### THE BLESSINGS OF AFFLICTION.

“It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting.”—Ecc. vii. 2.

WHEN perplexed with the cares of this life, or disgusted with its frivolous pursuits, we look around in search of some other consolation, as a source of happiness. When having drunk deeply of the cup of affliction, the heart is wounded by its sorrows, and the world withdraws its sympathy, then are we best prepared to think seriously of that which appertains to our eternal welfare. But when prosperity holds out her ensnaring hand, and the earth confers all its honours and allurements; then is man too prone to forget that this world is but a caravansary. Then does he cling with a blind affection to that which is deceitful, and build his hopes upon unstable foundations. Then, alas! are the interests of an hereafter banished from the mind, as unwelcome guests of another world. For as Cowper justly sings,—

“Pleasure is deaf when told of future pain,  
And sounds prophetic are too rough to suit  
Ears long accustomed to the pleasing lute.”

Julia D—— was the gayest of a fashionable and dissipated circle. Deprived of the instructions of a parent at an early age, she had been brought up without restraint, ar-

left to rove at liberty in search of pleasure. In person she was lovely; her sparkling eyes betrayed the intelligent countenance, her smiling lips the heart that was unsoured by mortification. Though her education had imparted much that was showy and superficial, yet she was by no means deficient in intellectual attainments. Beautiful, rich, and amiable, she could not be destitute of admirers, who would pour into her ear the language of flattery. Yet, with all that seemed necessary to confer earthly felicity, she was not what the world called her, or what she herself wished to be, happy. A burst of feeling, an exhilarating flow of spirits, often enlivened her countenance, yet as often would the vacancy of an idle hour, or the silence of solitude, whisper that there was "one thing needful." It was the want of this requisite, that impaired her seeming joy in this moment, and launched her out into all the extravagancies of gaiety in the next.

It was about this period that she was on the eve of being united to one in every respect her equal. Whatever might have been her feelings with regard to the gaiety and dissipation in which she lived, this last circumstance engrossed her utmost soul, and formed one of the strongest ties that bound her to this world. Without narrating all the intermediate incidents, it may only be observed, that when the full consummation of her happiness seemed to be not only in prospect, but near at hand, she was visited with affliction and grief. He, on whom her earthly felicity depended, was suddenly cut off, and carried to the silent grave.

To those who have been brought up in the school of adversity, calamitous events do not excite that unalleviated sorrow, which rends the hearts of those on whom the phial of misery is poured when in the midst of their most joyful prosperity. Julia felt the blow keenly. The chastening hand of Providence had torn away the object of her love, that object which had entwined around her heart's inmost joys. She was like some gay flower on the mountain's brow, on which the unfeeling storm has poured its fury, that still retains existence, even when despoiled of its beauty. She pined in secret. None could sympathize, for none could conceive the ardour of her affection. The condolence of the world was disgusting; it made her deeply sensible of the want of one to whom she could pour out the sorrows of her soul.

The sceptic would have arraigned the decrees of Providence. He would have regarded the bereavement not only as cruel,

but unjust, and have plunged headlong into the vortex of dissipation.

"One part, one little part, we dimly scan  
Thro' the dark medium of life's feverish dream,  
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,  
If but that little part incongruous seem."

*Beattie's Minstrel.*

But God seeth not as man seeth. It is a good thing to be afflicted; and so Julia felt. The world had lost all its charms. Its pleasures had satiated; its frivolities had lost their enchanting spell. With a heart broken in affliction, where could she turn, but to that neglected source of all goodness? Well would it be, if all would "consider in the day of adversity," and hail the chastening rod, as that which brings the wandering soul back to its duty. But more than this, serious reflection had convinced her of the impropriety of the dissipation in which she had lived, and led her to form those resolutions which she has never since broken.

Though the expression of her beautiful features is still melancholy, yet it is that of subdued sorrow. Those sparkling eyes that once flashed with the brilliant coruscations of wit and youthful animation, now beam forth with a mild devotional feeling, that indicates the entire change within. She bears in her countenance that humility, seriousness, and sweetness of disposition, which is one of the surest indexes of the Christian's heart. This is not all: her benevolence and charity to the distressed, and her religious consolations to the afflicted, have endeared her virtues to the humble sons of poverty.

Now her heart can adore the mercy of the all-wise Creator in thus weaning man from his too close affection to the world by the hand of affliction, so that he may approach to behold the neglected face of Him who is ever gracious and long-suffering. And now that she has tasted of the imperishable joys which spring from religion, she can see that the cares and pleasures of this life are indeed "vanity and vexation of spirit." Yea, like the gorgeous ice-bergs of the Arctic seas, that glitter beneath the noontide ray, fretted with pinnacles of every hue, even like this perishable fabric, whose glory is fast dissolving away, are all the honours of wealth, beauty, or grace, that deck the votaries of this world. But the glory of the followers of holiness in this life, is like the lustre of the pale evening star, which sprang into being at the creation, and will beam forth from its silver throne, till the heavens shall pass away as a scroll; while in the world to come, it shall blaze with unextinguished lustre through eternity.

*Beaconsfield.*

J. A. B.

PROFANATION OF THE LORD'S DAY IN  
LONDON.

IN col. 1077 of vol. XI. this important subject was introduced to the notice of our readers, and the picture which a survey of the Metropolis presented, was truly appalling. The secretaries of the same "Christian Instruction Society," having lately published a circular letter, addressed to ministers of the gospel of every denomination, requesting their mutual co-operation in attempting to arrest the progress of this alarming evil, we select from it the following extract.

"We address you as Fellow-Christians, greatly esteemed and beloved; but at the same time as Fellow-Christians possessed of commanding influence, and to whom the Head of the church has, in a peculiar manner, entrusted the interests of his kingdom. A mightier power does not exist under heaven than that with which you are invested, and which it is possible for you to exert. Nothing could stand against a combination of evangelical principle and consecrated talent, like that which you might exhibit; nor is there any result, however grand and momentous, which might not be achieved by means of such a confederacy. It is for you to fix the standard of practical virtue.

"The subject upon which we are anxious to fix your immediate and serious consideration, is that of the LORD'S DAY. We make our appeal in its behalf to the impressions and experience of your own bosoms. It is a season hallowed and endeared to your best feelings, by a thousand sublime and delightful associations.

"Of the manner in which the Sabbath is spent in many parts of our city, you are not ignorant. While the appearances presented by a few of the most public and respectable thoroughfares, would seem to intimate that it is a hallowed season, you need only turn into some of the more retired districts during the earlier part of the day, or pay a visit to any of the surrounding suburbs toward its close, in order to receive a widely different impression. At the time when you, and the several flocks over whom the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, are repairing to the Sanctuary, hundreds of thousands are busily employed in worldly avocations, buying and selling and getting gain; and the hours of your evening worship are hours devoted by them to amusement, voluptuousness, and intoxication. The substance acquired in the morning, is, at night, squandered away in the tavern and the brothel; and in this Christian country, and this the most enlightened metropolis of

Europe, never are scenes of such gross and appalling wickedness exhibited, and never are such mournful and disgusting spectacles of human degradation to be witnessed, as on the day professedly set apart for religious purposes!

"Surely, Sirs, the consideration of a fact so melancholy, and yet so palpable and notorious, is calculated to excite alarm; and occupying as we do a position, where many of its most flagrant instances are continually coming before us, you cannot feel surprised that we should be the subjects of intense and ever-wakeful anxiety respecting it, and deeply concerned that it should engage the serious attention of others.

"There is, however, reason to apprehend, that the evil we deplore is not confined to the haunts of iniquity, or peculiar to the ignorant and impious. It is greatly to be feared, that even among professors of evangelical religion, ideas and practices, utterly at variance with the sacredness of the Sabbath, have become lamentably prevalent; and that where it may not be openly profaned, it is in innumerable instances, far, very far, from being revered and sanctified as it ought. Are not many of those, accustomed to attend upon your holy ministrations, and called too by the name of Jesus, chargeable with spending not a few of its precious hours in idleness, in unprofitable and unseasonable conversation, in paying or receiving visits, and in entertaining company, or seeking to be themselves entertained? Are not many of those who sustain the important character of Masters and Mistresses, guilty of great negligence in their selection of individuals to serve them; and of yet greater negligence in their treatment of the spiritual and eternal interests of such individuals, when brought under their care, and introduced into their households? Are not many of those who keep their shops open on the Lord's Day, and can, without shame, transact their usual business, emboldened by the thought, that much of what they get during that hallowed season, comes from professors of godliness, or, at least, from regular attendants upon the preaching of the gospel; while the godly and conscientious man, who nobly and resolutely refrains from his wonted occupation, and shuts out the world from his house, and would shut it out from his heart, is thus deprived of the gain to which the New Testament declares him entitled? Mark x. 29. 1 Tim. iv. 8. Are not many of those whom we behold, during the intervals of public worship, parading our streets and our squares, and the fields of our vicinity, for the mere sake of personal enjoyment, the

younger branches of religious families? And among the thousands of both sexes, who, as regularly as the Sabbath returns, form themselves into parties of pleasure, and repair to the scenes of gaiety and dissipation, are not hundreds the apprentices of persons whose piety it would be most uncharitable to doubt—persons, perhaps, standing high in the esteem of the Christian world, and eminent for liberality and zeal?

“O ye servants of the living God! these things ought not to be.—We complain not of your exertions, and let us not be understood as insinuating that you have been deficient. Had your endeavours been duly appreciated, and had the spirit of those truths which you are accustomed to enforce been imbibed, the moral aspect of society must have become very different from what it is. But we ask, Can nothing more be done? We want a grand simultaneous movement in reference to the Sabbath. In effecting such a movement, *you* must be the prime agents. It were useless, and perhaps worse than useless, to secure the enforcement of human laws, if there be not the operation of a higher and holier law—that law of truth and of love, the nature of which you are appointed to unfold, and the influence of which you must be instrumental of bringing to bear upon the conscience and the heart. It is in the *Church* that, in this, as in almost every other respect, reform must begin. The Church is not what she ought to be. The Church is not doing her duty, either to herself or to the world. If she were, instead of acting upon the principles of the world, as is now so frequently the case, the world would be compelled to act upon *her* principles. Suffer us then, with all affection and earnestness, to intreat that you will assiduously and constantly seek to bring about and promote a revival of genuine godliness in the different societies with which you may be connected; and especially that you will keep the claims and privileges of the Sabbath always in the thoughts and imaginations of your people. Suffer us to intreat that you will give yourselves no rest until you see them roused to a proper sense of its importance—a correct appreciation of its value—a right discharge of its duties—and that deep concern for its improvement, which ought never to be absent from a Christian’s bosom; and until, when thinking of them at its commencement or its close, or when looking upon them as assembled in the sanctuary, you can feel an unwavering assurance that,

“IT IS THE SABBATH OF THE LORD IN ALL THEIR DWELLINGS.”

“May the Spirit of wisdom and of power

abundantly rest upon you! In making this communication, we have discharged what we considered a duty devolving upon us, and redeemed a pledge recently given to the public. Should it conduce in any measure to the stirring up of your minds, and so to the accomplishment of the important object we have at heart, we shall exceedingly rejoice, and account ourselves greatly honoured.”

JOHN BLACKBURN,  
JOHN PITMAN,

January, 1830.

Secretaries.

#### ESSAY ON HONOUR.

THE love of praise is one of the strongest and most influential of the human passions: it appears to be as natural as the love of existence; and in some cases it even shews itself to be a stronger principle. But this passion has shared very extensively in our common depravity; none appears so blind and erring. In judging of the true nature of honour, and its legitimate sources, the reason of most men appears to be as perverted and besotted as it can be. Thus numbers are ashamed of that which is man’s highest glory, namely, piety; and glory in that which is his foulest, nay, his only disgrace, that is, sin. Or, in the expressive language of scripture, “Their glory is in their shame.” Beyond this point of mental and moral degradation, there can certainly be no progress.

In attending to the nature of honour, we must, first of all, apprise ourselves of the important distinction there is between honour *bestowed*, and honour *deserved*: these form two different sorts of honour; they are distinct when united; but they are often separated. Praise is sought by many, and is often conferred upon those who neither merit it, nor care to merit it. It is not this extensive honour—if I may be so allowed to name it—that I design at present to contemplate, but rather that which is *intrinsic* and proper, or that which makes men worthy to receive honour from others.

What, then, is the true source, or sources, of dignity and glory in the human character?

In the discussion of this question, we must lay down, and constantly recognize, the following principle or axiom, namely, that *the true excellence or importance of any being consists, 1st, in its capacity for the enjoyment of happiness; and 2dly, in its capabilities of communicating happiness to others; including also the disposition*

or inclination to employ these powers for this end. Therefore any action, or habit, or endowment, whether of the mind or body—whether natural or acquired—or, in a word, whatever appertains to our character or conduct, confers honour upon us just in proportion as it contributes to our happiness, and to our ability to promote the happiness of others. The application of this plain principle to all the received sources of honour, will enable us with certainty to perceive how far they are entitled to be thus regarded.

It will also be useful in this inquiry to recollect another very important principle, namely, that as the Divine Being is the source, so he must be the standard of all excellence, and that consequently the human character is dignified in the same proportion it resembles the Divine. These two principles perfectly harmonize; for all the majesty and glory of God may be referred, either to the boundless happiness of his nature, or to his infinite power and perfect willingness to communicate happiness to his creatures. When God made man, he sought for no original or pattern out of himself, but he made him "in his own image." Here, then, is the true honour of man, to be like his Maker: first, in *moral rectitude*; secondly, in *correct intelligence*; and lastly, in those *accidental*, or rather providential endowments, which, though they constitute no part of his real worth, are yet valuable as means, or instruments of exercising his real talents, and displaying his real worth.

*Moral rectitude*, or holiness, is unquestionably the noblest attribute of man: in the absence of this, no one can be either happy or useful; it is that which gives to all other excellencies their value; it must, therefore, be regarded as the basis of whatever dignifies the human character.

*Moral rectitude* is both *internal* and *external*. That which is internal consists in correct and regulated affections, or purity of heart. If we are the subjects of this purity, our supreme affections will be placed on God; we shall love him as the best, and adore him as the greatest of beings, and intensely desire and value his favour as our chief good. Our attachment to inferior beings and things will be regulated by their excellence, or their importance to our own welfare; but all our earthly attachments will be of a subordinate character; all deeply imbued with, and under the control of, the spirit of piety. In our esteem, the excellent of the earth will be those who manifest most love to God and his truth, but for all mankind we

shall cherish a feeling of benevolence, which will lead us to seek their welfare. The happiness of others we shall think of as much importance as our own, and much more important than our temporary pleasure, which we shall never repine to forego for the sake of promoting the essential welfare of our fellow-creatures.

From this heavenly disposition will spring all its kindred graces of humility, meekness, forbearance, and forgiveness of injuries, patience, and courage; for "charity suffereth long, and is kind—charity envieth not—charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." But *rectitude of conduct* will not fail to result from purity of heart: our whole temper and conduct will accord with the principles of truth, justice, kindness, and temperance; and being deeply sensible that it is "not in man to direct his steps," we shall thankfully receive God's holy law, as revealed in his word, as a "lamp to our feet, and a lantern to our path," diligently labouring to follow its light, and conform to its directions. Now the individual whose moral character accords with this description, however humble may be his condition in life, or scanty his stores of knowledge, is a truly honourable character. He resembles God in his most glorious perfections; he has, therefore, the honour of being approved by God, and esteemed by all the wise and good.

Next to piety and virtue, sound learning, and mental superiority, greatly elevate and ennoble the human character. By this I mean, a mind expanded by useful knowledge, and improved by the exercise of its own powers.

A *rational nature* is the grand characteristic of man, as distinguished from mere animals: from it results his moral agency, his capacity for religion, and all his noblest affections, talents, and actions. The mind is susceptible of interminable improvement; insomuch, that education makes as striking a difference between one man and another, as reason, in its unimproved state, makes between men and animals. Place an individual, who has enjoyed and improved all the advantages of a liberal education, whose reasoning powers are sharpened and disciplined by long and well-directed exercise, and whose mind is enriched by all that is useful in the empire of knowledge,—place such a person, I say

beside an illiterate peasant, or an untutored savage, and the unmeasurable inferiority of the latter will be instantly apparent. When piety and purity of heart, and intellectual superiority, are united in the same person, they elevate him to the first rank in the gradation of human dignity; their union is necessary to the advantageous display of both.

Knowledge without virtue is useless, often dreadfully mischievous; and virtue depends upon knowledge for its existence, and can never arrive at any maturity in a contracted mind. When learning is associated with piety, it contributes greatly to the happiness of its possessor, and to his ability to do good; when it coexists with depravity of heart, as is often the case, its value is highly questionable; it will be a scourge to its possessor, and an engine of mischief to others.

The next step in human exaltation is the possession of *power*; by which I mean, the influence or control over others, which is imparted by wealth, commanding talents, exalted rank, and official authority. No worldly good is so excessively overrated by mankind in general, as power; none presents so fascinating an aspect. This is evident from the fact, that *ambition*, which is the passion that reaches after it, is the strongest of all others,—none rouses the energies of the mind so much, excites to such surprising efforts, or hurries the vicious to greater excesses. Power may be lawfully desired as a means of doing good, but those who desire it for this sole purpose, who expect no happiness from it but the happiness of exercising a benevolent disposition; who are well aware of the solemn responsibility it brings with it; and withal, of the spiritual danger that is to be apprehended from it, as an incentive to pride and oppression, will never manifest their desire for it in the form of ambition, but in a form much more moderate, and with much less of eagerness.

Ambition may be characterized as a blind, headstrong, mischievous, and depraved passion. It is *blind*; for while it attributes to the object of its pursuit a false importance, it is ignorant of its true value. It is *headstrong*; usually spurning the suggestions of reason, and conducting itself by no rules of moderation. It is *mischievous*; it has been the scourge of mankind: it has filled the world with desolation, groans, and wretchedness. Where avarice has slain its hundreds, ambition has butchered its millions,—yea, millions have been sacrificed to the ambition of a single man. And it is a depraved principle in

its very nature; for self-will, pride, and revenge, are its very elements.

Power, abstractedly considered, implies no real excellency of nature; but when it is exercised benevolently and judiciously, it confers honour on its possessor, by calling into exercise his virtues and talents. The dignity of power also varies with the varying sources from whence it originates. That which arises purely from mental superiority is of a higher order, and entitles to greater homage, than that which results from rank, wealth, or office. Power is honourable, from the consideration that it is a shadow, though faint, of the infinite dominion of Jehovah; for this reason, it is to be honoured even when placed in the hands of the worthless. Another reason, why the outward expression of respect should not be withheld from worthless characters, when entrusted with legitimate authority, is, because the *ends* of such authority can seldom be answered without it. The value and benefits of power depend considerably on public veneration. And it can scarcely happen, that an office-bearer can be despised without the office itself being degraded.

*Dignified connexions* is another source of honour. Every thing belonging to a distinguished character is usually regarded with a sort of veneration. In most cases, this can be accounted for on no rational principle; but is one of the singular effects of the association of ideas. It is not, however, surprising, that our respect for an eminent individual should be transferred to his relatives and friends; because it is not unnatural to suppose, that such persons will resemble him in those qualities which command our esteem. We are led also to believe, that the person whom he honours with his confidence and friendship, must, on that very account, possess some valuable qualities.

To be allied, whether by blood or friendship, to persons of eminent piety, learning, or power, is no honour whatever to those who have nothing else to recommend them, and who know not how to turn this circumstance to their advantage; but, to a person possessed of the excellence which does not depend on circumstances for its existence, such alliances are really honourable, because they will, in various ways, be beneficial to himself, and, by adding weight to his character, they will augment his power of doing good to others.

It is in this latter particular, that all the honour of *titles* consists. When a title is conferred as a mark of public esteem, for meritorious services, or eminent abilities,



though of no real value in itself, yet it is honourable to its possessor, as a symbol of real excellence; and, by the hold which it has on public veneration, it enables him to exercise his real talents with more effect. It is therefore obvious, that all the honour which results from wealth, power, connexion, titles, and much of human learning, is entirely of a dependent and subordinate kind. A pure heart, and a sound mind, are the proper glory of man; by the former we assemble the Deity in his perfect rectitude, by the latter in his infinite intelligence. This is real worth; and the outward circumstances in which it is placed, do not in the least alter its nature. When these are absent, or absent to a considerable extent, all the external advantages of opulence, authority, rank, and titles, are empty and worthless.

As *utility* is the test by which the quality of our dispositions and endowments must be tried, the same must be applied to our actions.

Prayer, sincerely performed, I scruple not to pronounce the most dignified of all the actions of man; for, not to dwell upon the honour of being permitted thus to approach the Almighty, higher and more numerous benefits result from this exercise than from any other. It has a direct and powerful tendency to advance the soul in the knowledge and love of God, as well as in every other virtue; it therefore at once promotes our highest interest, and communicates the best qualification for doing good to others. The same commendation, in rather a lower degree, is due to the exercise of self-investigation, self-denial, reading and bearing the word of God, and all other acts of devotion, together with all such exercises as are calculated and intended to promote our piety and virtue. Private acts of devotion and beneficence are generally thought to have the most excellence. Hence Dr. Young has said,

"The secret acts of men, if noble, far  
The noblest of their lives."

But I would observe, that if public acts of devotion are performed with perfect purity and sincerity of intention, they are equally as valuable as those that are secret; nay, I should think, more so; for in devotions absolutely private, none but conscientious motives and spiritual views can have place; whereas in such as are public, there are strong temptations to permit the "single eye" to be inflamed by vanity, and clouded by carnal views. He therefore, who, in the performance of any public act of piety or beneficence, can effectually withstand this temptation, and maintain perfect upright-

ness of purpose, discovers a nobler soul than he could have done in any action necessarily private.

The exercise of the passive virtues holds, perhaps, the next place in the scale of honourable actions. To despise human applause, and decline worldly honours when offered; to be easy under unmerited opprobrium, as far as it does not affect our public usefulness; meekly to endure insults; to be dispassionate with the furious, and gentle even when justly provoked; in a word, to sustain the diversified ills of life with unrepining patience and cheerfulness; these are virtues which, as they are the most difficult to acquire and sustain, the most friendly to our own and the peace of society, so they are the most honourable of all others.

The value of these passive virtues is evident, if we consider, that if they were universally exemplified, mankind would be a society of friends, and the worst, and perhaps the greatest part, of human misery would have no existence. It is remarkable also, that these gentle virtues were more strikingly exemplified, and more strongly enjoined, by our blessed Saviour, than the more stern and active ones,—a sufficient proof of their superior excellency. It is true, our Lord displayed a courage always undaunted, and occasionally heroic; a firmness sometimes approaching to severity, but ever dignified; and an industry the most devoted and unwearied; yet still the most illustrious part of his character is to be looked for in his display of the softer virtues; these are always the most prominent feature in his conduct. And every truly great character must be formed after this perfect model of true greatness.

*Direct efforts to benefit mankind* are ever to be expected in a truly honourable character. Two particulars are here included: 1st, The incessant endeavour to improve our talents, or our means of doing good. Learning, strength of understanding, professional skill, wealth, and influence, are all susceptible of interminable improvement: and 2dly, The judicious and vigorous employment of these talents in diminishing the misery, and augmenting the happiness, of mankind.

That beneficence which ministers to the spiritual wants of our fellow-creatures, is certainly of the noblest order. Hence, the most honourable, because the most useful character on earth, is a pious, zealous, and talented minister of the gospel. We do not indeed grudge the immortal Howard the title of Philanthropist, which the whole world have agreed to give him; but who

would deny, that his great contemporary, the immortal Wesley, was a philanthropist of a much higher order. In purity and loftiness of principle, in self-denial, and in self-devotion to their respective departments of beneficent activity, they are entitled to equal praise; but in the honour which results from the actual diffusion of benefits, and production of happiness, scarcely a comparison can be instituted. The difference in favour of the latter is as great as is the difference between blessings merely physical and temporal, and those which are moral and everlasting. Yet, after all, the true dignity of human actions consists not so much in the actual amount of good originated, as in the faithful and conscientious application of our talents and means, whatever they may be, to that department of useful exertion which Providence has assigned us. The *former* often depends greatly upon circumstances, and upon a superior agency; the *latter* can only result from rectitude of heart.

*Judicious industry*, in an honest business, is honourable, because it is useful both to the individual himself and to society. Idleness is invariably disgraceful; for it is useless at the best. An industrious man, whose calling is honest, is a useful member of society, although it may be mean; but an idle man is a mere excrescence, as useless to society as a *wren* is to the animal system.

We have already adverted to the erroneous and monstrous judgment which the majority of mankind form of the true sources of honour. In proof of this I remark, that many value themselves, and are valued by others, for their wealth, style of living, the splendour of their furniture, dress, equipage, &c. Others scruple not to boast of their dexterity in the arts of seduction, overreaching, and dishonest craft. Drunkards have been heard to refer to their feats of intoxication in a strain of self-satisfaction and boasting; as if they thought it glorious to have drunk a large quantity of liquor without being choked. Swearers, too, have often been noticed to spout forth their profaneness and blasphemy with an air of vanity and self-importance, as if they expected the world to applaud them for daring to insult the Almighty.

But the strangest example of human degradation and stupidity on the subject of honour, is furnished by that class of men called duellists. These beings, too, emphatically style themselves *men of honour*. They are also, in general, *educated* and *accomplished* individuals; and so, it seems, a man may be an accomplished villain, an

educated fool, a polished barbarian. Now, when these *men of honour* receive an affront from one of their equals, instead of aspiring to the glory of "passing by a transgression," they know of no way of maintaining their honour, but by attempting the life of him who has offended them, and, in so doing, risking their own; and thus the intentional, and sometimes the actual commission of the double crime of suicide and murder, is thought to wipe the blot from their character, and to entitle them to take their rank in society as *MEN OF HONOUR*.

Rainton.

W. ROBINSON.

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ON READING.—NO. IV.

(Continued from col. 227.)

SCEPTICAL and infidel works bear the front of their father, the arch apostate, upon every page. Pride is conspicuous on their forehead, and throughout their countenance defiance lowers over the meek and lowly institutes of the Lamb slain for the sins of men. Boldness and self-confidence march in their periods, replete with insinuations and assertions, which they ever and anon hurl at the foundation of the Christian's hope, in order to undermine and batter down the strong tower—the name of the Lord—He who died for all men; while reason and argumentation, far in the back ground, seem pigmies,

"Unsafe within the wind of this commotion."

Yet many of these pretend to be founded upon the volume of inspiration, and to draw from this fountain, doctrines suited to the nature and fitness of things, and calculated to meet the unceasing wants of men, while, instead of this, they proclaim doctrines nowhere to be found in the word of God;—doctrines calculated to subvert the sacred volume itself, and every christian institute contained therein, and erect a pompous fabric, lofty and commanding, out of the dictates of men. Of these doctrines, a minister of Christ once said, "They are things which any man having common sense might say, but no man of common sense would say such things."

An affectation or deep learning, consummate wisdom, and great acuteness of research, pervades these works, while it is obvious to truly learned men, that they are throughout weak and unsatisfactory, and that the writers rather jump to conclusions than arrive at them by the straight path of argumentation. Yet, such is the depravity of the human heart, that thousands read with avidity these productions, and multitudes of

these believe them, without understanding the subjects on which they treat. "The carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God; neither indeed can be."—Romans viii. 7.

This ruling principle of the human heart, enmity against God, is no where more conspicuously displayed than by the parties who delight in the reading of these works. For enmity against God leads to enmity against his pure and holy word; and as these works tend to lessen the purity of the divine word by explaining or sneering away its spirituality, so they thereby lower it down to the vitiated appetites of mankind. With all the semblance of wisdom, they teach men to pique themselves upon the elevated ground they have taken, (far above the vulgar canting herd of praying Christians,) which restores to them that dignity and consequence in creation, so genial to pride, and so remote from the hateful and demeaning doctrines of the fall, and aloof from the humiliating intervention of a Saviour. What a fool's paradise is this! created to be blown away by the breath of affliction or the portals of eternity, which in a moment may appear, and ere long will appear, and opening realities to the soul, chase this transitory vision back to its original night!

To build is one thing; to pull down is another. A headstrong mob may demolish in a day the fabric which called forth the skill of the first architects, and cost the labour of a hundred men during a thousand days. Here we have the acts of men with men; but the acts of men opposed to the Infinite, have results widely different from these. Man may and does frequently demolish, according to his own view of things, the edifices which have been erected by Jehovah: but his edifices are instinct with life; and while men, however multitudinous and strong, triumph in the idea that they have achieved their demolition, they rise again, and stand up in their original strength, uninjured by the rude assault, and in their turn assail, appal, and overwhelm the adversaries.

This is true to the very letter with the word of God: men may and often do triumph in the idea that they have utterly overturned this living word; whereas it is merely quiescent for a moment, for in an hour they think not of, it will arise, and terribly appal their souls with the spectre of its resurrection. When, therefore, we deal with the living word, we deal with a reality, which, like the God who gave it, is unaltered and unalterable. Jesus said, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy,

but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever, therefore, shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. v. 17 to 20. What madness then are sceptical and infidel writings! they will recoil upon and overwhelm the writers themselves, and that at no distant period from their production.

It is true, this catastrophe is often veiled to us by the shades of death. David exclaimed, "I saw the prosperity of the wicked: for there are no bands in their death; but their strength is firm. They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men. Therefore pride compasseth them about as a chain."—Psalm lxxiii. But he afterwards adds, "I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end. Surely Thou didst set them in slippery places: Thou castedst them down into destruction. How are they brought into desolation as in a moment! They are utterly consumed with terrors. As a dream when one awaketh; so, O Lord, when Thou awakest, Thou shalt despise their image."

What useful purpose then can the reading of such works as these subserve? Some will answer, "I love to know what can be said upon such a subject." In the exercise of caution and circumspection, an inquiring mind may read them with such a view as this, and receive no harm; yea, warned by their arrogance, he may estimate a meek and quiet spirit at a higher price than he did before; but can this be imagined by the most sanguine liberal, to be the general result of sceptical and infidel reading? No! no! A man who constantly reads such works must himself be a sceptic or an infidel, whether he has discovered it or not. A man is often the last to discover his own errors; such a reader may fancy, therefore, that all is well, while all who know him mourn his fall. Fuel added to a flame increases the intensity, until the heat melts down every fusible substance within its reach; and can a depraved heart escape the fusion, when daily exposed to such an ordeal? How many dip into these works, who are enticed forward, until the appetite is increased in the using, and they can

relish no other, but feast upon them to surfeiting and ruin!

The besetting errors of the age in which we live, are scepticism and infidelity; these arise out of what is termed, "the march of intellect." Men are more generally informed in this age, than in any other recorded in history, and, alas, more proud, more confident, and more resolute. Seminaries, wherein every species of instruction are given, abound; and learning is put upon the shortest route to eminence: hence we have numbers of eminently learned men, and multitudes of every grade, from these down to the A-B-C-darian. "The schoolmaster is abroad," every youth may sip of the fountain, and numbers take copious draughts at his hands, of the bitter as well as the sweet waters; for this fountain, by the inventions of men, contrary to the pure fountain of life, is so constructed, that it does at the same head send forth sweet waters and bitter.

The same seminary sends out the Infidel and the Christian; the same bishop lays his hands upon the evangelical candidate for holy orders, and the sceptical candidate, who merely professes what he does not really believe; because each is qualified by the rules of the schools, having his due portion of human learning; the same church frequently contains a true minister of Christ, and a mere worldling priest, unequally yoked together in the same services, each reading the same form of devotion in the presence of the living God. Thus does the schoolmaster take the field, marshal his hosts, command the march of intellect, and make a forward movement, in complete armour, towards the enemy. But, alas, instead of a united onset upon the opposing army, his forces break into bands, headed by potent leaders, and each combats each with might and main; some having actually wheeled completely round, and joined the arch apostate against the Prince of Life. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." Here then we have, marshalled in the field, Greek against Greek, headed on the one side by the prince of the power of the air, with all his subject hosts, and on the other by the Prince of Life, with the power of the Holy Spirit; ours, therefore, is the age when deeds of prowess must be done, or darkness will triumph, and the prince thereof reign without a rival over men.

The battle is begun, shouts of victory already ascend from each of the contending hosts; for many a partial overthrow has taken place, and deeply is the field san-

guined with the blood of the slain. On which side do I mean to enlist? This is a question which every man ought to ask himself: and to this question it behoves every man to obtain a direct answer from his own soul. To write for scepticism or infidelity, is to fight for the prince of darkness: to pore over such writings, is to pay the warriors for their services in the field: with might or with money, to aid such a cause, is rebellion against the Prince of Life. Choose ye, therefore, life or death; both are before you, and the Great Arbiter is at hand; a reward according to their works is with Him, and however quiescent He may be at the moment, He will arouse Himself to reward His faithful ones, and to deal out vengeance on the enemy. "Therefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having overcome all, to stand. Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God: praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints," Eph. vi.

(To be continued.)

#### THE COVENTRY SOCIETY, FOR THE ABOLITION OF HUMAN SACRIFICES IN INDIA.

(February 23d, 1830.)

In Feb. 1829, a public meeting was held in the County Hall, in this city, to petition parliament for the abolition of the Suttee; at which the worshipful the Mayor presided. The petitions, which were very numerous signed, were presented by one of the members for the city, and the highly respected Bishop of this diocese. Various petitions to parliament were presented during the last session, and, among them, three were from *females*, which were favourably received. A similar society has been formed in London and Birmingham. It would be gratifying to state, that every county in the United Kingdom possessed at least one such Institution.

On this subject, and others of equal importance, and kindred connexion, several very interesting publications, namely, "The Suttee's Cry to Britain;" "The Pilgrim's Tax in India;" "Infanticide in India;" "India's Cries to British Humanity," &c.

under the patronage of this society, have been widely circulated.

From India, daily defiled with innocent blood shed like water, intelligence of an interesting description is communicated. The following letter has been received by the Secretary, from the private Secretary of Lord W. Bentinck, dated Government-House, Calcutta, Dec. 22, 1828:—"I am directed to acknowledge the receipt of your letter to the Governor-General, dated the 7th of April last. His lordship desires me at the same time to present to you his best thanks for the copies of your pamphlets which accompanied it, and to assure you that the one on the Suttee question relates to a subject, which has engaged his particular attention." The Missionaries in Calcutta, and its vicinity have petitioned the Governor-General on the subject of the Suttee. It appears by a communication from Bengal, bearing date Feb. 17, 1829, that some prohibitory regulations have been actually issued. Letters from Serampore and Calcutta, in May and July last, do not mention this prohibition of Sutees; it appears, therefore, probable, that it is on a limited scale, as an experiment. This however is a fact of great importance. The following notice, says a Missionary in India, in March, 1829, appears daily in the papers:—"The Governor-General invites the communication of all suggestions tending to promote any branch of national industry; to improve the commercial intercourse by land or water; to amend the defects in the existing establishments; to encourage the diffusion of education and useful knowledge; and to advance the general prosperity and happiness of the British Empire in India." Surely a brighter day has dawned in the East! let the friends of humanity and religion improve it.

Let the friends of humanity be deeply impressed with the nature and extent of human sacrifices in the East, and they will not relax in their efforts till these abominations are "buried midst the wreck of things that were." Still six or seven hundred females are annually burnt or buried alive in British India, besides what fall a sacrifice to this horrid practice in the allied and independent states; according to the philanthropic Col. Walker, "3,000 infants are annually murdered in Western India; thousands still perish in pilgrimages, allured to shrines of idolatry, (rendered more celebrated by British connexion and support,) or are hurried down in a state of sickness and debility to the Ganges, and there cruelly murdered,—and yet no inquisition is made for their blood." Why does Britain permit

these atrocities? "Blood has a voice to reach the skies." It cries to the Senate of our land, "Relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." The cry of mercy for India "has reached the British Isles, and reverberated from her shores:—it has sounded in the ears of her Legislature; it is heard in the midst of our City; it is a loud and a bitter cry." Let cities, towns, and villages, petition for the exertion of British humanity and justice, to abolish every species of human sacrifice in India; and when the public voice is temperately and reasonably expressed, we may rest assured that it will not be suffered to plead in vain.

#### ADULTERATION OF BREAD.

ALTHOUGH pure and nutritious bread is so necessary to health and life, there is no article more liable to sophistication. The practice of mixing potatoes with the dough has been already noticed. Potato-starch is used for adulterating flour. Of this I have a positive proof, even in the present day. A few months since, an eminent flour-factor shewed me a powder which he said had been sent him as a substance which might be mixed with flour without discovery, and requested me to examine it, declaring his intention, at the same time, of publishing the transaction. Inspection alone was sufficient to convince me that the powder was potato-starch, and a few experiments soon decided the point. This fraud has no other bad effect than in lessening the quantity of nutritious matter which a given quantity of the bread should contain, beside the extortion of charging full price for an article of less value. Inspection by a high magnifier will detect potato-starch in flour, by its glistening granular appearance.

We have heard of bones burned to whiteness, and ground to an impalpable powder, being used to adulterate *thirds* flour, which, being of a somewhat gritty nature, will disguise the grittiness which it is almost impossible to deprive bones of, be they ever so laboriously ground. This fraud is easily detected; for if much dilute muriatic acid, that is, spirit of salt mixed with water, be poured on such flour, there will be an effervescence or boiling up; and if the liquid be thrown on a filter of paper, the portion which runs through the paper will let fall a heavy white deposit, if pearl-ash be added.

Chalk and whiting are also adulterations which, in small quantity, are often mixed with flour, and although such admixtures are not noxious to health directly, they are

injurious in many ways. They may be readily detected by pouring on a large quantity of dilute sulphuric acid, that is, oil of vitriol mixed with six or seven times its weight of water; if an effervescence ensue, it is proof that there is adulteration; and if after filtration, as before directed, the addition of pearl-ash to the clear liquid produce no muddiness, or a very slight degree of it, the presumption is, that the adulteration was chalk or whiting.

Alum is a well-known sophistication of bread, not used on account of its quantity, but to disguise a bad quality of flour; it is said to whiten ill-coloured flour, and to harden and whiten bread made from flour which has been malted. By some respectable bakers it has formerly been used, and might still be used, if there were not a law against it, with perfect safety: in so small a quantity as half a pound of alum to one cwt. of flour, it could not be in the least degree injurious; for this would be but nine thirty-fifths of an ounce to the quartern loaf. When used in double this quantity, as it often is, it becomes discoverable to the taste when the bread grows stale. Be this as it may, we can easily detect alum in bread, for it is only in bread that it need be suspected, by pouring boiling water on it, letting it cool, pressing out the water, boiling it away to one-third, allowing it to cool, filtering it through paper, and adding to the clear liquor, some solution of muriate of lime. If a considerable muddiness now appear, it is proof of adulteration, and none other can well be suspected than alum. Muriate of lime can readily be prepared by pouring a little dilute muriatic acid on more chalk than it can dissolve, and after the effervescence ceases, filtering the liquor through paper. What passes through the filter is ready for use as a test.

Salt, which in small quantity is absolutely necessary to the flavour of bread, is used by fraudulent persons as an adulteration; for a large quantity of it added to dough imparts to it the quality of absorbing, concealing, and retaining a much greater quantity of water than it otherwise would. Bread made from such dough will, on leaving the oven, come out much heavier than it ought, and the additional weight will be merely water. Fortunately the taste of such bread is a sufficient index to its bad quality; it is rough in its grain, and has this remarkable quality, that two adhering loaves will generally separate unevenly, one taking from the other more than its share.—*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. III.; being a Treatise on Domestic Economy, Vol. I.*

#### A SABBATH IN FRANCE.

By the Rev. J. W. MONROE, Author of the *Memoirs of Andrew Fuller*.—(From *Affection's Offering*, 1830.)

ARRIVING at a considerable town on the continent, in the middle of June, 1829, I was not a little surprised to find the superstitious observances of former times still continued, but with an evident design to revive the interests of Catholicism, and support the declining power of the priests. The sabbath morning was fine, and great preparations were made for the celebration of one of the principal festivals, *la fête de Dieu*, in commemoration of the Ascension. The French are not remarkable for cleanliness, as is well known: dirt of every description is thrown from the houses into the streets, where it is suffered to accumulate till it becomes exceedingly offensive, being seldom removed more than once a week. This indecent and unhealthy practice, however, is not peculiar to France; it generally prevails in Catholic countries, as if it were the appropriate emblem of their religion. In Ireland, where French manners are unknown, the same disgusting custom is pursued, to an equal extent with our continental neighbours.

On the morning of the day alluded to, *la fête de Dieu*, carts and scavengers were employed to clean the streets, under the superintendence of an officer of police, who required every housekeeper carefully to sweep the front of his dwelling as he directed. The principal streets through which a religious procession was to pass, were then lined with white linen, suspended from the fronts of the houses, and strewed with leaves of the fleur de lis. Temporary altars were erected at distant intervals, covered with white linen, and adorned with pictures, pots of flowers, large wax candles, and a crucifix. Green boughs were planted behind the altars in form of a crescent: in front a carpet was spread for the priests, who on their arrival consecrated the place with holy water, the swinging of empty censers, shedding a profusion of rose leaves, and performing other gesticular ceremonies.

The procession commenced in the forenoon, amidst the roar of cannon from the ramparts, and other military demonstrations. The concourse of people was immense; the lower classes traversing the streets, and those of a higher grade witnessing the fête from their windows. The procession was lined on both sides with a long train of children, walking two abreast with an open mass-book in their hands, the boys wearing dark coats, the girls dressed in

white caps and neckerchiefs, and some of them covered with lace veils. Superintendents or teachers attended them, some in black, others in white flannel hoods and dresses, with beads and crucifixes suspended from their sides. The interior was formed of a long train of monks and priests in their respective vestments, alternately singing psalms, and being relieved by martial music. In the centre was born the hoste, under a crimson canopy, supported by a number of ecclesiastics.

The whole procession was headed by the military, many of whom appeared with arms in the centre, and brought up the rear with a flourish of drums and trumpets. On the approach of the hoste, the people bowed themselves, and continued in a bending posture till it had passed by. For my own part, I was so stupified with amazement, that I neglected to pay the accustomed homage to the hoste, scarcely knowing whether I was in Christendom, or on the plains of India, witnessing one of the fetes of Juggernaut. A police officer awoke me from my reverie, by putting forth his wand, and calling out, "*Otez votre chapeau.*" A Frenchman standing near and observing it, shrugged up his shoulders, and laughed at the officiousness of the police. I moved my hat, and walked on.

The people generally, all perhaps but the grossly illiterate, evidently regarded the ceremony as a mere farce, or sort of religious entertainment, and would have laughed the priests out of countenance, had it not been for the presence of the military, which formed by far the most imposing part of the spectacle. There was no zeal, no fervour, no enthusiasm of any kind; nothing could be more formal and monotonous. Nearly all the figures in the scene exhibited a character, phrenological and physiognomical, of impenetrable dulness and stupidity, of heads without brains, and countenances without the slightest degree of animation. Meanwhile the streets were full of tumultuous noise, laughing, talking, trifling, till the procession moved on to the great church, where mass was performed, and hundreds rushed for admission. This done, the rest of the day is devoted to gaiety and dissipation, and the sabbath becomes the vainest part of the week. Trade is carried on, with windows and doors partially closed, mechanics follow their employments, carmen deliver goods from the country, taverns and tea gardens are crowded with visitors, and the theatres conclude the profanations of the day.

A most unaccountable mixture of levity and devotion presents itself, such as is unknown

in Protestant states, except among a certain class of church-going people, who visit the temple as a sort of apology for the excesses they intend to commit, and so contrive to make what they call their peace with God. Catholic worship begins here as early as five o'clock in the morning, when the chapels are thronged by the lower class, and even milk-women may be seen entering the sanctuary with their pails, preferring rather to attend public prayer in the midst of their business, than wholly to omit the devotions of the day. Yet as soon as the multitudes descend the steps of the porch, they are met by ludicrous fiddlers and songsters, and find no difficulty in immediately joining in the mirth and revelry. Such is modern France, and such the farcical religion which Catholicism has produced.

Yet with all this strange composition of character, there is a species of public morals in which the Catholics of France appear to excel. They are vain and frivolous, guilty of petty frauds and impositions, readily disregard the hospitality due to strangers, and have, no doubt, their share of other vices; but public crimes and brutal outrage are seldom heard of. More of these are brought to light in one week at Bow-street, than are known in any town of France for a whole year, the capital alone excepted. The streets here are generally still and quiet at ten o'clock, and people retire to rest without any anxiety about doors and windows; the outer doors are slightly fastened, and the upper windows often left wide open, with bed-clothes and other articles hanging into the street; yet such is the general security and confidence, that no danger is apprehended, and no violence committed.

In Alfred's reign, the glory of the British annals, it is said, that a person might travel with untold gold in his possession; but such times have scarcely been heard of since in England. Yet in that part of France which I have visited, a similar state of things still exists, in spite of all the meaner vices. If you visit a retail shop, money may be seen lying about in heaps, and completely within reach, yet there is not the least apprehension of danger. Women come from market with half a peck of loose copper money in a skep or open basket, slung at their backs, protected neither by the eye nor the hand of the owner; yet they walk about at their ease, amidst crowds of people, without fear of sustaining any loss.

Such facts speak strange things in favour of Catholic France, and the facts themselves are indisputable. Some of the

resident English consider this state of general security as arising from the extraordinary vigilance of the police: the supposition however, is perfectly ridiculous, unless the police were omnipresent, or every market woman had an officer constantly at her elbow. Besides, there are no watchmen in the town where this state of things exists, and none wanted, though the population is upwards of twenty thousand. To impute it to the superior moral influence of Catholicism, is saying too much; and to pretend that it arises from the peculiar constitution of the French character, is saying nothing at all. Human depravity sometimes takes a different course, and runs in various directions; in some places it is a course of outrageous profligacy and open impiety; in others of gross superstition and sensuality; but the subject would require a philosophical essay for its discussion.

One cannot, however, think of Protestant England being surpassed in any of the social virtues by Catholic France, without feelings of shame and regret, considering how highly the former is indulged with religious advantages, and how low the other is sunk by a degrading superstition, which seems to have extinguished all the finer sensibilities, and planted in their stead a chivalrous sort of honour, to guard the common rights of society. What Englishmen owe to their country cannot easily be estimated, without making an actual comparison; and what honours are due to Christianity, where its influence is really felt, can never be fully ascertained; it is hers to diffuse universal happiness and peace, to bless all nations, and make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.

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#### THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

*"Prayer is a winged messenger to heaven."*

THERE is no duty so imperative, and none so generally neglected, as prayer. Whilst we readily acknowledge that not only our comforts and conveniences, but our very existence, is continued to us solely through the mercy of that divine Being to whom praise is due, how seldom do we acquit ourselves of this obligation,—how languidly do we embrace the lofty privileges it confers! Though without the medium of prayer, and the mercy of Omnipotence, the frailty of man would sink in every hour of danger, affliction, and trouble,—how rarely do we, except when Almighty wrath in mercy awakens us, call upon Him in whom our souls may trust, and who will save us with the everlasting strength of His right arm. What ingratitude—what madness is this!

One mercy, vouchsafed to man by his God, through the intercession of the Redeemer, is sufficient to be the theme of constant praise on earth, and of endless gratitude hereafter. But it is not for one mercy that we are called upon to render thanksgiving to whom thanksgiving is due. We are every moment the creatures of mercy: in sickness or health; in adversity or prosperity; in youth or age; in life or death. Every hour of man's life, and every possible condition and situation in which he may be placed, are fraught with dangers innumerable, and insurmountable by human strength. And is it not a privilege peculiarly suited to the lofty aspirations of an immortal soul, to approach the throne of Him who sitteth above the world, and to enter more immediately into His presence, who will, in every time of need, bare His arm in our defence!

Cold must those hearts be—cold to their God, their country, and their kind—which burn not, nor feel a super-human peace within them, whilst prayer is publicly offering, and the song of praise ascending to the gates of heaven. At such an hour, man below is engaged in the same employment as the angels above. "Every christian soul is not a seraph;" yet, though the eternal thunderings of praise, and the cherubic voices, like mighty waters, cannot be heard in the church below, they make glad the city of our God. But there is one grateful, one overwhelming thought, sufficient of itself to make the public worship of the Deity a heaven below,—and that should engage every heart to join with fervid piety in its services; this thought is,—that whilst we are offering up our petitions and thanksgivings in the visible church on earth, at that same hour all Christians are similarly engaged, and the prayers of an assembled world are rising like grateful incense to "our Father which is in heaven." And may we not add, that God descends into our sanctuary with His holy angels; there again, as once in Eden, "Angels dwell, and God himself, with man."

LONDON.

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#### FRAGMENT ON PAPAL CONFESSION.

IN many parts of the Continent, especially in Italy, the confessionals in the churches leave the priest visible to those who pass. This is to prevent suspicion of immodesty, while the person who is confessing is shut up in a box, having only a small square hole in one side.

In Ireland they are not content with double boxes, in which the priest and the penitent are shut up, having a slide to open



between them, but the priests have made a practice of hearing confessions in private rooms, and generally at their own lodgings. This would not be endured in Italy, though each family there are priest-ridden by one of the innumerable orders of friars and monks, who is privileged as an inmate. There is no charge meant here against the chastity of the Irish priesthood, for if they were not very chaste, their opportunities would render their whole communion depraved; but it is a situation in which no fair penitent, of from 15 to 40, and blooming young priest, should be placed.

After mass the priests' houses are crowded with young females, to pour their sorrows into his compassionate bosom. No Dr. Dryadust, emaciated by fasting, but a ruddy, red-cheeked, plump, smiling young fellow, with all the advantages of nature, sanctioned by that deocracy assumed by the human-spiritual authority of the church of Rome; and there is such a horror of the sacrilege of casting an imputation on the priest's character, that the female must be a heroine, as well as a real penitent, who would tell tales, as the universal voice of condemnation and double infamy would consign her to destruction. H.

#### THOUGHTS ON COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.

As there is no subject more amusing or instructive than the study of the works of God, so no part of those works is more worthy of our attention than animal structure, or the science of comparative anatomy. This, though usually confined to the precincts of the dissecting-room, is still comprehensible, and forms a delightful object of contemplation to the reflecting mind. In consequence of the importance of this science, as well as its intrinsic peculiarities, I have selected the following out of many instances of singular construction in animals to fit them for the stations in which they are placed, and the various circumstances by which they are surrounded.

*Ruminating Animals.*—It is a peculiarity of such of this kind as feed on pulse, or other hard substances, that the articulation of the jaw is lined with a very thick and elastic cartilage, which prevents the jar that would be otherwise occasioned to the brain in breaking their food.

In examining the stomachs of ruminating animals, we find them each to possess a peculiar structure. The first and second are reduplicated, and the folds furnished with strong ligamentous fibrous edges, which probably, by the action of contraction and expansion, produce a powerful concussion,

thus separating the matted particles of the herbage swallowed. The coats of these two first stomachs are rough, and armed with small fibrous papillæ of different degrees of fineness. These serve to break the mass; and a slight degree of incipient fermentation may be produced by the agency of the gastric juice, which is poured into them from their peculiar gastric glands.

The third stomach is not furnished with such strong fibrous folds, but its coats are formed into cells like a honey-comb. Into this the food returns after the process of rumination. Then digestion is continued; and the food, having been comminuted by rumination, is fitted for the action of these fibrous cells, which, from their form, are adapted to macerate, separate, and concoct the pulpy substance. Muscular action, upon such forms of surface, would produce every variety of shape fitted to divide a pulp, and separate it into the most minute particles. The gastric juice in this stomach is probably of a more solvent and fermentative quality, and fits the food for its passage into the fourth stomach. In this last, digestion is completed, and absorption of the nutritious particles takes place. From hence the residuum passes into the bowels, when the lacteals and other vessels perform their destined offices; but owing to the nature of the food, its quantity, with the difficulties of assimilation, and the tedious nature of the process, the length and size of the intestines are proportionably greater than in carnivorous animals.

As this class of animals have no incisores in the upper jaw, a curious contrivance is substituted in its place. The tongue is so constructed as to twist round the grass on which they feed, and thus tear it off from the roots. They are seldom found to pull up the root, which, from its strong and fibrous character, takes a firm hold on the soil. It is also a singular circumstance, that the tongue, on its upper surface, even to the point, is covered with a rough and prickly cuticle, the hard papillæ or prickles of which tend from the point to the root. As most grass is in a degree rough on its outer surface, the skin of the tongue appears intended to resist this, and thus come in aid of the muscular action that twists the blade.

*Colour of the Coverings of animals.*—This is a very curious circumstance, and embraces many particulars worthy of observation in the locality and habits of the various tribes. It may be generally remarked, that animals of slow motion or fearful temper, or such as are beset by numerous enemies, have the colour of their hair, fur, or skin,

suited to the place of their abode. Of this, the hair of the polar regions is a remarkable example, which becomes first grey, and then white, as the winter advances; as also does the dog from the Mackenzie river. The chameleon, which is an animal of slow motion, assumes the colour of the surface on which it rests. This is effected by the texture of the skin resembling shagreen, the slight asperities of which, by their smooth surfaces, reflect the rays of light proceeding from the substance on which it is placed. It seems probable that the whole of the lizard tribe possess this faculty in a degree. I have seen the water-newt, when disturbed, draw its legs under it, straighten its body, depress its head, and, assuming the colour of the ground, appear like a dry stick. The crocodile when watching for its prey, crouched in the dank mud of the river's bank, appears, from his dark and motionless form, like an inanimate log.

The inquiry might doubtless be pursued much further, and we should find that in this respect nature has adapted the colour of every animal to its locality and habits. It may, however, be observed generally, that such individuals as have the quickest motion, as birds and winged insects, are adorned with every variety of colour, their facility of escape precluding danger.

*The Bones of birds.*—The bones of birds are not only thinner, and consequently lighter, than those of quadrupeds, but the internal hollow is constituted of a cellular substance; which, independent of marrow, is divided into air-cells, which renders the body specifically lighter, while probably the animal heat, rarefying this air, adds to their buoyancy.

*Digestion in dogs.*—The powers of digestion in dogs, in consequence of their feeding much on bones, proves the gastric juice must be of a very solvent, and probably even corrosive, at least of very highly fermentative, quality. The action of this on the coats of the stomach, occasions the animal to suffer frequent hunger, as also to require water in considerable quantity to weaken its strength. It appears probable that this fact may serve in some degree as a clue to the theory of canine madness, a subject which must be ever deeply interesting to the public.

The gastric juice, like all other secretions of the animal body, is naturally exalted by heat, and its acrimony considerably increased. Now it has been long established as a fact, that dogs, even in the hottest weather, never perspire except in the tongue; and a recent writer in the *Lancet* having taken much pains to investigate the fact, has

founded upon it a mode of treatment for hydrophobia, of which phlebotomy and salivation form the basis. This has been successful in some instances, and it is to be fervently hoped it will be more closely investigated.

What I would further observe is, that though this saliva, which flows from the tongue, may be beneficial to the animal in a healthy state, yet when there is a degree of fever in very hot weather, it may probably be in an acrid state, and thus be painful to the animal, occasioning rabies. This acrid saliva, conveyed into the human system by a bite, would inoculate it with the same disease. I am not certain whether graminivorous animals are *naturally* subject to rabies, but I should think not, as their gastric juice, being fitted for the solution of vegetable matter, cannot be necessarily of so solvent a quality as that of dogs, &c. and therefore not so liable to become acrid.

E. G. B.—

#### ON THE HORIZONTAL APPEARANCE OF THE SUN AND MOON.

THE cause of the sun and moon appearing larger when near the horizon than when they are considerably elevated above it, has engaged the attention of several eminent men, who have endeavoured to investigate it.

Alhazen, a writer on optics, supposed that it was caused by the sight apprehending the heavens as a flat surface; whence would arise the imagination of a different distance under the same angle; and therefore the luminaries would appear larger when near the horizon, because we then imagine them to be at the greatest distance.

Other writers, (see the *Imperial Encyclopædia*, art. Astronomy, part i. sect. 12.) attempt to explain the cause of our imagining a different distance under the same angle, from the great number of objects on the surface of the earth, interposed between the eye and the horizon, which make us think those parts of the sky near the horizon to be the most remote, and hence the sun and moon will then appear larger. These opinions, as the writer of the above-named work remarks, are hardly tenable, since the sun and moon often change their magnitude very suddenly when near the horizon.

I think the following observations will, at least, prove the cause of this phenomena to be of a refractive nature. Take a bit of paper, and prick a hole through it with a pin, and when the sun appears very large,

on holding the small hole to your eye, and observing the sun through it, it will appear no larger than it does when it is in the meridian; if you do the same when it is in the meridian, its magnitude will then appear unaltered. I have made the experiment many times, both with the sun and moon, when they appeared very large, and they were immediately reduced to their natural size, on the application of the paper.

Probably most persons will agree with me in thinking, that refraction is the cause of this alteration; though it may be very difficult to find out in what way it is done. We know that the air is much denser in the direction of the horizon than higher up, and is frequently loaded with aqueous particles, which, about the horizon, would render it more refractive than at greater elevations: and because these particles lie near the surface of the earth, the eye sees through a greater quantity of the impregnated air in the direction of the horizon, than it does at greater altitudes. Hence these luminaries appear magnified, somewhat after the manner of their being seen through a convex lens; and they have the appearance as if seen through a medium of the kind before-mentioned, and of a less transparent nature than pure air; because they appear dimmer there than at other places.

THOMAS COOKE.

*Draycott, near Derby.*

#### ECCENTRICITY NO PROOF OF GENIUS.

THOUGH many of the most eminent individuals whose genius has been abundantly exhibited in their productions, whether in the fields of literature or science, have exhibited considerable eccentricity, yet this propensity is not, as many imagine, any proof of the possession of genius. The existence of pre-eminent talents in any branch of study, and the rapid acquisition of principles, together with the new and interesting discoveries that result from reflection, on an induction from them, is so superior to the common range of human intellect, as to lead us to expect something extraordinary, either in the manners or appearance of the individual; and these peculiarities, which often really exist, are considered as eccentricity, and are by many ascribed, though falsely, to the presence of genius, of which they are concluded to be a demonstrative proof.

Genius may be defined to be a superior mental aptitude to comprehend the principles of any art or science with facility and correctness, and to apply them, by the immediate operation of mental

association, to existing circumstances. Hence will result new discoveries and ingenious deductions. Thus genius is not only a quality, but a habit of the mind, absorbing all its active faculties in the favourite subjects, and raising the mental powers above the consideration of common and insignificant occurrences, so that the individual becomes intensely studious and thoughtful, and often totally abstracted from the consciousness of surrounding objects.

This abstraction, which sometimes occasions ludicrous contortions, though often mistaken for eccentricity, is merely a natural effect of this habit of the mind, and totally beyond the control of the individual; and is one, however singular such conduct may appear to the thoughtless and inconsiderate, which the sensible will ascribe to its real cause.

Eccentricity, either of manner or appearance, is the result generally of bodily habit; and though thus intimately associated with the manners of the man, yet it is not the effect of thought or reflection, and is under the command of the reason, if properly exerted for its suppression. It is sometimes assumed either in order to excite attention, or to cover the real character from impertinent investigation, and the same individual is a totally different person in a mixed company and in the retirement of his closet. Eccentricity often consists rather in words than action, and is marked by sallies either of wit or whim. In this case it is employed to relieve the mind from the tedium of study, and relax it from that tension which results from the abstruse operations of profound speculation.

There is scarcely an individual of superior genius, but; either from habit or design, has contracted some degree of eccentricity, either in speech, manners, or appearance; yet as these peculiarities are observed in thousands who have never exhibited any evidences of genius, we cannot conclude that they furnish any proof of that, without which it *can* exist; nor, on the contrary, can we determine, that bodily habits and peculiarities, under the control of the will, are *a priori* proofs that real genius exists in the individual.

E. G. B.

HUGGATE DYKES, NEAR POCKLINGTON,  
YORKSHIRE.

THE word *dyke* is of Scottish origin, and signifies "a wall, a ditch," &c. Here it is used in the latter sense. It has the same application that the Latin word *vallum* has, and is regulated by the context.

The dykes at Huggate, to which Hinderwell, in his History of Scarborough, alludes, were brought into notice by the late Lord Burlington, some years ago. His lordship got a plan of them engraven, and some copies of them thrown off, but one of them I have not been able to procure. Neither do I know his lordship's opinion of their design or use. It appears from the connexion in which Hinderwell refers to them, that he thought they were a species of Roman Road. But this opinion will be shewn to be erroneous.

These dykes lie nearly south-west and north-east. At the east end they are seven in number; but two merging into one about the middle, there are but six at the west end. They are 520 yards in length, 88 yards at their greatest width, and 68 yards at the least. In some places they are 7 or 8 feet deep, but must originally have been above 12 feet, for the plough and the spade have, in many places, considerably diminished their height.

They are situated upon a neck of land, which separates two deep dales. At the east end they are approached by a single road from the direction of Driffield, which probably connected with the Roman road from Sinus Salutaris, i. e. Bridlington Bay, to York. At the west end three roads branch out from them: one near the summit, another about the middle way, and a third along the bottom of a deep dale. Of the use of these three roads, conjecture is in favour of their having been for a retreating army, to baffle the intentions of a pursuing enemy. This will sanction the opinion of these dykes having been military encampments.

General Roy describes a species of earthen camp, used by the Romans for temporary purposes. And Dr. Henry, in his History of Great Britain, mentions a similar encampment on the south side of the Wall of Agricola, which was used by the Anglo-Romans to defend themselves from the excursions of the Scots and Picts, after the Roman armies were withdrawn from the island. As the Anglo-Romans retreated southward to the higher grounds, the probability is, that the dykes at Huggate were an encampment which they formed upon a Roman trackway, which had been originally made by the ancient Britons, and which they would use in their march southward. They would also use the tumuli for watch stations by their out-posts; and when the Scots and Picts approached, even at a distance, those who were encamped would have sufficient time to make their *exerunt* by the three roads at the west end, and

elude their pursuers. Or they might divide, and escape a general attack upon their whole body.

The number of military tumuli to the south of the dykes, is in favour of their having been military encampments; for the tumuli are general indications of some stations or encampments being at no great distance. The dykes are also much calculated to impede the march of an enemy, either from the north or south, as a small army in these entrenchments could easily oppose a very superior force, and drive it into some of the neighbouring deep dales, where it would be at the mercy of its assailants. Allowing that the celebrated Delgovitia, which was a Roman station, was either at Lonsborough or its neighbourhood, and that the Anglo-Romans knew of it, yet the higher wolds would be much preferable for their purpose. For the neighbourhood of Lonsborough being much lower, it is unfit for a good exploratory station.

Viewing then these dykes as the remains of a military encampment, they differ from the Danish camp, which was circular; from the Anglo-Saxon, which was semicircular; and from the Roman, which was oblong, and divided into compartments: the inductive conclusions are in favour of their having been "an Anglo-Roman encampment."

Huggate, Jan. 23, 1830

T. R.

## POECKY.

### WINTER.

Now early Winter rules the infant year,  
Far in the north I heard him loudly knock  
Upon the entrance of a cavern drear,  
Until his trusty messengers awoke.  
Then to the various storms he roughly spoke,  
Bidding them spread dire desolation wide;  
Like mighty giants, when their chains are broke,  
They leave, and o'er the earth triumphant ride.

Where are the flowers that bloomed in beauty's pride?

Where are the birds that erst did sweetly sing?  
The hoar-frost came, those sickened and they died,  
These on the cold spray sit with shivering wing.  
No more their notes are heard, 'till virgin spring  
Bids vegetation live on fields and trees;  
Then shall the woods again with music ring,  
And fragrances come with every passing breeze.

No longer now are heard the humming bees,  
In their dark wary cells they still remain;  
Yet on their Summer's store they live at ease,  
For they foresaw dread Winter's barren reign.  
Why could not thoughtless men such hints obtain,  
And of their labour's produce take more care?  
Then might they keep their huts in snow or rain,  
Nor brave such storms to gain their wanted fare.

Cold blinding snow-flakes hurry through the air,  
The crystal spears hang from the cottage eaves,  
The stately swan, proud of her plumage fair,  
No longer on the lake her bosom laves—  
Each water-fowl the wondrous change perceives:  
In search of warmer springs away some fly,  
The hungry heron stalks about and grieves,  
For safe beneath the ice the fishes lie.

Cloud follows cloud athwart the gloomy sky,—  
The distant sun is rarely to be seen,—  
Lo! howl the angry winds as they pass by,  
While starving rustics round the hearth convene.  
Within yon lordly hall, how changed the scene;  
Moms with many a giddy friend is there,  
Behold the fair ones move in dresses sheen,  
Bedecked with many a gem both rich and rare.  
Nor cold nor hunger falls unto their share,—  
Fortune propitious smiles throughout the year;  
Would they but seek the lowly cottage, where  
Want's thousand ills in various forms appear.  
What they can spare, might many a sad heart  
cheer.  
And lighten misery's burden to the poor;  
Might Winter rob of half his terrors drear,  
And heaven's reward for charity procure.

M. A. C.

## SPRING.

CHEERFUL Spring, I gladly greet thee,  
Love and joy are in thy train;  
From my cot I come to meet thee,  
In the wood, or on the plain.  
That with music wild resounding,  
Among the tender-foliated trees;  
This with various flowers abounding,  
Richly scents the passing breeze.  
High in air the lark is soaring,  
Him I hear, but cannot see;  
Say, sweet Spring, is he imploring  
The most gentle mate from thee?  
Lovely minstrel! while thou'rt singing  
Where the clouds appear to rest,  
Here below the grass is springing,  
Which may hide thy lowly nest.  
Now the mid-day sun is glancing,  
Morning's mists have pass'd away,  
Countless insects quick are dancing  
In the warm and genial ray.  
See the lambskin lightly bounding  
O'er the mead with playful feet;  
List the bee his bugle sounding,  
Flitting o'er the blossoms sweet.  
Stately steps the farmer, throwing  
On the earth his golden grain,  
Soon he hopes to see it growing,  
Thick and strong upon the plain.  
What were life, if hope were missing?  
Few its pleasures, short its joys,  
For that great celestial blessing  
Always cheers, but never cloye.  
Dark as starless nights in Winter,  
Dark as chaos e'er could be,  
Were our minds, did hope not enter  
In, and light futility.

Watch the angler, swiftly going  
To the gently-ruffled brook;  
Mark how skillfully he's throwing  
In the well-disguised hook.  
Soon the finny tribe perceive it,  
Sudden springs the speckled trout,  
It is caught, (would you believe it?)  
Pleas'd he drags the sufferer out.  
Boast not man thy sense of feeling,  
Tell not of thy heart humane,  
That base deed this truth revealing—  
Thou canst willingly give pain.  
Man, thou head of the creation,  
Mild to all should be thy way,  
Spring beholding thy vocation,  
Blushing, vanishes away.

M. A. C.

## "THIS IS NOT THY REST."

Oh remember "this is not thy rest,"  
Though lovely and bright it may seem;  
O hope not while here to be blest,  
It is but a fanciful dream,  
Though the morning of life may be balmy and clear,  
Yet the shadows of evening too soon will appear.

Oh remember "this is not thy rest,"  
As thoughtless thou hastest along;  
Though the world in bright colours be drest,  
'Tis all as the syren's sweet song,  
Whose soul-thrilling harmony tempts thee to roam  
Far, far from thy country, thy kindred, thy home.  
Oh remember "this is not thy rest,"  
When sorrows and troubles appear;  
If affliction should enter thy breast,  
And all appear hopeless and drear;  
Yet, remember this world and its trials will cease,  
And thou shalt repose thee for ever in peace.  
Then turn thee from earth unto heaven,  
Where joys will be lasting and pure,  
There nought but true bliss will be given,  
And that which shall ever endure;  
There we shall as stars in the firmament shine,  
All glory, and rapture, eternal, divine. R. M. D.

## STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF B. W. B.

"Sigh not, ye winds, as passing o'er  
The chambers of the dead ye fly;  
Weep not, ye dews, for these no more  
Shall ever weep, shall ever sigh."

Mrs. Hunter.

SWEET infant, like a vision  
His days have pass'd away;  
How bright was the transition,  
When from his tender clay,  
The spirit softly driven,  
As waking from a dream,  
On seraph's pinions wing'd to heaven,  
Weep not for him.

Too delicate a flower,  
For earth's dull atmosphere;  
The zephyrs in the bower,  
For him were too severe.  
Now mov'd to paradise,  
For ever on him beam  
Suns which ne'er set, and cloudless skies,  
Weep not for him.

No more a child of sorrow,  
Entail'd on human life;  
For him brings not to-morrow  
Affliction, guilt, and strife;  
His little griefs are past,  
His eye, tears cannot dim,  
His Eden shall for ever last,  
Weep not for him.

I gladly would have press'd him,  
To this too feeling heart;  
And rapturously caress'd him  
But better thus to part;  
The cup of life below  
"But sparkles near the brim,"  
He ne'er shall taste its dregs of wo,  
Weep not for him.

Grimsby.

ANN WEBSTER.

## SONNET ON THE DEATH OF R. M.

(Who died March 5, 1829.)

"Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,  
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes."

T. Moore.

FAIR as the rose-bud blushing in the bower,  
So beautiful his infant charms were seen;  
While kindred branches screen'd the tender flower  
From blanching winds;—and fortune's fickle queen  
Smil'd on his cradle,—childhood's bright serene  
Uncledoned pass'd,—youth never promiss'd more.  
Too eagerly he sought the sacred prize.  
Of knowledge, hidden in the page of lore.  
Life's fairest visions pass'd before his eyes;  
But, veil'd in gloom, an herald from the skies  
Shook his dark wings around him, fatal hour!  
Death's midew dropp'd, corroded the heart's core,  
The victim fell, demanded by that Power,  
Who gave,—who took,—but will again restore.

Grimsby.

ANN WEBSTER.

REVIEW.—*The Ecclesiastical Polity of Richard Hooker, with his Life, by Izaak Walton; and Strype's Interpolations, &c. &c. By Benjamin Hanbury. In 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 534, 568, 535. Holdsworth and Ball, London. 1830.*

It is somewhat remarkable, that nearly all the leading sects into which the Christian world is divided have their respective champions, to whom they look up in times of danger, and under whose aegis they hope to find protection. The Calvinists have their Edwards, the Quakers their Barclay, the Wesleyan Methodists their Fletcher, the Papists their Bellarmine, and the Episcopalians their Hooker. All of these are master spirits, and, in their respective spheres of action, are highly deserving the fame they have acquired.

Hooker was not more remarkable for his piety and learning, than unfortunate in his matrimonial connexion and domestic concerns. At an early age he was entrapped into an unhappy marriage with a woman who brought him neither beauty nor portion; and what was still worse, she was silly and clownish in her manners, and an exact counterpart of Xantippe in her temper. By this disastrous step, he lost his fellowship at college, and was obliged to quit the university before he had obtained any preferment. In 1584 he was, however, presented with the rectory of Drayton Beauchamp, in Buckinghamshire, where he spent several years in matrimonial misery. On one occasion, while in this place, he was visited by his friend and pupil Mr. Sandys, in company with a nephew of Archbishop Cranmer. On reaching his habitation, they learnt that he was in the field; and here they found him tending a small flock of sheep during the absence of the servant, who had been called away on some domestic business. Released from this task, he conducted them to his house, where they had the mortification of witnessing the churlishness of his wife, who took every opportunity of putting his patience on the rack, and of provoking him by her capricious and vexatious behaviour. Sympathizing with their valuable friend, they took occasion, prior to their departure, to express their surprise, that he could bear, with so much fortitude, the continued insults to which he was exposed. To this Mr. Hooker replied—"My dear George, if saints have usually a double share of misery in this life, I, who am no saint, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me, but labour

(as indeed I do) to submit my will to his, and possess my soul in peace."

Mr. Sandys, on reaching his home, represented the situation of Mr. Hooker to his father, in such a light, that, through the interest of this gentleman, he was made master of the Temple in London. But finding the metropolis did not agree with his more retired and moral habits, he was anxious of making an exchange with some one for a more tranquil scene. This was to him the more desirable, as he had made some advances in his great work on Ecclesiastical Polity, to the completion of which he thought the bustle of the city unfriendly. This being communicated to Bishop Whitgift, he was presented, in 1591, by that prelate, to the rectory of Boscomb, in Wiltshire, and to other valuable preferments in the cathedral of Salisbury. In the year 1594, he was presented by the Queen to the rectory of Bishop'sbourne, in Kent, where he finished his immortal work; but the sixth, seventh, and eighth books, he did not live to publish. His death took place in November 1600, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

It has generally been admitted, that Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" is the best defence of church establishments that was ever published. Both at home and abroad, fame every where followed its appearance; but the author did not live to enjoy the extent of his reputation. A copy of this work falling into the hands of Clement VIII. induced the pontiff to observe, that "there were in it, such seeds of eternity, as will continue till the last fire shall devour all learning."

When James I. came out of Scotland, on his accession to the throne of England, he inquired of Archbishop Whitgift for his friend Hooker; and being answered, that "he died before the Queen, who received the information with much regret," his majesty replied as follows: "And I receive it with no less, as I shall want the desired happiness of seeing and discoursing with that man, from whose books of Church Polity I have received such satisfaction. Indeed, my Lord, I have received more satisfaction in reading a leaf or paragraph in Mr. Hooker, though it were but about the fashion of churches or church music, or the like, but especially of the sacraments, than I have had in the reading particular large treatises but of one of those subjects, by others, though very learned men; and though many others write well, yet in the next age they will be forgotten; but, doubtless, there is in every page of Mr. Hooker's book, the picture of a

divine soul, such pictures of truth and reason, and drawn in so sacred colours that they shall never fade, but give an immortal memory to the author."

These testimonies, however, in favour of this work, by a pope and a monarch, will have but little weight with those who view ecclesiastical establishments in an inauspicious light. Despotism will be thought to approve of every treatise which tends to uphold dominion either in church or state; and when the authors of such works are men of piety, of erudition, and of superior talents, they may always calculate on the favour of the great. Such was the case with Mr. Hooker, and such are some of the opinions entertained respecting his *Ecclesiastical Polity*.

At the commencement of his work, our attention is, however, called to an opposite sentiment, which he thus expresses:—

"He that goeth about to persuade a multitude, that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favourable hearers: because they know the manifold defects whereunto every kind of regimen is subject; but the secret lets and difficulties, which in public proceedings are innumerable and inevitable, they have not ordinarily the judgment to consider. And because such as openly reprove supposed disorders in the state, are taken for principal friends to the common benefit of all, and for men that carry singular freedom of mind; under this fair and plausible colour, whatsoever they utter, passeth for good and current. That which wanteth in the weight of their speech, is supplied by the aptness of men's minds to believe it."—p. 70.

It cannot be supposed that a work of such magnitude, importance, and complexity, as Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, should be suffered either to appear, or to pass along on the stream of time without molestation. Of this, it has had to encounter a more than common share. Its outworks have been assailed, but its citadel remains invulnerable, and few who think coolly and dispassionately on its multifarious subjects, and the harmonious organization which runs through all its parts, are inclined seriously to believe, that its fortifications will ever be demolished. It is a work filled with argumentation of the most powerful description, with acuteness of the first order, and displays in its details a range of thought which embraces ethics, Christianity, and law, and renders them all subservient to one grand design. It is one of those few works which have appeared in the world, that no one has been able essentially to mend, and no one able fairly to refute.

Upwards of two hundred pages of the first volume are occupied with what may in some sense be called extraneous matter, though, in another view, all may be con-

sidered as having a bearing on the work itself. The editor's introduction is a thread of a very peculiar colour, and many will perhaps, be perplexed to learn, what could induce him to publish an edition of a voluminous treatise, on which non-conformity must look with a somewhat jaundiced eye. It is certainly curious to behold an editor, attempting, in his introduction, to controvert some of the primary positions of a work which immediately follows.

We ought not, however, to fancy inconsistency, where none in reality exists. There are many things in almost every book, which the reader may approve, and many which he may condemn. He may therefore animadvert on what he deems censurable, even while he is giving publicity to that which he admires; and as impartiality forbids mutilation, fidelity commands that no author should be made to speak a language which he never intended to utter. In this light the editor seems to have surveyed Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*. Hence, the whole work has been faithfully given, while, in the introduction and notes, he has taken the liberty to controvert what he supposed to be erroneous. These are now placed before the public, and the reader must judge for himself, on which side truth and argument preponderate.

Dr. Covel's defence of five books of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, at the conclusion of the second volume, is well written, and contains much useful matter, but the work which is defended would have stood its ground, if no one had ever attempted a vindication, either of its principles or details. From misrepresentation, and erroneous inferences, it was perhaps necessary that it should be protected; but this service being rendered, nothing more was required. Help is always an encumbrance, where no assistance is wanted.

The treatises of Hooker, which occupy about a third part of the concluding volume, are on different topics, among which are several sermons. These all bear the image and superscription of the author's mind; but if his *Ecclesiastical Polity* had not been written, it is probable that these would not now have ever gained a hearing. It is to the name of the author that they must be chiefly indebted for their reputation.

On works of this kind, which have a controversial aspect, because avowedly defending a particular institution, the opinions of men will always be divided. Uniformity of sentiment is neither to be

expected nor desired. Should it ever take place, vigour, in this department, would forsake the human intellect, and its energies, growing stagnant, would generate a crop of degrading superstition. On the points in debate between conformists and non-conformists, no work can be written, that will please both parties; and the author, who, taking moderation for his guide, attempts to conciliate, can hardly hope to give satisfaction to either party. The task is forlorn, and the effort to accomplish it must prove unsuccessful.

But whatever may be thought of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, in relation to local feelings, all must allow, that it is a work of uncommon merit, and one which, for its erudition, talent, and profundity of research, any church or sect would be proud to own. Infallibility is no man's prerogative; but while it will be allowed that Hooker has his failings, we must candidly admit, that a more skilful engineer, or a better workman, never threw a rampart around any church establishment.

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**REVIEW.**—*Personal Narrative of a Mission to the South of India, from 1820 to 1828. By Elijah Hoole. Illustrated with Lithographic Plates. 8vo. pp. 338. Longman, London, 1829.*

It appears that the author of this work went to India, as a Wesleyan Missionary, in 1820, and continued there in this capacity until 1828, when ill health compelled him to return to his native land. During his abode in these remote regions, he visited many parts, which enabled him to make observations on the character, prejudices, superstitions, and customs of the natives; and keeping a journal of daily occurrences, he was enabled, on his return, to furnish the materials of the present volume.

In surveying this production of his pen, we must not lose sight of the situation in which he was placed, for by this, our expectations ought, in a great measure, to be regulated. A legislator may descant on political relations, national resources, and civil polity; and a merchant may expatiate on the nature of traffic, and the productions of the country; but a missionary will be expected to turn his attention more immediately to theological institutions, to the force of habit, the prevalence of system, the effects of education, the state of morals, and the influence of principle, whether leading to pagan abominations, or to the more refined idolatry, which results from the misdirected energies of philosophical research.

The volume consists of two parts, and in the aggregate includes twenty-seven chapters, concluding with an essay on the religion and religious state of the Hindoos, and with observations on the character, probable origin, and present state of Hindooism.

In ranging through these parts, chapters, essay, and concluding remarks, we cannot but observe, that Mr. Hoole has not been an inattentive spectator of passing events. Into the region of speculative conjecture, he rarely enters. He relates what he heard, what he saw, and what he gathered from his intercourse with the natives, and from the inquiries which he had an opportunity of making. Hence, the picture which he has drawn, may be considered, in no small degree, of a domestic character; but this circumstance, instead of detracting from its merits, imparts to its details a local interest, to which, in the eye of the general reader, mere abstract philosophical investigation could never aspire.

The progress of Christianity, and the moral condition of the Hindoos, are, in most cases, kept prominently in view, and to these, all other points are made more or less subservient. Even the excursions which delineate the character and manners of the natives, though deeply interesting on other accounts, are chiefly so from the awful realities which they unfold, and the opportunities they afford, of enabling us to estimate the superior blessings which we enjoy. The Wesleyan and other missions have been attended with great success; but though much has been done, much more remains to be accomplished. A few solitary sparks glimmering through a hemisphere of darkness, cheer the missionary traveller on his journey, and perhaps, in no portion of the world is he so imperiously compelled to walk by faith, and not by sight.

Independently of what may be considered as more immediately connected with the mission, this work contains a rich fund of entertaining matter. The author brings the natives before us without any disguise, and introduces his readers into their cabins to survey their spinning wheels, their looms, their mode of manufacture, their dress, their furniture, their manner of preparing rice for cookery, and enables them in a few general glances to contemplate the whole domestic circle.

To the habitations of natives in more exalted stations, Mr. Hoole occasionally conducts us with equal facility; so that while, on the one hand, we are led to gaze with pity on the more degraded castes of the population, we stand amazed, on the



other, at the imposing splendour of oriental magnificence. Their gardens, natural scenery, works of art, and monuments of antiquity, rise and flit before us; but unhappily, while in one direction the bounties and exuberant fertility of nature arrest our attention, in another, the eye is assailed with the memorials of conquest, and the desolations of war.

In the sketches, incidents, and narratives, profusely scattered throughout this volume, although we find nothing profound to command our reverence, we discover nothing puerile to provoke our smiles. The style is plain and perspicuous, and the subject is, in general, sufficiently interesting to preclude the necessity of any artificial robes. As a fair specimen of Mr. Hoole's diction and descriptive talent, we give his visit to the deserted palaces and occupied tombs of Hyder Ali, and Tippoo Saib.

"On Friday morning I walked to view the fortifications of this celebrated place, (Serlingapatam) they are not very ruinous, except at the unrepaired breach, at which it was stormed in 1799. I should think the fort nearly three miles round. Its population was once immense, but at present it does not perhaps much exceed twenty thousand: many of its Mahomedan inhabitants having removed to Arret, or Madras; and the wealthier Hindoos having been drawn to Mysore, the present seat of the native court.

"The palaces and seraglios of Hyder and his son are occupied as barracks, hospitals, or private residences, by the British officers and troops.

"No part of the remains of the former splendour of Serlingapatam interested me more than the palace in the *Laul Baugh*, or Royal garden, at the east end of the island, about three miles distant from the fort. This palace or banqueting-house, now in ruins, was, thirty years ago, the most superb in this part of India. I went through the whole of its galleries and apartments, now entirely unoccupied. It appeared to have been highly finished, and very costly. The walls were plastered with *chunam*, the shell lime of India, firm, and bearing a polish equal to plaster of Paris. On this white ground, a regular pattern of flowers was exquisitely finished with paint, and gilt, giving the appearance of rich porcelain, and superior to the best paper used for rooms in England; many parts of it still in good condition. The four principal apartments open with their full width to the court or garden, and being galleried on three sides, appear to have been intended for witnessing dances or shows. On the bank of the river is a smaller building, or rather a roof supported by pillars, finished in the same style. All the sides are doors, which may be opened to admit the air, or shut, at pleasure.

"Near the entrance of the *Laul Baugh*, stands the Mausoleum, in which are interred the remains of Hyder and Tippoo. It is a beautiful building in the Moorish style of architecture, and, having the attention paid to it which the climate requires, is in excellent preservation. The open veranda or terrace round the mausoleum, is supported by pillars of black marble, polished; the pavement is of the same material, and strongly contrasts with the rest of the edifice, which is plastered with *chunam*, nearly white. The whole has a solemn and imposing appearance, well suited to the character of the place. As I ascended the steps, I was desirous to take off my shoes, the mark of respect paid, in the East, to places reputed sacred. I told the persons in attendance, that it was not my custom to do so; and from the regard usually given to custom, was allowed to proceed without submitting to so great an inconvenience. The interior of the build-

ing is beautifully finished with embossed work in *chunam*. On the floor are three mounds, each about two feet in height. The middle one is over the body of Hyder Ali; one on the side, over that of Tippoo Sultan; and that on the other side, over the body of *Sultankama*, the mother of Tippoo. These mounds were covered with precious cloth from Mecca, and constantly adorned with flowers. A lamp was kept burning. The place was filled with a strong aromatic smell, very pleasant; and was attended by a respectable man, who seemed to be a minister of the Mahomedan religion." p. 71.

Several lithographic plates ornament this volume, and add much to the perspicuity of the subjects which they help to illustrate. Of their general fidelity we entertain no doubt; but the execution is superior to the design, the human figures being disproportionately tall for the surrounding objects. This, however, is of trifling importance, when compared with the variety of interesting matter which the volume contains. We have perused it with much gratification, and shall be surprised to learn that any reader with reasonable expectations, complains of disappointment.

REVIEW.—*The Veracity of the Five Books of Moses, argued from the undesigned Coincidences to be found in them, when compared in their several parts. By the Rev. J. J. Blunt. 8vo. pp. 214. Murray, London. 1830.*

No reader who is acquainted with Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*, need be at a loss to know the principles upon which this work is founded. The optic glass through which this celebrated author inspected the New Testament, Mr. Blunt has borrowed, to examine the Five Books of Moses, and the discoveries made by his researches, furnish proof that industry has not been without its reward. It would not, however, be fair to institute a comparison between the two authors. Paley laboured in a fertile region. The ground over which he travelled was thickly sown with incidents; and he returned from his excursion laden with riches of inestimable value. Mr. Blunt, on the contrary, has traversed a comparatively barren country, abounding indeed in wealth of various descriptions, but less productive of those gems which all would rejoice to find sparkling in the coffers of Biblical treasure.

It is not intended from hence to insinuate that the author's application has been attended with only a small portion of success. By the acuteness of his observations many coincidences have been discovered, which, brought together, and presented to the reader, excite in his mind a train of ideas at once new and unexpected. These, in the aggregate, are neither few nor unim-

portant; but it is from the incidental manner in which they appear in the writings of Moses, where no suspicion of design can be generated, that they derive their principal value. Sometimes, indeed, the coincidences are rather intimated than expressed; and the apparent obscurity in which they appear to be involved, affords something more than presumptive evidence, that they never could be intended by their author thus to arrest the reader's eye. Yet dark and obscure as they appear in their native soil, they acquire, from the light of comparison, a lustre which nothing but truth could impart.

These coincidences are not only more luminous, but far more numerous, than might have been expected. The author begins with the history of Abraham when sojourning in the land of Canaan, and, following him and his descendants through the intermediate vicissitudes of their history, ends with a transaction which happened on the borders of that land, when his offspring were about to enter and take possession. During this interval he has found twenty-six striking concurrences, at once remarkable for the peculiar contingency of their character, and for the strong resemblance which they bear to other facts and occurrences with which they are compared.

In producing these branches of evidence for the veracity of the five books of Moses, Mr. Blunt nowhere lays upon them a greater weight of confidence than they are capable of bearing. To demonstration he never presumes they will amount; but in the aggregate, he conceives the argument they furnish to be of considerable force. On the conviction which they will produce on the minds of others, he presumes not to speculate; but so far as he is personally concerned in their operation, he avows that this cumulative argument carries more satisfaction to his own mind, than one of greater learning and more extensive research.

Having drawn his materials from their respective mines, the author brings them together with much perspicuity, and places them in positions which no one can misunderstand. Hence, while beholding them mutually illuminating each other, we admire the modesty with which he draws his inferences, in favour of the truth he intended to illustrate, and involuntarily give him credit for more than he presumed to demand.

In his title-page, he only professes to argue one great truth, namely, "the veracity of the five books of Moses, from undesignated coincidences to be found in them," and in this he has been triumphantly suc-

cessful. The resemblances adduced fully justify his application of them, while nothing can be more obvious than that they are purely incidental, and that the detached particulars must be broken from their natural connexions, to give the evidence they are called upon to furnish. In favour, however, of the general fact, their testimony is decisive; no discrepancy can be found in their allegations; to the charge of subornation they bid a stern defiance; and they have nothing to fear from the most rigorous cross-examination.

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REVIEW.—*The Cabinet Cyclopædia, conducted by the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, LL.D. &c. Domestic Economy, Vol. I. 12mo. pp. 390. Longman & Co. London. 1830.*

OF this very useful work we have already noticed the two preceding volumes, the first on the history of Scotland, and the second on the history of maritime and inland discovery. The former is from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, but of the latter, the author's name does not appear. The volume now under inspection is by Michael Donovan, Esq. M.R.J.A. and professor of Chemistry to the company of Apothecaries in Ireland. The numerous treatises intended to form this cyclopædia will be the productions of several authors, but all well known either in the scientific or the literary world. Thus furnished, the whole will be conducted by the Rev Dr. Lardner, whose name appears in every title-page.

The present volume contains the history and process of Brewing, Distilling, Wine-making, and Baking. The information which it communicates, is at once multifarious and intrinsically valuable. In each subject, every reader may be said to have an interest, and no one ought to remain in ignorance of the component ingredients of articles on which his health, and even his life, depend. By the useful knowledge which this volume cannot fail to impart, effects, which are frequently experienced, may be traced to their real causes, and followed to distant but fatal consequences, of which no suspicions were entertained. By the use of tests which are furnished, the reader may detect adulterations in the necessities of life, and, refusing the deleterious compounds, confine his dealings to men who associate honesty with trade. On the effects produced by Opium, Wild Hemp, Brandy, Tea, and Gas, we have the following observations.

"Effects of Opium.—Opium is the well-known resource of the Mahometans; and unfortunately is

not altogether unknown in Britain. In small quantity, seldom employed, it produces serenity of mind, and pleasurable sensations: it inspires animal courage and animal desires; and from the latter quality arises its use as a habit in countries where polygamy is permitted. A practice of the Turks was to swallow the bulk of a hazel-nut of opium when going to battle, with the view of inspiring courage.

"Those unfortunate persons in this country, who, through irritability of temperament and proneness to despondency, betake themselves to the dreadful practice of opium eating, suffer severely in the sequel for the transitory pleasure derived from it. The habit induces constitutional debility, loss of appetite and memory, early decrepitude, and shortness of life. The person is characterized by a listless, dull manner, and an unconquerable aversion to any exertion of mind or body. While not under the influence of the spell, his despondency amounts to an indescribable horror of mind. All his motions are embarrassed by an universal tremor of the limbs: he becomes paralytic, perhaps apoplectic, and he expires in a fit. Galien mentions, that an opium plaster laid on a gladiator's head by a stratagem of his enemy, speedily deprived him of life; and physicians witness the effects of external opiates continually."

"**Intoxicating Effects of Wild Hemp.**—The plant called wild hemp, (*Cannabis Indica*) in Egypt named *Assis* or *Hasschish*, is manufactured into a substance called *Bangue* or *Bang*, which is much used throughout Egypt, Persia, Arabia, and Hindoostan, as a powerful and peculiar inebriant. For this purpose, a liquor is prepared from its juice, or its dried leaves are made use of. The common people among the Arabs pound the leaves make a little ball of them, and swallow it. In Hindoostan, the plant is grown for no other use than for the purpose of intoxication. It produces tranquillity of mind, and a singular kind of exhilaration, during which the person laughs involuntarily, speaks incoherently, and sings and dances without staggering or giddiness. Like opium, it stimulates courage, and excites sensual propensities. During sleep it promotes agreeable dreams."

"**Effects of Brandy on Savages.**—The European settlers in North America introduced the modes of intoxication practised in their own country, and called in the powerful assistance of their spirituous liquors in the work of exterminating the unfortunate aboriginal tribes; and, truth to say, they found no difficulty in bringing them into high favour. It is reported by a French author, that one of these poor savages being asked his opinion of brandy, to the use of which he was so much devoted, answered, in the florid style of his country, 'It is made of tongues and hearts: for when I have drank it, I fear nothing, and talk like an angel!'

"**Effects of Tea.**—Taken strong, and in great quantity, it produces exhilaration, an indescribable feeling of lightness of body, as if in one's step he scarcely touched the ground; along with a perception of increased magnitude, apparently, of all objects. Swallowed in very great excess, it produces horror of mind, an intolerable apprehension of sudden death, and fits of asphyxia or suspended animation."

"**Intoxicating Gas.**—If an oiled silk bag, quite free from smell, and containing this gas, be furnished with a tube to hold in the mouth, and the whole so arranged that a person can draw the gas into his lungs, and breathe it backward and forward a few times, it will produce extraordinary sensations, generally of a highly pleasurable kind, accompanied by increased vividness of ideas, propensity to muscular exertion, involuntary laughter, and the greatest exhilaration, without the subsequent languor and depression that follow ebriety. In peculiar constitutions we sometimes find the only effect, in the first instance, to be a sensation like the approach of fainting. I have seen it produce effects in all respects apparently similar to apoplexy, but it was momentary, and did no in-

jury."—*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia*, Vol. III.; being a Treatise on Domestic Economy, Vol. I. p. 41, &c.

On the subject of animal combustion, much has been said and written, some positively affirming what others as strenuously deny. Many well-attested incidents are, however, recorded in history, of individuals taking fire, the body having been previously saturated with ardent spirits, through habitual drunkenness. Of these mysterious facts, this volume contains the record of several instances, from which we extract the following:

"In 1692, a woman, who for three years had used ardent spirits to such an excess, that she would take no other nourishment, having sat down one evening to sleep, was consumed in the night-time, so that next morning no part of her was found, but the skull, and the extreme joints of the fingers. All the rest of her body was reduced to ashes.

"Mary Clues, aged fifty, was much addicted to intoxication. Her propensity to this was such, that for about a year scarcely a day passed in which she did not drink at least half a pint of rum, or aniseed water. Her health gradually declined; she was attacked with jaundice, and was confined to her bed. She still continued her old habit of drinking. One morning she fell on the floor; and her weakness having prevented her getting up, she remained so till some one entered and put her to bed. The following night she wished to be left alone. A woman, on quitting her, had put coal on the fire, and placed a light on a chair at the head of the bed. At five in the morning a smoke was seen issuing through the window; and the door being broken open, some flames which were in the room were soon extinguished. Between the bed and the chimney were found the remains of the unfortunate Clues. One leg and a thigh were still entire; but there remained nothing of the skin, the muscles, or the viscera. The bones of the cranium, the breast, the spine, and the upper extremities, were entirely calcined. The furniture had sustained little injury. The side of the bed next the chimney had suffered most; the wood of it was slightly burnt, but the feathers, clothes, and covering were safe. Nothing except the body exhibited any strong traces of fire.

"A similar case is the following:—A woman about fifty years of age, who indulged to excess in spirituous liquors, and got drunk every day, was found entirely burnt, and reduced to ashes. Some of the osseous parts only were left; but the furniture had suffered very little damage.

"We find in the Philosophical Transactions a well-attested case of human combustion, Grace Pitt, aged about 60, had a habit of coming down from her bed-room, half-dressed, to smoke a pipe. One night she came down as usual. Her daughter who slept with her, did not perceive she was absent till next morning, when she went down to the kitchen, found her mother stretched out on the right side, with her head near the grate, having the appearance of a log of wood consumed by fire, without any apparent flame. The fetid odour and smoke which exhaled from the body, almost suffocated some of the neighbours, who hastened to the girl's assistance. The trunk was in some measure incinerated, and resembled a heap of coals covered with white ashes. The head, the arms, the legs, and the thighs, had also participated in the burning. This woman had drank a large quantity of spirituous liquor. There was no fire in the grate, and the candle had burned entirely out in the candlestick, which was close to her. Besides, there were found near the consumed body the clothes of a child, and a paper screen, which had sustained no injury. The dress of this woman consisted of a cotton gown.

"Le Cat relates another instance, which occurred in 1749. Madame de Boileau, 80 years of age, exceedingly meagre, who had drunk nothing but spirits for several years, was sitting in her elbow-chair before the fire, while her waiting-maid went out of the room for a few minutes. On her return, seeing her mistress on fire, she immediately gave an alarm, and some people having come to her assistance, one of them endeavoured to extinguish the flames with his hand, but they adhered to it, as if it had been dipped in brandy. Water was thrown on the lady in abundance, yet the fire appeared more violent, and was not extinguished till the whole flesh had been consumed. Her skeleton, exceedingly black, remained entire in the chair, which was only a little scorched.

"The combustion is almost always general, but sometimes it is partial: the feet, hands, and top of the head are the only parts that have been preserved. Although a very large quantity of wood is necessary for burning a corpse, this kind of burning occurs without inflaming the most combustible substances. The presence of air is shown not to be necessary; and it is found that water, instead of extinguishing the fire, only gives it more activity. When the flame has disappeared, the combustion continues within the body."—*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. III.; being a Treatise on Domestic Economy, Vol. I. pp. 46—49.*

From the extracts thus given, it will be seen, that Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia is a work of no common character. This volume on Domestic Economy is particularly fraught with utility in family concerns. It abounds with philosophical reflections, and embodies on various subjects the opinions of scientific men. In numerous places, theory is illustrated by an appeal to fact, so that no one can read it without being both benefited and entertained.

REVIEW.—*Popular Lectures on the Study of Natural History, and the Sciences, Vegetable Physiology, Zoology, the Animal and Vegetable Poisons, and on the Human Faculties, Mental and Corporeal, as delivered before the Isle of Wight Philosophical Society. By W. Lempriere, M. D. 8vo. pp. 414. Whittaker. London. 1830.*

THIS interesting volume, which in the course of a few months has arrived at a second edition, comprehends, in its wide survey, the vast circle of natural and intellectual science. Judging from the diminutive bulk of the work, it might be deemed insufficient to contain even the outlines of a single art; but if examined with deserved attention, it will be found to include nearly all that is essential to be known, in the works of nature, and the operations of the human mind. Beauty and brevity—compression of matter, and perspicuity in language and arrangement—are the leading characteristics of these "Lectures."

The reading world need not be told, that it is a difficult and arduous undertaking to discourse familiarly on the

various branches of physics, and the intricate operations of nature. Most sciences, from the classification of their parts, become entrenched so deeply in technicalities and severity of method, as to present little that is attractive to the general student; and in avoiding a learned nomenclature, and a studied system, an author is liable to neglect order altogether, and to present his readers with "a chaos of disjointed things." To explain the grand features of every science, in language that shall delight the hearer with its simplicity, rather than astonish him by its awful mysticism;—to speak of the structure, powers and instincts of animals, of the wonders of the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, and of the physical and intellectual faculties of man, in a manner that would not cause the lecturer to be voted a bore in the drawing-room, is perhaps the *ne plus ultra* of authorship; which includes an envied distinction, that no one can hope perfectly to attain. How far Mr. Williams has approximated towards it, the following analysis and extracts will determine.

The first edition included only six lectures; but in the impression under review, the number has been increased to eight.

The first lecture, "On the Study of Natural History and the Sciences," sets out with recommending an observance of physical phenomena, and an inquiry into cause and effect. The sublimity of Astronomy claims for it a precedence in order; and the successive transitions from this branch of knowledge, to Pneumatics, Hydrography, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, Botany, and Zoology, are easy and perspicuous. A few observations on the importance of natural science conclude the lectures.

In reference to physics, the lecturer says:

"But it was not until mankind had considerably advanced in civilization, and had recorded a vast collection of facts from the experience of many ages, that any thing like system was even contemplated; much less a knowledge of the structure and economy of the different animate and inanimate substances, which constitute the most important and most interesting part of modern natural history; and which, considered as the pillar stone of all human knowledge, and as affording the most rational sources of instruction and amusement, of any perhaps that can be brought under contemplation, is a study to which I now most particularly wish to invite your attention.

"For the sake of illustration, let us picture to ourselves the effect upon our minds, had we, upon the earliest dawn of reason, possessed the *instinctive* faculty of comprehending, at one view, the existing order of things,—of explaining to ourselves the laws by which they are governed—and of classing and arranging the different objects, so as to admit of easy reference, whenever it suited our want, or awakened our curiosity. We should be immediately struck with the grandeur, order, and contrivance of the objects which

surrounded us, and with the benevolence and omnipotence of Him by whom they were created.

"Commencing our observations at the silent hour of night, when all terrestrial objects are obscured under the veil of darkness, and animate nature is sunk into repose, our eyes would be incessantly directed upwards. And there, the vast expanse of heaven, studded and adorned with innumerable luminaries of various magnitudes and at indefinite distances, each subservient to fixed laws, and formed for purposes beyond all human comprehension, would at once awaken our curiosity, and prepare us for those still no less wonderful attributes, which the Divine hand has so liberally and so benevolently bestowed on the universe.

"As these heavenly objects disappeared from our astonished vision, our attention would be instinctively directed to the eastern horizon, now gradually enlightened by the approach of a new luminary, of far greater magnitude and power than any we had yet contemplated;—too vivid, indeed, to be examined by our weaker sight, but whose influence is at once brought home to our senses and conviction,—bestowing light, life, and activity upon all nature, and at once displaying a scene of unparalleled grandeur and comprehensiveness—such a variety and order of things—so many causes and effects—so much contrivance, with useful results,—and such a subservience to one grand system, as at once, with language irresistible, to bespeak the omnipotence of the Creator, and to sink all human attributes into comparative nothingness and insignificance."—p. 7.

In his concluding observations on the study of natural history, Dr. Lempriere thus beautifully remarks, in reference to its tendency :

"In its religious operation, it affords us proofs the most convincing, of the omnipotence of the Creator, and of our own divine origin. It teaches us, by admonitions we cannot mistake, the important duties we have to perform, and, by examples daily before our eyes, the mortality to which we are liable. While, from analogy, as well as from our own internal conviction, it holds out to us a reasonable hope, that as by the unerring law of nature, all organized bodies are doomed to decay; so we shall in due time be restored, and, in the full comprehensiveness of the Deity, partake of those divine attributes, of which, in the limited sphere we now move, we at present possess little more than the shadow."—p. 50.

The second Lecture refers to Vegetable Physiology. Here the structure of vegetables, the process of their reproduction, their varieties and uses, are detailed without laboured intricacy, or formality of arrangement, in language which all readers may comprehend.

The third Lecture is on Zoology, and determines with much simplicity, the line of demarcation between vegetable and animal being; it considers the powers and instincts of animated existences, and exposes the several methods of classifying, which have been employed by celebrated naturalists.

Lectures four and five, treat very luminously on Animal and Vegetable Poisons. These, perhaps, form the most interesting portion of the volume; since the professional knowledge and experience of the author have enabled him to blend with

the natural history of each particular, the peculiar character of its destructive powers, to state the symptoms in every case, and, where an antidote is known, to describe the mode of application, and the means by which it produces effect.

The sixth Lecture considers the Human Faculties, mental and corporeal, and shows how they are excited and called into action by the varied phenomena of nature. In speaking of the "religious attributes of man," the author is led, from the nature of his treatise, to confine his observations to that instinctive notion of Deity which is common to the whole human race, how much soever it may be obscured by ignorance, or misapplied in its operation.

The seventh and eighth Lectures are supplemental, and enter minutely into that department of Zoology which refers to Mammiferous Animals. Allowing these two discourses to be little more than judicious compilations, we are not on that account to deem them less valuable. The author has occasionally blended with his own observations, facts and reasonings deduced from the writings of the first naturalists; and has succeeded in concentrating, within a comparatively small space, a mass of important and well-arranged information on the subject he has introduced.

Many inviting passages presented themselves, as we passed through this volume, but our limits preclude their admission; and perhaps it would have been more unjust than complimentary towards Dr. Lempriere, to have culled every interesting paragraph from his work, though, since to have done this, we must have transcribed a considerable portion of his lectures.

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REVIEW.—*A Compendium of Astronomy; comprising a complete Treatise, adjusted to the improved State of the Science, and an Astronomical Dictionary; designed for the Youth of both Sexes.* By R. T. Linnington. 12mo. pp. 359. Whittaker. London. 1830.

CICERO, when speaking of the advantages enjoyed by philosophers, adverts most strongly to the means which they possessed of comprehending "the beautiful order of celestial things." If, therefore, astronomy presented so many attractive features in the earlier ages, when the knowledge of its principles was much confused, and but imperfectly understood, it may reasonably urge stronger claims on our notice, in the

present day, observation and experience having, during the last century, sufficiently established the truth of the generally received system:—a system no less simple than it is sublime.

The author of this compendium asks, in his preface,—“What other science is there, that so forcibly proves, not only the *existence* of a GREAT FIRST CAUSE, but also his wisdom and power, as Astronomy?” Without presuming to question the divine truth, that “the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy-work,” we are led to adopt the opinion of Dr. Paley, who remarks, (Nat. Theo. chap. xxii., Astronomy,) “that Astronomy is not the *best* medium through which to prove the agency of an intelligent Creator; but that, this being proved, it shews, beyond all other sciences, the magnificence of his operations.”

It may be thought that the elaborate works, and popular treatises, in reference to Astronomy, already extant, are sufficient for the student's assistance, and that any new compendium is gratuitous and unnecessary. We admit that its general principles are firmly established; yet discoveries of considerable importance are constantly being developed, which render fresh compilations as needful in astronomical as in geographical science. To the learned and valuable labours of professor Vince, Lalande, Gregory, and Woodhouse, the present work is therefore a desirable supplement; while simplicity of argument, elegance of style, and perspicuity of arrangement, invest it with peculiar fitness for the use of schools, and of general readers, who have neither leisure nor inclination to engage in abstruse calculations.

In the section which refers to the “history of astronomy,” the author briefly surveys the science from its rise in Chaldaea, to its present state of development; and imbeds in a few pages, the notions of the Syrians, Egyptians, Chinese, Indians, Greeks, Arabians, and Europeans.

The several systems of the universe being first explained, the figure, magnitude, and wonderful phenomena of the terrestrial sphere, are in the next place pleasingly exemplified. The order of the seasons, and the laws of planetary motion, are then treated of with much simplicity, and mechanically illustrated.

A considerable portion of the volume is occupied by an intelligent survey of the Sun, Moon, and planets of our system, the harmony of motion subsisting between them, and the beautiful diversity of their appearances and phenomena.

Nearly every thing necessary to a complete and popular system of Astronomy, will be found in this work; though want of room will not permit us further to analyze its contents. It would, however, be injustice to the author, to omit mentioning the “Astronomical Dictionary” affixed to his Compendium. This portion alone stamps a high value on the book: it is the compilation of a *scientific* and *methodic* mind, and condenses within a few pages, more information on the technical language and general features of astronomy, than could be found perhaps in many a quarto volume.

Appended to this treatise, are six neatly engraved plates of diagrams, which offer such needful illustrations as the text requires. They differ little in their general character, from those commonly employed; much judgment has, however, been exercised in the selection of them, and in the simplicity of their construction. Mr. Linsington's volume has our decided approbation. We admire his design, and the talent he has brought to its execution.

REVIEW. — Family Classical Library.  
Vol. I. *The Orations of Demosthenes*,  
Translated by Thomas Leland, D.D.  
12mo. pp. 360. Valpy. London. 1830.

THE plan and execution of this work must, if preserved with spirit, ensure it a very extensive patronage. No argument is necessary to prove the utility of a literary undertaking, the professed object of which is, to introduce to the notice of students generally, the most approved translations of classic authors, in a cheap and portable form. Hitherto the writings of the ancients have either been inaccessible to the great mass of readers, owing to their expensive mode of publication; or uninteresting to the mere English scholar, from the exuberance of critical commentaries and *variorum* readings.

The present work will not be deficient in whatever is necessary to a perfect elucidation of an author; but learned disquisitions, interesting to *literati* exclusively, will be, as much as possible, avoided. This series of Family Classics will therefore furnish the profound scholar with delightful reminiscences of the originals, and afford him a pleasing relaxation from severe study. In the boudoir of every well-educated female, they will be entitled to a distinguished place; and to all those who are incapable of drawing the golden stream of ancient lore from its fountain-head, they will be invaluable.

The plan of publication adopted by the learned publisher is masterly and unique. "The selection is intended to include those individuals whose works may with propriety be read by the youth of both sexes." "A Biographical Sketch will be prefixed to each author; and Notes will be added, when necessary, for the purpose of illustration." "The Series will, it is expected, make about forty monthly volumes." It may be proper to state, that persons wishing to purchase detached portions of the work, can have any author separately; yet, perhaps, there are few who will not avail themselves of the present opportunity of forming a correct, elegant, and cheap Classical Library.

It is unnecessary to say more of this publication. Mr. Valpy has deserved well of the learned world, by his erudite labours amongst the literary treasures of Greece and Rome; and his name will, in the present instance, recommend him more powerfully to the *aura popularis*, and furnish a stronger testimony to the worth of his new undertaking, than any thing which might be said by the Reviewer.

#### REVIEW.—*Weeds and Wild Flowers.*

By the late Alexander Balfour, Author of *Campbell's Scottish Probationer*, &c. &c. with a *Memoir of the Author*. 8vo. pp. 374. Whittaker London, 1830.

MR. BALFOUR, who died in 1829, was well known in the literary world. To many of the more respectable periodicals he was long a contributor, and several of the annuals have been enriched by the productions of his pen. In addition to these, he was the avowed author of several distinct publications, both in prose and verse, which bear his name, and of which the titles are given in the memoir, that occupies nearly one hundred pages of this volume. These are chiefly works of genius, imagination, and delineation of character, occasionally associated with criticism and antiquarian research.

The memoir runs through the leading particulars of Mr. Balfour's life, without descending to any thing like tedious detail. His progress through this probationary state appears to be traced with fidelity and care; the writer neither exalting nor depressing his character beyond the common range of reasonable expectation. In this memoir several of the author's letters are inserted; some of which were addressed to well-known literary characters of the present day, and others to persons, who, like the writer, have paid the debt of nature. These

letters contain many shrewd remarks on books and authors; and some nice discriminations on the subjects under examination. Their style is vivacious, and full of vigour; and the author appears to have had the happy art of introducing appropriate allusions to illustrate what he intended to express.

The "*Weeds and Wild Flowers*," to which the preceding memoir is prefixed, form, what may perhaps be called, a medley of unconnected things, in which prose and poetry entering into partnership, have agreed to divide the spoil. The portion falling to the share of *Master Prose*, consists chiefly of tales, narratives, dialogues, and presumed occurrences; while *Miss Poetry* is content with the flowers which, gathered around the mount of Aonia, disseminate the fragrance of Parnassian air.

The tales which form the prose department, the author has contrived to render very interesting, by dropping incidents in the reader's path as he passes along, and exposing others to his view, to facilitate his progress. Thus fascinated and allured, he advances with the writer, picking up, at every step, the harbingers of a catastrophe, which never rewards him with disappointment. Over most of these, a romantic spirit may be seen to preside; yet the delirium is pleasing, even though, while exacting admiration, it is known to be the effect of enchantment, to which imagination has given—

"A local habitation and a name."

The poetry is a fair counterpart of the prose, partaking in no small degree its common character, and, with the exception of narrative, several remarks applied to the former may be transferred to the latter, without committing any act of violence on either. Its subjects indeed, are less tangible; and at times the pinions of fancy bear them almost beyond the sphere of critical vision. To us, the village tales are far more interesting than either the sonnets, or the stanzas to particular individuals, characters, or things. They walk on the surface of the earth, and enable common mortals like ourselves, to survey their countenances, limbs, and features, as they pass along. Yet even in these, the sentiments of the narrative creates perhaps more interest than the versification. The following passage, which will furnish a specimen of the author's talents, and illustrate our observations, may perhaps prove serviceable to all our fair readers whom it may concern.

The tale itself is entitled "*The Parson's Daughter*." With this Lady, George, a wealthy industrious young farmer, falls in

love, and in due time marries her. For some little while affairs go on tolerably well, but, absorbed in her studies, she neglects every branch of the household concerns which she ought to mind, and thus furnishes Mr. Balfour with the original, of which he has drawn the picture.

"But now the farm required his constant care,  
And he at early morn would leave the fair,  
Who, while her husband toiled among the hay,  
Would reading in the parlour pass the day.  
In short, the library was her delight,  
And she would sit and read from morn to night.  
From philosophic systems could she turn,  
To curdle milk, or mind the rumbling churn?  
How could she after hens or chickens look,  
When sailing round the world with Captain Cook?  
Why should domestic cares her mind annoy,  
With Homer roving round the walls of Troy?  
Engrossed with Pompey on Pharsalia's plain,  
George hardly could a languid smile obtain.  
Could she his linen stitch, or darn his hose,  
When weeping o'er Queen Mary's countless woes?  
She history, fiction, tales, and poems read,  
A mass of lumber jumbled in her head;  
Tansillo's Nurse so much her mind possessed  
That she forgot the infant on her breast;  
And when it cried, she peevishly would say,  
'Come, Betty, take that squalling brat away!'

"With hair uncombed, and cap not over clean,  
In dishabille George often found his Jane;  
And when a friend or passing stranger came,  
He blushed, so slatternly appeared his dame.  
Yet still he loved—his heart so kind and warm,  
He could not chide, and counsel could not charm  
Her heedless ear; but, with a languid smile,  
She'd raise her eyes and say, 'Hush, love, awhile,  
Just now you see my thoughts are all engrossed—  
To break the chain, my study would be lost.'  
Good-natured still, she did not scold nor frown;  
But with dishevelled locks and rumpled gown,  
With eager eyes would sit and read at ease,  
From careless indolence unskilled to please;  
And though she never wished to give offence,  
Displeasing still from want of common sense,  
Progressively awaking from his dream,  
In spite of love she sunk in his esteem;  
Civility took place of kind respect,  
Succeeded by indifference or neglect;  
George sighed to find that he was linked for life,  
Companion of a learned, but lazy, thriftless wife."

p. 198.

REVIEW.—*The Cabinet Cyclopædia, conducted by the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, LL. D., &c. &c. &c. Assisted by eminent literary and scientific men. History of Scotland. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Vol. II. pp. 450. Longman. London. 1830.*

WHEN reviewing the first part of this valuable Scottish History, in our Number for January last, the accidental omission of some words in the concluding paragraph, inserted in col. 99, must have led the reader to suppose, that its pages comprised the whole history. We only meant to assert, that "within the compass of one volume, so far as it had proceeded, Sir Walter Scott had embodied all the occurrences of Scottish history, that could be necessary for common purposes." The second volume, which now presents itself

to our notice, brings down the train of events to the period of the union, in 1603, since which time, Scotland has been considered as a part of England, and their histories have been blended together accordingly.

Prior to this union, the records of both kingdoms are thickly strewn with incidents, many of which arose from the jealousies of independence, and the pride of national rights. On nearly the whole of these, intrigues, quarrels, commotions, and battles, have left an indelible impression. Fierce, warlike, and more attached to conquest than to honour, these hostile nations paid but little regard to the dictates of justice, in the incursions which they made on each other's territories; and the conflicts which ensued, furnish us with no contemptible picture of what have been strangely called the heroic ages. Hence, in those days, the history of Scotland abounds with chivalrous exploits, and deeds of daring enterprise, scattered with such wild exuberance over all its pages, that scarcely a paragraph can be found, which, in some connexion or other, is not deeply interesting to every patriotic reader.

Into this ample field, Sir Walter Scott has entered, and from the varied profusion culled the choicest flowers. His aim being not to dilate, but to compress, he has seized the essence of the historical harvest, and formed a work pregnant with diversified intelligence, and enriched with beauties that are almost inimitable. This, however, will best appear from a perusal of the work, of which the following extracts afford some specimens.

"*Encounter of the Douglasses and Hamiltons in the City of Edinburgh.*—There were now no more thoughts of peace, and the Hamiltons, with their western friends and allies, rushed in fury up the lanes which lead from the Cowgate, where the bishop's palace was situated, intending to take possession of the High-street; but the Douglasses had been beforehand with them, and already occupied the principal street, with the advantage of attacking their enemies as they issued in disorder from the narrow closes or lanes. Such of Angus's followers also as had not lances, were furnished with them by the favour of the citizens of Edinburgh, who handed them over their windows. These long weapons gave the Douglasses great advantage over their enemies, and rendered it easy to bear them down, as they struggled breathless and disordered out of the heads of the lanes. Nor was this Angus's only piece of fortune: Home of Wedderburn, also a great adherent of the Douglasses, arrived while the battle was yet raging, and, bursting his way through the Netherbow gate at the head of his formidable borderers, appeared in the street in a decisive moment. The Hamiltons were driven out of the city, leaving upwards of seventy men dead, one of whom was Sir Patrick Hamilton, the advocate for peace. The Earl of Arran and his natural son were so far endangered, that, meeting a collier's horse, they were fain to throw off its burden, and, both mounting the same miserable



animal, they escaped through a ford in the loch, which then defended the northern side of the city.—(See Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. IV.; being Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland, Vol. II.)

The following brief description of a border-skirmish, between the Scots and English, will at once exhibit the animosity that prevailed, and the style in which the author records the event.

"A small body of three hundred men was assembled, unequal, from their inferior number, to do more than observe the enemy, who moved forward with their full force from Jedburgh to Melrose, where they spoiled the splendid convent, in which lay the bones of many an heroic Douglas. The Scots were joined in the night by the Leslies and Lindesays, and other gentlemen from the western part of Fife; and apparently the English learned that the Regent's forces were increasing, since they retreated towards Jedburgh at the break of day. The Scots followed, manoeuvring to gain the flank of the enemy. They were joined, near the village of Maxton, by Sir Walter Scott of Buccleugh, with his followers, by whose knowledge of the ground, and experience in irregular warfare, the Regent was counselled to simulate a retreat. The English halted, formed, and rushed hastily to pursue, so that encountering the enemy unawares, and at disadvantage, they were totally defeated. The two leaders fell, and very many of their followers, for the victors showed little mercy; and the Liddisdale men, who had come with the English as friends, flung away the red crosses which they had brought to the battle, and made a pitiless slaughter among the troops whom they had joined as auxiliaries. Many prisoners were taken, on whom heavy ransoms were levied, particularly on an Alderman of London, named Read, whom Henry VIII. had obliged to serve in person in the wars, because he refused to pay his share of a benevolence imposed on the city; it appearing, that though the King of England could not invade a citizen's property, he had despotie power sufficient to impress his person.

"King Henry was greatly enraged at the loss of this action, and uttered threats against Angus, whom he accused of ingratitude. The Scottish Earl little regarded his displeasure. "Is our brother," he said, "angry that I have avenged on Ralph Ewers the injury done to the tombs of my ancestors? They were better men than he, and I could in honour do no less. And will he take my life for that? Little knows King Henry the heights of Calrntable. I can keep myself safe there against all the power of England."—(Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. IV.; being Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland, Vol. II.)

The escape of Mary, Queen of Scots, from Lochleven, will be perused with interest.

"Fate had reserved to Queen Mary an additional chance for repairing her broken fortunes. In Lochleven castle she was surrounded by those most deeply interested for the Earls of Murray and of Morton, and most inclined to support the power to which they had been raised. But there was one person among them who beheld her confinement and her distresses with an eye of compassion. This was a youth named George Douglas, brother of the lord of Lochleven, who, captivated by her beauty, touched by her sorrow, and seduced by her promises, laid a plan for her escape. This was discovered by his brother, Sir James, who expelled the plotter from the castle.

"Undismayed by this miscarriage, George Douglas lingered on the shores of Lochleven, to assist the queen in any subsequent effort. Mary was not long in making such an attempt.

She entered a boat disguised in the attire of a laundress, but was discovered, from her repelling the endeavours by the rude boatman to pull off her veil, with arms and hands far too white to belong to one of her assumed character.

"Again, the queen was replaced in her island prison, but about the same time a second ally, in the garrison was won over to assist her escape. This was a lad of seventeen or eighteen, called William Douglas, otherwise the Little Douglas, a relative, probably, of the lord of Lochleven.

"This Little Douglas, so named from his tender years or low stature, gave her his assistance to escape by night from the castle and island in which she was immured. He stole the keys for this purpose, set the royal prisoner at liberty in the middle of the night: to prevent pursuit, locked the iron gates of the castle upon its inmates, and flung the keys into the lake as he rowed her to land. George Douglas, already mentioned, Lord Seton, and a party of the Hamiltons, received the queen on the shores of the lake, and conveyed her in triumph to Hamilton, where her friends hastened to assemble an army, and form an association for her defence."—(Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. IV.; being Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland, Vol. II.)

The fate of the Spanish Armada, Sir Walter Scott thus briefly describes.

"The fate of the Invincible Armada, as it was proudly termed, is generally known. Persecuted by the fury of the elements, and annoyed by the adventurous gallantry of the English seamen, it was driven around the island of Britain, meeting great loss upon every quarter, and strewing the wild shores of the Scottish highlands and isles with wreck and spoil. James, though in arms to resist the Spaniards, had such resistance been necessary, behaved generously to considerable numbers whom their misfortunes threw upon his shores. Their wants were relieved, and they were safely restored to their own country. The fate of one body of these unfortunate men is strikingly told by the reverend James Melville, whose diary has been lately published. He describes at some length the alarm caused by the threatened invasion, and its effects. "Terrible," he says, "was the fear, piercing were the preachings, earnest, zealous, and fervent were the prayers, sounding were the sighs and sobs, and abounding were the tears at the fast and general assembly at Edinburgh, where we were credibly told sometimes of their landing at Dunbar, sometimes at St. Andrew's, and again at Aberdeen and Cromarty."—(Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. IV.; being Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland, Vol. II.)

With extracts similar to the preceding, we could easily fill the pages of our magazine. In their detached character, they appear as episodes, or isolated fragments; but in their connexion with the general history, they furnish links in the great chain of events, and communicate valuable information, while they afford exquisite entertainment to the reader.

From all that we have seen and heard, this Pocket Cyclopædia is rapidly advancing in public estimation; and so far as it has proceeded, no one can doubt that it is every way deserving the popularity it has attained. Let only the same care be taken to preserve it from degeneracy, that has been used to establish its fame, and it will secure, both to itself and to its learned editor, a wreath of immortality.

REVIEW.—*Familiar Letters on a Variety of Seasonable and Important Subjects in Religion.* By the Rev. Jonathan Dickenson, A. M. New Jersey. With an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. David Young, 12mo. pp. 480. Baldwin and Co. London. 1829.

THIS volume belongs to that valuable class of publications entitled "Select Christian Authors, with Introductory Essays," sent into the world by Collins of Glasgow, Oliphant of Edinburgh, and various other booksellers both in Dublin and London. Several of these volumes we have already reviewed, and, on an impartial examination, have invariably found them as so many constituent parts of a genuine Christian library.

The letters of Mr. Dickenson which constitute the fifty-first volume, are in general devoted to the evidences of Christianity. These the author views in various lights, exploring the sources whence they are derived, examining the objections to which they are exposed, and drawing inferences from obvious premises, to which reason and impartial inquiry compel our assent. These inferences are at once argumentative in their character, and practical in their result. The principles of Christianity are found on strict examination to be of an operative nature, and the transformation which they produce by their influence on the heart and life, proves that they are genuine, and could have been derived from no other cause but God.

The mode of reasoning adopted by Mr. Dickenson lies about midway between metaphysical profundity, and popular declamation. His arguments are always rational, and though not pursued through all their branches with logical precision, they make a powerful appeal to the understanding, as the medium through which the heart should be always affected.

Among his data, Mr. D. assumes it as an indisputable fact, which all must allow, that if God were so pleased, he is capable of revealing his will to man. On this position is founded the inquiry—what kind of revelation might we reasonably expect under all the circumstances of human nature, and the moral relation in which it stands to God? This is precisely the revelation which he finds unfolded in the Bible, being at once worthy of its Author, and adapted to the condition of a responsible agent, whose sins want pardon, and whose nature requires spiritual regeneration.

The author of the Introductory Essay, fully entering into the views and reasonings

of Mr. Dickenson, has given in his seventh page a condensed epitome of what the letters contain; and in the subsequent parts, their truths and doctrines are illustrated, confirmed, and enforced by an appeal to scripture, and to the well-known character of man. Perhaps, on the whole, this essay may approximate to the province of sermonizing a little too nearly, but this can form no real objection to its intrinsic worth. In reference to the great object which they have in view, the Letters and the Essay are suited to each other, and claim for this volume an admission into the Christian library, of which it will become a worthy member.

REVIEW.—*Classical Family Library, Vol. II. Tacitus, pp. 709. Vol. III., Herodotus, pp. 456. Jones, London, 1830.*

DR. JOHNSON has somewhere remarked, that choice is always difficult where there is no motive for preference." This sentiment applies very powerfully to us on the present occasion, having to compare the respective merits of two cotemporary publications so similar in design and execution as the Classical Libraries of Jones and Valpy. The size of the latter, perhaps, adapts it better to the boudoir, while it derives no trifling recommendation from the known erudition of its editor. On the other hand, the work under review, exhibits no want of tact and talent in its compilation; and the condensation of matter into the pages of these beautiful octavos, must, on pecuniary grounds, have very great weight with the public.

A small portion of Herodotus is included in the second volume of the present work, the principal part being occupied by the miscellaneous productions of Tacitus, and the conclusion of his history. It is enough to say, that this part is nothing inferior to the former, recently reviewed in the Imperial Magazine.

To those readers whose acquaintance with Herodotus extends no further than his name, we cannot more powerfully state his intentions, or recommend his work, than by extracting his much admired exordium.

"To rescue from oblivion the memory of former incidents, and to render a just tribute of renown to the many great and wonderful actions, both of Greeks and Barbarians, Herodotus of Halicarnassus produces this historical essay." p. 1.

This beautiful opening, and the inscription of the nine books to the Muses, whose names they bear, will prepare the student

to meet in these annals with historical events embellished; yet he will be glad to learn, that they are not disguised by all the charms of Homeric verse.

The third volume takes in the remainder of Herodotus, but we perceive with regret, that the index is incomplete, and is intended to form part of the succeeding volume. In works of this nature, the publishers may rely, it is better to leave the public at liberty to take any part or parts complete in themselves, and to discontinue them without fear of imperfection, than to bind them in any fetters which art may invent. We mention this, because the series is now in a state to admit of such an arrangement being observed.

Viewed in any light, this publication is a valuable accession to the thinking part of the community, and marks very decisively the progressive advance of literature through all classes of society.

REVIEW.—*The Family Library, Nos. 1 & 2. Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, pp. 372—377. No. 3. Alexander the Great. pp. 414. Murray, London, 1830.*

THIS interesting publication is intended to include in an elegant and uniform series, the most valuable gems of literature, and to form a popular library that shall be accessible to every class of purchasers, both with respect to price, and the talent employed in its compilation.

The life of Napoleon is delineated with impartiality and manly vigour; while the variety of romantic incidents it includes, invests it with an interest doubly captivating, from their historical truth, and recent occurrence. The writer has dared to view the greatest warrior of modern times, in that light in which succeeding ages will contemplate his career of glory, and ultimate overthrow. He shews us the young soldier of fortune, possessed of no other recommendation than dauntless intrepidity and military skill, and with no other resources than that colossal strength of mind which conceived his lofty plans, and the promptitude of decision by which he at once adopted and executed them;—passing onward in his eagle flight, till he had reached an imperial throne, and achieved the conquest of the world. He exposes to us the bold fatalist, who, relying on destiny and the proud fortunes of his natal star, formed schemes that prudence would never have projected, and which required scarcely less than superhuman strength and perseverance for their accomplishment. He then exhibits the hero sunk into the despot, wrapt

in undefined dreams of boundless ambition, and finally sinking beneath the overwhelming host, which rose simultaneously to wrest the sceptre of Europe from his iron grasp.

No extract that we could make, would give the reader a just idea of these two volumes: an intense interest pervades the whole history; and when, at its close, we are told, that “a huge stone was lowered over the remains of one who needs no epitaph.”—then, and only then, the climax is found to be complete.

A few anecdotes connected with the early years of Napoleon we have extracted; the first of which relates to a singular incident attending his birth.

“It is said that Letitia, (his mother,) had attended mass, on the morning of the 15th of August; and, being seized suddenly on her return, gave birth to the future hero of his age, on a temporary couch covered with tapestry, representing the heroes of the Illiad.”—p. 2.

The following anecdote shows that Napoleon despised the adventitious honour of exalted ancestry.

“In after days, when he had climbed to sovereign power, many flatterers were willing to give him a lofty pedigree. To the Emperor of Austria, who would fain have traced his unwelcome son-in-law to some petty princes of Treviso, he replied, ‘I am the Rodolph of my race,’\* and silenced, on a similar occasion, a professional genealogist, with, ‘Friend, my patent dates from Monte Notte.’†—p. 2.

In the succeeding page the following occurs.

“Being detected stealing figs in an orchard, the proprietor threatened to tell his mother, and the boy pleaded for himself with so much eloquence, that the man suffered him to escape. His careless attire, and his partiality for a pretty little girl in the neighbourhood, were ridiculed together in a song, which his playmates used to shout after him in the streets of Ajaccio:

“Napoleon, with his stockings about his heels, makes love to Giacomietta.”—p. 3.

The following anecdote has reference to the early part of his military career.

“It was during the siege of Toulon, that Napoleon, while constructing a battery under the enemy’s fire, had occasion to prepare a despatch, and called out for some one who could use a pen. A young sergeant, named Junot, leapt out, and, leaning his hand on the breastwork, wrote as he dictated. As he finished, a shot struck the ground by his side, scattering dust in abundance over him and every thing near him. ‘Good,’ said the soldier, laughing, ‘this time we shall do without sand.’ The cool gaiety of this pleased Buonaparte; he kept his eye on the man; and Junot came, in the sequel, to be Marshal of France, and Duke of Abrantes.”—p. 21.

When Cobentzel, chief envoy of the Emperor of Austria, had long wearied Buonaparte with the protraction of his negotiations, the latter thus strongly intimated his intentions towards that country.

\* Rodolph of Hapsburgh was the founder of the Austrian family.  
† His first battle.

"One day, in this ambassador's own chamber, Napoleon suddenly changed his demeanour: 'You refuse to accept our ultimatum,' said he, taking in his hands a beautiful vase of porcelain, which stood on the mantel-piece near him. The Austrian bowed. 'It is well,' said Napoleon, 'but mark me,—within two months I will shatter Austria like this potsherd.' So saying, he dashed the vase on the ground in a thousand pieces, and moved towards the door. Cobentzel followed him, and made submissions, which induced him once more to resume his negotiations."—p. 109.

We must refer the reader to the history itself for his further gratification.

The third volume containing "The Life and Actions of Alexander the Great," does not, for very obvious reasons, require any extended observations from the reviewer. Alexander is known to every school-boy nearly as well as the old elm-tree in the play ground: and any modern history of his life can, at best, be only a judicious compilation from ancient annals. Still, there can be no ground of objection to the present performance. It is a highly respectable production, which will serve to recall in the mind of the student classical data, which he may have learned in "Academus' sacred Grove," and which ere now, perhaps, he has forgotten in Pall Mall. Its value will be felt principally by mere English readers, and these, including blues and butcher boys, form the great mass of modern literati.

We shall watch the progress of the Family Library with much interest. The parts already published, having conferred a high value on the work, excite the public attention in no small degree. There is little fear of its decreasing in interest; Mr. Murray's name is a sufficient pledge for the character of any publication he may usher into the world.

REVIEW. — *Family Classical Library.*  
No. 3. *Xenophon.* pp. 280. Colburn, London. 1830.

THE third number of the Family Classical Library, edited by Mr. A. J. Valpy, contains the *Anabasis* of Xenophon. The popular and justly esteemed translation of this author by Spelman, is the one which has been adopted for the present work. Like the preceding parts, this volume exhibits much elegance in the typography; and exquisite fidelity in the text; and appears altogether in a dress sufficiently inviting to excite the attention of every reader who makes the least pretensions to *politesse* in his literary pursuits.

The Expedition of Cyrus into Persia, and the Retreat of the Ten Thousand under the guidance of Xenophon, form an epoch in ancient history; and the account which is given of them by the Greek

general himself, while it unfolds to us the interesting features of his own character, describes so vividly the circumstances of alternate triumph and suffering, attending the movements of his army, that the reader becomes spell-bound, and, as it were, an actual observer of events which have long since passed into nothingness.

We shall, with much pleasure, notice, in a subsequent number of our miscellany, the succeeding part of this valuable series, announced for the present month, and which will contain the *Cyropædia* of Xenophon.

#### BRIEF SURVEY OF BOOKS.

1. *The Toy Shop, or Sentimental Preceptor*, (Skill, Swaffham,) is a nice book for children, teaching them moral lessons by the toys with which they are amused. It contains nothing that is low or vulgar, and no small degree of ingenuity was required on the part of the author, to invest trifles with dignity, and engraft fruitful sentiment on so unpromising a stock.

2. *A Compendium of Modern Geography, &c. &c., by the Rev. Alex. Stewart*, (Simpkin, London,) we reviewed in its first edition, and spoke favourably of its claims to public patronage. This second edition exhibits the work in a revised and extended state. For the use of schools, it includes nearly all that can be either expected or desired; and even when the pupil has left the seminary, he may occasionally consult its pages with much advantage, to refresh his memory. Many useful maps are interspersed; and the author's remarks at the conclusion of each article, are pertinent and instructive. Utility is its distinguishing characteristic; but its elegant appearance cannot fail to command respect.

3. *Serious Inquiries, by Miss Frances Colina Campbell, with Answers, by the Rev. J. Campbell*, (Nisbet, London,) is a plain tract, that may be read with advantage by every sincere seeker after experimental religion.

4. *The Causes of Declension in Christian Churches, (a Discourse delivered at Jewin-street Meeting House, by John Arundel)*, (Westley and Davies London,) the author detects and exposes in a very satisfactory manner; tracing some of them to the minister, and others to the members of his flock. As applicable to the former, he enumerates an inefficient, ministry, from a want of mental furniture, an adaptation of talent to the sphere of labour, a relaxed attention to the great doctrines of divine truth, and a low state of personal religion. In the people he

traces declension to a spirit of lukewarmness and inactivity, neglect of family duties, a worldly spirit, selfishness, insubordination, and self-importance, censoriousness and malevolence, indiscreet marriages, choosing an improper pastor, want of care in the admission of members, and the partial or too lenient treatment of offenders. These principles and topics speak for themselves. We feel no surprise that the congregational ministers, before whom this discourse was delivered, should request that it might be published, and none will regret that Mr. Arundel has complied with their solicitation.

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TAM O' SHANTER, AND SOUTER (COBLER)  
JOHNNY.

(Now exhibiting at No. 23, Old Bond-st., London.)

THESE two justly celebrated statues, founded on a tale of Burns, bearing the above title, possess an excellence exclusively their own. They are as distinct from the *beau ideal*, as the compositions of Wilkie are from the powerful delineations of Martin, and owe their well-earned celebrity to the daring but successful efforts of untutored genius. Mr. Thom, the sculptor, is a native of the same county that gave birth to Burns; and though nothing but a stone-mason, he has, by a felicitous combination of characteristics, the most natural and appropriate that can be well conceived, produced a work of which Scotland may be as proud to boast, as of her immortal bard, whose ideas are thus embodied and illustrated.

These statues are as large as life, and the material out of which they have been carved is a hard freestone, from the estate of R. A. Oswald, Esq. on the banks of the Ayr. The colour is the natural tint of the stone.

On entering the room, the spectator's attention is not arrested by any display of artificial attitude or voluptuous grace, but by the expression of countenance, natural position, costume, uniform character, and apparently accidental circumstances connected with the comic couple before him. For aught he knows, "Tam," and his "drouthy crony" may be stone, or they may be the originals petrified by some magician's wand in the posture as they were sitting at their ale, "o'er a' the ill o' life victorious." Never, perhaps, did a sculptor more successfully conceal his art, or display character, position, negligence, and ease, to greater advantage.

The articles of dress are every thing but imitable. The Scotch bonnet, the coat, its folds, seams, buttons, button-holes, the waistcoat, small-clothes, riding-stockings, spurs, and even the wrinkles in one of

Tam's shoes, as he leans his foot on one side, are preserved with the utmost exactness. The hanging nightcap of Souter Johnny, finds a counterpart in the careless negligence with which his leather apron is crumpled up, leaving one knee bare, while it conceals the other. Taken together, they are such exquisite imitations of reality, as half to induce the persuasion that they were rather casts from actual existence, than the effect of the chisel in the hands of art.

"Tam o' Shanter" is seated in an old-fashioned chair, with a cup of "mine host's nappy" in his right hand, which is interrupted in its passage to his mouth by a hearty laugh to which he is giving vent, at the conclusion of the Souter's story. Souter Johnny sits very near, and almost facing his companion, with an irresistible archness and waggery in his countenance, mixed with something of triumph as he listens to Tam's uproarious applause of the queerest of his stories. Johnny holds the jug on his half-aproned knee, in a manner which distinctly marks his love for tipple and his craft; while the shrewd leer on his countenance plainly shews that Tam's laugh is not expected to be the sole remuneration for his drollery.

These two specimens of genuine sculpture have been exhibited in London about eleven months, during which time they have been seen by about 70,000 persons, among whom are several of the royal family, and numbers of the nobility. We will conclude this brief description and account in the words of Baron Garrow, accidentally elicited on a trial at Cambridge, on the 5th of August, 1829. "They are two of the most interesting and perfect figures that have ever been planned by the mind of genius, or cut by the hand of skill and talent from stone."

THE APOLLONICON.

THIS is one of the most astonishing musical instruments ever exhibited in this country, or perhaps in the world; we mean with regard to sound, harmony, and effect, for of its machinery we can say nothing. To convey an adequate idea of its powers, is not within the reach of language. It is in itself a band, and must be heard many times to be fully appreciated. Although it has been in operation for several years, it still retains all its pristine charms, and multitudes daily flock to St. Martin's Lane, Strand, to be enraptured with its exquisite tones. On Saturday, February 27th, 1830, the day we visited it, about five hundred persons were attracted to the spot. Its customers appear to be as exhaustless as its fame.

## GLEANINGS.

**Slavery.**—"What a stupendous, what an incomprehensible machine is man! who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself, in vindication of his own liberty, and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict on his fellow-men a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose."—*Jefferson*.

**Royal Example.**—The Emperor of Austria devotes one day in the week to the giving audience to, and hearing the complaints of, his poor subjects. Some years back the writer of this paragraph was at Vienna, when early in the morning he witnessed this scene, and saw the poor people admitted by turns into the presence of their Sovereign, in his private apartment in the Imperial Palace. His example is now followed by the King of the Netherlands and the King of Wurtemberg.

**Glorious Dead.**—General Charles Ridgely, of Maryland, whose death we mentioned a few weeks since, has, by his last will and testament, emancipated all his slaves. The number is represented to be from 250 to upwards of 400.—*American Paper*.

**Jefferson in Retirement.**—"I am retired to Monticello, where, in the bosom of my family, and surrounded by my books, I enjoy a repose to which I have been long a stranger. From breakfast to dinner, I am in my shops, my garden, or on horseback among my farms; from dinner to dark, I give to society and recreation with my neighbours and friends; and from candle-light to early bed time, I read. My health is perfect, and my strength considerably reinforced by the activity of the course I pursue: perhaps it is as great as usually falls to the lot of near 70 years of age. I talk of ploughs and harrows, seeding and harvesting, with my neighbours, and of politics too, if they choose, with as little reserve as the rest of my fellow-citizens, and feel at length the blessing of being free to say and do what I please, without being responsible for it to any mortal. A part of my occupation, and by no means the least pleasing, is the direction of the studies of such young men as ask it. They place themselves in the neighbouring village, and have the use of my library and counsel, and make a part of my society. In advising the course of their reading, I endeavour to keep their attention fixed on the main objects of all science, the freedom and happiness of man; so that coming to bear a share in the councils and government of their country, they will keep ever in view the sole objects of all legitimate government."—*Jefferson's Memoirs*.

**Water proof Cloth.**—A saturated solution of water, sugar of lead, and alum, being prepared, the cloth should be immersed in the fluid for a few hours; on withdrawing it, and allowing it to dry, it will be found impervious to rain. The cloth should afterwards be hot-pressed.

**Litigation.**—The number of actions commenced in the three superior Courts at Westminster, on an average of five years, amounts to nearly 80,000 per annum.

**Church in Yorkshire.**—By the ecclesiastical statistics of Yorkshire, we learn there are 809 church livings, the patronage of which is divided as follows:—In the gift of government 113, church 350, universities 32, public bodies 13, nobility and gentry 299, inhabitants 2. Dr. Vernon is the diocesan, and the number of cathedral dignities is 69.

## Consumption of Coals in London.

Importation.	Ships.	Chaldrons.	Tons.
1825.....	3,564.....	1,456,162.....	1
1826.....	6,810.....	1,600,229.....	2
1827.....	6,491.....	1,476,331.....	2
1828.....	6,750.....	1,537,694.....	1
1829.....	6,992.....	1,563,511.....	1

## Literary Notices.

## Just Published.

No. XII. of the National Portrait Gallery, with Heads of the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan—the Right Rev. William Carey, DD. Bishop of St. Asaph—and of James Marquis of Ormonde. The present Number completes the First Volume of this great national Work, and comprises Thirty-six striking Likenesses of some of the most conspicuous characters of the present century, with a Biographical Sketch of each.

In one volume, 18mo. a new and beautiful edition of the Rev. J. G. Pike's Guide to Young Disciples in their way to Immortality.

## No. I. of the Christian Inquirer.

An Essay on the Uses of Common Salt for Agricultural purposes, and in Horticulture, with experiments and illustrations from the latest authorities. By Cuthbert W. Johnson. 3d edition.

An History of English Gardening, from the Invasion of the Romans to the present time. By George W. Johnson.

The Argument derived from Miracles, in support of the Divine Origin of Christianity, illustrated. By George Payne, LL. D.

A Clerical Report of the Royal Dispensary, for Diseases of the Ear, from 1816 to 1830. By Mr. Curtis, Surgeon.

The Trustuet, a Fragment, dedicated to the Wesleyan Society.

Outline of the Plan of Education, to be pursued in the Bristol College of Letters, &c. to Dr. Robert Hamilton. By an Advocate for Truth.

Fitz of Fuzford, 3 Vols. By Miss Bray.

Criminal Executions in England, &c. &c. By Alan Newton.

The Christian Hearer, &c. By the Rev. Edward Bickersteth. 4th edition.

The Listener, in 2 vols. By Caroline Fry.

A Funeral Sermon on the late Mr. Roby. By John Clunie, LL. D.

Sketches from Nature. By John M'Diarmid.

Protestant Truths, and Roman Catholic Errors. By Rev. Plumptre Wilson, LL. B.

Dialogues on Natural and Revealed Religion. By Robert Marshhead, D. D. &c.

Remains of the late Rev. Alexander Fisher, Dm. fermine, with a Memoir. By the Rev. John Brown.

The Work of the Holy Spirit in Conversion, &c. By John Howard Hinton A. M.

Practical Sermons on the Epistles to the Seven Churches, &c. By the late Rev. J. Milner, A. M.

The Christian Student. By the Rev. Edward Bickersteth. 2nd edition.

The Christian Ministry. By the Rev. Charles Bridges, B. A. 2nd edition.

Manual of Devotion. By Elizabeth Strut.

Whitaker's Catalogue of New Publications, and New Editions.

## In the Press.

Memoirs of the late Right Rev. John Thomas James, D. D. Lord Bishop of Calcutta. By Edward James, M. A. Prebendary of Winchester.

The First Volume of a Treatise on Optics, containing the Theory of Impolarised Light. By the Rev. C. Humphrey Lloyd.

Six Lectures on Liberty and Experience. By the Rev. J. Grant, M. A.

Conversations for the Young, on subjects tending to illustrate the Nature of Religion, and the Truth. History, Doctrines, and Style of the Holy Scriptures. By the Rev. Richard Watson.

A New Edition of the Hon. and Rev. Gerard T. Noel's Sermons, in 2 Vols. 18mo.

The Young Disciple, or Grace Triumphant. 1 Vol. 18mo. By the Rev. J. Young, &c. And, The Affectionate African, or the Rewards of Perseverance. 1 Vol. 18mo., by the same.

In three Volumes duodecimo, The Living Temple, in which man is considered in his true relation to the ordinary occupations and pursuits of life. By the Rev. Michael Russell, LL. D., a small volume of Discourses on the Millennium, the Doctrine of Election, Justification by Faith, the Assurance of Faith, and the Freedom of the Gospel, &c. &c.

## Preparing for Publication.

Early in May will appear a New and Superb Edition of the National Portrait Gallery, in royal quarto, to be called the King's Edition (from the royal approbation recently obtained.) The earliest impressions of the plates,—a bolder type,—and a larger and superior paper, will constitute its claims to preference among the higher classes.

By Mr. Babbage, a work on the Causes which have influenced the Decline of Science in England.

A Statement of the Nature and Objects of the Course of Study, in the Class of Logic, and the Philosophy of the Human Mind, in the University of London. By the Rev. John Hoppus, A. M.

A Second Edition, enlarged and improved, of "Historical Sketches of the Native Irish and their Descendants," by Christopher Anderson, is promised next month.

Mair's Introduction to Latin Syntax, with additional Notes, Examples in Prose, and a Copious Vocabulary; by the Rev. Alex. Stewart.

A Second Series of "Stories from the History of Scotland," By the Rev. Alex. Stewart, which is intended to complete the Work.





Wivell.

Woolnoth.

REV<sup>d</sup> JOHN MORISON.

*John Morison*

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON 1850.



# THE Imperial Magazine;

OR, COMPENDIUM OF

RELIGIOUS, MORAL, & PHILOSOPHICAL KNOWLEDGE.

MAY.]

"PERIODICAL LITERATURE IS THE GERM OF NATIONAL LEARNING."

[1830.

## MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN MORISON.

(With a Portrait.)

ALTHOUGH biography, in the abstract, is a species of writing with which almost every reader is pleased, the interest excited depends very much upon the culture and the soil. A congeniality of sentiment, pursuits, and habits of reflection, between the character delineated and the disposition of him who peruses the narrative, essentially contributes to that intensity of feeling from which the pleasure is derived. Hence, the sketch which is highly gratifying to one, will be viewed with indifference by a second, and, perhaps, prove disgusting to a third.

Of some individuals the memoirs are rendered intrinsically valuable, by tracing the dawn of intellect, the progress of inquiry, the means of obtaining useful knowledge, the development of mental energies, and the attainment of literary, scientific, or moral excellence. Others, on the contrary, acquire their popularity from the incidents, adventures, contingencies, and localities, with which they happen, adventitiously, to be associated. Nothing, however, can be done without materials, and these it is sometimes exceedingly difficult to procure. Fiction can create both its straw and clay; but fidelity disdains to pass beyond the boundaries of fact.

Memorials of living characters have in general many formidable obstacles to surmount, as the source whence genuine information might be obtained, rarely fails to prove difficult of access. Under such circumstances, the biographer feels a delicacy in making an application; and if he assume courage to overcome his timidity, the modesty of him to whom he applies, always dreading the imputation of egotism, vanity, and display, almost invariably conceals the occurrences, anecdotes, and trifles, to which biography is chiefly indebted for that freshness, life, and vigour, with which its paragraphs and pages should be enriched. In all compositions of this description, instruction never appears more attractive than when it is accompanied with entertainment. But it is high time to abandon these reflections, and proceed in the memoir with such materials as we have been able to procure.

The Rev. JOHN MORISON, the subject of the accompanying portrait, was born at Millseat, in the parish of King Edward, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, on the 8th of July, 1791. Though not descended from the great ones of the earth, he can boast a lineage far more honourable than many, the names and characters of whose ancestors are associated with rapine and stained with blood. His parents were highly respectable, adorning their station in life with virtues that can never lose their reputation, and particularly exemplary for that care which they exerted to train up their offspring in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Isabella, the mother of Mr. Morison, was distinguished throughout the whole circle of her acquaintance, for the gentleness of her manners, and the warmth of her affections. This amiable woman departed the present life, like a shock of corn fully ripe, on the 15th of June, 1826, leaving behind her a name that will be remembered with feelings of respectful attachment, when

"The busto moulders, and the deep cut marble,  
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge."

The venerable father of Mr. Morison, who still survives his amiable partner, is famed throughout a wide district of country, for the extent and variety of his reading, the accuracy and depth of his religious knowledge, the lively, instructive, and entertaining peculiarity of his conversation, and the unsullied purity of his character. The early impressions of the truth and excellency of Christianity were made on the mind of this patriarchal man while attending the ministry of the Antiburghers,\* who preserved the gospel in great purity in the northern parts of the county of Aberdeen, when, in other connexions and places, there was a great scarcity of faithful preaching. Among this devoted, but at that time somewhat narrow-minded and proscriptive class of religious professors, the elder Mr. Morison cast in his lot, and in

\* The Burghers and Antiburghers were two great bodies, who seceded from the national church of Scotland, upon questions of acknowledged public interest, under the auspices of Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine. These parties, with a few solitary exceptions, are now happily united under the denomination of "The United Associate Synod."

this connexion all his children were baptized. Here he continued until they committed, according to his views, the rash and unjustifiable act of excluding from their body, the late Rev. G. Cowie of Huntly, at that time the greatest ministerial light that shone in the district in which divine Providence had cast his lot. Bigotry is, however, rarely blessed with acute discernment. Had Mr. Cowie lived in the present day, those branches of his conduct which were then gravely condemned as irregular, and savouring of latitudinarianism, would have gained him much applause, and a host of friends, as partaking in a large measure of that apostolic zeal and devotedness which constitute the brightest ornament in the ministerial character.

After the exclusion of the Rev. George Cowie, Mr. Morison was only an occasional hearer of the Antiburghers, embracing in the mean while every opportunity of attending the ministry of the preachers belonging to the connexion of Messrs. Haldane and Ewing. Nothing, however, could induce him to return. The wound was too deep to be healed. He, therefore, at last forsook the Antiburghers entirely, and became a member and an elder of the congregational church, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Joseph Gibb, late of Banff, but now of Canada; and continues to the present day to rank himself with that denomination of Christians, though not without much kindly feeling towards the Secession Church.

Mr. Morison's family consisted of five children, Margaret, Jannet, Isabella, John, and Joseph. Margaret and Isabella died when very young, but the others still survive, and walk in the footsteps of their pious parents.

In behalf of his eldest son John, the subject of this memoir, many prayers were offered up to the Almighty by his pious parent, that, being made a partaker of divine grace, he might, if consistent with his holy will, become a messenger of the cross of Christ. Nor was this a vagrant and solitary wish. It began at his birth, and was continued through his infancy and youth; but many years elapsed before any satisfactory answer was given to the petition. Another plan, indeed, had been adopted for his future journey through life, before his mind was visited with light beaming from the Sun of righteousness.

Having been taught to read under the eye of his pious parents, young Mr. Morison, when about eight years of age, was first sent to school, where he soon acquired the elementary principles of a liberal edu-

cation. In three seminaries, New Byth, Cummingstown, and Turriff, he continued to prosecute his studies during eight years. At Turriff, where he remained the longest, he enjoyed the valuable instruction of the late Rev. William Panton, under whose able and affectionate care he was favoured with great advantages, and became a respectable proficient in classical and other attainments.

Although strictly moral in his deportment, he had reached his sixteenth year before any decided evidences of piety were evinced. His father, therefore, who had intended him for the ministry, and had directed his education accordingly, determined to proceed no farther, lest he should be instrumental in adding one more to a class of teachers, already too numerous, "who have," as Mr. Hill quaintly observes, "been brought up to the trade." Turning from the ministry to business, he directed his son to select for himself some particular branch congenial to his taste and inclination. This was found among the mechanic arts, and he was bound an apprentice to a watch-maker in Banff.

Scarcely, however, had he entered on this new sphere of life, before his mind became seriously impressed with the importance and value of eternal realities. This was effected mainly through the instrumentality of the Rev. Joseph Gibb, whose faithful ministry was blessed to the conversion of his soul. In these movements the superintending care of Providence appears conspicuous, for no sooner was he removed from under the watchful eye of his parents, and exposed to temptations in his new situation, than power was imparted from on high, to guard him from their influence.

Having given proof of his sincerity, and evinced an active zeal in promoting the welfare of Sunday Schools, his talents, attainments, and ready address, soon revived in the minds of his friends a feeling of his adaptation for the work of the ministry, which had been previously abandoned. It was, therefore, after some deliberation, decided by his pastor, and others interested in his welfare, that he should be released from his apprenticeship, and sent to one of the English Academies, to prepare himself to preach "Christ and him crucified," to perishing sinners. Accordingly, by the kind interposition of the Rev. (now Doctor) John Philip, then of Aberdeen, but since removed to the Cape of Good Hope, he was, in 1811, introduced to Thomas Wilson, esq. and became a student under Dr. Simpson, the Rev. John Hooper, and the Rev. H. F. Burder, at Hoxton Academy, where

he continued the usual period, realizing the wishes, and gaining the approbation, of his tutors.

On the 17th of February, 1815, Mr. Morison, having resolved to devote himself to the Christian ministry, was ordained in Union Chapel, Sloane-street, Chelsea, by the Rev. Dr. Nicol, the Rev. John Hooper, the Rev. John Clayton, and the Rev. George Clayton. Of the congregation assembling in this place, he continued to be the pastor, until July in the following year, when his friends erected for him a new and commodious place of worship in Trevor Square, Brompton; and here, from the period of its opening to the present time, he has regularly officiated, enjoying at once, many tokens of the divine approbation, and the cordial attachment of his numerous hearers.

On the 18th of April, 1815, Mr. Morison was united in marriage to Eliza, eldest daughter of the late James Murray, Esq. of Banff. This lady has borne him seven children; two of whom have been removed by death.

In the literary and theological world, Mr. Morison has made himself known as the author of several works, which have been received with approbation by the public. These, as may naturally be expected, contain various degrees of merit; but some among them, promising much usefulness, can hardly fail to be remembered with high esteem, when his ministerial career shall have terminated for ever. Of these publications, the titles and order are as follows, but the dates have not been accurately ascertained:—

"A Funeral Sermon for the Rev. John Clack, late of Hastings," 8vo. "Juvenile Biography," containing memoirs of various persons distinguished by their early piety, 18mo. "A New-Year's Question," 18mo. "A Sermon, preached before the Monthly Meeting, on Congregational Union," 8vo. "Sermons and Expositions on interesting portions of Scripture," 8vo. "Lectures on the Reciprocal Obligations of Life," 12mo. "A Funeral Sermon for Edward Powell, Esq.," "A Sermon on Fashionable Amusements," 12mo. "A Sermon before the Monthly Meeting, on the Experimental Evidence of Christianity," 8vo. This is now included in the volume of Discourses on the Evidences of the Gospel, published by the Ministers connected with the Monthly Meeting. "The Bible Class Book," *three parts*, the remainder to be furnished, 18mo. "The Doctrine of the Millennium," a Sermon before the Monthly Meeting, 8vo. "An Exposition of the Book of

Psalms, explanatory, critical, and devotional," in two vols. 8vo. This work is at present incomplete, a part of the second volume remaining yet unpublished. "Counsels to a Newly-Wedded Pair," 32mo.

On glancing over this catalogue it will be instantly perceived, that Mr. Morison's Exposition of the Psalms is his principal publication; and is that, on which his fame with posterity, as a theologian, must chiefly depend. It is a work of considerable merit, and one that has elicited from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, M.A., in his "Introduction to the Scriptures," the following testimonial:—

"As Bishop Horsley's posthumous work on the Book of Psalms, is chiefly adapted to the use of the scholar and biblical critic, while the well-known and splendid Commentary of Bishop Horne has been thought by many, to partake too much of the systematically prophetic and mystical interpretation, Mr. Morison has performed a very acceptable service to private Christians, as well as to critical students of the sacred volume, in his Exposition of the Book of Psalms. The plan which he has adopted is in every respect deserving of commendation. Adhering *strictly* to the literal meaning of the text, he is careful at the same time not to overlook either its prophetic or typical character. The authorized version is properly retained, and the exposition follows each successive verse; while the critical notes, often very instructive, are commodiously placed at the foot of the page. Mr. Morison is advantageously known as the author of a volume of Lectures on the Reciprocal Obligations of Life, in which some important topics of Christian ethics, not commonly discussed from the pulpit, are concisely explained, and earnestly enforced on Christian principles and motives."—*Horne's Introduction to the Scriptures, Appendix*, vol. ii. p. 271.

In the year 1824, Mr. Morison was appointed editor of the Evangelical Magazine, to the success of which useful and widely circulated miscellany, his talents and unremitting attention have essentially contributed. In most of the philanthropic exertions of the day he has also taken an active part, having been a secretary of the Hibernian Society, also of the Kensington Auxiliary Bible Society, and more than once a director of the London Missionary Society.

As a preacher, Mr. Morison's addresses from the pulpit are characterized, by evangelical doctrine, methodical order, and faithful appeal. By his congregation his ministry is held in high esteem; but what

is far more momentous and deeply interesting, we are given to understand, that his labours have been crowned with signal evidences of the divine blessing. Though frequently solicited to leave his present flock, he still remains firmly attached to them, nor have they any reason to anticipate his removal. Of late, his health has been somewhat delicate, but this has not caused him to relax in the discharge of his duties. "Instant in season, and out of season," he watches over those whom divine Providence has committed to his care with the solicitude of an affectionate parent, and evinces by his whole deportment, that his primary and ultimate object is, the final salvation of their souls.

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REFLECTIONS ON THE CHARACTER OF  
ABRAHAM.

ONE striking peculiarity of the sacred volume is, the uniform conciseness and simplicity of its narratives: this remark applies particularly to its delineation of characters. The modern biographer usually musters all the pomp of eulogy, and the acumen of reflection, to emblazon the excellencies of his subject; but in the Bible, the most illustrious virtues, and meritorious actions, are described not only without laborious comment, but often without even a note of admiration. In the one, the character is painted by the flourishing pencil of description; in the other, it is merely reflected on the faithful mirror of the actions. This simple brevity bears the impress of the Divine Majesty, whose mightiest operations are performed without noise or ostentation. It accords with the character of Him who said, "*Let there be light, and there was light.*"

Of our divine Redeemer it was predicted, that he "should not strive, nor cry, nor cause his voice to be heard in the streets;" and this prediction he most accurately fulfilled. He always shunned publicity. Deeds which should astonish and charm the world, be performed without the least confusion or display. His biographers seem to have caught his spirit, and they illustrate the remark with which we set out. His sublime discourses they stay not to admire; his most stupendous miracles they mention without any expression of wonder; and his matchless virtues they leave—as well they might—to publish their own praise.

Of the same short and simple description are the annals of the Old Testament characters; but though short and simple,

they are often strongly and faithfully expressive.

The patriarch Abraham, for instance, is known to us only by some brief notices of certain of his actions, and of some events and circumstances in which he was concerned; yet we seem to have a clear and distinct view of his character. On the prominent features of that character I purpose to indulge a few reflections. We may observe, generally, that no individual, either in the Old or New Testaments, is mentioned with so much honour. His very name has become the symbol of every thing that is dignified in the man, and venerable in the saint. "Abraham, *my friend*," was language used by the great Searcher of hearts, when referring to this truly honoured and exalted individual. Higher praise than this he could not possibly receive; nor need we ask a more authentic proof of his sterling worth.

The piety of Abraham is conspicuous in all his actions; it has all the characters of depth and stability, and is evidently the source of that unswerving rectitude, and godlike dignity, which, on almost every occasion, distinguished his conduct. In a word: But for the circumstance of the denial of his wife, we might have almost thought him infallible. That instance of prevarication—which can never be wholly justified, though it admits of many palliatives—proves him to have been a sharer in our common depravity, and, at the same time, exhibits the fidelity of the inspired historians, none of whom omit to mention the faults of the best of characters.

Faith is the foundation of piety; and we cannot wonder that Abraham's piety should be so profound, when we know that his faith was unexampled. Even in the New Testament, he is held up as a pattern to believers: nowhere can we meet with an instance of confidence in the Divine Being so completely free from doubt or distrust: it staggered at no promise, however vast and incomprehensible, and shrunk from no duty, however painful and difficult.

I shall direct the reader's attention to two remarkable instances, in which the patriarch exemplified his faith in God. In the one, we shall behold faith in its principle, as trust in the Divine Being for the truth of his word, and particularly the fulfilment of his promises. In the other,—that is, the case of the offering up of his son,—we shall see it in operation, or in its influence on his conduct.

The former case is thus described: "And God took Abraham forth abroad, and said, Look now towards heaven, and

tell the stars, if thou be able to number them. And he said unto him, So shall thy seed be. And he believed God, and he counted it to him for righteousness." Now, it must be remembered, that the *son*, through whom this numerous posterity should spring, was yet to be born, and that he was to be born of Sarah, whose advanced age, as well as that of Abraham's, rendered it naturally impossible that such an event should take place. Yet notwithstanding the apparently insuperable difficulty of the case, Abraham "believed God," and he appeared to believe without effort or struggle. "He considered not," says the apostle Paul, "his own body now dead, when he was about an hundred years old; neither yet the deadness of Sarah's womb." The formidable fact could not, indeed, be absent from his mind; but it created no doubt or uneasiness. It was enough for him that he knew Omnipotence had engaged to accomplish the work; he did not think it worth his while to dwell upon difficulties, well knowing that if God is so pleased, he can perform the most stupendous operations by a feeble instrument, or a worn-out instrument, or by none at all.

Thus, Abraham "staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief;" and this implicit act of faith we cannot but approve as entirely rational; for why should Abraham *stagger* at the promise of God, unless he could have believed that Omnipotence would *stagger* in its accomplishment. It is true, if Abraham shall have a son by Sarah, the ordinary laws of nature must be superseded; but then he well knew that "*nothing* is too hard for the Lord," and that if he think proper to depart from, or supersede the natural laws, which himself has established, "There is none that can stay his hand; or say unto him, What doest thou?" Thus, Abraham was "strong in faith, giving glory to God." He glorified the *power* of God by believing that he *could* accomplish that, which, humanly speaking, was impossible; and he glorified his *truth*, by believing that he *would* do that which he had promised. Now, since faith thus honours the Divine perfections, we need not wonder that so much value should be attached to it by the Almighty; or that he should "impute it to Abraham for righteousness." Unbelief, on the contrary, dishonours God, for it arises from grovelling and unworthy views of his character; particularly it reflects upon his truth, for "he that believeth not hath made him a liar."

Now, St. Paul expressly declares, when

referring to the record of this circumstance, that it "was not written for his sake alone to whom it was imputed, but for us also to whom it (faith) shall be imputed, if we believe on him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead; who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." The faith of Abraham, then, was designed to be a standing pattern to all believers. If our faith in the "glad tidings" of the gospel be as implicit, prompt, and unwavering, as was that of Abraham, it shall be imputed to us also for righteousness or justification.

Abraham's obedience to the command of God, which required him to sacrifice his son, is another astonishing exemplification of his faith. It is here seen in its practical influence; an aspect different from that in which it appeared in the case just considered. In this latter case, it was confidence in the Divine veracity and power; here it is reliance on his rectitude and wisdom. In the one, he judged him faithful who had promised; in the other, he accounted him righteous who had commanded. Both are reducible to the same principle of *trust in God*. Both are founded on correct and honourable views of the Divine character.

In order to have an adequate conception of the greatness of the trial here referred to, and the strength of the faith by which it was endured, we must endeavour to group together the painful circumstances of the case. First, then, we must recollect, that in Isaac was concentrated every thing that can make a son valued. He was their only child; and born at a time when, from their advanced age, they must have relinquished all expectation of having children; and being also a child of previous promise and prediction, his birth would realize earnest expectation and ardent hope, and excite a joy, the greatness of which is not easily conceivable. Vast importance was also attached to the person of Isaac, by his being the appointed father of a numerous posterity, and the progenitor of the Messiah. Add to this, Isaac seems, as he grew up, to have developed great moral excellence. Mildness of disposition, and an amiable submissiveness to his parents, are particularly observable, and they are qualities that would render him greatly endeared. Thus, when God delivered the dreadful command to Abraham, he briefly adverts to these several circumstances in an affecting climax, "Take now thy *son*, thine *only* son, whom thou *lovest*." To have been called to part with *such* a son, by the ordinary means of a natural death, would certainly have been

deemed by Abraham the heaviest temporal calamity that could befall him. And if we suppose that Isaac had been barbarously murdered by assassins, the calamity would have been tenfold heavier. But for Abraham to be required to slay his son with his own hands—this was a calamity which defies comparison, and confounds our imagination in its endeavour to comprehend it.

Again, Abraham must perform this *strange* work deliberately. It was not until the third day of his journeying, that his eyes beheld “*afar off*” the destined place. During this dreadful journey he had time to revolve in his mind the horrifying circumstances of the approaching event. Doubtless, the wounded feelings of the *father* would plead and struggle; but he was unyielding. His heart would bleed; but his faith was victorious. How immovable must have been his purpose, which these three gloomy days of travel were unable to enervate or subdue.

In the conduct of Abraham in this affair, we have a view of practical piety in its most exalted state. We see the triumphant superiority, that the religious principle, or the conviction of duty, may have over all inferior interests and passions. In other words, this transaction teaches us the two following important lessons: 1st. That obedience to the Divine commands, and submission to the Divine will, are, in all cases, both rational and advantageous; and, that no prospect of worldly advantage or privation, can justify an act of disobedience. And, 2dly. That *faith* may be possessed in so large a measure, as to render the most difficult acts of submission and obedience practicable and easy.

We may learn submission from this noble example before us. Submission implies a conviction that God acts wisely and graciously, as well in the blessings which he withholds or takes away, as in those which he gives. Submission is a grace which is often required to be exerted in this world of pains and disappointments; and it is a grace, which depends entirely on faith for its existence. It is common for the afflicted to indulge the idea, that in almost any case of suffering, it would be easier to exercise resignation to the will of God, than in their own; but this is a false and delusive idea. We are affected with the evils which immediately press upon us, much more than with such as are absent, or endured by others. If any, however, are disposed to think, that none within the sphere of their personal knowledge are so deeply afflicted as themselves, I would

recommend them to compare their sufferings, or bereavements, with that with which the patriarch Abraham was tried, and they must surely acknowledge *that* to be a case of suffering far more severe than their own. But if “*Abraham* by faith offered up his son Isaac,” faith will enable them, not only to sustain the ills of life without repining, but even to “*glory in tribulation.*”

We have here also an example of *heroic obedience*, as well as of cheerful submission. Abraham had not only to sustain the loss of his son, but he was required to take an active part in the dreadful business. If a case could possibly occur in which it were allowable for a creature to object to a Divine command, on the ground of its being unreasonable and impracticable, it would surely have been this. If Abraham had hearkened to the suggestions of unbelief, or in the least yielded to his feelings, what a multitude of apparently plausible objections might he have urged against the measure.

In particular, he might have urged, that the command was inconsistent with the previous promises that God had given him relative to Isaac; namely, “*that in him should his seed be called.*” This certainly involved a serious difficulty; and that the patriarch would not be sensible of it, it is impossible to believe: but it did not make him stagger, or turn aside. He believed that God had infinite resources for fulfilling his promises, although Isaac should be slain. But, can Abraham form an idea of any such resource? We believe, if he had been utterly unable to have done this, he would still have proceeded, not doubting that God would prove himself to be both just and true. But he does form an idea of such a resource: for he “*accounted, that God was able to raise him from the dead.*” This was indeed a bold idea, especially as an instance of resurrection had never, that we know of, occurred; but it shews how lofty were Abraham’s conceptions of the omnipotence of his Maker.

Thus we find, that Abraham was enabled, by faith, to perform a duty of all others the most revolting and terrible; and he appears to perform it cheerfully, and without hesitation. And shall we then complain, that the sacrifices and self-denial and difficulties of a religious life, exceed our strength? If we feel our duties to be burdensome and distressing, we may rest assured it is our faith that is weak. Faith is infinitely improveable. It may be comparable to a grain of mustard-seed in smallness; or it may be omnipotently strong. Let none find fault with this last

assertion; for Christ himself declares, that "All things are possible to him that believeth."

Rainton.

W. ROBINSON.

A DISSERTATION ON THE DIVINE  
KNOWLEDGE.

THERE is not a subject in the whole compass of theological truth, that has embarrassed, agitated, and confounded theologians more, than the Divine Knowledge. But may we not reasonably suppose, that it is more on account of the enthusiastical eagerness men have had to establish theories of their own respecting the Divine knowledge, than the darkness and mystery in which that knowledge is enveloped, that there has ever existed such an egregious difference in the opinions of men about it?

As there are no limits to the omnipotent energies of God in illimitable space,—i. e. as there is no point of space but which he fills, and in which he can exercise his mighty strength—so there is not a period in any age of eternal duration, which is not, every moment, present with him—i. e. there is not a period of eternal duration, in which he does not as much exist, as in the present now. The Almighty is incomprehensible and eternal perfection. He has, therefore, not one attribute that can be the least defective. The knowledge of God, therefore, is pure, unchangeable, eternal knowledge: it is pure, because it perceives every thing as it has been, is, or may be; unchangeable, because it can never become less perfect, or more pure; and eternal, because it inheres in God, who now exists from everlasting to everlasting, who was never young—can never become old.

When we speak of the Divine knowledge in reference to things which are future to us, we call it prescience, or foreknowledge. This definition of that knowledge which is necessarily eternal, and on that account neither *fore* nor *after*, but simple, unmixed, unsuccessive knowledge, has led some to suppose that the Divine knowledge sees what is yet out of God—i. e. sees what is future to him; and that it is seen, because pre-determined and pre-ordained by him to come to pass in certain periods of duration, in which he does not really and absolutely exist. But could that be logically and physically demonstrated, then one attribute of the Deity would depend upon the exertion of another. But if one attribute of Deity could, and did, absolutely depend upon the exertion of another, that attribute which was dependent, could

not exist until after the exertion of that attribute on which it might be dependent; and therefore that attribute could not be eternal. But has the eternal Jehovah any attribute that is not eternal? As the knowledge of God is free, independent, eternal knowledge, it does not depend upon pre-determined and pre-ordained purposes and decrees for its perfection. To purpose and decree, are volitions of an intelligent and unnecessitated will. The purposes and decrees of the Almighty are volitions of his infinite and eternal will, and not his attributes. One attribute, therefore, cannot depend upon the exertion of another, either for its existence, or the perfection of its existence.

As the Divine knowledge does not, cannot depend upon, or be affected by, purposes and decrees, but is an eternal perfection inhering in the eternal God, and perceives at one moment, all that ever has been, is, or ever may be, through unnumbered worlds and everlasting ages, it is inconceivable, unutterable, unalterable, infinite, eternal intelligence—the eternal intelligence of the ETERNAL GOD.

We have no idea of an intellectual and intelligent Being, existing without intentions, purposes, and designs. The eternal God, therefore, who is an infinitely intelligent Being, has intentions, purposes, and designs, but the intentions, purposes, and designs of God, are not to obtain any energies he does not possess, not to acquire any knowledge of what is unknown, not to live in any space he does not fill, not to exist in any period of duration he does not eternally pervade. The institutions, purposes, and designs of God, are connected with the creation, continued existence, and future destiny of whatever he has called into being, or whatever he may yet create, whether animate or inanimate, material or immaterial, and which, on whatever world they may dwell, in the astonishing number that are fixed or roll along in the regions of space, can only live a moment at a time;—i. e. cannot live in either ages gone by, or days to come. But the knowledge of God is not dependent upon his intentions, purposes, and designs, for its perfection. The intentions, purposes, and designs of God, when brought into operation, may give being to innumerable millions of creatures, and may be the cause of as many millions of events; but God cannot by any means depend upon these creatures and events for the knowledge he has of them. Knowledge is perception. Divine and infinite knowledge, is divine and infinite perception. And divine and infinite perception,

never can depend upon finite creatures, and passing and successive events, for the perfection of its discernment. Knowledge that is necessarily infinite and eternal, cannot be affected in the least by the ten thousand times ten thousand possible volitions, actions, and events, connected with free-agency and contingency, any more than illimitable space can be lessened by the existence and motion of material bodies, or than unsuccessive eternal duration can be shortened or lengthened by the measured hours of time, which are swallowed up and lost in its incomprehensibility.

Of the Divine knowledge we can never expect to have plenary and adequate ideas. Inhering in, and an essential and necessary attribute of that God, who has existed in an inconceivable and unutterable manner from all eternity, and whose being is now, because it always has been, stretched through every period of duration to come, who is infinitely beyond the reach and influence of all mutability, it cannot be what a finite imagination, though it have the elevation, sublimity, and vivid perception of a seraph, can ever comprehend. The most diminutive animalcule that could be seen through a microscope magnifying thousands of times, might sooner undertake a definition of every modification of which matter is capable, might sooner undertake a detail of all the mysteries of all the worlds above—might sooner understand the beginning, the mutations and events, and the expected termination of time—than a creature, possessing all the intellectual penetration that can be given to a finite understanding, could fathom the depths, soar to the heights, measure the breadths, and calculate the perduration, of what is infinite and eternal.

When we say an attribute of Deity is infinite and eternal, we do not mean that that attribute exists infinitely and eternally, independently of his other attributes. We mean that that infinite and eternal attribute inheres in, and constitutes the essentiality of the eternal God, as to the perfection expressed by that attribute. We know at this moment that God is infinitely wise. And if at this moment God is infinitely wise, he must have been, and will be, eternally so; for that wisdom or knowledge, which at one period of duration did not exist, or existed in a very imperfect manner, could never be infinite and eternal, and, therefore, could not be the knowledge of the infinite and eternal God.

The knowledge of God must be infinite and eternal, or else the infinite and eternal God must exist infinitely and eternally without infinite knowledge, the alogy and

absurdity of which is as palpable as that the earth cannot move without space to move in, nor endure without duration.

The Divine knowledge is omniscient, or unerringly perfect in its power to know. As the Divine knowledge is infinite now, and on that account must have been eternally so, that eternal infinitude of knowledge cannot have the least imperfection attached to it. If the knowledge of God was not perfect, that knowledge might increase as the ages of duration continued to roll round;—i. e. its perception or power to know, might become more subtle and vigorous, and on that account it would not be infinite,—i. e. not be the knowledge of an infinite Being. But as the knowledge of God is infinite—infinite in discernment, and infinite in duration—it exists without the least possible defection, and therefore is unerringly perfect.

If the knowledge of God were not unerringly perfect, the universe, of which he is the author and governor, would have been brought into being, and would still be governed, in an imperfect way; i. e. would not have been made and governed so well as it might have been, had infinite and unerring wisdom planned its creation and directed its government. But the formation and government of the universe display infinite wisdom; therefore, the knowledge of God, who is the maker and upholder of the universe, is unerringly perfect.

If the Divine knowledge be infinite and eternal, and unerringly perfect, it must be underived and immutable. If it were not underived, infinite eternal knowledge would have been given to God by, or acquired from, some being necessarily existing before that infinite eternal knowledge was given, or could have been acquired. And the one infinite eternal Being (for no one could possess infinite eternal knowledge, but such a being) would have been giving infinite eternal knowledge to another infinite eternal being, who indeed could not exist infinitely and eternally without such knowledge himself—which is big with enormous absurdities: for two infinities of Godhead would be like a plurality of boundless space, or two eternities of duration,—i. e. could not possibly be.

If the Divine knowledge be underived, and it inhere in the infinite eternal God, that knowledge must be immutable.

Were not the Divine knowledge immutable, its perceptions, at some periods, would not be the same as they might be at others, with respect to the same thing; and if the perceptions of God were different at different times, with respect to either con-



tingency or certainty, there would be a defect in the knowledge of God; and a defect in that knowledge would exclude both infinity and eternity of perfection. A perfection neither infinite nor eternal, must some time or other have been derived, and if derived, be subject to mutation; but the knowledge of God which is infinite and eternal, because it inheres in him, and unerringly perfect, because it is infinite and eternal, is undervived; and it is undervived, because it exists infinitely, eternally, and unerringly perfect; and if it is infinite, eternal, unerringly perfect, and undervived, it is, and must be, eternally immutable.

If the knowledge of God, who exists infinitely and eternally, were subject to mutation, there would be an eternal impropriety,—i. e. an eternal inefficiency in the power of that knowledge to know; and an eternal inefficiency in the knowledge of God to know, would subject him to innumerable errors and mistakes, which is utterly impossible.

It is from this view of the Divine knowledge, that there appears no incompatibility in that knowledge, with unecessitated free agency. Were the Almighty not to perceive by infinite and unalterable discernment, intuitively, whatever may take place in eternal duration, but were he dependent upon discursive ratiocination for his knowledge of the vast series of events supposed to be linked together by cause and effect, *ad infinitum*, then his knowledge would be perfectly compatible with absolute necessity; and consequently, would do away with all possibility of freedom of volition, and unecessitated action. But if there be such a being as a free agent, and man is that being; and if there be such a thing as contingency, and the volitions and actions of men are contingent; and if the Divine knowledge, which is intuitive eternal knowledge, see, and perceive, and know all things as they are—possibilities as possibilities, contingencies as contingencies, and certainties as certainties—it is not attaching the least inefficiency to the omniscient power of God to know, to suppose that he sees each according to the nature he has imparted to it.

Supposing it, therefore, possible (and no one will attempt to deny the possibility of any thing that the Almighty sees proper to be, and has power to accomplish according to the propriety of his perception) that the great God does not see with unerring certainty the results of what are called “absolute contingencies,” it would be no proof of any imperfection in his knowledge. For if the Almighty constitute a being whose

will shall be positively free, and on that account be unecessitated in all its volitions; and if the will, thus free, be capable of choosing and refusing, impelling to action and restraining from it, at pleasure, and if the Almighty know all of which man is capable—all he may choose, and all he may refuse—all he may do, and all he may not do—it does not, cannot imply an imperfection of knowledge, not to know with unerring certainty what will be willed, or what acted.

If the Almighty created man with a purely volitive will, and the volitions of that will were to determine between two kinds of action, both of which were alike possible, and the Almighty had the most pure perception of the possibility of both of them; would it not be derogatory to the nature of the Divine knowledge, to say, that he unerringly saw to which of those alike possible actions man would subject himself? For instance, to affirm that the Almighty saw unerringly the certainty of the fall of man, does it not imply that he had no knowledge whatever of the possibility of his not falling? If the Almighty see two things as equally possible, and see them so by unerring, eternal perception, and because he has made them alike possible, to say that he knows one better than the other, is to asperse his knowledge, because it is to say that he has a perfect and an imperfect, a certain and an uncertain knowledge—a knowledge that knows, perfectly knows, the ultimatum of a thing, yet perceives at the same time that it is possible that thing may have quite an opposite termination?

We will for a moment allow that the Almighty God saw with unerring certainty the fall of man, with the mighty concatenation of events connected with the salvation of the righteous, and the indescribable, unutterable damnation of the wicked; does it leave the least room for supposition, that that Almighty God had any knowledge at all of the blessed series of events that would have taken place, had man enjoyed an uninterrupted immortality, and been everlastingly obedient? Such a series of events might, indeed, have been perceived by Deity, as he perceives the innumerable possibilities which he will never make realities, but certainly not as a series of events which he intended should exist; but who would dare to affirm that Jehovah did not mean man to exist as he had made him? I, therefore, conceive, that the omniscient God has now, as perfect a knowledge of the happy consequences that would have attended the obedience of Adam and his

a superstitious man supposes are ever near him, enter into his concerns, listen to his prayers, interest themselves in his circumstances; and that many of them can and do even influence the God of heaven in his suits to the throne of mercy. Hence, dreams, visions, second-sight, invocations of saints, exorcism of demons, as well as necromantic arts, which profess "to call spirits from the vasty deep," are exercised and dwelt upon as so many realities interesting to man; and each excites his fears, his hopes, his desires, and his antipathies, and even at times haunts his waking equally with his sleeping hours. Thus is superstition, in millions of instances, so completely interwoven with the fallen spirit of man, that, like the warp and the woof, they seem to be one web. No wonder, then, need exist, that the threads of each appear in intimate connexion at so many points, and exhibit the mixture to the most cursory observer. Hence, ghosts and goblins, spectres and genii, and the whole train of invisible visibles which affright the nursery, charm the fabulous, arouse the weak, and hold in bondage even men of superior mind, are only natural consequences of the constitution of fallen incarnation—the immortal mortal, who claims kindred equally with the intelligences of eternity and the worms of earth. What would man have become in his remote generations, had not God revealed himself, and, in his written word, continued this revelation to all the posterity of Adam throughout the ages of time! Who can inform us? What is he, where the written word is not? A savage.

During the last thirty years I do not remember ever reading a chapter in the Bible without feeling, "This is the word of God;" and during the same period, I never recollect reading ten pages in any book, however excellent, without a deep conviction, "This is the work of man;" and I suppose my experience is not singular. Many others, I doubt not, have felt and yet feel the same convictions; but if this be the case with the best productions of men, what must be the feelings of an enlightened mind on reading works fraught with superstition? Superstition has, indeed, the semblance of worth, because it says much of God and godly things, and it points out paths by which a guilty soul may not only avoid execution, although it is consciously condemned, but attain salvation; yet all is hollow and unsound; the superstructure is laid on without a foundation; and instead of a tower of defence, it totters over the sinner's head, and

threatens every moment to crush him beneath its ruin.

Who that reads the word of God, can look over a single page of any superstitious work without perceiving that such a work is the work of man—yea, of fallen man? It is the very image of his fallen spirit,—of a deceived heart, uninstructed by the light of truth; teaching, while it is itself untaught. What but ruin awaits the readers of these volumes? A deceived mortal, who believes, if he is sincere, what he hopes for and desires, rather than what he knows; and if he is not sincere, a deceiver seeking gain, has penned the volume; and the reader finds it the very image of his own heart: yet, instead of abhorring the hateful visage, and calling upon the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, for wisdom, and salvation from it, he drinks in the unhallowed vision, doats upon it, and, glorying therein, becomes tenfold more besotted than before.

That aching void which millions experience, who, through fear of death, are all their lifetime subject to bondage in consequence of conscious guilt, leads these millions, like drowning men who catch at every straw which floats around them, to lay hold on the unsubstantial formularies invented by superstition, unreal as they are, and even prefer them to the saving truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ: because the first promise salvation without the necessity of ceasing from sin, whereas the second give no quarter to sin, but teach every man, as the very first step in the path of life, to lay aside sin of every name and form.

It is true, the flashes of light divine amidst the coruscations of mind deeply fallen, kindle up ever and anon desires after truth and peace, and these would, if cherished, prove truly saving; but incessant relapses harass the soul; and these, instead of life, bring death in its most hideous form—that dying which dies not, but lives in anguished remorse, incessantly to be bolstered up anew by specious palliatives,—by daubings of untempered mortar, alas, yet more and more foreign to that only effectual support, the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, which cleanseth from all sin.

The superstitious fancy themselves more holy than the rest of mankind; they, therefore, look down with contempt upon all who are not within the pale of their communion, and who do not act up to their standard; and this is an error which they hold in common with thousands more; for the whole fabric of superstition is base-

less, and the whole superstructure is vanity and unreality. What are prayers to departed saints, uttered by millions of persons in diverse and distant places at the same moment? Is it possible, that a mere finite spirit can be in these different and distant places at the same moment, and at the same moment listen to all these complicated cases? And how shall a finite spirit give the wished-for relief in all these cases? With God, the omnipotent Omnipresent, this is possible; but with a finite spirit, totally impossible.

But say these superstitious, These spirits can intercede with God for us, and influence him in our favour by their intercession. God has no where either chosen or sanctioned such intercessors; he has appointed his Son Jesus Christ to this office; and he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them, Heb. vii. We see this Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour; that he, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man, Heb. i. For such a high-priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens; who needeth not daily, as other high priests, to offer up sacrifice, first for his own sins, and then for the people's: for this he did once, when he offered up himself, Heb. vii. Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered: and being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto them that obey him, Heb. v. "Why then forsake the fountain of living waters, and hew out unto yourselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water?" Why? Because credulity and ignorance, with depravity and lies, things which demean the man, are incorporated with superstition; and these find genial soil in man, while the ennobling qualities of faith, wisdom, righteousness, holiness, and truth, are far away.

By superstition, God is reduced to the level of man, and departed spirits and angels are exalted over the Son of God: thus are mean and grovelling ideas propagated concerning the Creator and Redeemer of all things, while the creatures, which he hath created, are raised far too high in the scale of being: yea, even the attributes which belong to God alone are ascribed to them. When shall these lying vanities cease? Not, perhaps, until "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

Josephus informs us, that under his own eyes a Jew, named Eleazar, extracted the devil, through the nostrils, out of an aged woman, by applying Solomon's ring to her nose, after the manner of an exorcist, in the presence of Vespasian, the Roman emperor. Paganism teaches men to worship men,—the departed souls of chiefs and others; fabulous persons, such as leeks, onions, water, wind, &c.; and demons and demi-gods so numerous, that to record their names would far exceed the space allotted to these papers. Mahometanism teaches the reverse of the peaceful, meek, lowly, and long-suffering doctrines of the gospel: O, hear and tremble at its impiety! "The sword is the key of heaven and of hell; a drop of blood lost in the battles of God, or a night passed in arms, are of more avail than months spent in fasting and prayer. Whoso falls in battle hath his sins forgiven at the day of judgment: resplendent as vermilion shall be his wounds, and as musk odoriferous, and his limbs, if lost in battle, shall be supplied by the wings of angels and cherubin."

In his modern History of Europe, Russel relates the following circumstance, which, he says, took place frequently during the tenth century, in Catholic churches, on the day of the feast commemorating the flight of Joseph with the infant Jesus into Egypt. A young female, richly dressed with a child in her arms, was placed upon an ass superbly caparisoned! The ass was then led to the altar in solemn procession. High mass was said with great pomp. The ass was taught to kneel at proper places; a childish hymn was sung in his praise, and when the ceremony was finished, the priests brayed three times similar to the braying of an ass, and the people brayed three times in return. The Roman Catholic church professes itself to be the church which Christ has established upon earth; that we are obliged to hear this church; and therefore that she is infallible; that honour and veneration are due to the angels of God and his saints; that they offer up prayers to God for us; that it is good and profitable to have recourse to their intercession; and that the relics or earthly remains of God's particular servants, are to be held in respect; that there is a purgatory or middle state; and that the souls of imperfect Christians therein detained are helped by the prayers of the faithful.

Volumes abound, replete with the superstitions of these churches. The sacred books of the heathen, the Koran of

Mahomet, the decrees of Roman Catholic councils and Popes, as well as the commentaries of their several disciples, are to be found in huge folios, which together form a mass appalling to all but their most obsequious votaries. Who that reads these habitually can escape pollution? Danger lurks in every sentence, and every page presents poison to the soul. Turn, O ye simple ones, to the pages of life; there shall ye find, instead of danger security, in place of poison bread; and the word of God will become spirit and life unto your souls; yea, life eternal.

(To be continued.)

#### LADY LUCY'S PETITION;

A pathetic tale, founded on fact; by the Author of "The Rival Crusoes."—From the New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir.

"AND is my dear papa shut up in this dismal place to which you are taking me, nurse?" asked the little Lady Lucy Preston, raising her eyes fearfully to the Tower of London, as the coach in which she was seated with Amy Gradwell, her nurse, drove under the gateway. She trembled, and hid her face in Amy's cloak: when they alighted, and she saw the soldiers on guard, and the sentinels with their crossed partisans before the portals of that part of the fortress where the prisoners of state were confined, and where her own father, Lord Preston, of whom she was come to take her last farewell, was then confined under sentence of death.

"Yes, my dear child," returned Amy sorrowfully, "my lord, your father, is indeed within these sad walls. You are now going to visit him; shall you be afraid of entering this place, my dear?"

"No," replied Lady Lucy resolutely, "I am not afraid of going to any place where my dear papa is."

Yet she clung closer to the arm of her attendant, as they were admitted within the gloomy precincts of the buildings, and her little heart fluttered fearfully, as she glanced around her, and she whispered to her nurse—"Was it not here that the two young princes, Edward the Fifth, and his brother Richard Duke of York, were murdered by their cruel uncle Richard Duke of Gloucester?"

"Yes, my love, it was; but do not be alarmed on that account, for no one will harm you," said old Amy in an encouraging tone.

"And was not good King Henry the Sixth murdered here also by that same wicked Richard?" continued the little girl, whose

imagination was full of the records of the deeds of blood, that had been perpetrated in this fatally celebrated place, many of which had been related to her by Bridget Holdworth, the housekeeper, since her father had been imprisoned in the Tower on a charge of high treason.

"But do you think they will murder papa, nurse?" pursued the child as they began to ascend the stairs, leading to the apartment in which the unfortunate nobleman was confined.

"Hush! Hush! dear child, you must not talk of these things here," said Amy, "or they will shut us both up in a room with bolts and bars, instead of admitting us to see my lord, your father."

Lady Lucy pressed closer to her nurse's side, and was silent till they were ushered into the room where her father was confined, when, forgetting every thing else in her joy at seeing him again, she sprang into his arms, and almost stifled him with her kisses.

Lord Preston was greatly affected at the sight of his little daughter, and overcome by her passionate demonstrations of fondness, his own anguish at the thought of his approaching separation from her, and the idea of leaving her an orphan at her tender age, (for she had only just completed her ninth year, and had lost her mother,) he clasped her to his bosom, and bedewed her innocent face with his tears.

"Why do you cry, dear papa," asked the little child, who was herself weeping at the sight of his distress. "And why will you not leave this gloomy place, and come home to your own hall again?"

"Attend to me, Lucy, and I will tell you the cause of my grief," said her father, seating the little girl on his knee. "I shall never come home again, for I have been condemned to die for high treason, (which means an offence against the king,) and I shall not leave this place till they bring me forth on Tower Hill, where they will cut off my head with a sharp axe, and set it up afterwards over Temple Bar or London Bridge."

At this terrible intelligence, Lady Lucy screamed aloud, and hid her face in her father's bosom, which she wetted with her tears.

"Be composed, my dear child," said Lord Preston, "for I have much to say to you, and we may never meet again on this side the grave."

"No! no! dear papa," cried she they shall not kill you, for I will cling so fast about your neck, that they shall not be able to cut your head off; and I will tell

them all how good and kind you are, and then they will not want to kill you."

"My dearest love, this is all simple talking," said Lord Preston. "I have offended against the law as it is at present established by trying to have my old master, King James, restored to the throne, and therefore I must die. Do not you remember, Lucy, I took you once to Whitehall to see King James, and how kindly he spoke to you."

"Oh yes, papa! and I recollect he laid his hand on my head, and said I was like what his daughter, the Princess of Orange, was at my age," replied Lady Lucy, with great animation.

"Well, my child, very shortly after you saw King James at Whitehall, the Prince of Orange, who married his daughter, came over to England, and drove King James out of his palace and kingdom, and the people made him and the Princess of Orange, king and queen in his stead."

"But was it not very wicked of the Princess of Orange to join with her husband to take her father's kingdom from him? I am very sorry King James thought me like her," said Lady Lucy earnestly.

"Hush, hush! my love, you must not talk so of the Princess of Orange, for perhaps she considered she was doing right in depriving her father of his dominions, because he had embraced the Catholic religion, and it is against the law for a king of England to be a Catholic. Yet I confess I did not believe she would have consented to sign the death-warrants of so many of her father's old servants, only on account of their faithful attachment to him," said Lord Preston with a sigh.

"I have heard that the Princess of Orange is of a merciful disposition," said old Amy Gradwell, advancing towards her master, "and perhaps she might be induced to spare your life, my lord, if your pardon were very earnestly entreated of her by some of my friends."

"Alas! my good Amy, I have no one who will undertake the perilous office of soliciting the royal grace for an attainted traitor; they would be suspected of favouring the cause of King James."

"Dear papa! let me go to the queen, and beg for your pardon," cried Lady Lucy, with a crimson cheek and sparkling eye. "I will so beg and pray her to spare your life, dear papa, that she will not have the heart to deny me."

"Simple child," exclaimed her father, "what should you be able to say to the queen that would be of any avail?"

"God would teach me what to say, and

he has power also to touch her heart with pity for a child's distress, and to open her ear to my earnest petition."

Her father clasped her to his bosom, but said, "Thou wouldst be afraid of speaking to the queen, even if thou shouldst be admitted to her presence, my child."

"Why should I be afraid of speaking to the queen, papa? for even if she would be angry with me, and answer harshly, I should be thinking too much of you, father, to mind it; or if she were to send me to the Tower, and cut off my head, she could only kill my body, but would have no power at all to hurt my soul, which is under the protection of *One* who is greater than any king or queen upon earth."

"You are right, my child, to fear God, and to have no other fear," said her father.

"It is he, who perhaps, put it into your heart to plead with the queen for my life, which, if it be His pleasure to grant, I shall feel it indeed a happiness for my child to be made the instrument of my deliverance from the perils of death, which now encompass me; but if it should be otherwise, His will be done! He hath promised to be a father to the fatherless, and he will not forsake my good and dutiful child when I am low in the dust."

"But how will my Lady Lucy gain admittance to the queen's presence, my Lord?" asked old Amy, who had been a weeping spectator of the scene between the father and the child.

"I will write a letter to her god-mother the Lady Clarendon, requesting her to accomplish the matter."

He then wrote a few hasty lines to that lady, which he gave to his daughter, telling her she was to go the next day, to Hampton Court, properly attended, and to obtain a sight of Lady Clarendon, who was there in waiting upon the queen, and deliver that letter to her with her own hand. He then kissed his child tenderly, and bade her farewell. Though the little girl wept at parting with her father, yet she left the Tower with a far more composed mind than she entered it; for she had formed her resolution, and her young heart was full of hope. She had silently committed her cause to God, and she trusted that He would dispose the event prosperously for her.

The next morning, before the lark had sung her matins, Lady Lucy was up, and dressed in a suit of deep mourning, which Amy had provided as the most suitable garb for a daughter, whose only surviving parent was under the sentence of death. The servants, who had been informed of

their young Lady's intention to solicit the queen for her father's pardon, were all assembled in the entrance hall, to see her depart; and as she passed through them leaning on her nurse's arm, and attended by her father's confidential secretary, and the old butler, they shed tears, and bade God bless her, and prosper her in her design.

Lady Lucy arrived at Hampton Court, was introduced into the Countess of Clarendon's apartments before her Ladyship was out of bed, and having told her artless tale with great earnestness, delivered her father's letter. Lady Clarendon, who was wife to the queen's uncle, was very kind to her young god-daughter, but plainly told her she must not reckon on her influence with the queen, because the Earl of Clarendon was in disgrace, on account of being suspected of carrying on a correspondence with King James, his brother-in-law; therefore she dared not to solicit the queen on behalf of her friend, Lord Preston, against whom her majesty was so deeply exasperated, that she had declared she would not show him any mercy.

"Oh!" said the little girl, "if I could only see the queen myself, I would not wish any one to speak for me, for I should plead so earnestly to her for my dear papa's life, that she could not refuse me, I'm sure."

"Poor child, what could you say to the queen?" asked the Countess compassionately.

"Only let me see her, and you shall hear," rejoined Lady Lucy.

"Well, my love, it were a pity but what thou shouldst have the opportunity," said Lady Clarendon: "but much I fear thy little heart will fail thee, and when thou seest the queen face to face, thou wilt not be able to utter a syllable."

"God will direct the words of my lips," said the little girl with tears in her eyes.

The Countess was impressed with the piety and filial tenderness of her little god-daughter; and she hastened to rise and dress, that she might conduct the child into the palace-gallery, where the queen usually passed an hour in walking, after her return from chapel, which she attended every morning. Her majesty had not left the chapel when Lady Clarendon and Lucy entered the gallery; and her ladyship endeavoured to divert the anxious impatience of her little friend, by pointing out to her the portraits with which it was adorned.

"I know that gentleman well," said the child, pointing to a noble whole-length portrait of James the Second.

"That is the portrait of the deposed King James, Queen Mary's father, observed

the Countess, sighing; "and a very striking likeness it is, of that unfortunate monarch,—but hark, here comes the queen, with her chamberlain and ladies, from chapel; now, Lucy, is the time! I will step into the recess, yonder, but you must remain alone, standing where you are, and when her majesty approaches near enough, kneel down on one knee before her, and present your father's petition. She who walks a little in advance of the other ladies, is the queen. Be of good courage, and address yourself to her."

Lady Clarendon then made a hasty retreat. Lucy's heart fluttered violently when she found herself alone, but her resolution did not fail her; and while her lips moved silently in fervent prayer to the Almighty for his assistance in this trying moment, she stood with folded hands, pale, but composed, and motionless as a statue, awaiting the queen's approach; and when her majesty drew near the spot, she advanced a step, knelt, and presented the petition.

The extreme beauty of the child, her deep mourning, the touching sadness of her look and manner, and above all, the streaming tears which bedewed her face, excited the queen's attention and interest; she paused, spoke kindly to her, and took the offered paper; when she saw the name of Lord Preston, her colour rose. She frowned, and cast the petition from her, and would have passed on; but Lucy, who had watched her countenance with a degree of anxious interest that amounted to agony, losing all awe for royalty in her fears for her father, put forth her hand, and grasping the queen's robe, cried in an imploring tone, "Spare my father, my dear—dear father, royal lady!" Lucy had meant to say many persuasive things; but she forgot them all in her sore distress, and could only repeat the words, "Mercy, mercy, for my father, gracious queen!" till her vehement emotion choked her voice, and throwing her arms round the queen's knees, she leaned her head against her majesty's person for support, and sobbed aloud.

The intense sorrow of a child is always peculiarly touching; but the circumstances under which Lucy appeared, were more than commonly affecting. It was a daughter, not beyond the season of infancy, overcoming the timidity of that tender age, to become a suppliant to an offended sovereign for the life of a father. Queen Mary pitied the distress of her young petitioner; but she considered the death of Lord Preston as a measure of political necessity; she therefore told Lucy mildly, but firmly, that she could not grant her request.

"But he is good and kind to every one," said Lucy, raising her blue eyes, which were swimming in tears, to the face of the queen.

"He may be so to you, child," returned her majesty; "but he has broken the laws of his country, and therefore he must die."

"But you can pardon him if you choose to do so, madam," replied Lucy; "and I have read that God is well pleased with those who forgive; for he has said, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'"

"It does not become a little girl like you to attempt to instruct me," replied the queen gravely; "I am acquainted with my duty; and as it is my place to administer justice impartially, it is not possible for me to pardon your father, however painful it may be for me to deny the request of so dutiful a child."

Lucy did not reply; she only raised her eyes with an appealing look to the queen, and then turned them expressively on the portrait of King James, opposite to which her majesty was standing. There was something in that look that bore no common meaning; and the queen, whose curiosity was excited by the peculiarly emphatic manner of the child, could not refrain from asking wherefore she gazed so earnestly upon that picture.

"I was thinking," replied Lucy, "how strange it was that you should wish to kill my father, only because he loved yours so faithfully!"

This wise but artless reproof from the lips of infant innocence, went to the heart of the queen; she raised her eyes to the once dear and honoured countenance of a parent, who, whatever were his political errors as a king, or his offences against others, had ever been the tenderest of parents to her: and the remembrance that he was an exile in a foreign land, relying on the bounty of strangers for his daily bread, while she and her husband were invested with the regal inheritance, of which he had been deprived, pressed upon her the thought of the contrast of her conduct as a daughter, when compared with the filial piety of the child before her, (whom a sentence of her's was about to render an orphan,) smote upon her heart, and, after remaining some time in silence, apparently absorbed in deep meditation, she burst into tears.

Then turning to Lucy, she said, "Rise, dear child, thou hast prevailed—thy father shall not die. I grant his pardon at thy entreaty—thy filial love has saved him."

## SPONTANEOUS IGNITION.

(The Case of James Butler.)

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,—THERE is, perhaps, no subject of greater interest to the public, than that which tends to promote the security of individuals; and none of more importance to the welfare of the community, than the proper fulfilment of the duties of a citizen, and particularly in the situation of a juror on the inquest, or in the criminal or civil courts. But this is one of those relative duties of life, which requires more knowledge for its proper performance than is afforded by elementary education, and which, being either locked up in the cabinet of the man of science, or wrapped in the mystery of an abstruse nomenclature, is not attainable to the individual who alone aspires to the rank of an intelligent and useful citizen. Yet this knowledge is necessary to avert the irreparable injuries often inflicted upon society, by the necessary uncompromising denouncements of our legal codes.

The case of James Butler, who was executed July 27, 1829, for firing the floor-cloth manufactory of Messrs. Downing, at Chelsea, is a melancholy instance, where, in all probability, an innocent man suffered in a cause for which no satisfactory explanation could be given by any of the parties immediately interested. After very convincing circumstantial evidence, contradicted indeed by the continued protestations of innocence by the unhappy man, he was convicted, and suffered the last penalty of the law.

The phenomena of spontaneous combustion, and the circumstances which are favourable to its taking place, are very familiar to the chymist; and when my attention was accidentally drawn to the subject, by a perusal of the report of his trial, I felt no hesitation in ascribing the conflagration to the spontaneous combustion of some of the materials used in the process of the oil-cloth manufacture. Such are linseed oil, lamp-black, and tow;—substances which, under peculiar circumstances of juxtaposition, are very favourable to spontaneous ignition. It is, I conceive, needless to cite any instances in connexion with the present subject, as they must be familiar to your scientific readers.

This opinion, I expressed in a letter to the editor of a morning journal, through which I had the pleasure of an interview with Mr. Newman, who had philanthropically undertaken an investigation of his case. By this investigation he has suc-

ceeded in placing the fact of the innocence of James Butler beyond a doubt; and, according with the opinion, (which, before knowing the result of this investigation,) which I had entertained of the accidental origin of the conflagration.

I do not intend to offer any sentiments upon our penal code, nor disparage the verdict of the jury who condemned James Butler, since, from the nature of the evidence before them, this can in no way be impugned. It is a novel occurrence, attended with circumstances of very peculiar interest, and one which should in future lead magistrates and jurors to pause on any subject, which, though enveloped in similar mystery, may be dissipated by the light of science. As such, I beg to recommend it to the serious consideration of your readers, from a conviction that their attention may be directed with great advantage, to one in which the safety of human life is so nearly concerned.

Much has been written on the necessity of scientific men taking part in judicial investigations; and in connexion with this subject, I must avow my long confirmed opinion, of the necessity of some competent scientific authority in this country, to whom the public duty of investigating similar subjects should belong. In the recent melancholy case of Mrs. Phillips, it is very easy to shew in what manner that investigation might have been put in a train, which would have led to its speedy and satisfactory termination. Many laws now exist on the statute-book, for the punishment of adulterations, which are, however, useless, because their detection requires more information than is possessed by police-officers; but my further observations I shall reserve for a future occasion.—I remain your obedient servant,

A. BOOTH, Operative Chymist.

20, Church St. Shoreditch, April 3, 1830.

#### THE PRACTICAL USES OF HISTORY.

AMONG the various methods by which knowledge is communicated to the human mind, history is undoubtedly not the least effectual. Whether we consider it in relation to the lives and actions of individuals, or the more extended survey of states and empires, it will be found equally important, instructive, and interesting. If we wish for a development of character, whether virtuous or vicious, it must be sought in the varied pursuits and actions of men; and where these are faithfully displayed in the pages of history, their influence upon

the attentive mind will be inconceivable. Pursuing further, and entering upon a more extensive field of inquiry, in the history of the kingdoms of the world, we become acquainted with the causes which conspired to elevate, and also to overturn them; the various means and instruments which were employed for these purposes; and the influence which these circumstances may have had on surrounding and contemporary nations. What breast does not glow with ardour, as it peruses the stupendous achievements of heroic virtue? And what heart does not beat with sorrow and regret, as it follows the fate of mighty empires, which in past ages reared their proud heads aloft, but are now buried in the wreck of time?

The design of history appears to be especially the improvement of human character and conduct. It is not designed merely for the sake of interesting the mind, and of gratifying the curiosity, but it has respect to practical effects. Where shall we find a more illustrious monument or record than a faithful and authentic history, from whence we may deduce such examples as will be influential upon us, and by which we may discover the true character of man, or rather corroborate the true account revealed by inspiration? From such a record we may derive much satisfaction and profit; and it is evidently the duty of all, not to content themselves with the mere acquisition of the knowledge communicated, but to improve by the examples recorded.

The historian, whose work remains to us, as one of the historic monuments of antiquity, has laid down a plan upon which to proceed in this important matter;—a plan which, as it is most simple and correct in its nature, will be found especially salutary and advantageous in its results. We are to select, and improve by that which is commendable, and to avoid that which is altogether shameful and pernicious.

Every individual is to employ the examples of history for his own benefit. He is to take cognizance of the various characters which are herein presented to his notice, and apply them to his own use. Does he meet with an illustrious hero, whose valour and prudence were the boast and defence of his country,—a sovereign, whose aim was the improvement of his people, and the advancement of their happiness,—a philanthropist, who nobly devoted his time, his energies, and his wealth, to the amelioration of his species,—he is to imitate, as they concern him, the



traits of excellence in their characters; to consider attentively the methods in which they employed their talents for the benefit of their fellow-men; the motives by which they were actuated, and the success which attended their endeavours. Or, if, on the contrary, he is informed of those men who were the bane of human nature, who consumed their days in unjust acquisitions of perishing wealth; who eagerly sought despotic power; who despised the laws of humanity, and the dictates of a tender heart—it is his duty to improve, by shunning the paths in which they walked, and marking the fate which ultimately attended them. It would be as impossible, as it is unnecessary, to point out all the particulars in which we may individually profit by the records of history: so numerous and diversified are the examples presented to his contemplation, and so variously capable of affording instruction, that no attentive observer can fail of being benefited by them.

But history is also to be improved by its application to general and political utility. It may indeed be said, that this is more immediately the aim which should be had in view; for, as history especially describes the events which have respect to national character, so those events are especially applicable to the same. The rise and fall of the mighty monarchies of the earth, the causes which more or less directly effected these, and the agents employed in producing such effects, all furnish abundant sources of imitation and caution. Wisdom must be learned from observation and experience; and a vast field is opened by the researches of the historian for this purpose. There are few circumstances connected with public duties, which may not be traced, in some form, in the records of past ages, and an accurate knowledge of these is very essential to their right discharge.

History is indeed a store-house of practical information; it is equally important for all, and equally accessible to all. From thence we may draw according to our necessities, and find satisfactory assistance if we are careful properly to apply it. Be it then the ambition of the philanthropic and patriot soul, to render the experience of "other days" its own. Be it the endeavour of the statesman, who turns the helm of public affairs, and of the citizen in his more confined, but no less useful station, to enrich themselves with treasures, which though not imperishable, are certainly very estimable and advantageous.

Oron.

J. S. B.

#### ON THE AMENDMENT OF THE LAWS RELATING TO LUNATICS.

HAVING, a few days since, received a circular from the Lord Chancellor's office, intimating an intended legislative discussion upon the laws relating to lunatics, and having been in the habit of stating my sentiments upon this very important subject, for the pages of the Imperial Magazine, I beg permission to restate, as briefly as possible, what my views are after long deliberation.

Bad laws are certainly worse than no laws at all; and that the laws as they now stand, are very much calculated to prevent the recovery of lunatics, is to me as obvious as the light of the sun at noon-day. Taking it for granted, that in all severe attacks of this disease, an early removal of the patient from home, and all the irritations that arise out of family intercourse, is absolutely necessary to the best chance of recovery; upon any such removal, legislative influence most unfortunately begins. But if the legislature can enact bad laws from the want of correct knowledge upon the subject, it can certainly enact good laws after better information, and I do hope that the light of truth in the end will prevail, upon the treatment of lunatics.

As the law now stands, no one, however skilful and experienced in the cure of lunacy, can have a patient without the consent of two medical men, who may be quite ignorant of the complaint, and of what is required for the cure of it, and who may be interested in preventing any change in the treatment of the patient. I was some time ago requested to see a gentleman, at that time in a most dangerous state of mental illusion; he laughed at me, and said, "I know that you cannot procure a certificate, for my medical friend will never give one, and he is the only medical man I will hold any conversation with." I fully expect to hear of his having either taken away his own life, or that of his mother.

It is not generally known that by the new law, the medical certificates may be obtained after the patient is removed to an Asylum, but all know that medical certificates are required; and these, in many instances, cannot be procured by the friends of the patient, as a step towards a change of treatment. And it will generally be found that those medical professors who have least knowledge of the disease of lunacy, are the most averse to parting with their patients who are afflicted by it. So that the law now requiring two medical

certificates instead of one, has no doubt been the cause of numbers not being submitted to the best means of cure within the last twelve months.

The suggestions of common sense, as well as of equity, clearly point out, that if licenses for the privilege of curing lunacy are necessary, they should not be granted indiscriminately as to qualification, but only to those who, after careful examination by competent judges, are thought fit for the trust; but being possessed of such licenses, they should also be admitted to the privilege of obtaining the confidence of the public by their good conduct, without being in all cases dependent upon what may be the caprice or selfish views of others.

Were I permitted to give an opinion, I would most respectfully recommend to the legislature, that the present commission for the affairs of lunatics should have its powers enlarged, and that a messenger well acquainted with the subject, should be appointed to visit, at least annually, every Asylum in the United Kingdom, public as well as private, and who should, upon oath, report the state of each; for though the local visitations of magistrates may be continued, and may in many instances do good, yet they may do great injury by establishing an unmerited confidence, or by improper interference.

The requiring certificates of lunacy, should be entirely abolished; they are worse than useless, as regards the cure. If the keepers of Asylums are not fit to be trusted with a patient, without two certificates, they are not fit to be trusted with licenses for keeping lunatics; and none are fit to have lunatics who do not possess some knowledge of the disease as regards the cure, and who do not reside with their patients, and who are not willing to limit themselves to a reasonable number at a time, say fifty at most. An increase of the number of mad-doctors seems extremely desirable in some parts of the United Kingdom, particularly in the neighbourhoods of London and Dublin; and of all things, hospitals for the cure of the poor, gratis, should be established in every part of the United Kingdom.

As for County Asylums, I would only make this alteration in the law, viz. that all overseers, and guardians of the poor, should be put under the strongest obligations to procure for all the paupers, visited by mental diseases, the earliest and best means of recovery, being under no obligation to take them to any particular place, till they had been submitted to what

was considered the best means of cure a sufficient length of time for a fair trial.

As a proof of the vague notions entertained upon the treatment of lunatics, I may mention, that the very clause in the act of last session, which in my humble opinion is the most improper, and most calculated to do injury, as it regards the cure and comforts of the inmates in Lunatic Asylums, was suggested, in my hearing, to the lords' committee, by the most eminent medical professor in the kingdom. I would have spoken, but my lips had been closed by what I considered as improper influence.

It will be a great point gained, if the keepers of Asylums were more respected, and I must believe, that, generally speaking, they do not deserve the odium cast upon them; and the time may come when they shall have the reputation, as a body, of being thought more honourable and humane, than they are at present.

THOMAS BAKEWELL.

*Spring Vale, near Stone, Staffordshire,*  
Jan. 22, 1830.

#### CANINE SAGACITY.

THE following instance of the sagacity of a dog would almost entitle him to rank with those far-famed individuals of the canine species which the Ettrick Shepherd has described in so interesting a manner. A little boy, the son of the tenant at Gorthor Mill, Radnorshire, had to take home an unsold pig from the fair at Newtown, Montgomeryshire, in May, 1829. In crossing the Kerry-hills night fell fast and dark around him, while at the same time his grunting charge began most unseasonably to manifest a disposition not to budge any farther. After many ineffectual attempts to get him forward, the little fellow, whose fears were naturally roused at the thought of being so far from home, alone, and by night, on a wild and extensive mountain, determined on leaving him to his fate. After proceeding some distance, he found that his dog had also deserted him, so he trudged homeward, leaving both behind. On the following morning, a young man from Rither Oak, a farm at the foot of a hill, on the Radnorshire side, descried a dog and pig briskly descending towards him, which he instantly recognized as belonging to his neighbour of the Mill. His curiosity was excited, and, after they had passed him, he cautiously followed to observe their motions. The dog trotted on first, and every ten or fifteen yards turned back to see if his companion was

coming, whose pace, whenever loitering, a short quick growl served instantly to quicken. On coming to a gate, the dog got through, then put his shoulder to, and pushed it open for his friend to pass. In this manner he conducted him home, to the great satisfaction of his little master. The tale, we are assured, is rigidly true.

#### DUELLING.

To say that duelling keeps society in good manners is contradicted by all experience. Good manners never originate in personal fear, but in personal confidence and general good will. The habit of duelling divides society into the bully and the coward. The Irish, half a century ago, were the most habitual duellists of Europe—they were the most uncivilized gentry on earth. The Irish brigade were the most habitual duellists in the French army. They were brave, but proverbially the most uncivilized corps in the service; and were in every instance kept in Coventry by the native officers. The Americans are now the most habitual duellists. They are proverbially the most uncivilized society under the sun. Their gouging, tearing, biting, and rifle-murder, are below even the Indian savage. The most civilized and most intelligent, the most heroic and high-spirited nations of antiquity, the Greeks and Romans, had no duels; and yet for want of them they had neither insolence of manners, nor assassinations. The law must be restored to its primitive meaning; the laws of God and nature demand it. The man who sends, and the man who accepts the challenge, should be transported for life, where death has not ensued; where it has, the survivor should be hanged. The seconds, in all cases, should be transported for seven years or upwards, according to their share in promoting, or their negligence in reconciling the quarrel. Let this punishment be once inflicted, and it would not be required again for 100 years.—*Month. Mag.*

#### POETRY.

##### A PLEA FOR PRAYER;

OR, THE LATTER-DAY GLORY.

PLEAD ON, plead on, ye holy men!  
The truth of ancient story  
Was writ by Inspiration's pen,  
Dipp'd in the font of glory.  
A pledge from the Eternal Dove,  
In every line is given,  
For He who speaks in wrath or love,  
Is the Amen of Heaven.

A pledge is on the prophet's page,  
Th' Apocalypse's numbers  
Have nurs'd the hope from age to age,  
Amid the church's slumbers;  
The hope, that 'thwart the gloom of night  
Beheld the blush of morning,  
The Spirit's reign of love and light,  
Like spring, the world adorning.

Isaiah, on his golden lyre,  
In Salem's ancient bowers;  
And Daniel, with his harp of fire,  
By Babel's lofty towers;  
Glancing along with prescient eye,  
The stream of time down flowing,  
Immanuel's land beheld with joy,  
O'er distant ages glowing.

Plead on, plead on, the time is near!  
The morning light grows clearer;  
A Jubilee is on the ear,  
And, lo, the sound draws nearer:  
He comes! with banner-cross unfurl'd,  
Long pray'd for—long predicted,  
Like morning o'er a darkened world,  
Like health to the afflicted!

The sound has issued far and wide,  
Where'er our commerce travels,  
On every wind, on every tide,  
And faith that sound unravels;  
'Tis like the thrill of Memnon's lyre,  
That when the sun was rising,  
Gave notice of the solar fire,  
In melody surprising.

There is a light, a morning star,  
Dawning o'er earth and ocean;  
A Spirit speaking wide and far,  
In all the world's commotion:  
In Israel's hope, in Turkey's fall,  
In signs that daily cluster;  
In truth encompassing the ball,  
In Mission love and lustre.

On wings of tempest, tide, and stars,  
The promis'd era travels,  
Each gate of light to man unbars,  
Each prophecy unravels.  
Faith, from her crystal palace, sees  
Her sister Hope in rapture,  
Pointing the saint upon his knees,  
To each prophetic chapter.

Plead on, ye holy men, nor stop!  
Around the Gospel rally;  
See Moses on the mountain top,  
And Israel in the valley:  
See truth dispending east and west,  
In lands of snow or spices,  
Where nature blooms in roses drest,  
Or droops mid Zemia's ices.

Upon a diamond rock she grows,  
Rooted and fix'd eternal;  
And blooms an amaranthine rose,  
Or, like the season vernal:  
The scorner's sneer, the sceptic's lie,  
That Sadducean leaven,  
As soon might blot yon starry sky,  
As blight this plant of heaven!

While souls beneath the altar cry,  
Let saints on earth be pleading;  
Prayer guides the hand that rules the sky,  
The Lamb is interceding:  
From prayer below, and prayer above,  
The all-Inspiring Spirit,  
Gives token of a reign of love,  
The meed of Jesu's merit.

Yon countless isles across the globe,  
Where other plants are growing,  
Where other months give spring a robe,  
And other stars are glowing,  
Have seen the virgin form of truth,  
In all her native beauty,  
Leading each Australasian youth  
In paths of light and duty.

Plead on, plead on, in mighty faith !  
Till Abraham's race oppressed  
Wear sacred freedom's hallow'd wreath,  
And in the Lamb are blessed ;  
Till Jacob's star for ages set,  
When Jews the blessing sighted,  
Shine over Mosque and Minaret,  
And Syrian skies benighted !

JOSHUA MARSDEN.

### ELEGIAC STANZAS.

" And when a few short severing years have flown,  
She'll meet thee at Heaven's gate, and lead thee on :  
Weep not for her."

PAORITIOUS Muse ! inspire the sacred lay,  
Breathe a celestial Aura round my head ;  
In hallow'd vestments shroud this mortal clay,  
Ere I approach the regions of the dead,  
To join the lyre with melancholy breath,  
And hymn the victors o'er the powers of death.

Stern Monarch !—unrelenting still thou art,  
And thickly dy thy arrows, as the blast  
Scatters the hailstones,—yet thy fatal dart  
Is stingless, though it rankle deep and fast  
In that devoted breast, where virtue reigns,  
Till the freed spirit quit thy dark domains.

Nature's last groan proclaims thy triumphs o'er,  
Thy crown of conquest but an earthly clod ;  
Mortality, thy deep dark ocean's shore ;  
Thy boasted trophies but a grassy sod,  
Which marks the spot, where some lov'd sleeper  
lies,  
Anon victorious o'er the grave to rise.

And who are ye, that mourn departed worth,  
Or o'er the virtuous dead in anguish weep ?  
A wife—a mother—friend consign'd to earth,  
To take a short preparatory sleep ;  
And wait till messengers of light appear,  
To usher in the eternal festive year.

Increasing pleasures swell the songs above,  
When sinful mortals seek to be forgiven ;  
Who then can paint the joys which angels prove,  
When a glad spirit finds its way to heaven ?  
Presented with the freedom of the blest,  
Enroll'd a citizen of endless rest.

Approv'd, and seal'd, a native of the skies,  
No more to suffer, and no more to sin ;  
Escap'd from woe, the soul has gain'd the prize,  
And reach'd the happy goal she fear'd to win :  
Why sorrow now ?—the earthly race is run,  
The final foe subdued, the battle won !

O ! she was tender, yes, and she was fair,  
When youth and beauty sparkled in her eye ;  
She never scorn'd in common ills to share —  
Tis past—the fountain stream of life is dry ;  
Yet while it flow'd 'twas generous as the wave,  
Nor ever grudg'd the happiness it gave.

Oft would her cheerful and melodious voice  
Swell the full chorus of domestic bliss ;  
Enough to make grim-visag'd care rejoice ;  
Too fleet such pleasures in a world like this ;  
In which too oft the hymeneal bell  
Gives to the passing winds love's funeral knell.

But she was tender, yes—her accents sweet  
Fell on the ear, like music in a vale,  
Where on each side the sloping mountains meet,  
A lake beneath, and as the gentle gale  
Rolls the increasing harmony along,  
Till rocks e'en try their voices in the song.

So will the troubled bosom find relief,  
And echo pleasures till they seem its own ;  
Till the reviving soul forgets its grief,  
And reaps a harvest it has never sown,—  
Enjoys a rapture none can ever prove,  
Save in the luxury of mutual love.

When sorrows wept, she dried the falling tears,  
And kindly sooth'd the grief she could not heal ;  
Strove to allay the agonising fears,  
Nor heard unheeded misery's appeal ;  
'Tis godlike, and gives pleasure while we live,  
Our joy increases by the joys we give.

Her days of sorrow, like her infant days,  
Have past away :—her cares have found an end ;  
And shall ye weep, though e'en in fortune's blaze  
Ye look in vain, to find so true a friend !  
And who can cheer the *adversus* gloom of life,  
Like the fond mother, and the faithful wife ?

Peace to thy shade !—'twere selfish thus to mourn,  
Thy silent voice and bosom lowly laid ;  
Nor would I plant the cypress round thy urn,  
Nor have one melancholy tribute paid ;  
But join thy glorious song with harp and lute,  
And let no solitary voice be mute.

Dreamless thy slumber through the livelong night  
In the lone grave, still shall thy tuneful soul  
Rejoice its mate, and carol in the light  
Of universal day, from pole to pole ;  
Then with the ransom'd of the nations sing,  
" O grave, where is thy victory ! O death, where is  
thy sting !"

Grimsby, Jan. 1830.

G. HERRING.

REVIEW.—*Notices of Brazil in 1828 and 1829. By the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D., M.R.I.A., &c. In 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 528—541. Westley and Davis, London. 1830.*

SOMETIME in the year 1828 we followed the narrative of this entertaining traveller through his journey from Constantinople to England, and were so delighted with his observations, that we enjoyed his company with pleasure, and parted from him with regret. Since the above period he has visited the Brazils, and, in the two large and elegant volumes mentioned at the head of this article, presented the public with his interesting researches.

Of this superb work it is scarcely possible to give any just analysis. We can only say in general terms, that it abounds with intelligent remarks, with a great variety of important matter, with lively descriptions of places which the author visited, with acute observations on men, manners, and things, and with a vast fund of valuable information on this interesting portion of the globe. We will not, however, any further engross the reader's attention with our own lucubrations, but proceed at once to introduce the intelligent writer as he appears in his own pages.

From the records of Mr. Walsh's voyage, his remarks on the Madeiras, their productions, and the superstition of the inhabitants, many highly entertaining extracts might be taken ; but subjects of greater interest and novelty calling for our attention, we proceed at once to his landing at Rio de Janeiro, and take a survey of slavery.

" Here is the Alfandega or custom-house, and here for the first time I saw the Negro population under circumstances so striking to a stranger.

"The whole labour of bearing and moving burdens is performed by these people, and the state in which they appear is revolting to humanity. Here was a number of beings entirely naked, with the exception of a covering of dirty rags tied about their waists. Their skins, from constant exposure to the weather, had become hard, crusty, and scamed, resembling the coarse black covering of some beast, or like that of an elephant, a wrinkled hide scattered with scanty hairs. On contemplating their persons, you saw them with a physical organization resembling beings of a grade below the rank of man; long projecting heels, the gastronomic muscle wanting, and no calves to their legs; their mouths and chins protruded, their noses flat, their foreheads retiring, having exactly the head and legs of the baboon tribe. Some of these beings were yoked to drays, on which they dragged heavy burdens. Some were chained by the necks and legs, and moved with loads thus cumbered. Some followed each other in ranks with heavy weights on their heads, chattering the most inarticulate and dismal cadence as they moved along. Some were manching young sugar canes, like beasts of burden eating green provender, and some were seen near the water lying on the bare ground among filth and offal, coiled up like dogs, and seeming to expect or require no more comfort, or accommodation, exhibiting a state and conformation so unhuman, that they not only seemed, but actually were, far below the inferior animals around them. Horses and mules were not employed in this way: they were used only for pleasure, not for labour. They were seen in the same streets, pampered, spirited, and richly caparisoned, enjoying a state far superior to the Negroes, and appearing to look down on the fettered and burdened wretches they were passing, as on beings of an inferior rank in the creation to themselves. Some of the Negroes actually seemed to envy the caparisons of their fellow brutes, and eyed with jealousy their glittering harness. In imitation of this finery, they were fond of thrums of many-coloured threads; and I saw one creature, who supported the squalid rag that wrapped his waist by a suspender of gaudy worsted, which he turned every moment to look at, on his naked shoulder. The greatest number, however, were as unconscious of any covering for use or ornament as a pig or an ass."—Vol. I. p. 134.

In the following extract Mr. Walsh contemplates the Negro population under a different aspect.

"We were attracted by the sound of military music, and found it proceeded from a regiment drawn up in one of the streets. Their colonel had just died, and they attended to form a procession to celebrate his obsequies. They were all of different shades of black, but the majority were Negroes. Their equipment was excellent; they wore dark jackets, white pantaloons, and black leather caps and belts, all of which, with their arms, were in high order. Their hand produced sweet and agreeable music, of the leader's own composition, and they went through some evolutions with regularity and dexterity.

"Our attention was next attracted by Negro men and women bearing about a variety of articles for sale; some in baskets, some on boards and cases on their heads. They belonged to a class of small shopkeepers, many of whom vend their wares at home, but the greater number send them about in this way as in itinerant shops. A few of these people were still in a state of bondage, and brought a certain sum every evening to their owners, as the produce of their daily labour. But a large proportion, I was informed, were free, and exercised this little calling on their own account. They were all very neat and clean in their persons, and had a decorum and sense of respectability about them, superior to whites of the same class and calling. All their articles were good in their kind, and neatly kept, and they sold them with simplicity and confidence, neither wishing to take

advantage of others, nor suspecting that it would be taken of themselves.

"It soon began to grow dark, and I was attracted by a number of persons bearing large lighted wax tapers, like torches, gathering before a house. As I passed by, one was put into my hand, by a man who seemed in some authority, and I was requested to fall into the procession that was forming. It was the preparation for a funeral, and on such occasions, I learned that they always request the attendance of a passing stranger, and feel hurt if they are refused. I joined the party, and proceeded with them to a neighbouring church. When we entered we ranged ourselves on each side of a platform which stood near the choir, on which was laid an open coffin covered with pink silk and gold borders. The funeral service was chanted by a choir of priests, one of whom was a Negro, a large comely man, whose jet-black visage formed a strong and striking contrast to his white vestments. He seemed to perform his part with a decorum and sense of solemnity, which I did not observe in his brethren. After scattering flowers on the coffin, and fumigating it with incense, they retired, the procession dispersed, and we returned on board."—Vol. I. pp. 137-140.

On these different views of Negro population Mr. Walsh makes the following judicious reflections:—

"I had been but a few hours on shore, for the first time, and I saw an African Negro under four aspects of society; and it appeared to me, that in every one his character depended on the state in which he was placed, and the estimation in which he was held. As a despised slave he was far lower than other animals of burden which surrounded him; more miserable in his look, more revolting in his nakedness, more distorted in his person, and apparently more deficient in intellect, than the horses and mules that passed him by. Advanced to the grade of a soldier, he was clean and neat in his person, amenable to discipline, expert at his exercises, and showed the port and being of a white man similarly placed. As a citizen, he was remarkable for the respectability of his appearance, and the decorum of his manners in the rank assigned him; and as a priest, standing in the house of God, appointed to instruct society on their most important interests, and in a grade in which moral and intellectual fitness is required, and a certain degree of superiority is expected, he seemed even more devout in his impressions, and more correct in his manners, than his white associates. I came, therefore, to the irresistible conclusion in my mind, that colour was an accident affecting the surface of a man, and having no more to do with his qualities than his clothes—that God had equally created an African in the image of his person, and equally given him an immortal soul; and that an European had no pretext but his own cupidity, for impiously thrusting his fellow-man from that rank in the creation which the Almighty had assigned him, and degrading him below the lot of the brute beasts that perish."—Vol. I. p. 141.

Of this first volume a considerable portion is devoted to the origin, progress, and vicissitudes of the late revolution. From this eventful history, many interesting incidents and anecdotes might be selected, but articles more immediately characteristic of the country and people have a prior claim. The ceremonials connected with a young lady's taking the veil, the author thus describes:—

"The young lady about to be professed was the daughter of one of the rich proprietors of a sugar plantation, who are generally the most opulent people in the country. Her name was Maria Luzia, aged twenty-two. She resolved to take the veil

entirely against the wishes of her friends, who were anxious to establish her respectfully in life, in a rank to which her expectations entitled her; but she resisted the attractions, and voluntarily renounced the world in the prime of youth, and possessed of considerable beauty and fortune.

"The novice professes in two ways, either behind the grating or by advancing up the church to the altar. The former mode is the rule of this convent. The archpresbyter appeared with the bishop, attended by other clergy, at the altar; and at the same time the nuns entered their apartment below the grating. The archpresbyter then advancing down the aisle to the grating, applied himself to the wicket, and said,—'Prudent virgin, trim your lamp: behold your spouse approaches; come forth and meet him.' The novice hearing the voice of the archpresbyter, lighted a torch which she held in her hand, and, accompanied by two nuns already professed, advanced to the wicket, while the bishop in his robes at the same time approached from the altar, with his mitre and crozier, and sat on the low throne placed before it. The archpresbyter then said: 'Most reverend father, our holy mother the church demands that you should bless this virgin, and espouse her to our Lord Jesus Christ the Son of God.' The bishop demanded—'Is she worthy?' The archpresbyter replied—'As far as human frailty permits me to know, I believe and certify that she is worthy.' The bishop then turned to the congregation, and said with a loud voice, 'God and our Saviour aiding, we have chosen this present virgin to bless and consecrate her as the spouse of Christ. The archpresbyter now chanted *Veni—come*, and the virgin advanced to him singing, 'And now I follow with my whole heart.' She then came forward between her sponsors, and knelt at the aperture before the bishop.

"She seemed very lovely, with an unusually sweet, gentle, and pensive countenance. She did not look particularly or deeply affected; but when she sang her responses, there was something exceedingly mournful in the soft, tremulous, and timid tones of her voice. The bishop now exhorted her to make a public profession of her vows before the congregation, and said,—'Will you persevere in your purposes of holy chastity?' She blushed deeply: and with a downcast look, lowly but firmly answered, 'I will.' He again said, more distinctly, 'Do you promise to preserve it,' and she replied more emphatically, 'I do promise.' The bishop then said, 'Thanks be to God, and she bent forward, and reverently kissed his hand, while he asked her, 'Will you now be blessed and consecrated?' She replied, 'O I wish it.'

"The habiliments in which she was hereafter to be clothed, were brought forward, and were sanctified by the aspersion of holy water: then followed several prayers to God, that, 'As he had blessed the garments of Aaron, with ointment which flowed from his head to his beard, so he would now bless the garment of his servant with the dew of his benediction. When the garment was thus aspersed and blessed, the girl retired with it; and having laid aside the dress in which she had appeared, she returned arrayed in her new attire, except her veil. A gold ring was next provided, and consecrated with a prayer, that she who wore it 'might be fortified with celestial virtue, to preserve a pure faith, and incorrupt fidelity to her spouse, Jesus Christ.' He last took the veil, and her female attendants having uncovered her head, he threw it over her, so that it fell on her shoulders and bosom, and said 'Receive this sacred veil, under the shadow of which you may learn to despise the world, and submit yourself truly, and with all humility of health, to your spouse': to which she sang a response, in a very sweet, soft, and touching voice:—'He hath placed this veil before my face, that I should see no other lover but himself.

"The bishop now kindly took her hand, and held it while the following hymn was chanted by the choir with great harmony:—'Beloved spouse, come—the winter is passed—the turtle sings, and the blooming vines are redolent of summer.'

"A crown, a neckpiece, and other female ornaments, were now taken by the bishop, and separately blessed; and the girl bending forward, he placed them on her head and neck, praying that she might be thought worthy to be enrolled into the society of the hundred and forty thousand virgins, who preserved their chastity, and did not mix with the society of impure women."

"Last of all he placed the ring on the middle finger of her right hand, and solemnly said: 'I marry you to Jesus Christ, who will henceforth be your protector. Receive this ring, as a pledge of your faith, that you may be called the spouse of God.' She fell on her knees and sung, 'I am married to Him whom angels serve, whose beauty the sun and moon admire': then rising, and showing with exultation her right hand, she said emphatically, as if to impress it on the congregation, 'My Lord has wedded me with this ring, and decorated me with a crown as his spouse. I here renounce and despise all earthly ornaments for his sake, whom alone I see, whom alone I love, in whom alone I trust, and to whom alone I give all my affections. My heart hath uttered a good word: I speak of the deed I have done for my King.'

"Having thus renounced all earthly attachments, and laid aside all objects of human affection, she stood before the congregation, dressed in her wedding robes, the garb of her celestial spouse. The bishop then pronounced a general benediction, and returned up to the altar; while the nun professed, was borne off between her friends, with tapers lighting and garlands waving. The curtain was then drawn, and the ceremony ended."—Vol. I. pp. 361—367.

While these solemnities were being transacted, Mr. W. informs us, that on the outside of the church was a crowd of blacks and mulattos, shouting, laughing, and hallooing during the whole service; and discharging squibs and crackers, which were distinctly seen and heard by the whole congregation. Nor did the people inside regard it as a thing of any interest; but on this, as on other occasions of ceremonial observances, the Brazilians seemed to have lost all impression of sanctity, many among them laughing and joking with an unbecoming levity.

In another place Mr. Walsh observes as follows:—

"It appears to me that the Brazilians are losing much of their respect for saints' days and ceremonial processions, but that they still retain a deep impression of rational piety; and while they are attached to the essential parts of their own doctrine and discipline are almost entirely free from bigotry and intolerance towards those who differ from them. I have heard some of the clergy complain, that infidel opinions were making a rapid progress among them, and so perhaps they are among a very small class of anarchists, such as are to be found in all revolutionary times, but as far as I have seen, the great body of the people are zealously attached to their religion, and are every day beginning to entertain more rational and enlightened views on the subject."—Vol. I. p. 383.

The facilities for education Mr. Walsh represents as very great, so that the church, army, and navy are filled with officers taken frequently from the humble walks in life, and that no idea of rank or family is connected with an elevated station in either service. Personal conduct is the only source of genuine respectability.

Of funeral parade the people are remarkably fond, and their expense on these occasions frequently exceeds their means. To gratify this desire, and yet to limit the expense, the *Misericórdia* keep and let out splendid coffins for hire. In one of these the body is carried to the grave, where it is deposited naked, or sewed up in a cloth, and the coffin is sent back and hired for another corpse. This practice creates a considerable revenue to these religious traders.

The diseases prevalent among the Brazilians, Mr. Walsh paints in frightful colours, representing them as both loathsome and contagious. Several of them are peculiar to the country, but their character is almost too revolting to be transcribed. On one that is singular in its nature, and less offensive than many others, he thus speaks,

"I constantly met people in the streets, of all colours, who seemed scarcely able to walk, from the immense tumours which they carried. Their dress is generally enlarged into the form of a sack, in which the protuberance is deposited. The most extraordinary, and almost preternatural example of this kind, I saw in the hospital of the *Misericórdia*. He was a negro, aged about twenty-five, without any injury or apparent cause to account for it: the tumour began to enlarge, and continued, unaccompanied by much distress, to extend itself, until it reached the ground. When he stood side-ways, the sack projected itself like a huge bag as big as the rest of his body, before and behind, and when he turned his back it was so large as to conceal his legs, though they were enormously swelled with elephantiasis, and stood like min-shapen posts when seen at each side. From his hips downward, he presented the most extraordinary and unnatural spectacle that a human being could be susceptible of; but from his waist upwards, he was muscular and well proportioned, and his face healthy and comely in a degree unusual in a negro's countenance. He was in other respects in high health, and so full of spirits, that he was always singing and dancing. His lower extremities were clad in a loose bag of cotton, out of which nothing was seen but his feet. In this way he supported, without any inconvenience, an excrescence weighing more than thirty pounds,—was never absent from the negro dances, which he always led,—and was the merriest and most active attendant in the hospital."—vol. i. p. 412.

On the trading speculations of English merchants, he thus remarks,

"When this country was first opened to the enterprise of foreigners, such was the avidity of speculation in England, that every thing was sent to Brazil, without the smallest regard to its fitness, or adaptation to the climate, or the wants of the people who were to purchase them. The shops and ware-rooms of Fleet-street and Cheap-side were ransacked and swept; and the consideration was, not what should be sent, but how soon could it arrive. Among this ingenious selection was a large supply of warm blankets, warming pans to heat them, and, to complete the climax of absurdity, skates to enable the Brazilians to enjoy wholesome exercise on the ice, in a region where a particle of frost, or a flake of snow, was never seen."—vol. i. p. 443.

Of the custom-house officers, Mr. Walsh gives no very flattering account. Their

salaries being very low, they are exposed to the temptation of taking bribes, which they have not fortitude to resist; and the higher departments of the revenue-guards connive at this cupidity, if they do not share the spoil.

These charges of dishonesty Mr. Walsh, however, by no means applies to the Brazilians in general. On the contrary, he views them in a very superior light, in their mercantile transactions, and as exhibiting a mode of conduct that is worthy of imitation. Referring to the article of diamonds, he observes as follows:

"Government sometimes sells the diamonds in the rough, but people always prefer buying them after they have been polished and prepared here, as their flaws and imperfections are then better seen after this process. They had just at that time advertised a lot of £400,000 worth, prepared in this place. It seemed to me extraordinary, that an establishment, where so much precious property is exposed, should be as open as a public market, where all comers are allowed to enter and walk about, and are suffered, and, indeed invited to handle and examine the diamond during the process, without the smallest suspicion or interruption."—vol. i. p. 457.

The whole population of Rio de Janeiro, Mr. Walsh estimates at about 150,000 souls, of whom two-thirds are blacks. This black population has greatly increased during late years, from an assurance that but a short time longer would be allowed by government for the introduction of slaves. In the year 1828, forty-five thousand were imported into this place alone. Speaking of the domestic condition of this degraded race, he observes that,

"A slave is a human being whose accommodation is never thought of. A bed or a blanket, much less a sleeping-room, is out of the question. Sometimes when he is inclined to indulgence, he procures for himself an old mat, which he lays any where; but generally the poor creature throws themselves down on the floor of the hall, kitchen, or outhouse, or, if the weather be cold, lie close to, or on the top of each other, to keep themselves warm, as you have often seen black pigs in a distillery-yard. In passing through a hall, I have observed them coiled up at the foot of the stairs like dogs, and have often mistaken them for such."—vol. i. p. 444.

Vows on all emergencies they are ever forward to make; and, when made, they rarely fail to fulfil them.

"The Brazilians, in any difficulty or danger, make vows to perform certain acts, in token of their gratitude to Providence, if they are extricated. These vows they religiously keep, and they are sometimes productive of great unhappiness. The patrona, or master of a boat, in which I used to cross the bay, was a remarkably good-looking man. He was once overtaken by a storm in the same place, and made a solemn vow, that if he reached the shore, he would marry the first disengaged woman he met. He faithfully kept his word; connected himself with a person he knew nothing about, who proved to be a vile character, and his domestic comforts are for ever im-bittered."—vol. i. p. 471.

The barbers of Rio de Janeiro are thus described,—

"The avocations of barbers are very various. They vend and prepare tortoiseshell to make combs. They bleed and draw teeth as usual; and, so far, are only employed in business connected with their calling, as barber-surgeons. But besides that, they exclusively mend silk stockings, and are remarkable for the neatness with which they vamp them. I never passed a barber's shop that I did not see him, when not otherwise engaged, with a black silk stocking drawn on one arm, and his other employed in mending it. They are, besides this, the musicians of the country, and are hired also to play at church-doors during festivals. All the persons who compose the bands on these occasions are barbers. Thus the remains of those customs, which have entirely gone out of Europe, still linger in America among the descendants of those who originally brought them over."—vol. i. p. 473.

Of the order and decent respect paid to public morals, Mr. Walsh speaks very favourably. Having noticed the charities by which the aged and infirm are supported, he thus proceeds:

"It is also much to be commended, that no women of bad character are ever seen in the streets either by day or night, so as to be known as such. The decency and decorum of this large town, in this respect, are particularly striking to those who have been accustomed to the awful display of licentiousness, which besets them in the streets and public places of Paris and London.

"Opposite the Misericordia is the foundling hospital, where all the poor exposed children are received without question or inquiry. There stands below, about the middle of the edifice, a semicircular box like that which formerly stood at the gate of the foundling hospital in Dublin, called the Cradle. On pulling a bell beside it, this is thrust out, the child is deposited, and the cradle is drawn in, without any question asked. Twice in the year people come to select them, and receive a considerable fee with them."—p. 474.

The police officers in Rio Mr. Walsh represents as a dishonour to their profession. He tells us that

"They are not distinguished either for temperance or proper conduct, and they are the only natives I ever saw drunk. If an outrage is committed, they seize not the man who perpetrated it, who generally has time to escape, but the person they find nearest the spot, who is accidentally passing."—p. 489.

Happily for the people of Rio, on every Saturday morning a public levee is held, when the humblest individual in society may have access to the emperor in person. The only qualification required for admission is, that the applicant shall come with a cocked hat. Here he has an opportunity of seeking redress from the throne, and it rarely occurs that an appeal is made in vain. The necessity of such a tribunal may be gathered from the following passage:—

"The judges have but a small stipend of about three hundred milreis, and they expend an income of ten thousand; the difference is made up by the most notorious and undisguised bribery, in which there is no delicacy used, and little concealment practiced. A respectable merchant informed me, he had just gained an important but hopeless suit, by bribing the judge who tried it with an English carriage, and he was not ashamed to drive about

in this public proof of his corruption."—Vol. I. p. 487.

Of the Negro butchers conveying animal food from the slaughterhouse to the shambles, the description is by no means inviting.

"The most disagreeable spectacle I have ever witnessed, is one of those Negro butchers, with a greasy rag round his waist, and his naked body covered with blood and gore, perching under a raw carcass. This Coral (or open space where cattle are brought to be slaughtered,) is not far from the public gardens, and situates on a delightful walk along the sea shore; but the sight and smell of every thing about it are so offensive, that few venture to pass it. The beef is sometimes cut into long flakes and dried, and in that state called *carne secca*. When hanging in vendas it looks like hides of leather.

"Mutton is never seen in the markets of Rio. It is a meat to which the Brazilians seem to have as great a prejudice, as the Jews to pork. When sheep were first imported into South America, in the temperate southern regions, they extensively multiplied, and became wild; but in Brazil they greatly deteriorated. The wool lost its fecundity, and became stiff and wiry, like the hair of old goats. How far this unnatural change might have affected the people, I cannot say; but they do not eat sheep, and will not rear them. Towards the Rio de la Plata, on the spacious plains, where they have greatly increased, I have been informed they apply them to an extraordinary use. Fuel is very scarce, and mutton very plentiful, so they throw sheep into the kilns as a material to burn bricks. It was formerly not unusual to drive sheep alive into a lime-kiln, but an edict was made against this cruel practice, which is still in force."—Vol. I. p. 508.

Having given the above copious extracts from this interesting work, we must, for the present, take our leave of the author, and his entertaining and intelligent notices. Hitherto our observations and selections have been confined to the first volume, but it is not our intention to pass by the second in silence. This also is replete with valuable materials, and from its pages we hope to extract many pleasing articles for our ensuing number. So far as our limits will allow, the first volume has been permitted to speak for itself; and we feel persuaded that an exhibition of its narratives, incidents, and anecdotes are sufficiently captivating to supersede the necessity of any formal recommendation.

REVIEW.—*The Listener*. By Caroline Fry, Author of "*The Assistant of Education*." In two vols. 12mo. pp. 365—344. Nisbet, London, 1830.

THIS is an excellent title, not merely to catch the reader's eye, but also to communicate the writer's design, and briefly to give an accurate idea of the volumes. They contain a series of papers, about fifty in number, written in a pleasing and animated strain, on subjects diversified in their nature, and miscellaneous in their bearing,



but in their great outline all participating in one common character.

In reference to personal application, there can be little doubt that these sketches, tales, and narratives, are fictitious; but they are true to nature, and can easily find among the various classes of society, a just appropriation. They evince much observation on passing events, and daily exhibitions of conduct, and inculcate valuable lessons, without being exposed to the charge of acrimony. The characters delineated are gathered from diversified walks of life, the follies and inconsistencies of which are described with a powerful hand. Sometimes the vices which deform, and the virtues which embellish human nature, are displayed in striking contrast, but the aims of all are in perfect unison; and the morals every where inculcated, are too conspicuous to be either overlooked or misunderstood. The principles on which these papers are founded, are sterling in all their branches; and it is only from their not being duly considered, and reduced to practice, that their benefits are not more generally experienced.

The evils which Mrs. Fry reprehends, are not always taken from the lowest grades of our population, but frequently deduced from the middling classes, and the more exalted ranks in society. In many cases, folly is detected among persons, and in families, where virtue appears to be cherished, and the fair authoress seems to have discovered the art of tearing off the disguise without lacerating the muscles, or puncturing the skin. Her Listener has found his way into the secret recesses of retirement, and received with fidelity the private operation of causes, which, working in obscurity, produce effects that seem to be anomalous without appearing base.

We live in an age which demands light reading, and the press teems with an abundant supply that accommodates itself to the public taste. Unhappily, too many of these publications are little better than literary panders for mental depravity, invading the territories of virtue, and administering opiates which conceal their poison in the subtleties of sceptical casuistry. When vice once obtains a lodgment in the mind, no sophistry is too weak to erect a fortification.

The Listener is a work of a very different description. Its tales and sketches are indeed light and airy; but they are diversified with incident, and abound with touches, on which modesty may gaze without a blush. It furnishes all the amusement which light reading can impart, but

leaves no sting behind to promote future inflammation, which frequently festers into ulcers, that no human art can cure. To the unhallowed passions and depraved appetites of human nature, it administers neither fuel nor food. It invariably advocates the cause of virtue, and points out those secret avenues, through which her various enemies seek to break down her fences, and usurp her dominion.

In the military department, when a strong citadel is attacked, the assailants advance by slow and almost imperceptible degrees; but it is the duty of the besieged to guard well the out-posts, and to watch their movements with the most vigilant circumspection. This seems to be the station which Mrs. Fry has assumed, and we give her credit for being an able and a keen-eyed sentinel. She never sleeps at her post, nor suffers any allurements to detach her attention from her charge, and from the artifices of her wily foe. To those whom she wishes to protect she sounds an alarm, and directs their eyes to such parts of the fortress as past observation has discovered to be vulnerable.

But while the style is sprightly, the characters faithfully delineated, and the whole is rendered attractive by incident and diversity, the Listener has a still higher claim to public attention. It embodies much valuable reflection, and unravels many intricacies which appear in the economy of human life. These reflections are always judicious, and sometimes profound. The strain, however, never degenerates into stiffness and formality, nor does her style ever lose its vivacity; on which account the reader is never displeased, if not always convinced.

The Listener is a work calculated for the meridian of 1830, not to pamper its vicious cravings, but to detect its errors, and reform its pernicious habits. We wish it an extensive circulation, from a full conviction of its intrinsic worth, and shall be glad to hail works of a similar description from the same observant eye, reflective mind, and able hand.

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REVIEW.—*The Cabinet Cyclopædia, conducted by the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, LL.D. &c. Mechanics. By Captain Henry Kater, V. Pres. R.S. 12mo. pp. 342. Longman, London. 1830.*

THIS volume, which enters the important region of natural philosophy, is in every respect worthy of its predecessors, the characters of which we have had several occasions to notice in our preceding num-

bers. The subject of which it treats is matter; first in its essential and relative properties, and secondly in its various capabilities, gravitating power, and diversities of motion. Under these general characteristics, numerous mechanical principles are arranged, and from their simple and combined operation we are furnished with phenomena highly entertaining, and even astonishing to an intelligent mind. The advantage, however, to be derived from this volume far exceeds any amusement which the perusal may afford. In all its parts it is deeply imbued with genuine information, applying the principles of philosophy to the purposes of trade, machinery, and domestic utensils, in language but little encumbered with the nomenclature of science, and therefore easy to be understood by all. A few quotations will be sufficient to confirm the preceding observations.

*"Thickness of a Soap Bubble.*—Newton succeeded in determining the thickness of very thin laminae of transparent substances, by observing the colours which they reflect. A soap bubble is a thin shell of water, and is observed to reflect different colours from different parts of its surface. Immediately before the bubble bursts, a black spot may be observed near the top. At this part the thickness has been proved not to exceed the 2,500,000th of an inch.

*"Wings of Insects.*—The transparent wings of certain insects are so attenuated in their structure, that 50,000 of them placed over each other would not form a pile a quarter of an inch in height.

*"Gilding of Embroidery—Extreme Ductibility of Matter.*—In the manufacture of embroidery it is necessary to obtain very fine gilt silver threads. To accomplish this, a cylindrical bar of silver, weighing 360 ounces, is covered with about two ounces of gold. This gilt bar is then wire-drawn, as in the first example, until it is reduced to a thread so fine that 3400 feet of it weigh less than an ounce. The wire is then flattened by passing it between rollers under a severe pressure, a process which increases its length, so that about 4000 feet shall weigh one ounce. Hence, one foot will weigh the 4000th part of an ounce. The proportion of the gold to the silver in the original bar was that of 2 to 360, or 1 to 180. Since the same proportion is preserved after the bar has been wire-drawn, it follows that the quantity of gold which covers one foot of the fine wire is the 180th part of the 4000th of an ounce; that is, the 720,000th part of an ounce.

*"The quantity of gold which covers one inch of this wire will be twelve times less than that which covers one foot. Hence, this quantity will be the 8,640,000th part of an ounce. If this inch be again divided into 100 equal parts, every part will be distinctly visible without the aid of microscopes. The gold which covers this small but visible portion is the 864,000,000th part of an ounce. But we may proceed even further; this portion of the wire may be viewed by a microscope which magnifies 500 times, so that the 500th part of it will thus become visible. In this manner, therefore, an ounce of gold may be divided into 432,000,000,000 parts. Each of these parts will possess all the characters and qualities which are found in the largest masses of the metal. It retains its solidity, texture, and colour; it resists the same agents, and enters into combination with the same substances. If the gilt wire be dipped in nitric acid, the silver within the coating will be dissolved, but the hollow tube of gold which surrounded it will still cohere and remain suspended."*—p. 11.

*"To remove a Tight Stopper from a Decanter.*—It frequently happens that the stopper of a glass bottle or decanter becomes fixed in its place so firmly, that the exertion of force sufficient to withdraw it would endanger the vessel. In this case, if a cloth wetted with hot water be applied to the neck of the bottle, the glass will expand, and the neck will be enlarged, so as to allow the stopper to be easily withdrawn."

—p. 21.

REVIEW.—*Fitz of Fitz-Ford, a Legend of Devon.* By Mrs. Bray, Author of "De Foix," "The White Hoods," "The Protestant," &c. in three Vols. 12mo. pp. 268—264—299. Smith, Elder, & Co. London. 1830.

THERE can be no question, that of these volumes, a considerable portion is fictitious. It must however be admitted, that in many respects the foundation is laid in truth, that much of what may be deemed imaginary, claims tradition as its parent, and that there was a period, when what now appears romantic and marvellous, was received as indisputable fact. Every reader knows, that monasteries, priories, abbeys, and nunneries, were the hot-beds in which romantic stories were generated, nurtured, and reared to frightful maturity; and whenever these gloomy cloisters impart their history, we always expect wonders, arising from the former inhabitants, from their mouldering ruins, or from the visitations of unearthly beings. At the announcement of a monastic tale, expectation stands on tiptoe, and nothing but what astounds and amazes can prevent disappointment.

The introductory pages of the first volume lead us through the venerable ruins of Tavistock Abbey, and as we walk along among its crumbling monuments, and glance at the fading memorials of its former greatness, as they now appear, we gather up the fragments of its origin and ancient history, and thus become prepared for the incidents and events about to be detailed.

Closely connected in history with this once celebrated abbey, and contiguous to it in situation, stand some remnants of Fitzford, on which this legend is founded. This was formerly a baronial mansion, inhabited by a family named Fitz, whose name diffused influence, frequently associated with terror, throughout the surrounding country.

"The tale of Fitzford," Mrs. Bray assures us, "is founded in truth."—By the side of the new road leading from Tavistock to Plymouth, stand the ruins of the gateway of Fitzford, which, excepting an old barn, is all that now remains of the mansion and offices of the family of Fitz. This gateway is spacious, and the label ornaments of its architecture, proclaim it to be a structure

of the time of Henry the Seventh. Such portions of the carving as appear through the ivy with which it is amply hung, are well sculptured; and the whole might form an interesting subject for the pencil of a Harding or a Frost. The ancient mansion of Fitzford, that once stood in an open court beyond this gatehouse, was many years since pulled down, and the materials used to erect the present market-house in the town."—p. 18.

Anxious to avoid the imputation of imposing fiction on her readers, in the garb of reality, Mrs. Bray leads us to the source of her information, and, without vouching for the truth of the tradition, gives the following account of the manner in which the MS. of the legend came into her hands.

"It was during a summer evening, when, in company with Mr. B——, I first visited the ruined gateway, now the only remaining vestige of the mansion of the house of Fitzford. As we passed along, my friend related various anecdotes respecting the place: but he more particularly drew my attention to Fitzford, as he told me that tradition had peopled even the solitary gateway, now in ruins, with the restless spirits of the invisible world; that strange forms were said to be there seen; and that one of these was of a truly German character; since a Lady Howard, famed in her lifetime for some great offence, was now nightly doomed, as a fearful penance, to follow her hound, that was compelled to run from Fitzford to Oakhampton-Park, between midnight and cockcrow, and to return with a single blade of grass in its mouth; a punishment from which neither the mistress nor the hound could be released till every blade was consumed. My friend then told me that there were other and more probable traditions, supported by the evidence of history, connected with this gateway, which in early life had much interested his imagination. My curiosity was strongly excited; and, whilst viewing the only vestige of their once magnificent dwelling, it may be supposed that I listened with deep interest to the few, but remarkable facts he related to me of the family of Fitz. He also told me that, having, at one period of his life, the idea of writing a history of his native town, with some account of its local antiquities, and the delightful scenery of the neighbourhood, he had made some memoranda of the interesting traditions of the place, as well as collected materials of a more historical description. On our return from Fitzford, he placed the manuscript in my hands."—p. 19.

Furnished with these materials, and assisted by the surrounding scenery of Dartmoor, Mrs. Bray proceeds to erect a fabric which she has contrived to render very interesting.

In its general character Fitz of Fitzford is a tale of horror; and most of its incidents are of a painful description. Among these, as stated in a contemporary review of this work, the principal tradition, though truly awful, but not the less probable on this account, is that of an English judge, who sentenced his daughter to be burnt for the murder of her husband. Perhaps it is not known to all our readers, that this crime is considered in our law books to be one of the deepest atrocity. It is denominated petty treason: as being similar in character, though inferior in supposed degree, to that of high treason: for the

husband being lord of his house or castle, an attempt upon his life by his only liege subject, his wife, was considered by our learned ancestors, who advocated most stubbornly the rights of *man*, as savouring strongly of an offence against sovereign authority.

The punishment was as horrible as the crime was deemed atrocious. The culprit was to be suspended by the neck from the top of an upright stake, at the bottom of which a bundle of faggots was lighted up, so as to inflict at once the double agony of strangling and burning. The progress of humanity, without detracting from the apparent horror, has diminished the actual cruelty of the execution, by completing the former part of the sentence before the latter is put in operation. This punishment was inflicted, for the last time in Ireland, within half a century of the present day, on a criminal in Dublin, on the spot in Baggot-street, where public executions used to be inflicted before the progress of improvement launched the culprit into eternity more scientifically through the agency of the spring-bolt and the drop.

A tale founded on such a heart-rending incident, must possess some claims on our attention. The occurrences selected, are said to have taken place during the reign of Elizabeth, a period of much excitement, and several historical particulars of the most striking event of that period, the captivity of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scotland, are interwoven into the narrative of domestic transactions.

Much attention is paid to the description of the natural scenery of Devonshire, and to its local customs. Perhaps, indeed, the author may be accused of expatiating too largely on these embellishments. Scenic descriptions, though highly grateful when slightly touched by a master-hand, are apt to weary when the writer endeavours to infuse into the narration all the varied impressions which the first view of those displays of the gorgeous majesty of nature cannot fail to excite in a romantic temperament.

Throughout these volumes the episodes are numerous, and great varieties of character are developed. With some of these, daily observation has made us quite familiar, but many others assume an aspect belonging to distant periods, the influence of which we have never experienced. For habits and manners so foreign, and even repugnant, to our own, great allowances must be made. Of feudal despotism, exercising its power and caprice without any restraining influence, we can scarcely

form an adequate conception. On this account, numerous incidents, which we now suspect to be legendary, may have been of actual occurrence, and the victims of tyranny may have writhed beneath their awful reality.

The machinery introduced by Mrs. Bray works well. The parts harmonize in their individual and common movements, and all conspire to one general end. To such as delight in beholding romance in real life, and enjoy the memorials of departed ages, these volumes will afford much entertainment. But though in its foundation, and in the more prominent materials employed in the superstructure, history and tradition may give countenance to the legend, few will be able to distinguish where truth and fiction meet together, to divide the spoil.

REVIEW.—*A Glance at London, Brussels, and Paris.* By a Provincial Scotsman. 12mo. pp. 283. Simpkin and Marshall, London. 1829.

THIS work contains a good share of information on little matters of general interest and utility. The author is, without doubt, a man of observation, and he exhibits considerable tact in catching up the peculiarities of national character and manners. He has not, however, at present, become a citizen of the world, nor learnt to speak with diffidence and moderation, while censuring customs and manners which are repugnant to his own. We have no inclination to advocate the violation of the Sabbath, which he condemns, yet we should feel much hesitation in sanctioning the sweeping anathema, which, from observing Sunday amusements in Paris, he thus hurls against the French nation.

"In surveying, however, for the first time, a population of thirty millions, it is a fearful judgment that charity herself is driven to form, that only a few, a very few, shall be saved of such a sum from destruction; the awful majority choosing deliberately to perish, and pass their long eternity far from the smiles of the countenance of the Eternal."—p. 73.

Notwithstanding the tone of censure just employed, this volume has much of a local and domestic nature to recommend it, as will be seen by the subsequent extracts.

The author thus describes a French dinner:—

"The dinner was served up in detail, admirably cooked, and piping hot every article; which luxury our vicinity to the kitchen did insure. There was soup made from boiled beef and turkey, with toasted bread floating in it; boiled carrots, and other vegetables, were handed round along with it. There followed a dish of bouilli, or boiled meat, tender and good. There was no lack of bread,

which was in loaves, or rather bricks, of three feet long; which, being put under the left arm, a luncheon was whipt off with a knife in the better hand; and vin de Bourgogne, of a light and pleasant flavour, flowed all around. To these viands succeeded a dish of fresh mackerel, followed by some excellent roasted veal, to say the least, done as well as they could serve it up in old England, which is no small praise. Some boiled asparagus came after this, and other vegetables; a salad of lettuce, and something else, which I forget, dressed with a choice sauce; a course of sweetmeats succeeded, and the whole concluded with well-toasted cheese, and strong ale of a peculiarly agreeable quality. Being a Scotsman, I am not so particular about the affairs of the table as our southern brethren are wont to be; but I think, on the whole, no South Briton could have condemned the above bill of fare; especially as it cost, wine and all, only about two shillings sterling a head. Indeed, I have no doubt, that, great as the English are in all departments of culinary art, the French excel even them in what regards that science; from plain roast and boiled, up to the occult quintessences of cookery."—p. 111.

Of Parisian society and exhibitions the author gives the following lively description:—

"At this time I began to perceive in how much greater a degree life is devoted to light amusement here than in England; there is therefore a larger demand throughout for trinkets, ornaments, prints, pictures, and dress. The multitude of print-shops, of booths for millinery, and every thing that administers to the vanity of man and woman kind, is unequalled, in this metropolis of gaiety. Much small business is transacted in the open air; and the banks of the Seine are loaded with almost every saleable thing for human accommodation. To go to seek for lions, therefore, is needless in Paris; there is as much to amuse, in the corner of every street, as may satisfy a stranger for many weeks, without aspiring to any more piquant diversion. Drinking in novelty, therefore, in copious draughts, I looked at the passing myriads of strange faces, and sauntered from book-stand to print-stall; from that again to a conjuror who swallowed four swords at once: I then watched a patient fishing-party, or endeavoured to see how the washer-women washed in the covered rafts in the river; which I soon detected was not in collapsing with the hand, but in rubbing the linen with a soapy brush on a flat piece of board. Crossing by the Pont au Change, I deviated towards the centre of Paris; and passed through some streets, if such they might be called, of a description that surpassed all my former ideas. The hideous darkness of eight stories mourned over-head; and there seemed room for two carriages merely to graze each other in passing below. Truly a more continuous gloom I never witnessed. Any scene of horror, of however deep and terrible extent, might have taken place in this dismal abode."—p. 154.

REVIEW.—*Sketches from Nature.* By John McDiarmid. 12mo. pp. 388. Simpkin and Marshall. London. 1830.

THIS very entertaining volume exhibits the animal and the human character in a variety of novel and attractive lights. It is divided into two parts. The first chiefly contains sketches of natural history, illustrated by an appeal to facts, which cannot be perused, without exciting a considerable degree of interest. The second relates principally to man, the variations in whose nature, modes, and habits, appear in the lives of several

individuals, who have rendered themselves remarkable by their adventures, exploits, or peculiarities.

These sketches, however, are not exclusively confined either to animals or human beings. They occasionally diverge into the descriptive region, and introduce us to scenery and places, to which either nature or incidental circumstances have imparted a more than common interest. Among these may be noticed, the Mull of Galloway, Langholm and its environs, and the far-famed Gretna Green. Works of art claim also a share of the author's attention, and even sports and pastimes are delineated with his pen.

These subjects taken in the aggregate are thirty-five in number. The style is lively and vigorous, always wearing a pleasing aspect, without being disturbed by any peculiar strokes of humour, or attempts to extort laughter from him who reads. Some of the incidents recorded, are in themselves of the comic character, but when these excite our smiles, it is to the subject, and not to the author, that our risible muscles are indebted for their involuntary relaxation.

For a large class of readers, who will not be instructed unless they can be amused, these sketches are admirably adapted. Mr. Diarmid seems to have noticed, that many who are professedly willing to learn, reluctantly submit to the acquirement of useful knowledge for its own sake, and that unless the book can be set with some attractive bait, the angler's ingenuity will be expended in vain.

We would not, however, be understood to insinuate, that Mr. Diarmid has abandoned the path of sober truth, to furnish out ideal characters either of animals or men. Rather, he has made his selections from the variety which reality affords, and confined his remarks to their rare and more distinguishing features. Hence, multitudes, who aim, in the perusal of his book, at nothing but amusement, will gather from his sketches, some valuable information on subjects of which it would be disgraceful for any one to be wholly ignorant.

In a moral point of view, these sketches will bear the most rigorous scrutiny. We have not found an expression, which the most fastidious need be ashamed to own, or which, in a mixed company, might not with safety be read aloud. To profundity of research and scientific investigations, the author makes no pretensions, nor are his narrations encumbered with long and tedious reflections. Observations of this description are in general blended with the

incidents, and obviously arise from the occurrences detailed. Many of the anecdotes are original, and well worthy of being preserved. They develop, in the various subjects of the sketches, peculiarities which will cause them to be long remembered from the associations in which they appear. On the whole, it is a volume so admirably constructed, that he who reads for amusement, will insensibly receive instruction, while he who seeks information, cannot fail to be entertained with the means provided for his improvement.

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REVIEW.—*A Guide to the Practical Reading of the Bible.* By William Carpenter. 12mo. pp. 298. Holdsworth, London, 1830.

THIS little volume may be considered as a history of the Bible, in miniature; and no one who examines its contents can doubt, that a vast quantity of very important matter occupies its pages. With the various subjects which it embodies, Mr. Carpenter has been long familiar; and from our acquaintance with his more voluminous publications, we expected here to find compression, as in them we had found detail. Nor have we any occasion to complain of disappointment. Of an extended field we are favoured with a microscopic view; but all its parts are distinctly visible, and their due proportions, and mutual relations to each other, are well preserved.

In its general outline, this volume traces the English Bible through its numerous translations; suggests observations on the reading and study of its parts; and concentrates much argument in favour of its authenticity. To these important topics, the author has applied himself with commendable industry, and both in this, and in his larger work, on nearly the same subjects of investigation, we hail with great pleasure, the result of his inquiries and researches. Of such assistance as lay within his reach, Mr. C. has readily availed himself, but the work is not destitute of originality.

It is, however, of much less consequence in our estimation, to know whether a book be original or compiled, than to be convinced that it contains materials which are intrinsically valuable, from what source soever they may have been derived. This is a point, which, on the present occasion, we have fully ascertained, and being satisfied with its sterling character and beneficial tendency, we feel no hesitation in strongly recommending it to our readers as a valuable publication.

REVIEW.—1829: A Poem. By Edward W. Cox, author of "The Opening of the Sixth Seal." 16mo. pp. 124. Maunders. London. 1830.

THE page of this small volume, which first met our sight, was the one containing its dedication to the Duke of Wellington; and such was the nausea occasioned by this incipient glance, that we felt a strong inclination to throw down the book in disgust. What events soever of a political nature characterize the departed year, we are unacquainted with any legislative achievement which renders it "eternally illustrious," unless the accomplishment of a measure that has proved totally abortive in its effects, can confer this hyperbolic distinction on the year eighteen hundred and twenty-nine.

The poem itself is philosophical, ethical, and satirical; and exhibits much accuracy of observation combined with considerable strength of argument and felicity of allusion. The daily increasing claims on our review department will not, however, allow extended space to so small a volume. An extract or two, calculated to convey a just idea of its merits, and a few brief notices of its general character, must suffice.

Alluding to the departed year, the author says:

"Time, in his giant march, hath traced one more  
Deep footprint on Eternity's dark shore.  
Touch'd by his hand, 'mid joy, and care, and strife,  
How many forms have started into life!  
And, 'neath the mighty shadow of his wing,  
How many a once-lov'd one is slumbering:  
Belongs on whom the young year smiled so bright,—  
Glad eyes, now lock'd in everlasting night,—  
Kind hearts, that dream'd not of their early tomb,—  
Fair cheeks, now mould'ring in the voiceless  
tomb,—  
Old friends, young love, the blessing and the blest,—  
The wise, the good, have sought their place of rest,  
Since first, with hope-crown'd brow and promise  
fair,  
Thou didst come down to dwell with us, old year."

p. 2

While reflecting on the vicissitudes which may take place before the lapse of another year, the writer feelingly and poetically observes:—

"Oh; who will say that he will hear again,  
That peal\* of mingled pleasantness and pain.  
There will be sorrow, where is gladness now,—  
A line will be upon the smooth fair brow:  
The social round will feel, not say, that one,  
Perchance the gayest of the gay, is gone.  
Before the hearth will be a vacant chair,  
And she—the beautiful—where is she—where?  
Woe will have written somewhat on the cheek,—  
The strong will feel his late light foot more weak,—  
The old they will have pass'd away; the young,—  
'An added shade will on their brow be hung,—  
The boy will take the vigour of the man," &c.

p. 22.

\* Alluding (we suppose) to the custom of ringing the old year out, and the new year in.—EDW.

The following instance of harsh transposition occurs.

"At best with ill enough to grieve for rife,"

Here

"Monosyllables affright the soul:—"

"Then all the earth gleams out in the pure vest,"—

The line below exhibits a gross inelegance of language.

"'E'en as you will,' the chop-fallen husband  
sighs."

The description of a modern dandy is good, but we have not room for it. The poem, as a whole, abounds with beauties and defects; but the critic must be of a very morbid temperament who will not accept the former as a ransom for the latter. In a second edition we beg to recommend a revision—more especially—of the punctuation.

REVIEW.—Writings of the Rev. William Tindal, pp. 356—Of John Frith, pp. 76—and the History of Dr. Robert Barnes, pp. 48. 12mo. Nisbet, London.

THESE three articles are neatly printed and elegantly bound up in one volume by the Religious Tract Society, to whose exertions the public have of late been much indebted for many valuable publications.

Of Tindal, the writings are well known; but his translation of the Scriptures, and his martyrdom in 1536, will more particularly prevent his name from ever being forgotten. His writings plainly show that he was a man of strong mind, of lively imagination, and of genuine piety. Being universally attached to truth, he promoted the Reformation by all the means in his power. This raised against him a host of enemies amongst the Papal hordes; but nothing could damp his zeal, or shake the resolution of his spirit. His style is vigorous and masculine, partaking only in a small degree of that quaintness and manufactured antithesis which mark the writers of the age in which he lived.

Of John Frith, the life is both pathetic and interesting. From the hands of his Papal persecutors he might have escaped with impunity, but he nobly disdained to have recourse to expedients which his conscience disapproved. He therefore boldly appeared before the tribunal which pronounced his condemnation as a heretic, and suffered at the stake, in Smithfield, on the 4th of July, 1533. The manner of his death having immortalized his name, has given a resurrection to his writings; and these, his piety, zeal, patience, and undaunted

courage, will cause to be held in continued remembrance.

Dr. Robert Barnes was taught in the same schools with Tindal and Frith; namely, first in that of Christ, and secondly in that of Popery, to suffer for righteousness' sake, and to seal his adherence to the doctrines of the Gospel with his blood. In this discipline he proved himself a genuine follower of his Lord and Master, and expired at the stake in Smithfield, 1541.

Of these venerable men of God, the writings are collected in this volume, which is rendered additionally interesting by the memoirs of their lives, and by their constancy amidst the excruciating agony of the flames. Independently of the doctrines of the Reformation, which these writings uniformly inculcate, they delineate, by a kind of accident, the characters of those monsters in human form, which were generated and nurtured by popish fanaticism during that ever memorable period.

The works of the British Reformers, now publishing by the Religious Tract Society, will, when completed, enhance the value, and ornament the appearance of every Christian library: and rich in theological treasure must be that collection of books, among which this volume deserves only the lowest place.

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REVIEW.—*Memoir of the Controversy respecting the Three Heavenly Witnesses, (1 John v. 7.) including Critical Notices of the principal Writers on both sides of the Discussion. By Criticus. 12mo. pp. 260. Holdsworth & Ball, London. 1830.*

EVERY reader acquainted with theology, commentaries, and biblical criticism, is well aware, that, from the period of the Reformation to the present time, the authenticity of 1 John v. 7. "There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost," has been a subject of learned disputation. On each side of the question many pious and learned men have employed their pens, and adduced their arguments; but with some few exceptions, neither party has been able to convince the other, and, as a natural consequence, the legitimacy of the text still remains undecided.

Of this controversy, its progress, and advocates, Criticus, in this volume, professes to give the history; but his design will best appear in his own words.

"It is the object of this historical memoir to present a brief view of this interesting discussion. It is not the intention of the author, to bring for:

ward all that has been said on both sides, for that would require volumes; but to notice the principal points in the debate, the parties who have engaged in it, the subjects into which the controversy has diverged, and the state in which the matter now appears to stand."—p. 2.

Having stated the point at issue, the author refers to various ancient manuscripts in which the disputed passage either is, or is not found, and then selects from the writings of numerous learned divines, an epitome of the reasons which induced them to espouse that side of the question in behalf of which their names appear.

On weighing with impartiality the arguments advanced on each side, the balance most decidedly preponderates against the authenticity of the text; though, if an interpolation, it is admitted to be of great antiquity; nor can it be denied, that many plausible reasons may be urged in favour of its legitimacy. The objections, however, which press against these reasons, appear too formidable to be either demolished or resisted; and the evidence adduced in support of them, and to prove that the passage is surreptitious, cannot fail to shake the confidence of every reader, who calmly surveys the history, progress, and present state of the controversy.

This volume is rendered essentially valuable, by compressing, within a narrow compass, the essence of what the various disputants have advanced on each side, and furnishing the reader at one glance with a more distinct view than his own researches, during several months of close application, and an examination of books difficult of access, would be able to procure.

In the estimation of many, the authenticity of this passage may appear of more importance than it does in that of others. The doctrine which it contains can be most satisfactorily proved from very numerous passages of scripture, which have never been disputed. No advantage therefore, can be derived from one that is suspected of being spurious. But when instead of mere suspicion, strong evidence of illegitimacy appears, it cannot be retained without doing a serious injury to the cause it was injudiciously intended to serve.

In this light it has been viewed by Criticus, who enters fully into the merits of the controversy, and with much temperance, and fidelity, quotes his authorities, and then leaves his readers to draw their own conclusions. It is a book, with the perusal of which we have been much gratified; and to such individuals as feel an interest in the subject of debate, but who have not an opportunity of knowing all

that may be advanced on the occasion, it will communicate a considerable portion of valuable information.

REVIEW.—*Conversations upon Comparative Chronology and General History, from the Creation of the World to the Birth of Christ.* 12mo. pp. 480. Longman, London. 1830.

A KNOWLEDGE of the subjects discussed in the present volume, is an acquisition of the first importance to the youthful mind, and any attempt to simplify the means by which it is engrafted on infantile capacities deserves the highest praise. History is the key-stone of wisdom, without which the expansive arch of human science and learning would be little more than a crumbling ruin.

The origin of the world, the progress of society, the rise and fall of empires, and the various grades of rational beings unfolded to the student in his regular descent along the stream of time, communicate such comprehensive ideas of man—of the world he inhabits—and of “that Unseen Power which governs all below,” as can alone render the theories of science practically useful, and the reasonings of philosophers universal in their application. They likewise give the mind that tone and energy which fit its possessor to mingle in social intercourse with his fellows; and afford a powerful stimulus to action, arising from the conviction that every man forms a part of the vast multitude by whose united exertions, under Providence, the mighty purposes of human existence are fulfilled.

The volume under review embodies all the leading events of general history, from the creation, to the nativity of Christ; and the catechetical method adopted by the author will perhaps recommend it to the favour of the young. We are not, however, in this instance very favourably disposed towards the clumsy mode of question and answer: it seems to employ considerably more verbiage than is necessary, and to distract that method and regularity so essentially necessary to the study of history. More information, it is possible, may be given, and a greater number of facts elicited, in a dialogue than in a continuous narrative; but events and incidents will, in the former, be unavoidably isolated, and the style will be altogether too digressive.

As a source of rational amusement the present work is unexceptionable; but as a vehicle of sound instruction, it is perhaps amenable to censure. A person may rove through an extensive garden, to delight and

refine his mind by a desultory contemplation of floral beauty; but if he desires any thing beyond the gratification of the moment, he will methodize his research, and arrange the various florescences in such a manner that he may be able to recal them to his memory, and discriminate at leisure.

Some lenity is, however, due, from the critic to every author. The latter has manifold difficulties to encounter in the compilation of his work; and, if it be of much magnitude, he will himself perceive discrepancies in his performance, when it is perhaps too late to remedy them. The fallibility of human opinion should induce every censor to speak with moderation; since his own ideas on any particular subject may be equally crude with those he is disposed to reprehend. The localities of the present day, also, have an undue and imperceptible influence on the judgment; and a condemned volume has frequently, after no great length of time, become popular and admired.

It is, however, but just to state, that in reference to these “Conversations,” the *method* is the only ground of objection; and we readily conceive, that there is some difference of opinion respecting dialogue. When used *cum vivâ voce*, there can be no question of its utility; but whether a written conversation can be generally useful will admit a doubt, since the writer cannot anticipate all the difficulties which the pupil will have to encounter, and what is a sufficient explanation to one child, is obscure to another, and perfectly unintelligible to a third.

The talent of the author we have not the remotest intention of calling in question. The work is elegantly written, as the following brief remarks relative to ancient Rome will sufficiently show:—

“We have traced the Roman power through all its gradations, raising itself from a nest of wretched huts, the hiding place of a horde of wild banditti, to a splendid city, boasting its philosophers, statesmen, and warriors, and giving laws to the whole of the known world. But it had now nearly reached that point from which we have already seen that all glory must necessarily decay. Rome only wanted her chief to be crowned with imperial dignity, to raise her grandeur to the highest pitch; and this climax of her magnificence was fast approaching. But, alas! like the princess in the Eastern tale, when she had seized the gorgeous enchanted diadem, and bound it round her brow, it only glittered for a moment ere scorching fires darted through her brain, and she sank a victim to her own inordinate vanity and ambition. Such was the destiny of Rome: unwarned by the fate of her once brilliant rivals, Greece and Carthage, and unconscious of her danger, she plunged into the abyss; and, like them, was doomed soon to become the mere ghost of her former self.”—p. 424.

“We are generally apt to view ancient Rome through a false medium; for the eloquence of her poets and historians so completely intoxicates the



imagination and bewilders the judgment, that we find we cannot censure what they praise. Their diction is also now sanctioned by the authority of time; and so very few condescend to take the trouble of judging for themselves, their opinions have passed currently through the world, and have been often adopted without the slightest examination."—p. 464.

In some respects the style of these "Conversations" may be too refined for the youthful capacity. They will, however, be useful in the hands of a judicious teacher, and they present many attractions for the adult reader.

**REVIEW.—*A Topographical and Historical Account of Wainfleet, &c. in the County of Lincoln.* By Edmund Oldfield. 8vo. pp. 370. Longman. London. 1829.**

THIS book is interesting principally to the antiquarian, yet, being a work of high authority, it is entitled, for occasional reference, to a place in every extensive library. We are not very solicitous to know whether a nondescript piece of copper is a coin of the Claudian era, or an old halfpenny that had been dipped in vitriol, and deposited in the vicinage of some feudal ruin by a mischievous schoolboy. Perhaps this indifference to the study of antiquities may be traced to the following fact.—Some time since, in a neighbourhood where Roman remains had recently been discovered, curiosity leading one of our fraternity to visit the hallowed spot, he was shewn, amongst other things, an uncouthly shaped vessel containing an acid fluid; this, it was said, had been found in an oven, under a layer of *tesselle*, and no doubt was entertained of its great age. Sage speculations were afloat for some days, till, unfortunately, the woman of the house caught sight of the relic, and instantly claimed it, as a bottle of gooseberry vinegar deposited in the oven by her own hands.

Whilst glancing over this volume, we were much amused with the quaint epigraphs, and interesting fragments of history, which lie dispersed through it. Some of these are extracted for the reader's entertainment.

In the church of Burgh, a small market-town four miles from Wainfleet, is the following inscription in Latin hexameters, on a plate of brass:—

Who lies here? Leonard Palmer, Gentleman.  
Who was his dear wife? Catherine.  
Who his heir? Christopher, (to whom Anne was married.)  
Who his other son? Robert.  
How many daughters had he? Three,  
Elizabeth, Mary, and Helen.  
Do they survive? They do.  
Do you inquire where the soul of the deceased is?  
Doubtless it has sought the stars."—p. 94.

The following, taken from Addlethorpe Church, is perhaps as beautiful, as the one just cited is quaint and ludicrous.

"Let not this marble bound the Inspector's eye,  
Here sleeps his dust, but not his memory:  
Stones may preserve his name, but still there rest  
More lasting tombs in the survivor's breasts.  
The sacred actions of men good and just  
Ever send forth sweet savour from the dust."

p. 107.

Speaking of the church of Braytoft, the author says,—

"Above the arch which opens into the chancel, is a painting, representing the Spanish Armada, under the figure of a dragon. At each corner a portion of terra firma is visible, on which are inscribed Anglice, Scotland, Hibernia, France. Ships of war are stationed off the different coasts, and on that of England, the royal standard is displayed, having on its left three forts, and on its right a body of troops. Robert Stephenson is inscribed at the bottom. Below are the following lines.

'Spaine's proud Armado with great strength and power,  
Great Britains state came gaping to devour  
This Dragon's guts like Pharoas scattered hoast  
Lay splitt and drown'd upon the Irish coast  
For eight-score save too ships sent from Spaine  
But twenty-five scarce sound return'd again.'  
'Non Nobis Domine.'—p. 124.

In his agricultural view of Lincolnshire, the author makes the following sensible and acute observations.

"In no part of England has there been less improvements in the mode of cultivation. This may possibly be attributed in a great measure to the natural fertility of the soil, the truth of the observation being incontrovertible, that where nature has been the most bountiful of her gifts, the exertions of man, in the cultivation of the soil, are generally the least conspicuous; and that we are most indebted for the advancement of agriculture, to those who have been placed in situations where the sterility of the soil has made, on human skill and industry, a demand of the most imperious and urgent necessity."—p. 303.

In the appendix we find a very interesting account of the Miracle Plays, or Mysteries, first known in England in the time of Edward the First. As it will be interesting to every reader, we give it at length.

"The term 'Miracle Plays' seems sufficiently appropriate; but the propriety of the other designation, 'Mystery,' is not so apparent. It appears to have originated from the French 'mestier,' or, as it was spelt in former times, 'mestler,' trade; in which sense it was used by our forefathers, when, to designate a craft or trade, they used the words 'art and mystery.' As these miracle plays, which appear to have been performed at least once a year in every great city, were always enacted by the incorporated trades, it seems most probable that the term, originally used to signify the trades themselves, in process of time came to designate their performance. The rules of the various incorporated companies throughout the kingdom have many references to their enacting these miracle plays, and in the laws of nearly all the guilds of Newcastle this clause is inserted.—None shall fall being at the setting forth of the procession on Corpus Christi Day, on pain of forfeiting one pound of wax; and each brother shall pay six pennies to the procession and play, yearly. These performances were always in the open air; a large cart, bearing a raised platform, was the stage, and upon this the gratuitous actors strutted their short hour. Each cart, with its appropriate actors,

drawn by strong horses, and preceded by minstrels, and a banner on which was inscribed the name of the piece to be performed, took its place in the procession; the clergy of the city, in their most splendid array, going before, they thus paraded through the principal streets. Arriving at the place of destination, proclamation was made by the criers, of indulgences of so many days to all the devout attendants, and denunciations of penance against all who should by brawling, or thieving, or rioting of any kind, disturb the intended performance; and then, silence being commanded, the first piece in order commenced. The *Whitsun Plays* of Chester occupied the whole week, and the *Corpus Christi* of Coventry seem to have been as long. Those performed in London frequently lasted longer; and a series of performances, commencing with the 'Creation,' and ending with the 'Ascension,' were played on Clerkenwell-green, towards the close of Richard II.'s reign, by the different fraternities of the city, which lasted fourteen days. Each company appears to have had its appropriate play, the expenses for the performance of which, including 'dresses and properties,' together with a tolerable sum for ale and wine, to enable the performers to go through their parts with spirit, were all defrayed out of the common stock. Many singular and laughable items occur in the old account books of these companies such as: 'a kyrtel, a rosary, and a boke of prayers, for our ladye; a cape and mitre, and mass-book, for ye buschops in ye temple of Helrusaleme; three cappes, mayde Sarazin-wise, for ye three kyngees of ye East.' Nor are the entries less ludicrous that relate to the apparelling of the angels and devils, who, much to the delight and edification of our simple-minded forefathers, had also no unimportant part to perform in these mysteries. The angelic wardrobe was very expensive; for we meet with 'mantles of saye, (a rich silk,) powdered with gold starres; 'crownes of fyne gold double gilt; besides 'wings well payntede, and chevelures, (wigs) of curled silke.' The apparel of Sathanus and his company were of lesser cost; 'a hode of blacke serge wythe a payre of crookit hornys' was, however, indispensable, and a goodly assortment of fire-forks, hooks, chains, and mantles, 'depayntede with flames,' was always provided.

"The most ancient miracle play now extant is the 'Descent into Hell,' the subject of which is said to be taken from the apocryphal book, so much admired among our ancestors, the Gospel of Nicodemus. The interlocutors are—Christ, Sathan, the Porter, Adam, Eve, Abram, David, Moses, and John the Baptist. It commences with a prologue—

"All herkeneth to me now,  
A strife wel I tellen you  
Of Jhesu and of Sathan  
When Jhesu was to helle vgan  
For to thenceforth feche all hys  
And bringen them to Paradyse."

"It then proceeds to recount the names of those who, 'sith the Adam and Eve the apple eat,' had been carried away by Sathan, including, according to the strange belief of the times, all the patriarchs and prophets; then, reciting the various prophecies of deliverance, it concludes, 'As ye now shall see.' Then Christ advances, and declares what he has done for the redemption of mankind, and his intention to open the gates of hell, and set free all those that believe on him. Sathan at this starts up, and protests against it. A long colloquy follows, which ends in the porter at the gate throwing down the keys and running away. Christ enters and is thus addressed by Adam:—

"Welcome Lord Godde of londe  
Goddes' sonne and Goddes sonde  
Welcome Lorde mot thou bee  
Thatte thou wilt us come and see.  
Lorde as thou art come to us  
Bringe us out of thys lothed house—  
Lorde wottest thou who I am?  
Thou me shaped of earth, Adam."

"Then Eve, and all the patriarchs and pro-

phets, offer similar prayers and are answered by assurances of deliverance; they are led out; and the piece concludes with the following petitions offered on behalf of the performers and their audience:—

"Lorde! for thy mickle grace  
Grante us alle in heven a place  
Let us never be forloren  
For now since Christ yeeven  
O! bring out of hell's pine  
Us O Lorde, and alle of thine  
And give us grace to live and ende  
In thy fiance, and to Heven wend."

Appendix, pp. 8–10.

Having already exceeded the limits we had assigned for this review, we can only add, that the illustrations are numerous and of a very superior character, and that this volume is a valuable accession to antiquarian records.

REVIEW.—*A Concise System of Mathematics.* By Alexander Ingram, Author of "Elements of Euclid," &c. 12mo. pp. 384. Simpkin, London, 1830.

If the lovers of indeterminate analysis, and the differential calculus, could but perceive the look of despair with which a school-boy glances at their "Concise Systems," they would surely deem it expedient to subdivide the Mathematics into their several departments, and form a separate treatise of each. We have ourselves a vivid remembrance of "that dark day," when the ferula assumed an appearance unusually terrible, as it pointed out to us, for the first time, Hutton's Course of Mathematics. A quadratic equation seemed nothing less than a Tartarean depth, into which no one could look, without sensations of dizziness and horror.

*Seriatim*: Mr. Ingram's compilation is one of much merit, and has evidently laid heavy contributions on his time and talents; but it certainly does form too large a volume for the use of schools, or of students generally;—to use a vulgar saying—*there is too much of a good thing*. The budding energies of a boy's mind are blighted at the first approach of these formidable treatises.

The eye of the pupil is arrested by the size of the volume, and he is dejected, as he thinks of the time that must elapse before he can master it—and, consequently, before he can become a wise man.

It is our conviction, that youth may be educated by steam to nearly as much purpose as at our public schools. The same monotonous routine of studies is adopted for every boy, whatever may be his future prospects and destination in life. This circumstance has frequently given rise to laughable absurdities:—Among our school ac-

quaintances were three boys, since grown up to manhood, and now settled, the first as a baker, the second a tailor, and the third a pastry cook. The baker spoils every thing by his attachment to geometrical progression; the tailor, while measuring a customer for a pair of small-clothes, descants too learnedly on the centre of gravity; and the pastry cook wastes all his energies in an endeavour to solve the trisection of an angle (Q. E. D.) in a penny tart.

How great soever the commendations we are inclined to bestow on Mr. Ingram's book *en masse*, we should have felt more gratification at seeing separate well-arranged treatises on the different subjects to which it refers. For even admitting that a boy requires a knowledge of them all, he would more readily obtain that knowledge from a number of small books, each confined to one department of the science, than from a volume condensing the whole circle of the mathematics. There is, however, a more powerful argument in favour of distinct treatises on the various subjects of education, than the one last mentioned. Scholastic instruction is intended to be preparatory to a youth's entrance into the world, and should therefore be conducted with the closest possible reference to his future station and occupations: consequently no branch of learning should, at this important period, be pressed upon his notice, but such as is likely to be practically useful. For though to instruct an embryo doctor in the management of *fluxions* might be witty, it would be useless. And could any thing be more absurd, than to teach a draper, whose daily employment consists in measuring gauze and "fine-spun wind," the mensuration of solids?

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REVIEW.—*Brief Memorials of Jean Frederic Oberlin, Pastor of Waldbach in Alsace; and of Auguste Baron de Stael, Holstein, &c. By the Rev. Thomas Sims, A. M. 12mo. pp. 190. Nisbet, London, 1830.*

Is our number for February last, "Memoirs of John Frederic Oberlin," in an octavo volume of 372 pages, passed under our review. The present work contains condensed memorials of the same indefatigable and pious divine; and from its portable size, it may be more within the reach of many readers, than the larger account to which we refer. A memoir of this venerable man can never assume too many forms, or be too widely circulated.

John Frederic Oberlin, was an eminent protestant minister, by whose zeal, piety,

perseverance, and example, the villages, churches, and territory of two parishes, which had been desolated by the despotic intolerance of Louis XIV. and XV., were restored to comparative prosperity, and the gathering population enjoyed the word of life. It would be no great compliment to any biographer to say, that he had placed the character of Oberlin in an amiable light. Something bordering on satanic ingenuity, would be required, to give it any other aspect; and even then, the writer would gain no credit, except among those who never heard of his name.

The more prominent features of character which distinguish this extraordinary man, Mr. Sims has comprised within a narrow compass, but the memorials are sufficiently extended, to display his worth, and to hold him up to all gospel ministers, as an example worthy of their imitation. We must not, however, forget, that what was said of the celebrated Richard Baxter, may be applied to Oberlin—"Men of his stature are not to be drawn in miniature."

Of Baron de Stael, the memorial is rendered particularly interesting, by the superior talents of his mother, the exile and persecution which the family endured, and by his own personal piety. He was born in 1790, and died in 1827, rich in good works, if not full of days; leaving behind him a name which Christianity will enrol on the records of her triumphs, among the great and the honourable of the earth.

Prefixed to these two memoirs, is an introductory sketch of the history of Christianity in France. This is given in a very condensed manner. It is a mere outline of prominent events and vicissitudes; but to multitudes of pious readers, this will communicate all the information they require.

An appendix, which concludes the volume, states compendiously, the condition of protestantism in France; and also enumerates the means that have been adopted for the diffusion of useful knowledge, and the spread of vital Christianity. These desirable objects meet with many serious obstructions arising from various causes, some of which, nothing but patience and perseverance can overcome. Numerous and formidable, however, as they are, the zeal and pious exertions of Oberlin, and Baron de Stael, prove that they are not insurmountable. Much has been done through their instrumentality, and the brief account recorded in this neat and useful volume, furnishes a pleasing intimation that faithful ministers are not permitted to labour in vain.

REVIEW.—*The Young Wanderers' Cave, and other Tales, By the Author of "The Children's Fire-side."* 12mo. pp. 316. Whittaker, London. 1830.

THERE is a more than common share of incident in this volume; and what is still more praiseworthy, the ramifications are all enlisted on the side of virtue, economy, and moral propriety. The style is full of life and sprightliness, and a bustling kind of activity is kept up throughout the whole. The characters introduced are at once numerous and diversified, and each sustains the part assigned in a becoming manner. There can be little doubt that all the tales are the offspring of imagination, but it cannot be denied, that the soil which gave them birth is rich in fertility. In no part that we have noticed, is any outrage committed on nature. They will amuse, but not mislead, and inculcate useful lessons without seeming to teach them.

The design of the writer seems to be, to entertain the young, who may be found in the latitudes which lie between six and fourteen. Even beyond this, these tales may charm a gloomy hour; and, read aloud by an adult, by gaining the attention of the younger branches, the little urchins will not only be kept from doing mischief, but induced to listen with silence and sobriety, that they may comprehend the story which excites their interest. Already our nursery libraries are stored with many useful books, and this being added to their number, will increase the value of the whole, and only occupy a place to which it is fully entitled.

REVIEW.—*Lyra Britannica, or Select Beauties of Modern English Poetry, &c. with some Original Pieces. By the Rev. J. W. Thomas.* 12mo. pp. 252. Stephens, London. 1830.

SEVERAL selections from the voluminous works of the British poets have of late years been sent into the world, bearing, in many respects, a strong resemblance to the volume now under examination. The field, however, is by no means robbed of all its flowers. On every side their colours and fragrance still regale our senses; so that a skilful poetical botanist may cull from the variety, and form a garland to command our admiration.

In his *Lyra Britannica*, Mr. Thomas has not extended his researches beyond the poets who are, or were, contemporary with ourselves; but in this contracted sphere, he has found a sufficiency to form a beau-

tiful collection, which no reader of taste can peruse with attention, without being pleased with the elegance of the pieces. The variety also is very considerable, the aggregate amount being about one hundred and sixty. These are arranged in six classes, namely, Narrative, Pathetic, Descriptive and Dramatic; Moral, Serious and Devotional; Humorous and Satirical.

On these numerous articles it will be in vain to offer any observations. The names of Byron, Southey, Campbell, Crabbe, Moore, Wordsworth, Scott, &c. &c. furnish a passport which few persons will have the temerity to dispute. The selection appears to have been made with care, and the arrangement is judicious. The original pieces are not numerous, but they confer no disgrace on the companions with which they are associated.

REVIEW.—*A Practical Exposition of the Law of Wills, with plain Instructions and Advice to Testators, Executors, Administrators, and Legatees, &c. &c. By Richard Dickson, Esq.* 12mo. pp. 212, Sherwood, London. 1830.

ALTHOUGH we do not profess to be "learned in the law," we are not altogether ignorant of the dictates of common sense, and on this principle the preliminary pages assure us, that this book is founded. The author commences with some forcible remarks on the necessity every person, who has any property to leave, is under, of making his will while in health and strength; and this necessity he renders more imperative, by adverting to the fatal consequences which not unfrequently follow the neglect of this duty. Having proceeded thus far, he furnishes many precautions, to which all persons making their own wills would do well to attend, that nothing may be either inserted or omitted, which the law refuses to sanction. In reference to these points, he has recourse to numerous acts of parliament, which are but little known, except to professional men; and finally concludes, that although every man is legally competent to dispose of his own property, the best intended bequests are frequently defeated through the technicalities of law, when brought to bear upon terms and phrases which are deemed equivocal and inexplicit. He seems to think "that every man who is his own lawyer, has a fool for his client."

It does not however appear, that Mr. Dickson supposes all cases to be thus exposed to risks and difficulties, for his design is to furnish advice, which, if followed, will in

most cases effectually guard against them. Legacies in various forms he has stated the mode of bequeathing, adverting to what the law requires, both of testators and executors. Of wills he has given many skeleton copies, accompanied with observations that immediately connect them with the legislative enactments which he quotes.

Of Mr. Dickson we know nothing but through the medium of his book, the title-page of which states him to be of the "Honourable Society of Gray's Inn." To the very important branch of law which relates to wills, he appears to have paid considerable attention, and, viewing the whole subject within the range of its extended outline, we scarcely know a question of common occurrence that can be proposed, for which he has not provided some judicious advice, if not a satisfactory answer.

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**REVIEW.—***The Rudiments of Correct Reading, &c. adapted to the Capacity of Children.* By Alexander Adam. 12mo. pp. 180. Simpkin, London. 1830.

THE elementary principles of learning are always important, and when inculcated with care and propriety, they become exceedingly valuable. The work before us is one of this description. Its aim is to give the correct sounds of letters, and to point out, by varied examples, numerous deviations from general rules. To accent and emphasis the author appears to have paid great attention, and most youthful students may derive much profit from what he has written. In many useful lessons his principles are exemplified; those letters being either printed in *italics*, or distinguished by some other mark, to which his observations refer. Several of the stories are both instructive and pathetic.

The concluding part is a rhyming dissertation on the letters of the alphabet, and on the parts of speech. In each of these, the character is distinctly noticed, and much information may be gathered from the perusal. They do not, however, appear to be subjects for versification; yet we cannot deny that the author has succeeded better than might have been expected. It is a book for children; and every one knows, that a few lines of poetry committed to the memory, will make a more lasting impression, than the same number of words in plain prose.

"Thirty days hath September,  
April, June, and November,"

are lines which every person can repeat,

and not a day passes in which they are not called into requisition. On the same principle, this rhyming grammar may be easily committed to the memory, and stored up for future use; but the pupil must not be taught to believe, that when this mechanical task is completed, he is a finished grammarian. A knowledge of the science must be acquired from other sources. It is, nevertheless, a book which may be rendered very useful in schools, and private persons may peruse its pages with great advantage.

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**REVIEW.—***Criminal Executions in England, with Remarks, &c.* 8vo. pp. 222. By Alan Newman. Steill. London. 1830.

THIS volume, among other articles of moment, has an especial reference to the case of the late unfortunate James Butler, who was convicted at the Old Bailey, nearly a twelvemonth since, of setting fire to a floor-cloth manufactory at Chelsea. It is the opinion of the author, judging from contradictions in the evidence, and the continued assertions of innocence by the prisoner, that he was not guilty of the crime for which he suffered. The question at issue is one of dreadful moment; for either the law has inflicted salutary punishment, or it has authorized murder.

After a perusal of Mr. Newman's volume, we are incompetent to decide on the guilt or innocence of the unfortunate individual, whose cause he has espoused. The evidence for the prosecution is certainly rather irreconcilable in some instances; but it should also be remarked, that the principal testimonies in favour of the prisoner were from his relations. The strong protestations of innocence made by the culprit himself, seem to furnish the best presumption that he did not commit the crime for which he died. Considerable mystery, however, still hangs over this melancholy affair, and it is, perhaps, dangerous to offer a decided opinion on one side or the other.

In his general observations on our penal laws, we fully concur with the author.

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**REVIEW.—***Oliver Cromwell, a Poem, in Three Books.* 12mo. pp. 192. Simpkin and Marshall, London. 1829.

MANY readers will, perhaps, feel inclined to ask, what incidents can be found in the life of Oliver Cromwell to dignify an epic poem? Without attempting an answer to this question ourselves, we transcribe the

opening of the author's preface, in which the motives impelling him to the undertaking are briefly stated.

"In the prosecution of the attempt contained in the following pages, it has been the general aim of the writer to illustrate some of those portions of the history of Great Britain, which are most worthy of being engraven on the hearts and memories of her citizens: to essay the elucidation of a class of particulars which appear to be peculiarly important in studying the progress of the British Constitution; but which are almost buried under the rubbish of mistake and misrepresentation: and to put the whole subject into as pleasing a dress as he had it in his power to supply; and thus attain the great end of all literary endeavour—practical utility."

A very lengthy preface is employed to vindicate Cromwell's character from the generally admitted charges of ambition and hypocrisy; and to show that he was not so culpable as many have thought him. Without expressing any direct opinion of the author's arguments, we venture to predict that the reader, whilst perusing this exordium, will be visited with drowsiness long before he arrives at the poem.

Of the poem itself, it is difficult to speak in adequate terms. Partly dramatic, partly epic, and partly descriptive,—it is exceedingly difficult to refer it to any class; whilst a chaotic mass of dissertation and incident, for the most part irrelevant to the subject, confers on it a still more vague and indefinite character.

The author, in order to begin at the beginning, makes Cromwell descant on Paradise and the fall of man; and, after he has finished rummaging the antediluvian world, sets him down to a plain matter of fact narrative of British history, commencing with the traditional events of the dark and barbarous ages. This strongly reminds us of the illiterate author in Horace, who began an account of the siege of Troy with a description of Leda's two eggs.

**REVIEW.—***The Imperial School Grammar of the English Language. Part II. By George Granville.* 12mo. pp. 198. Whittaker and Co. 1830.

ON the first part of the Imperial School Grammar, which was reviewed in this Magazine, col. 868, vol. IX., we expressed an opinion, that its pretensions were fully borne out by its merits. The second, or concluding part, now under review, has recently issued from the press, and is calculated to increase the regard with which the work was viewed whilst in an imperfect state.

This second part contains the Syntax of the English language. The various rules are stated in a simple and intelligible form,

and illustrated by a series of exercises judiciously applied. The limits of each rule are perspicuously defined, and the exceptions to its application marked with much ability.

To consider this Grammar as a faultless production would be absurd: every work contains a greater or less portion of error; and books of this class are with more difficulty cleared of imperfections, than those of any other. Neither will it be supposed, that the reviewer has had sufficient leisure to determine the legitimacy and true bearing of every rule and example which the author has brought forward. Of the materials *en masse*, it may be said that they are valuable and well arranged; and that they will satisfactorily explain and exemplify many obscurities which present themselves to the young grammarian.

Before leaving the subject, we cannot avoid expressing regret that the matter should have been so much condensed by the printers. The author being accustomed to tuition, must certainly be aware of the disadvantages resulting to the pupil from a crowded page of small letter. It is earnestly recommended, that, in a subsequent edition, this hint be remembered.

#### BRIEF SURVEY OF BOOKS.

1 *An Essay on the Uses of Salt*, by Cuthbert William Johnson, (Simpkin, London,) is a savoury treatise on the manifold uses of salt, and goes far to exemplify the truth of that saying,—“Salt seasons all things.” The various modes of its application for agricultural purposes are distinctly stated, and the whole essay evinces considerable fertility of thought and accuracy of observation.

2. *The Christian and the Unitarian not the same Character*, (Hurst, London,) is a letter addressed more especially to young persons of Devonport, to warn them against the fallacious doctrines of Unitarianism. The arguments employed by the writer, are not new; and his manner of using them *might* be more temperate. Tracts written in the high tone of sectarian feeling, must ever leave the grand question at issue.

3. *A Treatise on the Sabbath*, by the Rev. Timothy Dwight, (Nisbet, London,) has both the name of its celebrated author, and its own intrinsic excellence, to recommend it.

4. *Divine Meditations and Contemplations*, by the Rev. R. Sibbs, (Nisbet, London,) in the pocket-book form, is remarka-

bly elegant in appearance, and internally furnished with momentous truths, extracted from the great storehouse of divine revelation. It will be a neat little present for a young person of either sex, of which neither the giver nor the receiver need be ashamed.

5. *The Traveller's Prayer, a Discourse on the Third Collect for Grace in the Morning Service, &c.*, by Adam Clarke, LL.D. &c. (Mason, London,) we are glad to hail in a new edition, of a convenient size for the pocket or the reticule. In col. 945 of the Imperial Magazine, for 1829, the first edition was reviewed; since which time, our favourable opinion has sustained no deterioration. The present is more portable than the former, more inviting in its appearance, and equally valuable in its contents.

6. *A Memoir of Jane E. J. Taylor*, by J. Lewis, Islington, (Westley, London,) is a pleasing account of one who died happy in God, at the age of fourteen. It consists chiefly of her own observations, of letters which she wrote, and of her triumphant departure from time to eternity.

7. *The Pulpit*, (part 84,) (Harding, London,) preserves its character in a creditable manner. The articles are miscellaneous, but all are enlisted on the side of morality and religion. The sermons, which invariably assume the lead in each number, are taken from the lips of the preachers, without any regard to sect or party; and, but for this publication, many of them would never be known beyond the walls, within which they are delivered.

8. *A Christian View of Trade; Source of Commercial Distress, and Efficient Remedy*, by William Crofts, (Crofts, London,) surveys these subjects in a religious light, tracing mercantile calamity to dishonesty in some shape or other, and recommending sterling integrity as the only genuine specific. It contains many indisputable truths; but the probability is, that by those on whom they have the strongest bearing, this pamphlet will never be read.

9. *Voluntary Churches, the Free Churches of Christ*, (Westley and Davies, London,) is the substance of a sermon preached at Birmingham, by the Rev. James Matheson, in the latter part of 1829. The worthy minister argues, in a temperate manner, that a mere conformation to established modes of worship does not constitute religion; and that the spirit within us, directed by heavenly influence recognizing the form of worship agreeable to itself, is the true criterion of an approved faith.

10. *A Reply to the Remarks of the*  
137.—VOL. XII.

Rev. P. Benson, *Durham, on an Introductory Discourse, preached at Birmingham*, by James Matheson, *Durham*, (Westley, London,) is a controversial pamphlet, in which the author, a dissenter, vindicates his former discourse, entitled "Voluntary Churches, the true Churches of Christ," against the remarks made upon it by the Rev. P. Benson, a church minister. Like most other polemic articles, it complains of unfairness, misquotation, improper spirit, &c. &c., and then proceeds to set every thing right. In the estimation of himself and friends, there can be no doubt that Mr. Matheson is successful, but should the Vicar of St. Oswald's be sceptical, the war will be continued.

11. *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, Nos. 58, 59, like all their predecessors, "hang on the broken rear" of colonial despotism, and find new occasions to expose the odious system of slavery. Walpole used to assert that "every man was to be purchased, if you could find his price." Emancipation of the slaves, we suspect to be the only price at which the conductors of this periodical are to be bought. We should rejoice to hear that this had been offered, and accepted.

12. *Three Letters, published in the Times Newspaper*, by Samuel Miller, (Richardson, London,) make out a strong case, that, to enlarge the powers of the Court of Requests, would be of essential service to the trading community, by preventing the enormous expenses with which lawsuits are attended.

13. *Memorials of Practical Piety, &c.*, by Hester Copley, (Holdsworth, London,) present to our view the lives of two sisters of the fair authoress. Mrs. Copley has many times appeared before the public, and always in a manner highly creditable to her talents and her principles. This little volume contains an unvarnished narrative of two excellent females, whose christian virtues are worthy of being recorded, and we wish it an extensive circulation, for the benefit of those into whose hands it may happen to fall.

14. *Spirit and Form, as exemplified in an Established Church*, (Westley, London,) is a polemical tract, interesting to none but the parties concerned, and perhaps only to the person who wrote it. The author does not give his name, and it is difficult to discover, in his pamphlet, the necessity for his throwing down the gauntlet.

15. *Eight Discourses to Youth, with a Memoir of the Author's Eldest Son*, by John Humphreys, LL.D. (Holdsworth, London,) exhibit sermonizing in its sim-

plest form. They inculcate many wholesome lessons, and are replete with excellent advice. Every branch is intelligible, even to common capacities; and the reader's attention is not directed to any thing but what is essential for him to know. The topics are obvious, and the justness of the author's remarks will find a mirror in every reasonable mind.

16. *The Christian Visitor*, for 1829, vol. I. (Fisher and Co., London,) we have already had occasion to notice, when the numbers, which compose it, issued from the press. Many valuable articles are incorporated in its pages, and its present appearance is decently respectable. The style, in general, is pointed and energetic. Unhappily, the scenes described are too frequently scenes of domestic misery, brought on by idleness, drunkenness, sabbath-breaking, disregard of divine worship, and by the vices to which they lead. London furnishes an almost exhaustless store of sin and wretchedness, and the editors have shewn much diligence in exploring the haunts of both.

17. *A Sermon, on the Death of the Rev. William Roby, preached at Rochdale, by John Ely*, (Holdsworth, London,) is an intelligent improvement of the solemn event. Mr. Roby was a minister of no common character, and a discourse which could fairly improve his departure from time to eternity, ought to take its stand on more elevated ground, than could reasonably be expected for an individual in private life. The task which has thus devolved on Mr. Ely, he has executed in a praiseworthy manner. It is a discourse through which the living may be instructed, by the tribute of respect paid to the memory of the dead.

18. *Lessons on Objects, as given in a Pestalozzian School, at Cheam, Surrey*, (Seeley, London,) illustrate this mode of instruction by examples, introducing us into the seminary, to observe the pupils, and the manner in which they are instructed. In this, the fundamental principle is, that it deals in *ideas* as well as *words*, and the learner is taught to analyze and point out the discriminating properties of substances in the varied regions of nature and of art. No one who examines the theory, can doubt that it may be turned to great advantage; but the preceptor ought to be a person of general knowledge, of superior talents, and of unquestionable principles. In this volume they appear to be happily combined, and in the result they have rendered it both entertaining and instructive.

19. *Philothea, or Hints to Young Chris-*

tians, (Bennett, London,) advocates experimental religion and practical godliness, and contains many important and essential truths. We could have wished, however, that the author had not thrown any temptations in the way of Antinomianism, nor furnished us with any occasion to make this unpleasant remark.

20. *Meditations and Discourses on the Glory of Christ*, by John Owen, D.D. (Nisbet, London,) is a work of sterling worth, which has been so long before the religious public, that scarcely any thing need be said in its favour. It exalts the Redeemer in all his offices; not with fulsome adulation, but on solid principles derived from the great standard of all moral truth. It is one of those works, which, instead of being lost among the waves of time, will be highly esteemed, until the Saviour of mankind shall lose his exalted character in the Christian world.

21. *Employment of the Poor*, (Simpkin and Marshall, London,) is an address delivered to the grand jury of the hundreds of Kirton and Skirbeck, in which chairman, (C. R. Tunnard, Esq.) argues the necessity of finding employment, and consequent support, for the lower orders of society. The speech is manly, energetic, and conclusive; but whether it will be productive of any beneficial results is a query. It seems to be the system of the present day, with many, rather to remove the means of industry from the poor, than to furnish them with employ; and a work-house or a gaol is the only asylum they can hope for at their hands. On Tuesday, March 2d, a poor man, out of employ, was brought to Bow-street, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment, because he had attempted to raise a scanty subsistence for his wife and family, by the sale of saw-dust without a license!

22. *A Charge, delivered by the Rev. R. Wardlaw, D.D., at the Ordination of J. Reid, M.A.*, (Westley and Davis, London,) points out divine love, as the "constraining principle" of Christianity, and enforces, in a powerful manner, the awful duties of a gospel minister. Many topics are called into requisition. It breathes a spirit of genuine affection, and evinces that the author was actuated by that amiable principle which he so earnestly recommends.

23. *The New Scheme of Evangelical Religion*, (Baldwin, London,) is a serious inquiry, (addressed to William Wilberforce, Esq.) whether the "doctrinal, practical, and experimental system of religion, inculcated by the Rev. Legh Richmond,



is the "true scriptural evangelical religion" it professes to be, while all others are "mere imitations and assumptions of that title." We have perused this little book with considerable satisfaction; for while its author concedes to Mr. Richmond due praise for his sincerity and genuine piety, he does not scruple to enter a protest against the dangerous consequences of his creed. Making salvation to be *wholly of faith* without any intervention of *good works*, Mr. R. introduces into his system that dreadful "necessity" which renders religion mechanical, nullifies the responsibility of man, and destroys every motive to moral virtue. We readily admit that good works are the "fruits of faith," and not the "root," but we are also assured that these fruits are true evidences of vital religion. A barren tree is not more worthless, than a profession of Christianity unaccompanied with moral decorum.

24. *Letters, &c., to Dr. Robert Hamilton, in Refutation of the Erroneous and Heretical Doctrines concerning the Gifts of the Holy Spirit being still attainable, the Abrogation of the Moral Law and Christian Sabbath, &c., by an Advocate for Truth*, (Oliphant, Edinburgh) contain some strong, but not acrimonious animadversions, on subjects of the utmost importance to mankind. On many occasions, controversies originate in sectarian trifles, and few comparatively feel any interest either in the progress or the issue of the contention. The subjects here discussed, are, however, of a more serious character, Dr. Hamilton having publicly avowed his conviction, that "Christians have no warrant for the observance of the Sabbath, and that the decalogue, or law of the ten commandments, is abrogated." Against these bold assertions, the "Advocate for Truth" enters his protest, and advances reasons which are strong, numerous, scriptural, and conclusive. We, however, regret that he has not quoted more explicitly and copiously, Dr. Hamilton's own expressions, that every reader might perceive the application, as well as the energy, of his replies.

25. *A Funeral Sermon, preached in Windoor Chapel, Salford, Jan. 24th, 1830 on the Decease of the Rev. William Roby, of Manchester, by John Clinie, LL.D.* (Westley and Davis, London,) is every way suited to the solemnity of the occasion. Life, death, time, eternity, and the necessity of being prepared for heaven, all rise before us in awful grandeur; and from these, and other similar topics, important lessons are deduced, to teach us to prepare to meet our God. The most distinguishing feature,

however, in this discourse, is, the varied survey which it takes of the talents, piety, zeal, and general usefulness of the deceased. In these, and in other respects, his character is sketched with friendly fidelity, but no panegyric is uttered that seems not to have been fully borne out by the late Mr. Roby's sterling worth.

26. *The Christian's Affection to the House of his God*, by Thomas Swan, (Simpkin and Marshall, London,) is a respectable discourse, but we are not aware, that it contains any thing particularly remarkable. The style is florid, but the truths of Christianity can derive no advantage from any ornaments of diction.

27. *The Young Christian's Companion, or Manual of Devotion, for the use of Schools and Young Persons*, by Elizabeth Strutt, (Souter, London,) is a neat little volume, adorned with a pretty engraving. The prayers it contains have been selected from the liturgy of the church of England and the holy Scriptures. The variety is considerable, the arrangement is judicious, and the selection has been made with care.

28. *Catechism of Scripture History*, (Religious Tract Society, London,) leads the pupil to examine the sacred records with an eye to the periods in which the events recorded took place, and to survey the order and relation in which they stand to each other. It promises to be a useful school-book, and it aims at no higher honours.

29. *The Christian Visitor, No. 5*, (Fisher and Co., London,) supports with becoming respectability, the character of the preceding parts. Its aim is to repress the vices which prevail, to reclaim those who have become victims, and to warn others against their seductive snares. It drags many half-concealed scenes of depravity to light, and exposes the monster to the detestation it deserves.

30. *Justification by Faith, a Sermon by Jabex Bunting*, (Mason, London,) having reached a fourth edition, appears with the last corrections of the author. On this important doctrine his views are quite methodical. Considering justification as synonymous with pardon, imputed righteousness finds no place in his discourse, which thus destroys the specious covering under which antinomianism might take shelter. In its more prominent features it is argumentative, but the author has not neglected to notice its experimental and practical results. It contains a fair statement of the doctrine of justification, as taught by the Wesleyan Methodists, and fortifies it with considerable strength of argument.

31. *Hints for the Suppression and Extinction of Fires in Dwelling Houses, &c.* by Robert Venables, M.B. (Longman, London,) strongly recommends the formation of gasometers, to be filled either with nitrogen or carbonic acid, from which, in cases of fire, given quantities conveyed to the burning mass, and poured upon it, an extinction of the flames will be instantaneous. In favour of this substitute for water, Mr. Venables advances many plausible arguments, and obviates several objections, but whether the theory be reducible to practice, we must leave others more conversant with such subjects than ourselves, to determine.

32. *Splendid Sins, a Letter addressed to His Grace the Duke of Wellington, by Latimer Redivivus*, (Hatchard, London,) makes a bold but not an intemperate appeal to this noble personage, on the profanation of the Lord's day in exalted life, observable in Sunday routs, cabinet dinners, and neglect of public worship. It adverts also to horse-racing, duelling, licentiousness, seduction, and connubial infidelity. Independently of the individual criminality involved, the author argues, that the examples thus set in higher circles, cannot but prove demoralizing among the various grades of society. It is a serious expostulation, but one that is not likely to be either heeded, or perhaps seen, by him to whom it is addressed.

33. *An Argument derived from Miracles, in Support of the Divine Origin of Christianity illustrated, &c.*, by George Payne, LL.D., (Hamilton, London,) is the substance of a lecture delivered to the members of the Exeter Mechanic's Institution, in February, 1830. The subject is examined with acuteness, in its various ramifications, particularly in those which refer to the objections of Hume and others, against the evidence in favour of Christianity derived from miracles. The argument is prosecuted with great fairness, and pursued to a successful termination.

34. *Brief Memoir of the Jews, in relation to their Civil and Municipal Disabilities*, by Apsley Pellatt, (Holdsworth, London,) is a pamphlet addressed to the Lord Mayor, and chiefly appeals to his authority in the city of London. This, however, is but a preparatory step to an appeal to the legislature, to emancipate the British Jews from their civil thralldom, and invest them with the same rights which other free-born subjects enjoy. Of the degrading edicts which did and do exist, Mr. Pellatt takes a comprehensive survey, and argues, that the Jews are as much entitled to liberation as

those on whom the same boon has either been recently bestowed, or to whom the civil right has been formally and practically conceded. This pamphlet is worthy the attention of his Lordship, and of the various members of the British legislature.

35. *Answer to Mr. Henry Drummond's Defence of the Heretical Doctrines promulgated by Mr. Irving, respecting the Person and Atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ, &c.*, by J. A. Haldane, (Hamilton, London,) is a controversial work which excites but little interest beyond the parties concerned. Mr. Irving is, no doubt, an eccentric man, who sometimes indulges in extravagant expressions; but respecting his denial of original sin, &c., we conceive he has been misunderstood, and perhaps misrepresented. To debates of this kind there can be no end, and in the estimation of his partisans, each combatant will claim the victory. This is a respectable work, and enters fully into the questions at issue, which the author handles with suitable zeal and ability.

36. *Protestant Truths and Roman Catholic Errors, a Tale*, by the Rev. Plumptre Wilson, LL.B., (Longman, London,) introduces to our notice with much pleasing ingenuity, the leading topics on which these powerful sections of the Christian world are divided. The tale assumes partly the narrative and partly the dialogue form. Several characters, speakers, and letter-writers, advance in succession before us, but each subserves the great design in view, namely, that Roman Catholic errors stand opposed to Protestant truths. In all its parts the author avoids every thing like criticism, and even the severity of controversy. The arguments are rather popular than profound, and the language is lively and conversational. Both the truths to be defended and the errors to be exposed, are placed in a conspicuous light, and no one can be at a loss in favour of which to decide.

37. *Letters to a Friend, intended to relieve the Difficulties of an anxious Inquirer on the subjects of Conversion and Salvation*, by the late Thomas Charlton Henry, DD., of Charleston, South Carolina, (Holdsworth, London,) are written with the acuteness of a metaphysician, and the piety of a Christian. To the genuine penitent who inquires, "What must I do to be saved?" many questions of insuperable difficulty will arise, and for most of these, Mr. Henry's letters provide valuable replies. They do not, however, relate to theory, but to experience and practice. They have an encouraging aspect, and remove many stumbling-blocks out of the

way. To a soul groaning being burdened, they hold forth the means of deliverance, with assurances of acceptance through the atonement of Christ.

NOTES ON SIR HUMPHRY DAVY'S THIRD  
LECTURE ON ELECTRO-CHEMISTRY,  
DELIVERED IN DUBLIN, 1810.

(Continued from Col. 244.)

It was mentioned in the former lecture, that amber had been observed to attract straws, and some other light substances, and that its power was heightened by rubbing it. Sealing-wax and crystal were also found to possess electrical qualities. Soon after the electrical machine was invented, a little ball of alder pith being fixed at one end of a wire, and the other end in a pivot connected with the conductor, was found to be an index of the state and strength of the electricity; and two of them, at the approach of a stick of sealing-wax, repelled each other, but at the approach of glass they attracted each other. Hence Vitreous and Resinous electricities were the first system.

Two conductors to the machine, placed each side of the glass cylinder, in a lateral direction, might be supposed, on connexion, to increase the power of the machine at one of them; but, instead of this, it has no power. This, with the former experiment, proved that there is a positive and negative electricity, which was the second system; and this still remains in use, though with a manifest imperfection in its terms.

When these conductors are unconnected, each yields a spark at the approach of the hand; when connected by a chain, they yield no spark. It is observable, that when one kind of electricity is communicated to two things, they repel each other; but they attract each other, if one is electrified with the positive, and the other with the negative electricity. This is proved by hanging two small brass cylinders by a wire across a rod, which is fixed in one of the conductors; they then repel each other. If one of the cylinders is taken off, and hung by a wire, and a rod fixed in the other conductor, they then attract each other, because they are in opposite states of electricity.

Glass, which is positive, that is, attractive, to electrified amalgam, as is seen by the pith ball, or index, is negative to the fur of animals; hence, electric properties are not to be identified with the bodies they electrify, but, according to their circumstances, are attractive and repellant.

But if glass is presented to two electric bodies, and it causes attraction, they are then in a state of positive electricity,—if it causes repulsion, they are in that which is negative. On these principles, an electrometer has been made, which shews the smallest quantity, and the sort of electricity in any body presented to it. Glass is a non-conductor of electricity,—metal is a perfect conductor; and charcoal is next, of solid bodies. A tube filled with water is an imperfect conductor. When two pieces of charcoal at each end of the electric wires, touch, there is no shock to be obtained, but when separate, there is a shock and spark; hence, it is perceived, that opposite states, united, become neutral.

Sulphuric acid is a better conductor than water; spirit of wine is a more imperfect conductor than water, and ether still more imperfect. Sea-water is a better conductor than fresh. Metallic oxides, and ice of water, are non-conductors, but hot air is a conductor.

The progress of electricity is simultaneous as lightning. A line of wire, two miles long, at Paris, showed no observable distinction of the progress of electricity, from one end to the other, when marked most accurately. The same was the result in London, with a line of four miles, part of which was the Thames. The hot air of chimneys attracts lightning, and the hearth being a non-conductor, makes that obstruction which causes the fatal accidents by combustion. The Lizard lighthouse, having a fire of coal, attracted lightning so powerfully, as to be struck eight times in a few years, by which it was nearly demolished, and the keeper was killed; but since a conductor has been affixed, which leads the electricity from the obstruction into the sea, no accident has happened. Mr. Kirwan told the lecturer, that he saw beer-casks in Galway, covered with iron tongs, to prevent its being soured by lightning. This was an anticipation of Franklin's discovery.

(To be continued.)

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA.

In our number for December last, we noticed the retrogradation of the planet Saturn, from the 18th to the 11th degree of Leo, which was completed on the 13th day of April last, when he formed a small triangle with 71 and 78 Cancrī: he was also noticed at the same time, as the apex of an isosceles triangle, of which  $\gamma$  and  $\delta$  Cancrī were the base. This planet may now be observed to direct his course towards

Regulus, from which, during his retrogradation, he had been receding, and on the 5th of the present month may be noticed above 78 Cancrī; he is then observed gradually to recede from 68, 71, and 78 Cancrī, and to approach 82 and 83 of the same constellation, with which he forms a scalene triangle, until the 8th of June, when he is noticed between them. After passing these stars, he directs his course to 7, 8, and 11 Leonis, and is noticed to pass between them, but nearest the southern stars, from the 16th to the 29th of July, after which day, he is observed to recede from them. The superior brilliancy of the Solar beams now renders him invisible, as the Sun is rapidly approaching him, and on the 15th of August, at 3 in the morning, these bodies are in conjunction in the 21st degree of Leo.

In our number for March, we mentioned that the noble planet Jupiter was slowly approaching 50 Sagittarii; this star he passed on the 15th of April, and on the 5th of this month he is stationary, about half a degree to the east of it; his motion now becomes retrograde, and he is observed to approach the above star until the 25th, when he again passes it, being at the same time noticed between it, and  $\chi$  3 Sagittarii. After passing 50 Sagittarii, this planet is observed again as a conspicuous object among the stars, with which he formed some interesting configurations during the months of February and March. On the 15th of June, he is again noticed between  $\psi$  and  $\rho$  2 Sagittarii: on the 18th, between  $\psi$  and  $\alpha$ , and  $\tau$  and  $\rho$  2; and on the 23d, between  $\tau$  and  $\alpha$ . He now directs his course between  $\pi$  and  $\psi$ , and passes them on the 27th. On the 2nd of July, he is noticed in a line with  $\sigma$  and  $\xi$  2, and on the 4th with  $\sigma$  and  $\xi$  1. On the 5th, he is in opposition to the Sun, at 15 minutes past 12 at noon, in the 12th degree of Capricorn, and on the following day he is observed between  $\sigma$  and  $\psi$  Sagittarii: on the 10th, he is noticed between the former star and  $\tau$ : on the 12th, between 33 and  $\psi$ : and on the 15th, in a line with 29 and 33, and between  $\sigma$  and  $w$ . He is next observed on the 19th, between  $\sigma$  and  $\phi$ , and his recess from the former star, and  $\pi$ , and approach to  $\nu$ , becomes a most interesting feature in his course. On the 20th, he is noticed in a line with  $\xi$  1 and 2, Sagittarii; on the 23d, with  $\nu$  and 30; and on the 26th, between  $w$  and  $\xi$  1, and 2. On the 28th, he is seen in a line with  $\nu$  and 29 Sagittarii; and on the 31st, he passes the former star, being 20 minutes

more to the south of it, than on the 19th of February last; he is also observed at that time, between it and  $w$ , and in a line with it and 33 Sagittarii. His recess from this star is now an interesting feature: on the 2nd of August, he is noticed in a line with it and  $\xi$  2 Sagittarii: on the 7th, with 29 and 30, and between the latter star and  $w$ , and on the 9th, between  $\phi$  and 33 of this constellation. On the 13th, he is observed between  $\phi$  and 30; and on the 21st, between the former star and 29. He now slowly approaches 26 Sagittarii, and is stationary on the 4th of September, in the 7th degree and 57th minute of Capricorn, when he forms the summit of an isosceles triangle, of which  $\phi$  and  $w$  Sagittarii are the base.

#### BAPTISM OF TWELVE JEWS.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,—I witnessed, on Wednesday last, the baptism of twelve Jewish converts, by the Right Reverend, the Lord Bishop of London, after the second lesson, during the morning service, at St. James's Church, Piccadilly.

These twelve Jewish converts are all inmates of the Hebrew Institution at Camden-town; founded and supported by the voluntary subscriptions of a number of persons, and denominated, The Society of Friends of the Hebrew Nation. Mr. Simon, a well-educated Jew, who has given eighteen years' proof of sincerity, in his consistent profession of Christianity, and who formerly superintended an establishment of a similar nature; and Mrs. Simon, his wife, who was carefully educated in Christian principles, and is devoted to the cause of Israel with a zeal equal to her husband's, are superintendents of the institution.

In the course of instruction, Mr. Simon not only reads and expounds the scriptures to the Jewish penitents, at fixed periods, when they cease from working at the trades which they are severally taught, but requires each of them to read a verse in turn, and afterwards give his ideas of its meaning; and when the whole chapter has thus gone its round, Mr. Simon condenses the several remarks they have made, and points out any errors into which they have fallen; and thus are they led into the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. Morning and evening are these exercises repeated, with prayer and thanksgiving to Him who created, who redeemed, and whose providence upholds all things, and particularly superintends the affairs of mankind.

The Hebrew Institution was opened on the fifth of August, 1829. See the account of this event in the Imperial Magazine for October, 1829, col. 902, where a brief description of this establishment is given.

Previous to the baptism of these twelve Jewish converts, the first-fruits of the Hebrew Institution, the most rigorous examination of each took place; and from day to day their conduct was examined, as well as the principles which actuated them in thus publicly professing faith in that holy Redeemer, who was crucified in scorn by their forefathers at Jerusalem. But out of every examination, they came forth with renewed convictions in the minds of those whose bowels yearned over them, as over their own children, that the work was of God, and not of man. "Flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto me," was the answer of one and all, in the spirit of devotion to the Son of God; and with such a testimony, in such a spirit, who could refuse baptism to these sons of Abraham?

The Jewish converts were seated, three in a row, upon four benches of the free-sittings, in the middle aisle of St. James's Church, immediately in front of the communion rails; and the Committee, with several members of the Society, under whose care the Jews had placed themselves, occupied the seats on each side. At the signal given, the Jewish converts ranged themselves close to the communion rails, and the Committee, with the other members, closed around them, as sponsors or witnesses of their baptism. The rite was performed by the Lord Bishop of London, in the most solemn and impressive manner; the responses were made by the Jewish converts with great feeling; and a solemn awe pervaded all the actors in this interesting scene, as well as the respectable congregation which surrounded them.

A more solemn ceremony I never participated in, nor ever witnessed. To behold twelve of the precious sons of Zion rescued from the infidelity of modern Judaism, and the superstitious theories of rabbinical lore, professing their faith in the Messiah already come, in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, receiving the water of baptism in His name, and willingly accepting the sign of His cross, which is to their brethren a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness, was a sight which flushed up gratitude from the heart into the countenance, and caused numerous involuntary gusts of praise to issue aloud from those who witnessed the scene.

In the vestry, after the close of the service, I took an opportunity of asking the Lord Bishop of London, whether he was satisfied as to the claims of the several candidates for baptism? His Lordship answered, "Perfectly so; I am satisfied with the whole of the proceedings."

On inquiring the amount of dues payable on this occasion, the worthy rector of St. James's Church declared, in the most liberal tone, that he freely remitted the whole: for which liberality he received the thanks of all who heard him.

When the Lord of the harvest shall appear to call them forth, some of these converts may enter into His vineyard, and labour in His cause; and who knows with what success? For the most part they are young men: life is apparently before them; they are acquiring that skill, which will, with diligence, enable them to provide things honest in the sight of all men. Like St. Paul, some of these may "labour, working with their own hands; even as he pleased all men in all things, not seeking their own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved."

W. COLDWELL.

*King Square, London, April 16, 1830.*

#### GLEANINGS.

*Population of Cities.*—The following calculations are given in a late German publication, of a hundred of the most populous cities in the world. These are, Jeddo, in Japan, 1,680,000 inhabitants; Peking, 1,500,000; London, 1,300,000; Hans Ischen, 1,100,000; Calcutta, 900,000; Madras, 817,000; Nankin, 800,000; Congo Ischen, 500,000; Paris, 717,000; West China, 600,000; Constantinople, 597,000; Benares, 500,000; Kio, 520,000; Su Ischen, 500,000; Hong Ischen, 500,000, &c. The fortieth in the list is Berlin, containing 153,000, and the last Bristol, 3,000. Among the hundred cities, two contain a million and a half, two upwards of a million, nine from half a million to a million, twenty-three from 500,000 to 1,000,000, fifty-six from 100,000 to 500,000, and six from 87,800 to 100,000. Of these one hundred cities, fifty-eight are in Asia, and thirty-two in Europe, of which four are in Germany, four in France, five in Italy, eight in England, and three in Spain; the remaining ten are divided between Africa and America.

*Population of Rome.*—The Roman journals state the population of Rome to be 144,541 souls, which is an increase of 2,221 souls during the year. In 1820, the population was 135,046. There are in Rome 33,669 families, 35 bishops, 490 priests, 1,994 monks, 1,390 nuns; 287 Heretics, Turks, and Infidels, not including Jews; 107,050 Catholics; Non-Catholics, 37,481. Christians, 5,055. Deaths—males, 2,596; females, 1,983; total, 4,584. Marriages, 1,100.—*Frankfort Paper, Dec. 23, 1829.*

*Population of Denmark.*—The present population of his Danish Majesty's dominions is as follows:—Island of Zealand, 500,000; Funen, 180,000; Langeland, 60,000. Districts of Aalborg, 150,000; Viborg, 45,000; Aarhus, 95,000; Ribe, 135,000.—Total, 975,000. The Duchies have—Schleswig, 350,000; Holstein, 380,000; Lauenburg, 37,000.—Total, 757,000. The Northern Islands: Faroe, 6,000; Iceland, 80,000.—In all, 1,768,000 inhabitants. In the West Indies, Denmark has about 45,000 subjects, and in the East 50,000. Of this population about one million speak Danish, and half a million German. Frisian is spoken in some of the islands. One cannot but regret that so much valuable information should be nearly lost to the world, as is to be found in the Danish language. The services of literary men in this country are confined to an extremely small sphere. Except of school-books, bibles, and works of religious instruction, an edition seldom extends beyond 200 copies.—*From a Copenhagen Letter.*

**Piney Tallow.**—At this period of commercial difficulty in the India trade, it is singular that no person has thought of importing the piney tallow of Malabar. This substance is obtained by boiling the fruit of the *Fetaria Indica*. The tallow forms a solid cake on cooling, and is generally white, sometimes yellow, greasy to the touch, but rather waxy; it is almost tasteless, and agreeable in smell, in which respect it resembles common cerate. It is solid and tenuous, so that a mass of nine pounds, cast into a round form, could not be drawn asunder by two men with a fine iron wire, and even with a saw its division was a matter of much difficulty; it, however, easily melts at 97½ Fahrenheit, at which temperature its specific gravity is 0.965, and at 60 deg. it is 0.960. At the town of Mangalore five hundred weight of piney tallow may be obtained for fifty rupees, being at the rate of 2½d. per pound.

**Patents.**—The number of patents for inventions granted since the reign of Charles II. to the present time, exceeds 5,500, of which nearly 2,000 having been granted since 1815, are still in force. Years of speculation are remarkable for increase of patents; the number obtained in 1816 amounted to 140, while that year of extravagance, 1825, produced no less than 420.

**Coutures.**—The following is in general the Sunday costume of the people of Brunswick:—a cocked hat, a white coat lined with scarlet, and reaching quite down to the heels, white leather breeches, with frequently black, and often red stockings, with enormous shoe buckles.

**Waste of Coal.**—In returning a few years ago from Berwick upon-Tweed, a stranger was much surprised, as night came on, on seeing two enormous fires near Newcastle. Upon inquiring, he found that they were from small coal, which does not readily sell, and which is therefore separated by screens from the larger blocks. Prodigious heaps are thus formed at the mouths of the pits, and from the decomposition of the pyrites, they take fire and continue to burn for years. One of these huge mounds was but a few miles from the road—it was said to cover twelve acres of ground, and to have been burning for eight years. As all that small coal might be made use of to produce coal gas, he says the legislature should interfere to prevent such a shameful waste; for no less than 100,000 chaldrons of coal are thus annually destroyed on the banks of the river Tyne; and nearly the same quantity on the Wear. Beneath these burning heaps he found a heap of blackish scoria, which resembles basalt, and is used for mending roads.

**Mushrooms.**—It may not be amiss to observe, that in cooking mushrooms for the table, they should always have an onion boiled with them, stripped of its outer skin. If in this process the onion becomes either black or blue, the mushrooms should not be used; if they are harmless, the onion will remain white.

**Large Lobster.**—During the late easterly gale, a lobster, weighing 21 pounds, was taken on Nantucket beach. Its claws were of the ordinary size. It was brought to the city, and is said to be the largest ever seen here, excepting one obtained at Cape Cod, by Commodore Hull, to decide a bet of £50, made in England by Admiral Cochrane, that he could produce a larger lobster from America than could be found in England. This gained the wager; it weighed 27 pounds.—*United States Gazette*, Dec. 11.

**Cowper's Chair.**—The chair of Cowper, in which the aged-exhausted frame of the poet of domestic sympathies and devotional feeling, was supported, has been placed in the theatre of the Institution, Park street, Bristol, and appropriated to the use of the chairman of the Philosophical and Literary Society. The chair was presented to the Society by Richard Walsford, Esq. of Marlborough.

**Carpets.**—This luxury, which is now to be found in most of our houses, is of modern invention; the floors of the first houses in England were strewn with common rushes so late as the year 1280. Hats were not worn by men until about the year 1400; before that time they wore hoods and cloth caps.

**Tea and Coffee.**—It is now two hundred years since tea and coffee were first introduced into Europe; it was only used by princes and grandees until 1557, when a tea-shop was opened in London, and resorted to by all those who could afford to drink it. Coffee was introduced about the year 1652, and was sold only at public-houses, which, from that circumstance, acquired the name of coffee-houses. Previous to the introduction of tea and coffee, the people of England drank beer and wine. Tobacco was first carried from America to England, by Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh, about the year 1586.

**Progress of the Arts in France.**—At the last sitting of the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry at Paris, a prize of 1,000 francs was awarded to Mr. Coffin, of New York, for a machine to remove fur from skins employed in making hats; by this machine, four workmen are able, in four hours, to do the work of twenty-five, according to the old process. A prize of 2,000 francs was awarded to Grenet and Gompertz, for an improved method of making glue. A gold medal of 500 francs to M. Delapierre, for an improvement in the manufacture of paper with silk. The prize of 3,000 francs, offered by the Society for the best process of making paper with the bark of the mulberry-tree, has been increased to 5,700 francs, to be awarded in 1830; and two prizes of 12,000 francs are proposed, one for the best means of securing safety in explosions of steam-engines, and the other for a steam-engine boiler which shall be less liable to explosion than those now in use.

**Bible Society.**—The Protestant Bible Society of Paris distributed, as gifts, during the year 1828, 22,446 Bibles, and 3,447 New Testaments. In the same year they sold, at a very low price, 3,676 Bibles, and 2,708 Testaments; making together 5922 Bibles and 6155 New Testaments. Since the period of its first foundation, this society has circulated 103,740 copies of the Scriptures.

## Literary Notices.

### Just Published.

No. 13 of the National Portrait Gallery, in Imperial 8vo. (being the first number of Vol. II. of this splendid work,) present Likenesses and Memoirs of the Right Hon. George Canning—Davies Gilbert, P.R.S.—and Viscount Whitworth.

Also No. 13 of the King's Edition of the above Work, in Royal Quarto, with the choicest proof impressions of the plates.—No. 1 to 12 will be ready in the course of the month.

Fisher's National Illustrations.—Part III. of Ireland—Part II. of Devonshire and Cornwall—and Part V. of Lancashire, are ready for delivery.

The Family Library, Dramatic Series, No. 1.. Masinger. Vol. I. 12mo.

The Drama brought to the Test of Scripture, and found wanting. 12mo.

The Family Oblation, or Prayers for Domestic Worship, original and selected. 12mo.

Jacob, or Patriarchal Piety. By the Rev. Edward Craig. A. M. 12mo.

Brief but Bright Journey through the Dark Valley, or the Last Days of Mary Mackey. By a Minister. The Pulpit, part 67.

Report of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society for the year 1829.

The Picture of India, Geographical, Historical, and Descriptive, in 2 vols.

The Traveller's Lay. By Thomas Maude, Esq.

Discourse on various Subjects relative to the Being and Attributes of God. By Adam Clarke, LL. D., F.A.S. &c. Vol. III.

The Christian's Affection to the House of his God. By Thomas Swan.

### In the Press.

The True Character and Probable Results of American Revivals, a Discourse. By the Rev. J. Blackburn.

By Dr. Ure, a New Edition, nearly re-written, of his Dictionary of Chemistry.

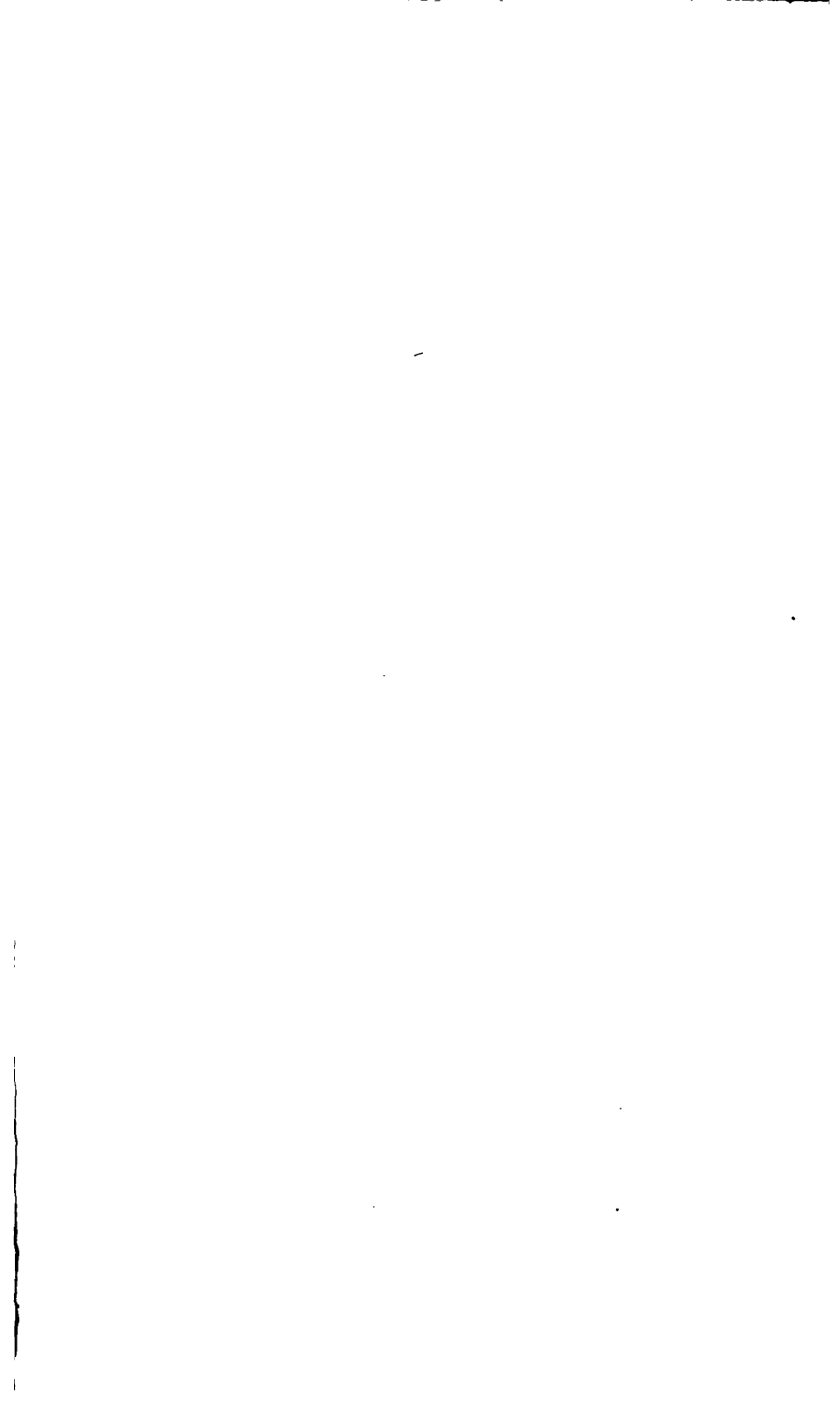
Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels, From Drawings by Messrs. Barrett, W. Daniel, R.A., Dewint, C. Fielding, S. Frost, Painter in Water Colours to the King, Brockedon, J. D. Harding, R. H. Reinagle, R.A., Robinson, T. Stothard, R.A., Stanfield, and W. Westall, A.R.A. The Engravings executed in the most finished style by Messrs. William and Edward Finden.

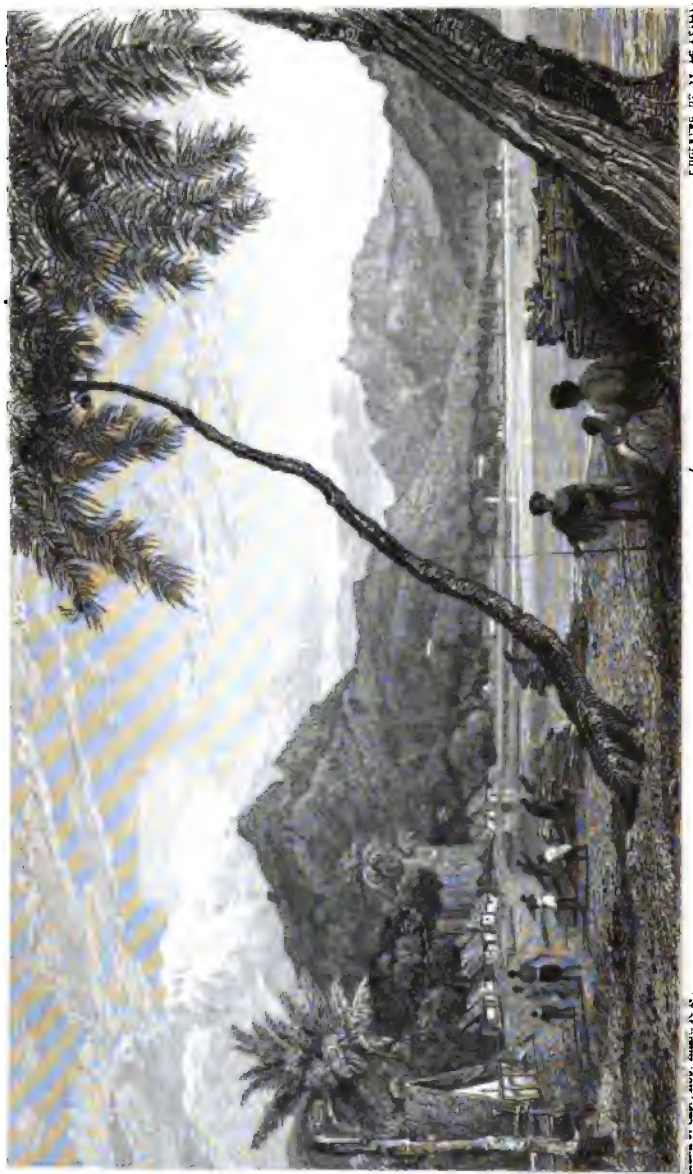
### Preparing for Publication.

On the 17th of May will be published, (containing 36 Portraits,) Vol. I. of the National Portrait Gallery of Illustrations and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century: with Memoirs, by W. Jordan, Esq. F.S.A., &c. &c.—Imperial Octavo, half-bound in Morocco, 2s. 2s.—Proofs, on India paper, 2s. 8s.

Early in May will be published, the Drama of Nature, a Poem, in 3 books, by Joseph Mitchell Burton, boards, 5s.

By Mr. Strutt, an Edition in Royal Octavo, of his Sylva Britannica, complete in one volume. It will be enriched with several additional subjects, comprising, in the whole, sixty Plates of the celebrated specimens of Forest Trees, in England and Scotland.





NORTH-EAST VIEW OF THE DISTRICT OF FA-RE, IN EQUATORIE.



# THE Imperial Magazine;

OR, COMPENDIUM OF

RELIGIOUS, MORAL, & PHILOSOPHICAL KNOWLEDGE.

JUNE.]

"PERIODICAL LITERATURE IS THE GERM OF NATIONAL LEARNING."

[1830.

NORTH EAST VIEW OF THE DISTRICT OF  
FA-RE, IN HUAHINE, IN THE SOUTH  
SEAS.

HUAHINE is the most windward island of that group, which, by Captain Cook, was denominated the Society Islands, in honour of the Royal Society, at whose recommendation the voyages to the South Seas, which led to their discovery, were undertaken. At that period, both the island and its inhabitants presented a very different aspect from what they have since assumed. The intervening years have introduced Christianity, and many of the arts of civilized life; in consequence of which, the savage character has in a great measure disappeared. Much of the soil also is cultivated; and the natives are making rapid advances in the acquirement of useful knowledge, and in applying it to purposes beneficial to their interests, both in time and eternity.

In the month of June, 1818, this island was visited by several English Missionaries, among whom was Mr. William Ellis, from whose observations published in his late work, entitled *Polynesian Researches*, we extract the substance of the following account:

"We arrived at Huahine late on the evening of the 19th, and some of our party went on shore, but it was not till the morning of the 20th, that we reached the anchorage in Fa-re harbour.

"Here I looked abroad with new and mingled emotions on the scene in which I was to commence my labours, and probably spend the remainder of my life. The clear sky was reflected in the unruffled waters of the bay, which was bordered with a fine beach strewn with various shells. The luxuriant convolvulus presenting its broad and shining leaves in striking contrast with the white coral and sand, spread across the beach even to the margin of the water, over which the slender shrub or the flowering trees often extended their verdant branches, while the groves of stately bread-fruit, and the clumps of umbrageous *callophyllum*, or tamanu trees, and the tall and gracefully waving cocoa nuts shaded the different parts of the shore.

"The district of Fa-re, bordering the harbour of the same name, is about a mile and a half, or two miles in length, and reaches from the shore to the centre of the island. It is bounded on the south by a range of mountains separating it from the district of Haapape, and on the north by the small district of Buaoa, whence a long, bleak point of land, called Faao, extending a considerable distance into the sea, and covered with tall cocoa-nut trees, add much to the beauty of the shore, and the security of the harbour. A ridge of inferior hills dividing the district in the centre, greatly increases the picturesque appearance of its scenery.

"A small river rises on the northern side of this ridge, and flowing along the boundary between the two districts, meets the sea exactly opposite the northern entrance. Another stream, more broad and rapid, rises at the head of the principal valley, and flows in a circuitous course to the southern part of the bay. The district is well watered and wooded. The lower hills, at the time of our arrival, were clothed with verdure; and the mountains in the centre of the island, whose summits appeared to penetrate the clouds, were often entirely covered with trees. All was rich and luxuriant in vegetation, but it was the richness and luxuriance of a wilderness. Scarcely a trace of human culture could be seen.

"A few native houses were visible, but there were not probably more than ten or twelve in the district, and the inhabitants might be occasionally seen guiding the light canoe across the bay, or leisurely walking beneath the grateful shade of the spreading trees. They were the rude untutored tenants of the place; their appearance and their actions being in perfect keeping with the scenes of wildness by which they were surrounded. The only clothing most of them wore, was a girdle of cloth bound round the waist, while a shade of cocoa-nut leaves covered their foreheads. But notwithstanding these appearances, it was impossible to behold, without emotions, either the scenery or the inhabitants.

"The accompanying plate exhibits an

accurate representation of the outline and scenery in the northern parts of the district and harbour, although it was taken at a period subsequently to our arrival, when the landscape had been improved, by partially clearing the ground near the shore, and erecting a number of houses.

"In the forenoon of the day, after we came to anchor, accompanied by Mata-puupuu, we walked through the district in search of a house for Mr. Ormond and myself, and at length selected one on the southern side of the bay, belonging to Taaroarii, the young chief of the island. Towards noon most of our goods were landed, and taken into our new habitation. It was a large oval building, standing within ten or twelve yards of the sea, without either partition or even sides, consisting simply of a large roof supported by three pillars along the centre, and a number round the sides. The floor was composed of stones, sand, and clay. Mr. and Mrs. Ormond occupied one end, and we took up our abode in the other.

"When our goods, &c. were all brought under its cover, and the boats had returned to the ship, we sat down to rest, but could not avoid gazing on the scene around us, before we began to adjust our luggage. Large fragments of rock were scattered at the base of the mountains that rose on one side of our dwelling, the sea rolled within a few yards of the other; and in each direction along the shore, there was one wild and uncultivated wilderness. A pair of cattle that we had brought from New South Wales, with a young calf, all of which had been landed from the ship during the morning, were tied to an adjacent bread-fruit tree; two or three milch goats from Eimeo, fastened together by bands of hibiscus bark tied round their horns, had already taken their station on the craggy projections at the foot of the mountain, and were cropping the herbage that grew in the fissures of the rocks. One of our little ones was smiling in the lap of its native nurse, while the other was playing on the dried grass lying by the side of the boxes on which we were sitting; and the natives, under the influence of highly excited curiosity, thronged around us in such numbers as partially to impede the circulation of the air.

"Our first effort was to prepare some refreshment. The chiefs had sent us a present of bread-fruit and fish, but both required cooking. This was observed by a native youth about fourteen or fifteen years of age, who leaving the crowd came forward, and offered his service to dress some bread-fruit. We gladly accepted his offer,

and, finding him faithful, he became our servant, and continued with us till we removed from the islands. Acquainted with his work, he fixed two large stones in the ground for a fire-place, and bringing a bundle of dry sticks from the adjacent bushes, lighted a fire between the stones, upon which he placed the teakettle. While he was thus employed, we removed some of the boxes, and piled up our luggage as well as we could, and the food being prepared, we sat down to a comfortable repast of fried fish, bread-fruit, plantains, cocoa-nut milk, and tea. As a beverage, we always preferred the latter, although the former is exceedingly pleasant.

"The large island of Raiatea lies immediately to the west of Fa-re harbour, and by the time we had finished our meal, the sun was partly hidden behind the high and broken summits of its mountains. This admonished us to prepare our sleeping place, as the twilight is short, and we were not sure of procuring light for the evening. The natives perceiving our intention, cut down four stout sticks from the neighbouring trees; these we fixed in the earthen floor, and fastening sheets and native cloth from one to the other, enclosed our bedroom. Two chests were then carried into it, upon which we spread our bed, making up one for the children, by the side of our own, on some packages that lay on the floor.

"Having procured some cocoa-nut oil, as night approached, we prepared our lamp in the following manner. A small portion of cotton wool we wound round the thin stalk of the leaflet of a tree; a cocoa nut was then divided into two parts, one of which was filled with oil, and the stalk connected with the cotton was erected in the kernel, and ready to be lighted. These were the only kind of lamps we had for several years, but, though rude in appearance, they gave a good light, when kept steady, and sheltered from the wind. Shortly, however, after sun-set this evening, the land breeze came down from the mountain with more violence than we had expected, and having no shelter for our lamp, we found some difficulty in keeping it burning; but, tying our screen down with strips of bark, to prevent its being blown aside, at an early hour we retired to rest. Here, notwithstanding the novelty of our situation, the exposure to the breeze from the mountains, the roaring of the heavy surf on the reefs, the inroads of pigs, dogs, and natives, with no other shelter than the screen and a pile of boxes, we passed a comfortable night, and

rose refreshed in the morning, thankful for the kind protection we had experienced, and gratified also to find that no article of our property had been stolen, though all was unavoidably exposed."

The effects produced among these simple children of nature, by the introduction of Christianity, Mr. Ellis in a subsequent part of the same chapter thus describes.

"The island of Huahine had, in common with the others forming the group, been visited by Mr. Nott, who had travelled round it, preaching to the inhabitants of the principal villages. The Missionaries who had been expelled from Tahiti had remained here for some months prior to their final departure for Port Jackson; but at these periods only a temporary impression had been made on the minds of the people, which had in a great degree, if not altogether, subsided. After the abolition of idolatry in Tahiti and Eimeo, and the subsequent adoption of Christianity by their inhabitants, Mahine, the king of Huahine, had sent down Vahaivi, one of his principal men, with directions to the chiefs to burn the idols, demolish the temples, and discontinue the ceremonies and worship connected therewith. This commission was executed, and not only were these objects of worship destroyed, their temples thrown down, the houses of their idols consumed, and idol-worship no longer practised; but the rude stills employed in preparing ardent spirits from the sugar-cane and other indigenous productions, were either broken or hid under ground. Intoxication, infant murder, and some of their more degrading vices, indulged under the sanction of their superstition, were discontinued.

"This change, although approved and effected by the principal chiefs on the islands, in conjunction with the messengers of the king, was nevertheless partially opposed. Several chiefs of inferior influence, collecting their dependants, encamped on the lake near Maeva, and threatened to avenge the insult offered to the gods, by attacking the chiefs who had sanctioned their destruction. Both parties, however, after assuming a hostile attitude for some time, adjusted their differences, and returned in peace to their respective districts, mutually agreeing to embrace Christianity, and wait the arrival of the Missionaries, whose residence among them they had been led to expect.

"In this state we found them when we landed. They had, with the exception of one or two individuals, forsaken idolatry, and, in profession at least, had become Christians; probably, without understand-

ing the nature of Christianity, or feeling in any degree its moral restraints, or its sacred influence. A few, including two or three who had been at Eimeo, had acquired the elements of reading, or had learned to repeat lessons in the spelling book, more from memory than any acquaintance with spelling and reading. The rest were nearly in the same state in which they were when visited in 1808 and 1809, excepting that their superstitious ceremonies were discontinued, and they had a building for the worship of the true God.

"For many Sabbaths after our arrival, but few of the inhabitants assembled for public worship, and the schools were very thinly attended. Those who came were so little acquainted with the gospel, that in the lessons given in the school, and the addresses delivered to assemblies met for worship, it was found necessary to begin with the first principles of instruction, and of Christianity. Numbers excused themselves from attending, on the account of the wearisomeness of learning their letters; but there was every reason to believe, that their unwillingness arose from a disinclination to conform to the precepts which were uniformly inculcated. They usually neglected public worship, because they said they did not know how to read; this being considered a sufficient apology for the non-observance of the Sabbath, and of the social duties of religion. Such neglect was also frequently used as a cover for their vices. When questioned on the impropriety of their conduct, they would sometimes answer, 'We are not scholars,' or, 'We are not praying people,' these being the terms used to designate those who made a profession of religion. Many were induced to keep back from the schools and the place of worship, from a desire to remain free from those restraints on their vicious practices which such profession of Christianity was considered to impose."

This state of indecision, perhaps, no language can adequately describe. It was an eventful moment, in which national opinion hung suspended between idolatry and Christianity, vibrating alternately, under the influence of each; but finally, preponderating in favour of the latter, although it condemned the vices which the former sanctioned, and forbade such practices and habits as idolatry had generated, cherished, and indulged when nurtured to maturity. To this determination several pleasing circumstances happily conspired.

The king was decidedly friendly to the ecclesiastical revolution, and the more intelligent, as well as the greater number,

countenanced the change. Several additional Missionaries arriving also at this critical juncture, was not without its influence; and to give completion to the whole, some powerful chiefs from other islands, where Christianity had already been embraced, landing at Huahine, spread a favourable report, which the friends of paganism could neither gainsay nor resist.

This important change having been thus effected, and in all probability rendered permanent, attempts were made to introduce among the inhabitants some sterling sources of genuine wealth, in connection with the useful arts which embellish and benefit civilized life. Cotton was the first object, but it was soon found that the culture of this valuable article, required more industry and perseverance than persons in their situation could be expected to render. The cultivation of sugar-cane, preparatory to the manufacture of sugar, was also attempted; and this for a season promised considerable success; but the motives which had induced the undertaking, having been misrepresented, the chiefs became languid through the jealousy that had been awakened, and the design was nearly abandoned, to quiet their apprehensions.

But notwithstanding these discouragements, gradual advancements continued to be made in the manners and condition of the inhabitants. In knowledge their minds had become more enlightened, and in morals both their principles and practices had considerably improved. After the lapse of some time, a new place of worship was erected, and the old one was appropriated to the instruction of youth.

Closely connected with this building is a circumstance, in which every Englishman either feels, or ought to feel, a particular interest; namely, the history of Omai, who visited Great Britain with Captain Cook in 1774. Of this adventurous individual, Mr. Ellis furnishes the following account:

"Having been defeated by a warlike tribe, and driven from Raiatea, his native island, Omai took shelter in Huahine from whence he embarked for England. This voyage it would appear was not undertaken so much with a desire to gratify an ardent and commendable curiosity, as to obtain the means of avenging his countrymen, and regaining the hereditary possessions of his family, at that time held by the victors. In person he was tall, thin, easy, and engaging in his manners, and polite in his address; but in symmetry of form, expression of countenance, general outline of feature, and darkness of complexion, inferior to the majority

of his countrymen. In conversation he was said to be lively and facetious.

"This amiable savage, reaching England, at a time when the impression produced by Captain Cook's first voyage was vivid and universal, and being the first islander that had ever been brought from the South Seas, was received with a degree of attention bordering on extravagance, and introduced as a prodigy, while in London, into the most splendid, polite, and fashionable circles: He was even presented at the British court, amidst the brilliant assemblage of all that was illustrious in rank or dignified in station."

While in London, every place of public amusement, and every exhibition adapted to administer to his pleasure, was repeatedly visited; and the multiplicity of splendid spectacles, thus set before him in rapid succession, kept his mind in a state of perpetual excitement and surprise. This constant variety of gaudy trifles, unfortunately prevented his acquirement of all useful knowledge, and only filled his mind and imagination with what could be of no real service to him or his country, and could confer no substantial honours on ourselves. To agriculture, arts, manufactures, government, law, polity, civil and religious institutions, his attention appears very rarely, if ever, to have been directed.

In favour, however, of that genuine philanthropist, Granville Sharpe, one exception must be made. This benevolent man, becoming acquainted with Omai, taught him the elementary principles of writing, and, so far as his knowledge of our language would allow, endeavoured to infuse the light of divine truth into his dark and untutored mind. The store indeed was scanty, but such was his progress in acquiring the use of letters, that, on his return to his native land, he wrote a letter to his friend Dr. Solander, from the Cape of Good Hope.

During two years that Omai remained in England, he was inoculated for the small pox, from which he happily recovered, and, loaded with presents from his numerous friends, he embarked at Plymouth in 1776, and landed at Huahine in October 1777. Here a house was erected for him, on the spot now occupied by the school-room, and a garden was also enclosed; but little attention seems to have been paid either by him or his countrymen to the seeds or animals which he imported. Muskets, powder, ball, cutlasses, and pistols were the principal objects of their admiration, and for these implements of destruction, he was courted by the savage chiefs, who, had they been wise, might have profited in the arts of

civilized life, by the scanty knowledge which he had acquired. After some time he threw off his European dress and manners, and adopting those of his countrymen, soon resumed the savage character in all its branches of degradation.

When the natives of the present day turn their attention to his history, they view him as a wild and daring adventurer, and mention his name with execration rather than respect. The ground allotted to him is still distinguished by the appellation of *Beritani*, or Britain, and a shaddock tree still grows on the spot, which, tradition says, was planted by Captain Cook, while his ships lay at anchor in the harbour. With the exception of some dogs and pigs, all the animals died, but many of Omai's trinkets are still preserved by the chiefs, as articles of antiquity and curiosity. Among these is a large quarto Bible, containing numerous coloured engravings, to which much value is attached. This was probably the gift of his friend Granville Sharpe.

Since the days of Omai, his little district has, however, undergone a pleasing change. Where his habitation stood, one of the most neat, substantial, and convenient modern houses in the settlement has been erected, containing two stories and eight apartments. The district around, which, when we arrived, says Mr. Ellis, was altogether uncultivated, and overrun with brushwood growing in wild luxuriance, has been cleared; the garden has been again enclosed, and planted with all that is useful in the vegetable productions of the tropical regions. It is cultivated by its proprietors, who, there is every reason to hope, are decided Christians. Within the precincts of the garden, a beautiful, but rustic little summer-house, which they call a house for hidden prayer, has been built. To this the pious natives at times resort, and pour out the feelings of their hearts to him who heareth and answereth prayer.

In reference to Omai, his visit to England, his useless and pernicious acquirements, and return to his native land, the following mournful lines by Cowper, will be read with peculiar interest :

" But far beyond the rest, and with most cause,  
Thee, gentle savage, whom no love of thee  
Or thine, but curiosity perhaps,  
Or else vain-glory, prompted us to draw  
Forth from thy native bowers, to show thee here  
With what superior skill we can abuse  
The gifts of Providence, and squander life.  
The dream is past : and thou hast found again  
Thy coconus and bananas, palms and yams,  
And homestead thatched with leaves. But hast  
thou found  
Their former charms ? And having seen our state,  
Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp  
Of equipage, our gardens, and our sports,  
And heard our music ; are thy simple friends,

Thy simple fare, and all thy plain delights,  
As dear to thee as once ? And have thy joys  
Lost nothing by comparison with ours ?  
Rude as thou art (for we returned thee rude  
And ignorant, except in outward show)  
I cannot think thee yet so dull of heart  
And spiritless as never to regret  
Sweets tasted here, and left as soon as known.  
Methinks I see thee straying on the beach,  
And asking of the surge that bathes thy foot,  
If ever it hath washed our distant shore.  
Thus fancy paints thee, and though apt to err,  
Perhaps errs little when she paints thee thus.  
She tells me too, that duly every morn  
Thou climb'st the mountain-top, with eager eye  
Exploring far and wide the watery waste  
For sight of ship from England. Every speck  
Seen in the dim horizon turns thee pale  
With conflict of contending hopes and fears.  
But comes at last the dull and dusky eve,  
And sends thee to thy cabin, well prepared  
To dream all night of what the day denied.  
Alas ! expect it not. We found no bait  
To tempt us in thy country. Doing good,  
Disinterested good, is not our trade.  
We travel far, 'tis true, but not for no nought ;  
And must be bribed to compass earth again  
By other hopes and richer fruits than yours."

When we contemplate the exertions, which during late years have been made to send the gospel into these distant regions, and survey the happy effects which have resulted from our missionary enterprises, there can be little doubt, that some of the above lines will appear inapplicable and severe. This, however, was not the case when the poet called them into existence, but, had he lived to see the present day, few would have rejoiced with more ardour and sincerity than the author, at the moral revolution that has taken place. So far as they apply to Omai, they are just in all their bearings, and the conduct of Christianized Britain towards him, merits the strictures which the poetical record contains.

Happily, Huahine, and most of the other islands, presents us now with a more favourable aspect. Industry, civilization, commerce, comfort, and Christianity go hand in hand ; and the period cannot be remote, when the former scenes which these islands exhibited, will become matters of history, be recounted by the aged as marvellous tales to new generations, or live in the traditions of the people, as events, the truth of which will appear enveloped in the mists of romance.

#### ESSAY ON RELIGIOUS SELF-DECEPTION.

(Deceiving your yourselves, James i. 22.)

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,—Without occupying your time with preliminary remarks, I purpose in this essay to consider the Nature, Causes, Consequences, and Cure of religious Self-deception.

First, the nature of religious self-deception. The words *παράλογίζομαι* *εαυτός*, which we have chosen as a motto,

do not, as rendered in our translation, contain all the force which, in the original, they possess. They signify *imposing upon yourselves by sophistical reasonings*. Such being the import of the subject, it is evident that the nature of self-deception must be found in persuading ourselves into the belief, that we enjoy that which we do not possess; so the apostle argues, in his epistle to the Galatians, "If any man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, (or has nothing,) he deceiveth himself." Thus, those who have been favoured with a religious education, or pious relatives, unscripturally indulge the hope, or persuade themselves into the opinion, that they are heirs of salvation. Thus did the Jews, foolishly boasting of their lineal descent, as the seed of Abraham, deceive themselves, supposing that this alone was sufficient to secure to them the favour of God, and deliver them from all his judgments. This deception our Lord's fore-runner combated, and sought to correct, in that memorable portion of advice, "Think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father."

Others, like the seed of Jacob, impose upon themselves, by receiving the specious, but false notion, that a rigid attendance upon the mere external or outward observances of religion, such as an attention to its rites and ordinances,—to the ministration or perusal of the word of God,—the supporting of its ministers, or possessing clear and orthodox views of its doctrines, entitles them to put in their claims to the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. Such were those, of whom James speaks, "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart; that man's religion is vain." Others, again, standing associated with some religious body, respond the requiem of spiritual death, chanted by the professing church of old, "The temple of the Lord—the temple of the Lord—the temple of the Lord are these," thus deceiving themselves with a name to live, while they are spiritually dead: regardless of the declaration of the word of truth, "That God accepteth not any man's person," but requires the heart; "My son, give me thine heart," is his undeviating claim; "true circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter, whose praise is not of man, but of God." "For," the apostle adds, in another epistle, "in Jesus Christ, neither circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision, but faith, which worketh by

love;" and when describing the true members of the church of Christ, he speaks of them as being of the true or spiritual circumcision, and asserts, "We are the circumcision, who worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh." Such, and such only, are the legitimate members of that church, which Christ has purchased with his own blood.

There is yet another class, among multitudes of others, which might be mentioned, to whom most strictly belongs the awful character of "*self-deceivers*;" a class which is found in the very occupation and offices designed instrumentally to prevent others being deceived. Yes, it is to be feared that, even of those who minister at the altar, and are frequently heard exclaiming, either in the letter or substance, "Be not deceived—God is not mocked," many are deceiving themselves, and mistaking gifts for graces, and conviction for conversion; never having themselves known the grace of God in truth; and although professing to have been moved by the Holy Ghost, to take upon them the office of ambassadors for Christ, have run without being sent; to such the question will be proposed, "Who hath required this at your hand?" They may, indeed, have been useful to others, and on this they build, to their own deceiving. Such were described by our Lord, when he said, "Many will say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name done many wonderful works?" &c.

Secondly, *The causes of religious self-deception*. To ascertain the origin, or source of an evil, is a point of absolute necessity, in order to the application of its antidote, and hence, to a considerable extent, the correctness of the adage, "*to become acquainted with our disease is half a cure*."

All evil must be traced to sin, and, pursuing sin to its rise, we shall be conducted to the depravity of the human heart, it being the unclean fountain, whence issues all the polluted and pestilential streams which threaten to deluge the moral world: To this effect, was the declaration of Him who searcheth the heart, and knoweth what is in man, "From within, out of the heart of man, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders," &c. And to this general source must be traced the evil, concerning which the present inquiry is instituted. There is, indeed, a diversity of minor causes, necessarily connected

with, or flowing from, this principal one, a few of which it will be proper to notice.

First, *The total ignorance which exists in the minds of the unconverted, respecting the nature of religion.* How extensive soever the theoretical knowledge of any unchanged individual may be, he cannot possess any understanding of the essence of Christianity; it must be *felt*, must be *enjoyed*, to be known. Correct views on the great or fundamental doctrines of the revelation of God, may indeed be attained by the same means as a student arrives at a knowledge of any given science, or branch of literature, or as a mathematician would demonstrate a problem in Euclid; but no human method can be devised, by which to understand, or diligence of application be attended to, by which to possess, any information of the nature of religion, while the heart remains carnal, and dead to God. "The things of God knoweth no man, but by the Spirit of God."

There must be a spiritual capacity, in order to the apprehension of spiritual things, and without such capacity, ignorance must remain. Here the application of natural things, to things which are spiritual, is easy, natural, and illustrative. We must possess eyes to see, and ears to hear, or sights and sounds never can be understood by us. A man may be surrounded by colours, diversified as those which compose the pageant bow in the heavens, or be placed within the melody of notes, delightful as the fabled music of Orpheus, but, because he is destitute of those natural capacities which are the medium of enjoyment, the whole to him is lost: such an individual may indeed, from the descriptions given by others of those things, form some crude ideas of them in his mind, and hence he may conceive that he understands them, but that he cannot do so in reality, is evident, from the very nature of things: if we apply this to the case in hand, *religious self-deception* will appear certain, as the unavoidable consequences of ignorance, in reference to the nature of true religion.

Again, *Religious self-deception is occasioned by ignorance, or misapprehension, of the character of God.*

Religion supposes the existence of a Supreme Being, and its grand design is to make him known, or to correct the affections, and fix them on himself; and hence the existence of God, in connexion with the immortality of the soul, is the great foundation of all religion.

But the admission of the being of God,

and the apprehension of his character, so far from being necessarily connected, are found, in reference to the far greater proportion of human beings, to be entirely distinct. There were those, in the days of the psalmist, who, while they acknowledged the existence of the Supreme Being, maintained views of his character of the most degrading and blasphemous nature. Jehovah, addressing himself to such, declared, "Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself." And even God's chosen people themselves, who boasted of their peculiar privileges, and of the vastness of their wisdom, demonstrated the ignorance of mere human understanding, in reference to the character of Deity, for "they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image." There is not, however, any necessity that our minds should be carried so far back to prove the position we have taken, or that we should direct our attention to the darkness of heathen philosophy, or to the equally ignorant and brutalizing systems, of the false prophet of Mecca, of the Chinese philosophers, or of ancient Egypt or Rome; for, confining our views to the professors of Christianity, in the present enlightened period striking and awful proof is presented, that "the vail is still upon the heart."

Various and numerous are the important relations which we sustain to God, and from these relations we, as intelligent beings, must necessarily be laid under obligations and duties, multiplied and multifarious.—He is our Creator, Preserver, and Benefactor, and as such we are bound to adore, obey, and love him. Our adoration should be that of the spirit, for "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth!" but, unhappily, for this is substituted the unmeaning language of the lip, or the formal prostration of the body. Our obedience should be cheerful, uniform, and universal. He has a righteous and unalienable right to our body and soul, and all their exercises; but men in general, ignorant of his character, attend to his service rather from custom or restraint, and apportion such measure of their time to his service as best accords with their caprice, convenience, or interest. Our love to him should be sincere, ardent, and unceasing; but, alas, as no form or comeliness was discovered by the carnal Jews, in the person of the Saviour in the flesh, so neither is there any perception of the holiness of his character in the spirit, by carnal Gentiles. Their foolish hearts

are darkened, so that while they profess themselves to be wise, they afford awful evidence by their actions, or tempers, as also by their apathy and indifference to the things of God, that they are fools, and that to them applies the character given of the Gentiles, in the days of the apostle, "They know not God."

*Another cause of religious self-deception, may be found in a secret attachment to sin.* The attention which is paid, by multitudes, to the service of God, partakes not of that spiritual fervour and holy activity of soul, which are the life and spirit of religion. Personal gratification, without any reference to God, induces their attendance. The oratory of the speaker, the doctrines delivered to the company resorting to the places they attend, are the principal attractives; to these the advice of Solomon might, with propriety, be given, "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear than to give the sacrifice of fools, for they consider not that they do evil." An unbroken attachment to the world and its vanities still remains; and where, without fear of exposure, or loss of character, sin can be committed, it is readily embraced, and, like a sweet morsel, rolled under the tongue. The inquiry of such is not, at what distance it is possible to remove from transgressors and their ways, but to what degrees they may unite with them, or attend to their practices, without bearing the unpleasant stigma of hypocrites or unbelievers? Such can mingle with saints or sinners—can leave the house of God for the theatre, and the word of God for the card-table, or the horse-race. Such, however, is the infatuation of sin, and the deceitfulness of the human heart, that under all this mass of evil, their sophistry avails with themselves, and, taking for granted what cannot be proved, they rest satisfied that they are the children of God.

Thirdly—*The consequences of religious self-deception.*—The correctness of the statements which have already been made, in reference to the nature and causes of religious self-deception, being admitted, it will unavoidably follow, that its consequences must be both multiplied and dreadful.

The evils resulting therefrom operate like a destructive epidemic wherever they are found, carrying with them a baleful influence, and spreading their poison all around. Wherever churches exist, within whose pale such distempered individuals hold a place, every thing like prosperity appears next to impossible. Like Achan, the son of Zerah,

who troubled Israel, they carry with them a curse; or, as the nipping frost to the tender bud, or the blasting mildew to the stronger plants, the sickly and infectious influence which they bear about with them injures all with whom they come in contact; so true is the sentiment—

"One sickly sheep infects the flock,  
And poisons all the rest."

The minister of such a people may well employ the pathetic language of the prophet, "I have laboured in vain—I have spent my strength for nought and in vain."

But the consequences which result to such individuals *themselves*, is that to which the present inquiry more particularly refers. And these are neither few nor small. They connect themselves with life and death—with time and eternity. But as all the consequences cannot be specified, a brief enumeration must suffice.

#### 1. *False confidence.*

This appears to be a natural and necessary consequence, which not only *may*, but *must* exist. Having persuaded themselves into a belief that they possess religion, they naturally build upon that which they have substituted in the place of vital godliness. Conscience being lulled to sleep by a round of duties, or some strong excitations of natural feeling having been experienced—upon these duties and frames and feelings, rather than upon the blood of Christ, they build up their delusive hopes of heaven; and if at any subsequent period doubts should obtrude themselves upon the peace which they have spoken to their souls, they dismiss the unwelcome visitant from their breast, by misapplying the cheering sounds of mercy and love, and, folding their arms, repose at ease in Zion.

#### II. *Undervaluing the means of grace.*

That system which contains the brightest exhibition of the mercy of Jehovah that ever was, or that in this world ever will be made to man—which proclaims to rebel sinners the *only* yet plain way of escape from the wrath to come—which directs to Jesus, the Mediator between God and man—proclaiming him to be the efficacious and all-atoning sacrifice, the unceasing and prevalent intercessor—that gospel which assures the trembling penitent, that "whosoever cometh unto God through Jesus Christ, shall in no wise be cast out," but shall be received graciously, and loved freely—which informs him, that "all things are now ready," nay, that contains the inviting and encouraging proclamation,—*"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come buy wine*



and milk without money and without price,"—that gospel which is no less than the commission of God to *all* to whom it comes, to believe on his Son, is by such undervalued. The glad tidings it makes known, they do not understand—"they have ears, but they hear not," and the holiness which it communicates, they experience not; and concerning its equitable precepts, they say, as the Jews did to Christ, "These are hard sayings; who can hear them?" The *total* depravity of human nature which it declares, is by such accounted incorrect and gloomy. Salvation by Christ *alone*, which it maintains, they suppose to be injurious to morality; and the regenerating influences of the Holy Spirit, of which it so repeatedly speaks, is denominated by them enthusiasm. The gospel is thus, by its professed friends, stripped of its glory, and reduced to a mere inoperative system of morals. From such *undervaluation* arises that *inattention* to its truths when published, and that voluntary bending to the slightest circumstance which may transpire, to detain them from the sanctuary of God. Public meetings for prayer and Christian communion, to such undervaluers of the gospel, and the means of grace, possess no attractions; they diverge as far as possible from the central point of bliss, and feel the least disposition towards those services, which, more fully than others, enter into the spirituality of religion. They prefer darkness to light, because their hearts are unsound in the faith; neither will they come to the light, lest their deeds should be reproved, and their false profession detected.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON READING.—NO. VI.

(Continued from col. 427.)

OF America, in high antiquity, we know nothing certain, but when that vast continent was discovered by Columbus in the fifteenth century, its inhabitants were altogether heathen; and although multitudes have since that period been converted to Christianity, multitudes are heathens, even amidst the light of the present age.

Africa, which has degenerated into the most ignorant and savage paganism, with an alloy of Mahomedanism, of all the quarters of this sphere, contained, in high antiquity, the heathen nations the most learned and polished then in existence; also, therein was nursed one community, the Hebrews, chosen out of all the kingdoms of the earth, to bear the name of the Creator of heaven and earth, Elohim, in

its appellation, Israel, whose lore exceeded all the lore of men in that or any other age. This people received the law from the voice of God at Mount Sinai, when delivered by him from the bondage of Egypt; and they entered into covenant with him, and became his people. In Africa, now a semi-barbarous region, converts are at this moment increasingly adding to Christianity: and may they far surpass the numbers which adorned that quarter of the globe during the first centuries of the Christian era!

Israel, with his Thummim and his Urim beneath the Holy One, found his inheritance in Asia; and amidst the valley of vision, Jerusalem long was a praise in the earth; and, in Asia we may name Syria, Assyria, Chalden, Persia, China, &c., as polished heathen nations, even in high antiquity. During several centuries immediately following the incarnation of Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of men, much of Christianity was planted, took root, and bare fruit to the glory of God; but the lapse of this fair quarter of our sphere into heathenism, with a great alloy of Mahomedanism, is as signal as even that of Africa.

Europe is an exception, and the only exception, as a quarter of the globe, to this universal lapse into heathenism. Although a formidable power seated upon her eastern frontier has carried Mahomedanism into several of her fairest provinces, this is by no means paramount: the cross does, and always did, wave in successful defiance to the crescent; if havoc has visited, conquest has never laid Europe at the feet of this turbaned tyrant of the east; and if Europe has successfully resisted Mahomedanism, she may be said to have exterminated heathenism within her limits, for no heathen nation exists in Europe. Yet, as though the plague existed from the miasma of the corrupting carcase, Europe groans to the present moment under the awful inflictions of heathenism. The idolatry of the Romish church, palpable through the flimsy veil of titular nominations, is an awful relic of heathenism pervading all her kingdoms. And the ancient idolatry of the polished heathens, who occupied this interesting portion of creation during the middle ages, reigns over and pollutes her schools. The works of the heathen philosophers of Europe, in the original Greek and Latin, as well as in elegant translations, are every where to be found, and no man is esteemed learned who is not deeply read in this lore. These works, (couched in beautiful sentences, con-

taining imagery, fascinating to, and genial with, the human mind, which is naturally depraved,) bear away the soul, and awfully add, by their false sentiments, to that sink of corruption in which they are planted.

Who that learns the classic languages omits to read the classic works which these languages contain? The sublimity of their diction often half sanctifies the sentiments every where incorporated in these productions, and few of our youths rise up from these studies without being more or less under the influence of the false sentiments with which these compositions abound. What a foundation is this to be laid in the bosom of a youth designed for a minister of Jesus Christ! Heathenism in its most refined and subtle forms, thus to enter into the heart of a youth, dressed out with all the alluring splendours of diction, and with all the pomp of circumstances and affected wisdom, at a time when his heart is simple and pliable, in the very zenith of his susceptibilities, while he is all athirst for knowledge, are weeds which take root and flourish, choke the good seed, and often possess the soul until this mortal puts on immortality.

A very learned academician, who still professed to be a learner, although he had long been a teacher, told me unblushingly, "I have read so many sublime heathen productions, that I have no relish for christian writers; they are too dull and vapid for me." He became a divine, and, when beneficed, repeated the observation to me. What could such a divine preach to a Christian congregation? He found out the secret himself, that he could not feed a Christian flock; indeed, he could not bear either to study or deliver a sermon. His income was ample; he therefore hired a curate, read heathen authors up to a good old age, and finally made his last leap completely in the dark.

The stupid idolatry of ignorant nations may be, and is, devoid of charms to classic men, because its vulgarity is revolting to a mind stored with the polite lore of more civilized and learned communities; but the mysteries of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, in the language of the initiated, clothed with the imposing robes of priestly subtilty, various in colours, of the richest dyes, and all embroidered with silk and gold, glitter to the eye so royally, and carry away the soul so completely, that thousands lose sight of their intrinsic nothingness, amidst the glare of their external splendours. A natural consequence, indeed; for nothing more readily and more effectually absorbs the minds of the

generality of youths, than the showy pageantry of imposing ceremonies.

Ought not our youth, in general, to indulge sparingly in such a course of reading? More especially, ought not those pupils who are intended to be, "set apart for the service of God, in the work of the ministry," to indulge sparingly, and with great caution, in such a course of reading? What, if their minds thereby become vitiated; what, if thereby they lose their relish for the sacred volume; what, if thereby that simplicity of mind incident to youth, becomes subtle and designing; what, if habits of thinking are thereby induced, which never depart from the man; what, I say, becomes of the exalted character of the candidate for the ministry? It evaporates, and in process of time completely disappears. The moment however arrives—the man becomes a minister by the imposition of hands; he attains the summit of his ambition; commences a beneficed clergyman, with an ample income—and the benefice is his all. The clergyman expiring on the spot, is revived in the country gentleman, who can race, and play, and dance, and hunt, and drink, and roar amidst his genial sportsmen with as good a grace as one who, born to fortune, never put on the ecclesiastic for hire, but was educated to enjoy the patrimony of his fathers.

The works of wicked men, in general, ought to be read with caution; because no wicked man will, and, indeed, I conclude no wicked man can, set forth the truth—the whole truth—and nothing but the truth, as it is in Jesus Christ, in any work, however laboured. The natural bias of a depraved mind must and will lead the man, even if he affects the contrary, into more or less display of self; his own image will be reflected from some portion of his works, with whatever caution he may write. But a heathen, however he may launch into the sublime of diction, and soar high over all sober wisdom as to the unreal, never would even affect to instruct a Christian in Christianity. No, he despises equally the Christian and his creed, and would, if he could, extirpate both with the same blow; and if he affected to instruct the Christian, it is utterly impossible that he should succeed. A man, with the Bible in his hand and in his heart, cannot be instructed in divine things by any man, however wise, who denies or treats with levity the inspiration of the sacred volume; especially by one who, in the place of the living God, worships that thing of nought—a dumb idol, even if the fabric of this idol is solid gold. He does not

know the truth : yea, he denies and defies the truth ; how then can he teach it to others ?

Dark as are the superstitions of Rome, and mighty as are the strong holds of the semi-idolatry which exists in the Catholic formularies, being bottomed upon Jesus Christ, there seems a facility of reformation therein, which lets in the truth, and admits of a holy conversion to the living God, far superior to any heathen system in existence : because no heathen system admits of Christian reformation ; no, instead of reformation, a war of extermination exists between the two ; no quarter can, therefore, be given on either side, much less can even an armed truce be patched up ; idolatry or Christianity must, in this desperate conflict, perish. "Thus saith the Lord, the King of Israel, and his Redeemer the Lord of hosts, I am the first and I am the last ; and besides Me there is no God," Isa. xlv. 6. "Who hath formed a god, or molten a graven image, that is profitable for nothing ? Behold, all his fellows shall be ashamed, and the workmen, they are of men : let them all be gathered together—let them stand up ; yet they shall fear, and they shall be ashamed together. He feedeth on ashes : a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand ?" Isa. xlv. 11 and 20. The mighty work of God, wrought in the very centre of the Roman Catholic superstition, fitly denominated the Reformation in Europe, has no parallel in any heathen country, for depth as well as extension : a permanent Christian Church—the Protestant, having arisen out of this Reformation, which, for numbers, piety, devotion, wisdom, and love, in the power of the Holy Spirit, is adapted to the purpose, and bids fair to carry the truth, as it is in Jesus Christ, to every nation of the earth. The pure word of God, without note or comment, with the sword of the Spirit and the whole armour of faith, and that divine charity which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, and never faileth, but abideth for ever," are the weapons of their warfare, in the name of the Lord Jesus ; and the power of this truth is so great, that it must ultimately conquer every nation upon earth ; and nothing less than this will satisfy the boundless charity which God implants in the souls of his saints.

The history of the fabulous or heroic age forms that mass of crudity which may be denominated The Heathen Greek Fable, including the mythology of that and subsequent ages. This intricate maze of crude

consistences, or rather non-consistences, where absurdity and sublimity stroll through the nations of this earth, and through realms unknown, hand in hand, a gypsy and a princess, with all the familiarity of twin-sisters, compared with the simple dignity of the earliest Bible histories, and its most ancient poetic effusions, is a pompous nothing ; yea, less than nothing, it is vanity. Yet this pompous nothing occupies the precious time of youth amidst universities, as well as in public and private schools, at the very moment when all his energies ought to be called forth to the acquirement of substantial learning ; and while it thus occupies his time, leads down his soul to the very chambers of death.

Although every man interprets this pompous nothing according to the dictates of his own fancy, yet far too many are agreed to account no man thoroughly learned who is not a master in this tragic-comic vanity, and can quote therefrom on all occasions. It is deemed poetic, is fraught with fancy, and contains flights of imagination, with imagery in rich abundance ; and, therefore, however fraught with absurdity, takes with children from five to six-feet-six in stature, equally with Cinderella or Goody Twoshoes with your youngsters of three feet nothing. But in this enlightened age, when numbers are deeply read in men and things, and all our best poets have incorporated into their works every thing worth culling therefrom, in their more beautiful and Christian manner ; this is a thing to be despised rather than to be gloried in ; and I trust the time is not distant, when, so far from its being any degradation to the scholar that he is not deeply read in this pompous nothing, it will be his glory that he has laid it aside amidst the lumber of his study, and employed his precious time on better subjects, and turned his attention to the great and momentous realities of eternity.

The misfortune is, that in too many schools much is taught which must be unlearned in after life, in order to form the Christian ; and the time lost in unlearning these errors, because of the obstinacy of early prejudices, and the difficulty with which they are overcome, much less eradicated, is often more than was consumed in the learning. Thus does man mispend the few days that are allotted to him on earth, and cut even shorter the short period of his incarnation ; although that is the only period of his existence, viz. the day of his probation, during which, by the grace of God, he can lay up treasure in heaven, and escape the damnation of hell.

(To be continued.)

## THOUGHTS ON HAPPINESS.

HAPPINESS, though professedly the object to which all aspire, must either be strangely misapprehended, or have become very difficult of attainment; for casual observation alone, is sufficient to convince us, that, "whilst by numbers sought, 'tis realized by few." Wherever a tendency to dissatisfaction exists, the present constitution of things is so calculated to elicit its exhibition, that, if a calm serenity of mind be essential to the object proposed, we may cease to wonder at the unfrequency of success. Were we to make our deductions from the numbers, who, unanimous in sentiment, and combined in effort, propose to themselves happiness, and note not only the vigour, but also the complacency with which the pursuit is conducted, we might be led to infer, that in reference thereto, knowledge was complete, and success indubitable. But, alas! how many have lived to prove, that numbers furnish no guarantee against the encroachment of error, and that defectiveness of judgment may cause the efforts and hopes of a multitude to end in disappointment and abortion.

The will of man appears to be constantly at variance with the circumstances of his situation; and, though the utmost which repeated disappointment leaves him to expect, is but a partial accomplishment of his desires; still he deludes himself with the hope of success, and seeks for happiness amidst the changes and conflict of natural elements. Surely nothing can justify such an expectation; but a state unvarying in its comforts and continuance, where that which he has proved to be essential to his happiness, is constantly within his reach, to which he can recur on every volition of the will, and of which he may participate without fear of innovation or control.

Of such kind are no natural or external circumstances. They are liable to be acted upon by innumerable agents, to be shortened or protracted in duration by causes inconceivably diversified, or to be deteriorated in quantity or quality, by occurrences, over which man has no control. Yet, strange as it may appear, his inclination and desires lead him, in the pursuit of happiness, to those very sources, which are of all others the most fluctuating and uncertain. How many thousand times has he lamented the impotence of wealth, the fickleness of titles and honours, the instability of friends, the uncertainty of life, and the prevalence of death; yet riches have their thousands, and honours their tens of thousands, seeking them as the chief good:

whilst, with others, to increase the number and enhance the respectability of their connections, is an object which, in their estimation, admits of no equivalent.

Others there are, who, in comparative youth, have already adapted their plans to the process of a lengthened existence, and who pique themselves on arriving at a point in time, when age shall procure for them a veneration and respect, the claims to which are already in advance, and which remain unacknowledged, not from any want of prominence in them, but through the undiscerningness of the circle with whom it is their misfortune to contemporize. Great then is the fallacy of seeking, in contingent circumstances, an abiding and unchanging principle. If there be merely a *possibility* of my arriving at a distant good at a given time, it is not certainty, and therefore I am not happy till I possess it; and having possession, if there be a possibility of my being deprived of it, I am not happy by all the deductions of anticipation in reference to that possibility.

What then has finitude to do with real, during happiness? If man be solely finite, he is solely miserable, and bears about with him a principle of destruction to all the good he may enjoy. To such a being what can the dictator of happiness recommend? Eat, drink, and be merry, seek riches, that thou mayest attain unto honour; take thy fill of pleasure, and think not of its termination; know that thou livest, but forget that thou must die; in short, reflect not, meditate not, but forget the truth and thyself, and be happy.

This, then, is the happiness of the man of chance, who came into existence by accident, who sees, and hears, and breathes fortuitously, and who will be annihilated if chance can effect it. This too is all we can offer to the practical infidel, who avows not his disbelief of a future state, but is so in love with the present world, that he courts no other element; his actions supply the place of words, and say, if there be another world, I have no desire to know or to see it, I am satisfied with this. Hence, he amasses wealth; the initials of his titles occupy several times the space of his name; his friends he can scarcely number; his years become many; and, he ceases to breathe. Does he exist? if so, he must be unhappy with regret at leaving the things he loved. Is he annihilated? then, it is certain, he has missed of happiness.

Know, O reader, if thou art a searcher for happiness, that she dwells not with non-existence. Seek her in the abode of Revelation, where life and immortality are

brought to light. Enter, and she shall show thee the connection of time with eternity, of present with eternal existence, of the relationship thy spirit bears to the great eternal Father of all spirits; and if thou diligently seek her aid, she will commend thee to his care and guidance, and he will lead thee into all truth. So shalt thou find that truth is happiness, and become possessed of happiness in truth.

J. H—SH—D.

#### THE SYSTEM OF NATURE.

When the Almighty, after the labour of six days, had completed the work of his hands, he cast a surveying look over the whole, and pronounced it to be very good. Since that period, the works and economy of nature have engaged the attention of some of the wisest of men; who, the more they have inquired, have been the more impressed with their beauty and fitness.

Ray and Derham, who stand among the first in the ranks of naturalists, have employed their pens in shewing the admirable adaptation of the organs of animated beings, to the functions they have to perform, and the wisdom which actuated their Creator when he framed their structure. Paley also, though inferior to the former as a philosopher, has from the same foundation raised an argument against atheists and infidels, that will never be successfully controverted. Yet, notwithstanding the labours of these men, the subject is so far from being exhausted, that there is a point of view in which it may be taken, that has been wholly omitted by them; and which in fact could only be treated by modern naturalists, since the foundation on which it stands, rests on discoveries only made of late, and even now but partially developed. An inquiry of this sort cannot fail to impress our minds with the depth of the wisdom of Him who hath called the animated world into existence,—a wisdom more especially developed in the harmony with which all his works are united together.

A knowledge of the creation, even as at present ascertained, will convince us not only of what the more ancient naturalists knew, that the parts of animated beings are excellently adapted to the actions they have to perform, and to the instincts by which their individual characters are established, but also that every separate individual, by its external figure and inward organization, possesses such an affinity to other individuals and races, that its existence was indispensable to the harmony which the Almighty intended to implant within his works: those with the strangest

forms, and most anomalous structure, occupying situations, which, without them, must have left chasms in nature.

In the Imperial Magazine for 1827, (vol. ix. col. 621,) may be found some observations on the natural analogies which exist in creation; and if we possessed a closer acquaintance with the actual relations which animated beings bear to each other, the subject, which in that paper is only hinted at, might be extended in a much greater degree, and thus would form a third method, (the relation of structure to instincts being the first,) in which creation might be contemplated. For the present, we confine our observations to the affinities by which the orders and classes are connected together.

When considering the animal creation, a classification of its parts is not only an help to our contracted understandings to comprehend and remember, but seems also as a rule to have entered into the Divine mind, to guide the operation of his hands. The following orders are in their nature sufficiently distinct to enable us to recognize in them something more than arrangement adopted only for human convenience.

Class 1st. Quadrupeds: marked by four jointed organs of motion, jaws covered with lips, breathing air by means of lungs, the young until birth forming a part of the mother, suckling by teats. Heart with a double circulation, blood red, its temperature above that of the surrounding medium.

Class 2d. Birds: with four jointed organs of motion, jaws naked, breathing air by means of lungs, young from eggs, not suckled, but fed. Covering, imbricated feathers; heart with a double circulation, blood red, warm.

Class 3rd. Amphibia. Organs of motion variable in number, but jointed where existing; breathing air by a voluntary action; produced from eggs, not suckled nor fed, but in some hatched within; covering, neither hair nor feathers. Heart with a single circulation, blood red, cold as the surrounding medium.

Class 4th. Fishes. Organs of motion variable in number and position; breathing water, its egress through a different passage from its ingress. Young from eggs, not fed, but some hatched within; covering mucous. Heart with a single circulation, blood less red, colder.

Class 5th. Insects. Organs of motion variable in number and position, jointed, the skeleton chiefly external; respiration without lungs or gills, jaws lateral, young from eggs. Heart without any regular circulation, blood white, cold.

Class 6th. Worms. Organs of motion exceedingly variable in number and position, not jointed; respiration without lungs or gills; substance soft; often both sexes in one individual; young from eggs. Heart without regular circulation, perhaps no heart; blood white, cold.

If our observations should be extended to the utmost limits of the living and organized world, the transition would be easy to the vegetable creation, which differs not more from certain genera of the Mollusca (worms), than any two of these classes vary from each other. We should then possess seven principal orders, in which the division of living nature necessarily arrange themselves.

From the many thousands of individual species, which are comprised in the classes above enumerated, it is obvious that every attempt to study them separately and unconnectedly, must be fruitless; and therefore many efforts have been made to combine them into groups or orders; so that by keeping together those which are fitted with similar parts or organs, inquiry will be rendered easy, and the results be more completely retained. Two methods have been adopted for this purpose; each of which has had its followers; and which even now struggle for preeminence in the public mind. When it is stated, that one of these is a natural order, by which all the animated beings fall into a classification according to their forms and peculiarities; and that the other is an artificial arrangement, by which they are so distributed as to be of greatest advantage to the student, every inquirer who shall, for the first time, have this description of the separate methods submitted to his choice, will scarcely hesitate in giving the preference to the former. And yet, perhaps, a further experience will convince him that he has decided hastily.

In the science of language, a dictionary formed on the principle of classification, by which words should be arranged according to their roots, or their abstract meaning, would be a valuable production, highly useful to the accomplished scholar; but after all, only to be estimated and understood by him. Whereas, for practical purposes an alphabetical arrangement, where the words are jumbled together in confusion as to the meaning, with no principle of selection running through them but the arbitrary one, of modes of spelling, is found to be far the most useful even for learned grammarians. Such is also the fact in the science of nature; and the reason of it will be seen from even a slight

examination of the intentions of the naturalist.

A distribution of the species into such groups as nature shall approve of, is the object he purposes to accomplish, when, after much study, he has been able to survey all the individual species of the kingdoms of nature; but before he can accomplish this, many years must pass, and some method must be adopted to secure his separate discoveries, previously to the full accomplishment of his object. At his outset he finds himself placed amidst an infinite number of unknown particulars; and in order to facilitate an acquaintance with them, he at once, without regarding individuals with much minuteness, throws together a number of them, which he calls a species, according to an assumed hypothesis. These he attempts again to combine by certain external characters, and calls them a genus. By these means he is enabled to contemplate and treat of them without being utterly bewildered in the labyrinth of unarranged individuals.

Classification is his *filum Ariadneum*.—It was but imperfectly understood by the ancients; but it has enabled the moderns to arrive at conclusions with much more expedition than they, and with equal safety.—We aim at two distinct objects by the use of system; we use the artificial for becoming acquainted with individuals, and the natural as the means of combining them.—Division and separation are the end of the artificial system; to establish agreement, is the end of the natural. The one is a descending, the other an ascending series. Now, wherever the object of the systematist is to enable his readers to discover species, it is unnecessary to define at every step; and where natural characters do not present themselves, we must adopt artificial ones. For this purpose large classes are formed, many of which necessarily are artificial. These again are broken up into orders, mostly of an artificial character; and thus the naturalist is led, step by step, from more comprehensive definitions to less—from class to order—from order to genus—and from genus to species. In this descending series it will be observed, that the essential feature is the facility that is afforded for definition.

Hence the Linnean system of botany has succeeded so well, because its author selected, chiefly, as the ground of his arrangement, the number and proportion of parts most obvious, and least liable to vary. His classes and orders are avowedly so many assumptions, which practice has shewn to be convenient; but when we come to ge-

nera, the artificial system falls in with the natural, as Linneus framed their characters upon resemblances founded in nature.—“The mammiferous animals are arranged with more ease according to a natural system, in consequence of their number being comparatively small, and their forms strongly marked. Nevertheless, the system of M. Cuvier, in the ‘*Regne Animale*,’ clearly shews the vain attempt of finding a place for every thing. Nothing can be more satisfactory and beautiful than many of his orders and divisions; yet see how he is compelled to change his ground when he comes to the Pachydermata, and to huddle together species very remotely connected.—His birds also exemplify the same fact, where his order Passeres is made to include all that his other orders will not hold.”—(*Bichen’s Trans. of Lin. Soc. vol. 15.*)

In forming the classes, already described, into subordinate divisions, such organs and parts as are essential to the nature of the creature, are chiefly regarded as the basis of a natural arrangement; for Almighty God having bestowed on his creatures dispositions and instincts, may well be supposed so to have framed and modified their organs, as shall best enable them to indulge those dispositions, and to carry their instinctive properties into action; and hence we may confidently presume, that those creatures which possess a similarity of form, will also be associated together in habits.—The formation and situation then of the snout and mouth, including the teeth, of the feet and claws, or hoofs, the form and nature of the tail, together with the form and situation of the teats, offer ready marks by which we may judge of the natural properties of an animal, and of the order and genus in which a naturalist will place it.—Nor need we in general go deeper than the surface, by having recourse to dissection, in order to acquire this information. Wherever animals agree or differ, a corresponding difference or agreement pervades their inmost structure; but this structure is to be known by some external marks; and, therefore, we are fortunately saved from the evil of being obliged to destroy a specimen, in order to discover its proper place in a system. The only certain exception to this (if indeed the exception be certain) is found in the natural group Tunicata, of the invertebrate order; of which some curious particulars may be found in a paper by Mr. W. S. Macleay, in the *Trans. of Lin. Soc. vol. 14.* The Gillaroo Trout, also, is most certainly distinguished from the varieties of *Salmo Fario* by its anatomy (See *Salmonia*,

by Sir H. Davy); but its external form has not been examined with sufficient minuteness to convince us that there is no external mark of distinction. At least, it differs much in form from the common trout of the rivers it inhabits, and, therefore, we may presume, from every other trout in existence.

Returning to the consideration of the classes of animals already enumerated, we find them naturally divided into certain groups or orders, that are as completely distinguished from each other as are the classes themselves. To afford an idea of these, among the orders in the Linnean class Mammalia, or such as suckle their young, the following well-known creatures may be selected as types of the respective races: the ape, the lion, the dog, the hog, the mouse, the horse, the whale. Among birds, the parrot, the eagle, the raven, the sparrow, the partridge, the woodcock, the goose. Among the amphibia, the lizard, tortoise, dragon, frog, syren-snake. Among fishes, the shark, the chimæra, lamprey, pipe-fish, trunk-fish, cod-fish. In each of these classes or orders, the genera may be observed to refer analogically to each other; and it is further singular, that in each there is one corresponding group which exists in considerable excess above the others: these are the gnawers, (the mouse-tribe,) the finches (or warblers,) and the bony fishes, as the cod-fish and herring.

Proceeding further in our inquiry after separate groups of animals, we find that even those last enumerated, again multiply into subordinate divisions, equally distinguished from others of the same order, by their figure and habits; of which, as we do not purpose to institute an inquiry into the whole of the animal creation, the order first enumerated will serve as an example. It will be the more interesting to us, since man himself is included in it:—for considered only in reference to his body, we are unable to separate him from the brutes. Still, however, man must be allowed to stand as a distinct genus, for there is enough to authorize this, even in his external organization; and as we are conscious of our own faculties, our consciousness fixes an eternal barrier of separation between ourselves and other genera of animals. It was, no doubt, appointed by our Maker, that there should be the least assimilation of habits and regards, between man and those animals most like to him; whereas between him and some creatures that are of a dissimilar order, as the dog, a con-

siderable intimacy exists. This is a merciful dispensation; for if the oran-outang had been admitted to the same fellowship as the dog, we know not what confusion might have been the result.

Man is distinguished from all the creatures of the genus *Simia* (ape,) and consequently from all others, by possessing two hands with separate thumbs, and two feet with flat nails on the toes.

Apes have four hands—what are termed feet, having in fact a separate thumb; they have no tail.

Baboons have four hands and a short tail; the body, assuming the figure of ordinary brutes of other orders, becoming narrow at the hips.

Monkeys have four hands and a long tail.

Sapajous have the tail prehensile, but in some the thumb of the inferior hand is wanting.

In associating together the groups of this or any other order of animals, naturalists have found it convenient to fix upon a certain individual species, in which the organs by which the genus is characterized, are best developed, and to lay it down as the type. When this has been done by a skilful inquirer, it has been found that one of the species which naturally may be classed in the same group, departs from the type in certain of these points, and others in others, until each of the distinctive characters becomes so altered as to make an approach to some other perhaps distant genus; thus uniting together in harmony, groups of creatures, which, if the types only were considered, would seem utterly disjointed. In birds, where these characters have been most studied, the assimilation is made through the form of the bill, the feet, wings, tail; and also in the form of the body, and anatomical structure. The dissimilarity, or departure, is in each of these separately: thus, if among the species we begin with the hawk, which has a short, strong, and hooked-bill, a cere, short legs, feathered, strong claws, and long wings, we soon get to the eagle, in which the beak is elongated; to the vulture, in which it is still longer; and finally to the cormorant, a distinct race, in which the bill is longer and more slender, and the hook formed of a separate nail: thus we may regard the falcon tribe, united to parrots by the beak and cere, to the pies, through the cuckow, by the bill and legs, to sparrows and thrushes by the butcher-birds, to the waders by the secretary vulture, to the swimmers by the sea-eagle and cormorant or gannet, to gallinaceous birds by the turkey-

buzzard, to the owls, both in form and sluggishness, by the buzzard; and, as the owl itself is the type of another genus, though it is connected with the goatsucker and the swallow, a little innocent creature, which at first view could scarcely be supposed connected in form or habit with such ferocious depredators.

We have here also a glance at what seems to have proved a stumbling-block to some inquirers; the existence of parts or organs, that certainly are not of the least practical utility to the creatures that possess them. That such organs are to be found, will perhaps be judged incredible, and the supposition be pronounced an imputation on the wisdom of Him who has made nothing in vain, by some minds. The assertion is, however, confined to this, that they are not of practical utility to the creatures that possess them; and the breasts in man may be given, as one instance among many, in proof of the fact. It by no means follows, however, that they are not essentially necessary to the general harmony of nature; since by means of such supernumerary organs in many animals, we are able to trace a connexion of affinity, in what may be denominated its vanishing point, with others, in which the organs are more developed, and of necessary use. Among insects also, the connexion of affinity is sometimes found in one stage of their existence, and not in another; in the pupa, and not in the winged animal; and among amphibia, the frog is related to the fish when young, but the connexion is lost when it is old.

But whilst we feel gratified at the discovery of such harmonious affinities, by which the separate groups, or genera of a class, are assimilated into a whole, our wonder is not so great as when we perceive the same principle of connexion operating with undiminished energy under the most unpromising circumstances. To connect together the different genera of a class, seems no difficult task, since each of the classes has its peculiar organs; and a modification of them to a vast extent, is easily imagined. When, however, the Eternal Infinite is to act, easy and difficult are terms of no meaning; and discordant forms easily approach each other under his plastic hand. To follow up the law of affinity already laid down, whereby whilst certain genera (and also some of each genus) are only connected to others of the same class, others shall carry the similarity beyond its bounds; we may instance, as striking illustrations of this principle, things which, but for this cause,



must have been considered only as freaks of imagination. Such are, that the classes of quadrupeds and birds are connected, so far as regards the wings, by means of the bat; as regards the bill, by the ornithorhynchus,—the legs and feet, by means of the jerboa. In the tail of some squirrels, the hair assumes the appearance of a feather, and in the porcupine we have the quill. So far we see the affinities carried off from the beasts; among birds they are met by the legs of the giraffe in the stelplover, the legs and feet of the camel in the ostrich, claws of the cat in the hawk, hair of a quadruped in the cassowary, softened and elongated snout in the spoon-bill, and the absence of wings in the penguin. What the bat is to quadrupeds, uniting their habits to those of birds, the whales are to fishes; on the other hand, the ostrich is a corresponding link on the part of the feathered creation, and the angler on the part of fishes. The foot-like ventral fins, in all the species of the genus *Sophius*, and claws on the pectorals in one, are a near approach to the form of a beast.

But whilst we have been extending our inquiry into the connexions which exist among the classes, orders, and genera of natural beings, it cannot fail to strike the observer, that some creatures are found to stand out, as it were in high relief, from those with which they are surrounded; so that they seem to have little affinity, not only with other classes, but even with those species with which we should be disposed to associate them. This may be said of the elephant, rhinoceros, and a few other of the larger quadrupeds. Could we suppose these creatures to afford exceptions to a general law of nature, we should wonder at the anomaly, and regard it as a defect in the harmony of creation. But we are indebted to the discoveries of late years, for the removal of the difficulty. This has partly been effected by the discovery of several creatures in New Holland and the East, whereby gaps have been filled up:—but more especially by the discoveries of organic remains of a considerable number of those very creatures that are wanting in the living system.

The circumstances under which so many animals have become extinct, are foreign to this inquiry; but some probable surmises on the subject are contained in a paper in the *Imperial Magazine*, vol. iv. col. 35. The great animal of the Ohio, the Siberian mammoth, the palæotherium, which in its form unites the tapir, and consequently the elephant, with the horse,

but of which one species was no larger than the hare:—the anoplotherium, which in nature approached ruminant animals, but of which, one species had a tail like that of the kangaroo:—all these, and more, (some probably not yet discovered,) give us to see, that at the first, the systematic arrangement was complete; and now, so long after they have ceased to inhabit our earth, their forms are drawn from the museum of the great Architect, to astonish us, on whom the ends of the world are come, with the display of that beautiful symmetry, which in the beginning pervaded the whole.

Nor are the affinities of these hitherto solitary quadrupeds all that have been developed. Creatures which now stand at the greatest distance, were once connected by living affinities. Reptile quadrupeds, (amphibia,) have been found; belonging to the same group with the great natural order of lizards; but differing most essentially in structure from all the now existing genera, and in such a way as must have fitted them to live exclusively in the sea. They appear, therefore, to bear the same relation to living lizards, that the whale tribe bear to other mammalia. A genus of lizards has been described, which is marked by the excessive elongation of the fourth toe, in front. It is hardly possible to doubt, says Mons. Cuvier, (who has given the name of pterodactyle to the creature,) that the long toe served to support a membrane, which furnished the animal, over the whole length of the foreleg, with a much more powerful wing than that of the dragon, (*Draco volans*), and at least equal in strength to that of the bat. This ancient animal could fly with a vigour proportional to its muscular power; and then it could make use of its short toes, armed with crooked claws, to suspend itself from trees. In the standing posture, it could make little use of its forelegs, and perhaps always kept them folded up, as birds do their wings; it could, however, also employ its small fore-toes for hanging itself to branches of trees, though its posture of repose must have been usually on its hind-feet, like that of birds. It must, moreover, have held its neck reverted, to prevent its enormous head from upsetting its equilibrium. Still further to point out this genus, as the connecting link between lizards and birds, one species has been discovered with a short beak. In the *Ichthyosaurus*, we have the muzzle of a dolphin, teeth of a crocodile, head and breast of a lizard, paws of a cetaceous animal, or paddles of

a turtle, and vertebrae of a fish. In another species of the same genus, with the same turtle paddles, we have a lizard's head, and a long neck like the body of a serpent. These creatures breathe air, not water; but they could not travel on land. The plesiosaurus has a small head, but the longest neck of any creature, giving it the likeness of a serpent. The body seems to have been like that of the lizard; but with fins like the whale tribe, and, like them, with nostrils on the top of the head.

As the Imperial Magazine is a *compendium* of scientific information, very extended and intricate disquisition will not be sought in its pages; but so much as has now been laid before its readers, will enable them to see how great a fund of information lies ready to the hand of those who will labour in this mine of knowledge. And, whilst we admit, that the volume of the revelation of God's will, has the first claim on our attention, that other revelation, which so well displays his eternal power and godhead, is surely worthy of more examination, than it receives from those who pursue the inquiry merely as an amusement. We see also, that a branch of science, on which infidelity has dared to lay its hands, as peculiarly its own, (geology,) may be made to bring its contributions also, to the corroboration of the same fact, that the Creator is One, and that the harmony we see between the living and the dead, is a proof that they have all sprung from one hand, acting on an harmonious plan; and not, as some would have it, in fits and starts of creation and destruction, without motive, and without end.

Polperro.

J. C.

NOTES OF THE FOURTH LECTURE OF SIR HUMPHRY DAVY, ON HIS ELECTRO-CHEMICAL DISCOVERIES, DELIVERED IN DUBLIN, NOVEMBER 10, 1810.

### *Compendium of the last Lecture.*

(Continued from col. 490.)

ELECTRICITY is exerted in various matters, particularly in metals, by contact. All these discover two properties, viz. positive, and negative; which properties, already explained, were first called the Vitreous and Resinous electricities, and are only the *properties* of ATTRACTION and REPULSION in these circumstances, of similar or opposite states of electricity.

It requires a dry and almost empty room to observe these phenomena, when caused merely by single plates of metal,

or other substances. Glass is positive to silk, and silk positive to sealing-wax. A solution of liver of sulphur in a silver cup, gives a violent contraction to the crural nerve of a frog's leg; on contact with the exterior of the cup, the sulphur gives the silver a negative charge. It is so strong a shock, as to affect the fingers of the person who holds the frog.

There is scarcely a body in nature, which does not contain electricity. Even air being discharged or propelled on the plate of an electrometer, is found to give a slight shock.

Probably oxygen is negative, and nitrogen positive. The tourmalin stone is an hexagonal prism with pyramidal base; if held by the middle before a fire, it becomes electric. Water rising in vapour gives negative electricity to the electrometer, but descending in condensation it gives positive. All crystallized gems are small electric machines.

What are the principles of electricity? Some philosophers supposed a fluid, which has not been demonstrated, and never can be more than an hypothesis. Some say it is mechanical, and that the motion of the wheel from the silk draws it out by friction. This coarse idea does not account for the extent and phenomena of electricity. Others say that chemical changes produce electric changes. This is not defensible: there is no chemic change in the glass and wax. Professor Davy seems to think, that electric changes produce chemic changes; that chemistry is secondary to electrical action, and is to be referred to the same causes with gravitation—to some simple, unknown principle, as the watch, though moving by the action of a spring on the wheels which direct the index, must still be dependent on the ARTIST who formed it; and as music, however explained by the laws of harmony, depends on the skill of the musician.

When a conductor is connected with the earth, it is in a negative state: the pith balls repel each other at the approach of sealing-wax, and a hand makes the spark, because connected with the earth—but an insulated machine is the reverse.

In every conductor, one end of it is negative, the other end is positive, and the middle neutral: this is shown by a pair of pith balls, mounted on pivots of wire at the ends and middle; and if there was a series of conductors connected to any member, the fact in each or the whole is similar. Hence its similarity to Voltaic electricity; and even the Leyden jar is *positive* on its interior, and *nega-*

tive on its exterior. This is proved because electricity is in proportion to its surface, and the surface of a Leyden jar being increased by connexion with the surface of the earth, the united negative explosion is much greater than by itself. Hence, by induction, the electric battery has a series of jars.

The neutral part of a conductor may be made positive or negative, by the application of a rod from the positive or negative end of another conductor.

The induction from the Voltaic troughs is this: zinc gives a positive charge to copper, and that is transmitted to the next plate of zinc, which then possesses thrice the power of the first. The trough must begin with one metal, and end with the other, else the machine is neutral. One end of zinc is positive, the other terminating with a copper-plate is negative. Electric fire cannot be measured in its progress, it burns at the end of a wire one hundred feet off, at the instant it is fired at the machine. Experiment: wire, round the gallery of the lecture-room, blazed at the end like a candle, the assistants holding the wire armed with charcoal balls, which were extinguished and again lighted repeatedly by the instantaneous junction at the machine.

The thinnest film of metal takes so much of the charge as to be consumed by it; gold and silver leaf burns; even platina, incombustible and scarcely fusible in any other fire, melts and burns in a bright flame like wax in a fire. Gold burns yellow, silver white or greenish, charcoal red. Copper green and red. Sulphuric acid is almost as good a conductor as metal: brilliant sparks are drawn out of it. Water is next—the luminous sparks set fire to alcohol. This latter is next to water as a conductor, but is inferior many degrees; it is almost a non-conductor.

The under surface of a thunder-cloud is positive, the upper is negative: hence lightning. For as soon as the water, which is repellant in itself, when in equilibrium with the earth's electricity, causes an explosion, and this explosion being forced to undulate between the two opposite electricities, the cloud is broken into thunder-claps, and the noise increases in rapidity, as it passes to the jagged extremity of the cloud. A long cloud makes a long clap of thunder, and according to its thickness or intensity, its nearness to the earth or to the heaven. The several differences in this great natural electric explosion, are caused by invariable laws. A battery discharged through a chain to

the wall, is to thunder, as five feet, the length of the chain, is to the miles' length of the thunder-cloud.

Water in clouds being in the same state of electricity, its parts repel each other, as soon as they approach the equilibrium with the earth's electricity, and fall in rain. Hence, all the different sorts of rain may be explained, and also the water-spout from the same cause.

The aurora of the south and north polar circles, may be caused by the mass of snow and ice which is a non-conductor, excluding the electric fire, which takes post in the air; and when intense, emits electric light. Voltaic fire in an exhausted receiver is of the blue colour of the aurora borealis, and so is the light from a conductor of the electric wheel, when the room is darkened.

Hence, the dipping needle is affected. The theory of lightning is proved, but the explanation of the aurora is only supposed. Hypothesis is useful to promote research; but nature has no architect in human fancy. Truth is the result of demonstration, and the reward of labour.

(To be continued.)

#### THE PARRICIDE.—AN ITALIAN FACT.

Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."  
Romans xii. 19.

"A MURDERER!" ejaculated the confessor, and threw back his cowl with breathless horror. Before him, indeed, knelt a murderer and a parricide. Veiled in black from head to foot, the beautiful Beatrice Cenci was confessing a crime too dreadful for any to hear but him in whose bosom was lodged for ever many a tale of guilt.—Who could have conceived that such an unearthly form, so young, so lovely, could have tinged her hands with blood—even the blood of her father? Yet how sorrowful her features! Grief and melancholy beamed from those mournfully dark eyes, while her ebon tresses veiled her snowy brow and neck, and gave an indescribable, yet a sorrowful sensation to those who beheld her. The tale she had poured into the confessor's ear was an uncommon one.

Young and beautiful, allied to birth and fortune, yet she was not happy. Hated beyond conception by a cruel parent, she had struggled from her cradle onward in misery. Treated with brutal severity and cruelty, too diabolical for a parent to conceive, she had submitted in silence. Insulted and scorned, she had complained not, but wept the cruel hour that brought her into this world of sorrow. Taught by

unkindness and reproof to shun and detest so unnatural a father, she had never exercised a daughter's love. When hatred and tyranny had been substituted in the stead of parental affection, filial feelings of regard and esteem had been crushed for ever.—But the wretch had filled up his measure of iniquity. Repeated exasperations had roused revenge even in the bosom of the beautiful Beatrice. His brutality had deserved the severity of justice, and his victim was roused to execute the sentence. In the middle of the night, when her wretched father, yet still her father, was wrapped in the unconsciousness of sleep, her poniard was buried in his bosom. From that moment the most excruciating remorse had possessed her inmost soul. She had hurried to the confessor, hoping to be relieved from her insupportable anguish. Father Benedict was a monk of the Dominican order—venerable in years, and clothed with the simplicity and majesty of religion. His countenance was impressed with sorrow; yet from his eyes beamed the calm expression of resignation. He had known and felt the deepest temptation; and this had created a sympathizing tenderness towards the penitent confessors of guilt. But here pity was commingled with horror, that one so young, so lovely, could have been a murderer—a parricide.

"When I had committed the deed," continued Beatrice, "I was overwhelmed with grief. My mind was distracted with the consciousness of guilt. On my burning brow there seemed to be stamped that heavy hand which stigmatized me as a murderer—the impress dyed with a father's blood. The remembrance of what I once was came over me, and I shuddered with horror. The big drop stood on my forehead, choked with the conflicting feelings that rushed through my raving brain. I sought the cool air. But what were my sensations as I gazed wildly around! The moon had hung her silver lamp in the heavens, and the clustering stars glistened in the vast canopy above. The forest, with its moveless boughs, tipped in the flooding rays of light, slept in silence. The stream that waved slowly on its course through the vale, fringed with rush and wild flower, while drooped on its banks the graceful shrub with its feathery leaf, reflected the spangled sky. Not a breath stirred. All was beautiful. Nature seemed to speak peace to man, but it spoke not peace to me. I felt that I was a guilty creature. My mind, like a boiling sea, was tossed to and fro in delirious agony. I felt myself as if in a world of spotless beings, whose inno-

cence rendered me loathsome, even to myself. My heavy heart was breaking; but it could not—would not, relieve me. I gazed again, till my eyes became fixed in their aching sockets. Imagination, impressed with terror, tinged the moon with blood, while the crimson stars veiled their light. Before me rose phantoms of such hideous shape and mien, that even now memory shudders at the reflection. I strove to fly, but something within bound me to the spot, and I was motionless. Again, all was calm and beautiful, and conscience, for a moment, forgot her remorseful pangs. I shunned the light, even the pure beams of night. I sought my couch, and excluded the rays that, darting into the room, recalled my consciousness. But sleep falls not on the eyelids of those whose hands are still red with murder. Restless, I sighed for morn, till, falling into partial forgetfulness, I suddenly started from some horrible dream that rendered even sleep more distressing. With the first morning light I rose, and cooled my brow in the delicious breeze. To the moon and stars had succeeded the sun. The silvery mist was rising from the hills. Hill and vale, flower and stream, all nature, animate and inanimate, seemed to be filled with that delight which vents itself in grateful smiles. The light of heaven was ushered in with joy, and happiness was diffused upon the bosom of the earth. I alone was miserable. I had done a deed on which the sun could not but look with horror. I fled from his piercing eye, and again sought darkness that I might be veiled from his sight. I retired to my chamber with a heavy heart. I fell on my knees and would have prayed, but Heaven was too pure to listen to the prayers of a murderer. Not daring to meet the eye of man, while my breast within was overwhelmed with shame and remorse, I felt all that it is possible for guilt to feel.—Hitherto my heart, overpressed with insupportable anguish, had vented itself only in painful sighs. To have wrung a tear from my burning eyes would have been some relief. At length exhausted nature permitted her tortured victim to weep—and I could have wept for ever. Here I have hastened to you, Father Confessor, entreating the prayers of a holy man."

The monk was silent. Beatrice sobbed with grief. "Is there no hope, Father? Can nothing efface the stain that has polluted me? But it is blood—a father's blood. Oh! what have I felt! Pray that Heaven may have mercy on such a loathsome wretch."

The monk sighed. Then solemnly re-

peating passages of Scripture; he impressed her mind with the magnitude of her sin.—“Verily, we are all of us guilty before God, and if we would that our heavenly Father should bear with our manifold transgressions, so must we bear with the cruelty and unkindness of others.” ‘Vengeance is mine, I will repay; saith the Lord’—‘Love your enemies, bless them that curse you,’ said our holy Saviour. For are not his mercies even upon those who commit the most flagrant crimes? Does not the same rain that fertilizes the field of a pious man increase the wealth of the wicked? Does not the same hand bestow the blessings of life, health, and riches, equally upon the just and unjust? He who is in heaven would have avenged the wrongs, hadst thou not been a murderer. But he requires blood for blood; and surely thou wilt die, for thine iniquity is great.”

The confessor withdrew, and Beatrice, carefully veiled, returned home. Her father's corpse had been discovered, and officers of justice were in pursuit of the object of their suspicion. She was conveyed to the rack, but it extorted nothing. Yet the sufferings of her little brother, when stretched on the engine of terror, called forth all the feelings of a sister, and she surrendered herself to perish on a scaffold. Thus died the beautiful, yet unfortunate Beatrice Cenci, leaving behind her a mournful example of the wickedness of revenge. Her portrait, by Guido, is still in the gallery of the Palazzo Colona at Rome. The inimitable artist has given to her beautiful features such a wild and touching expression of sorrow, that the sympathizing beholder is always excited to know the history of so interesting a female.

*Beaconsfield.*

J. A. B.

#### ————— DANGEROUS ENCOUNTER WITH ELEPHANTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

By Lieut. J. D. Moody, of the 21st Fusiliers.—  
(From the Athenæum.)

“In the year 1821, I had joined the recently formed semi-military settlement of Fredericksburg, on the picturesque banks of the Gualana, beyond the great Fish river. At this place our party (consisting chiefly of the disbanded officers and soldiers of the Royal African corps,) had already shot many elephants, with which the country at that time abounded. The day previous to my adventure, I had witnessed an elephant hunt for the first time. On this occasion a large female was killed, after some hundred shots had been fired at her. The balls seemed at first to produce little effect, but

at length she received several shots in the trunk and eyes, which entirely disabled her from making resistance or escaping, and she fell an easy prey to her assailants.

“On the following day, one of our servants came to inform us that a large troop of elephants was in the neighbourhood of the settlement, and that several of our people were already on their way to attack them. I instantly set off to join the hunters, but, from losing my way in the jungle through which I had to proceed, I could not overtake them, until after they had driven the elephants from their first station. On getting out of the jungle, I was proceeding through an open meadow on the banks of the Gualana, to the spot where I heard the firing, when I was suddenly warned of approaching danger, by loud cries of “*Paas op!*—Look out!” coupled with my name in Dutch and English; and at the same moment heard the crackling of broken branches produced by the elephants bursting through the wood, and the tremendous screams of their wrathful voices resounding among the precipitous banks. Immediately a large female, accompanied by three others of a smaller size, issued from the edge of the jungle which skirted the river margin. As they were not more than two hundred yards off, and were proceeding directly towards me, I had not much time to decide on my motions.

“Being alone, and in the middle of a little open plain, I saw that I must inevitably be caught, should I fire in this position, and my shot not take effect. I therefore retreated hastily out of their direct path, thinking they would not observe me, until I should find a better opportunity to attack them. But in this I was mistaken, for on looking back I perceived to my dismay, that they had left their former course, and were rapidly pursuing and gaining ground on me. Under these circumstances I determined to reserve my fire as a last resource, and turning off at right angles in the opposite direction, I made for the banks of the small river, with a view to take refuge among the rocks on the other side, where I should have been safe. But before I got within fifty paces of the river, the elephants were within twenty paces of me—the large female in the middle, and the other three on either side of her, apparently with the intention of making sure of me; all of them screaming so tremendously, that I was almost stunned with the noise. I immediately turned round, cocked my gun, and aimed at the head of the largest, the female. But the gun, unfortunately, from the powder being damp, hung fire, till I

was in the act of taking it from my shoulder, when it went off, and the ball merely grazed the side of her head.

"Halting only for an instant, the animal again rushed furiously forward. I fell—I cannot say whether struck down by her trunk or not. She then made a thrust at me with her tusk. Luckily for me she had only *one*, which, still more luckily, missed its mark. She then caught me with her trunk by the middle—threw me beneath her fore feet—and knocked me about them for a little space:—I was scarcely in a condition to compute the number of minutes very accurately. (Once she pressed her foot on my chest with such force, that I actually felt the bones, as it were, bending under the weight; and once she trod on the middle of my arm, which, fortunately, lay flat on the ground at the time. During this rough handling, however, I never entirely lost my recollection, else I have little doubt she would have settled my accounts with this world. But owing to the roundness of her foot, I generally managed, by twisting my body and limbs, to escape her direct tread. While I was still undergoing this buffeting, Lieut. Chisholm, of the R. A. corps, and Diederik, a Hottentot, had come up, and fired several shots at her, one of which hit her in the shoulder; and at the same time her companions or young ones retiring, and screaming to her from the edge of the forest, she reluctantly left me, giving me a cuff or two with her hind feet in passing. I got up, picked up my gun, and staggered away as fast as my aching bones would allow; but observing that she turned round, and looked back towards me, before entering the bush, I lay down in the long grass, by which means I escaped her observation.

"On reaching the top of the high bank of the river, I met my brother, who had not been at this day's hunt, but had run out on being told by one of the men that he had seen me killed. He was not a little surprised at meeting me alone, and in a whole skin, though plastered with mud from head to foot. While he, Mr. Knight of the Cape regiment, and I, were yet talking of my adventure, an unlucky soldier of the R. A. corps, of the name of McClane, attracted the attention of a large male elephant, which had been driven towards the village. The ferocious animal gave chase, and caught him immediately under the height where we were standing—carried him some distance in his trunk—then threw him down, and bringing his four feet together, trod and stamped upon him for a considerable time, till he was quite dead.

Leaving the corpse for a little, he again returned, as if to make quite sure of his destruction, and, kneeling down, crushed and kneaded the body with his fore legs. Then seizing it again with his trunk, he carried it to the edge of the jungle, and threw it among the bushes. While this tragedy was going on, my brother and I scrambled down the bank as far as we could, and fired at the furious animal, but we were at too great a distance to be of any service to the unfortunate man, who was crushed almost to a jelly.

"Shortly after this catastrophe, a shot from one of the people broke this male elephant's left fore leg, which completely disabled him from running. On this occasion, we witnessed a touching instance of affection and sagacity in the elephant, which I cannot forbear to relate, as it so well illustrates the character of this noble animal. Seeing the danger and distress of her mate, the female before mentioned, (my personal antagonist,) regardless of her own danger, quitted her shelter in the bush, rushed out to his assistance, walked round and round him, chasing away the assailants, and still returning to his side and caressing him; and when he attempted to walk, she placed her flank under his wounded side and supported him. This scene continued nearly half an hour, until the female received a severe wound from Mr. C. MacKenzie, of the R. A. corps, which drove her again to the bush, where she speedily sunk exhausted from the loss of blood; and the male soon after received a mortal wound also from the same officer.

"Thus ended our elephant hunt; and I need hardly say, that what we witnessed on this occasion, of the intrepidity and ferocity of these powerful animals, rendered us more cautious in our dealings with them for the future."

#### ON THE USE OF FICTION.

As language is a gift of Heaven, designed for the wisest and best purposes; so, like most other good things, it is desecrated to folly and deceit. At one time it is devoted to the communication of sentiments which are calculated to exalt and dignify the best faculties of man; at another it is the vehicle of those which alike demoralize and destroy. On the one hand, we may behold it waving in the sublime regions of truth; on the other, we may discover it flitting among the deceitful wages of falsehood. Thus, while we acknowledge the excellence and value of such a gift, we cannot but lament its abuse; and while

rejoicing in its proper application, we cannot but coincide in the just opinion, that there is no greater reproach or dishonour, than specious and deceitful words.

The end of most fictitious language is, in some form or other, *to deceive*; and therefore, whether practised in a good or bad cause, it is alike disgraceful and unjustifiable. It is, however, too often employed for the worst purposes:—too often it boldly takes upon itself the advocacy of things which are worthy only of obscurity. Employed then in a bad cause, it imbodys its own condemnation, and, in the estimation of every lover of truth, it must be stamped as injurious to the welfare of man; and, if deserving notice at all, it is only so far as is necessary to counteract any of the mischievous effects it may occasion. No matter how beautiful and elevating the style by which it is adorned; if captivating to the ear; the evil is equally great, or rather, in such a case, is greatly augmented.

We not unfrequently find fictitious language (I mean positive falsehood) employed, for the accomplishment of some object which is good in itself, and with motives which may be justly commended: not so the means employed. Let the cause be more or less important, if it be a good one, it cannot need the adoption of improper measures for its furtherance; and by so much the more it seeks to employ these, in just the same proportion will its claims to excellence be diminished. The sentiment is no less just than it is trite, that "Truth will always illustrate herself by her own light." Let then such a sentiment be adopted in the practice, as well as in the theory of men, and the most beneficial result will be seen to follow. Let us only open our eyes to the bright bearings of truth, instead of introducing false lights, and we shall find that all will be smooth and prosperous.

Specious and feigned language is often adopted upon a principle of false delicacy. Merely for the sake of sparing the feelings, or often for blinding the judgments, recourse is had to this miserable subterfuge. Thus we compel truth to do homage to the capricious whims of man, or sacrifice her at the shrine of false pity and imaginary delicacy. What, if we foresaw the greatest calamity that human nature could suffer, about to fall upon a fellow-creature, should we therefore conceal it from him, and afford him no opportunity to avoid it, because we wish not to harrow up his feelings? Would not the distress occasioned by the discovery, be far less than that which the sudden bursting of the calamity itself would

occasion? If we would display true greatness and affection of soul, rather than blind his eyes to the danger, let us unite in commiserating and alleviating his actual distress.

It has been questioned how far works of fiction, generally so termed, may be justifiable and tolerable. Much has been said for and against them. While it is undeniable that many of them have been, and still are, the cause of much serious evil, and therefore deserve to be rejected with abhorrence, it is equally certain that they have frequently been the means of much usefulness and delight. To condemn them altogether, would be to run into a violent extreme. How many hours of comfort and delight have been spent in the perusal of such works, and how much truth and instruction have been conveyed through their medium! Often have the feelings of the mind been raised to ardent desires after virtue, and sensations of the most unexceptionable nature been kindled by them. Besides, who would consent to lose the beautiful and instructive fables and parables which we have on record, not only in human, but also in sacred literature? Who would wish to hear no more the sweet harpings of poesy, many of which are clothed in the garb of fiction? It is only the abuse of works of fiction which must be deprecated; so long as they keep within certain bounds, the nature of truth will tolerate them. To a certain extent they may go, but no farther. The moment they enter into regions of exuberant fancy and improbability, or exhibit a specious tendency *to deceive* (which perhaps is the turning point of the question) or venture to pollute themselves with what is obscene and impious, they must, together with all other works composed of such injurious materials, be considered as disgraceful and demoralizing in their nature. The boundaries between right and wrong, between truth and falsehood, are not difficult to be discovered, if examined with an unperverted eye; and the true interests of virtue and religion may be thence clearly developed.

Oxon.

J. S. B.

#### DESCRIPTION OF AN IRISH POTTEEN DISTILLERY.

SOME time since, being on a journey amongst the mountains in the most northern parts of Ireland, I learned that there was a potteen distillery then at work; and, having despatched an emissary well known to the distiller to procure me admission, I was permitted to inspect the process.

This place was famous for producing good spirit.

The distillery was a very small thatched cabin, at one end of which was a large turf fire kindled on the ground, and confined by a semicircle of large stones. Resting on these stones, and over the fire, was a forty-gallon tin vessel, which answered both for heating the water and as the body of the still. Over the fire was an opening in the thatch, with a very low chimney; and through this was conveyed away the smoke, after traversing the whole of the apartment. The fumes of the burning turf were so acrimonious, that my eyes were exceedingly smarted; on perceiving which, the distiller desired me to sit down, as a certain remedy. I did so, and immediately the pain ceased; the fumes occupied the upper stratum only of the air; they consisting chiefly of pyro-ligneous acid in vapour.

The mash-tun was a cask hooped with wood, at the bottom of which, next the chimb, was a hole plugged with tow. This vessel had no false bottom: in place of it the bottom was strewed with young heath; and over this a stratum of oak husks. Here the mash of hot water and ground malt was occasionally mixed up for two hours; after which time the vent at bottom was opened, and the worts allowed to filter through the stratum of oat husks and heath. The mashing with hot water on the same grains was then repeated, and the worts were again withdrawn. The two worts being mixed in another cask, some yeast was added, and the fermentation allowed to proceed until it fell spontaneously, which happened in about three days. It was now ready for distillation, and was transferred into the tin body, which was capable of distilling a charge of forty gallons. A piece of soap, weighing about two ounces, was then thrown in, to prevent its running foul; and the head, apparently a large tin-pot with a tube in its side, was inserted into the rim of the body, and luted with a paste made of oatmeal and water. The lateral tube was then luted into the worm, which was a copper tube of an inch and a half bore, coiled in a barrel for a flakestand. The tail of the worm where it emerged from the barrel was calked with tow. The wash speedily came to a boil, and then water was thrown on the fire; for at this period is the chief danger of boiling over. The spirit almost immediately came over: it was perfectly clear; and by its head, this first running was inferred to be *proof*. Its flavour was really excellent; and it might well have passed for a spirit of three months old. As soon as the upper stratum of water in the flakestand became

warm, a large pailful of cold water from an adjoining stream was dashed in with sufficient force, as he said, to make the hot water run over, it being lighter; and this cooling process was continually applied to. In this way, the singlings were drawn off in about two hours; and the singlings of four distillations made one charge of the still to produce the potteen.

The malt was preparing by enclosing the barley in a sack, and soaking the sack and its contents for some time in bog water, which is deemed the best; then withdrawing and draining it. The malt was then made to germinate in the usual manner. When it had grown sufficiently, it was conveyed in a sack to the kiln, along with some sacks of raw corn, for the purpose of concealment. The raw corn was spread out on the kiln; but during the night, when the kiln owner had retired to rest, the raw corn was removed, the malt spread on, dried, and replaced by the raw grain before day. The owner of corn drying on a kiln sits up all night to watch it. In this way discovery was eluded, and the malting completed.

The body of this still cost one pound; its head about four shillings; the worm cost twenty-five shillings; the mash-tun and flakestand might both be worth twelve shillings. The whole distillery was, therefore, worth about three pounds; and it is purposely constructed on this cheap plan, as it holds out no inducement to informers or excisemen. Sometimes they have been on an extensive scale.—*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia*, vol. iii.: being a *Treatise on Domestic Economy*, vol. i.

#### MONUMENTS BUILT WITH SKULLS.

PASSING through the north of Persia, the embassy at length arrived at Damogen, or Domghaun, at that time the military capital of the kingdom. Here they saw a monument of a new and terrific character: the market-place was ornamented with four great towers, each a stone's throw in height, and built entirely of human skulls, the interstices being filled up with mud. To erect this edifice, Timur had massacred sixty thousand Turkomans, or White Tatars, as they were called, who, after being vanquished in the field, were cruelly hunted down, and nearly exterminated, by the relentless victor. After leaving this place, the ambassadors experienced the distressing effects of the hot winds of the desert; and on arriving at a city called Vascal, they were not allowed a moment's respite to refresh



themselves, but were obliged to proceed immediately on their journey; such being the will of the dreaded Timur.—*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.—History of Maritime and Inland Discovery, Vol. I.*

#### CELESTIAL PHENOMENA.

THE motions of the two superior planets, Saturn and Jupiter, and the eclipses of the satellites of the latter, will afford the observer a considerable degree of gratification during the evenings of this and the following month. In our last number, the reader will find an account of the phenomena they will present, we shall therefore direct his attention in the present paper to the planet Mars, which is a conspicuous object during the mornings of this month, under the two western of the four stars in square. He is situated in the constellation Aquarius; above him on the first are noticed three stars, one of the fifth and two of the sixth magnitude; the star to the west is marked 54 Aquarii; the brightest of those to the east  $\sigma$ , and the other 58 Aquarii. On the 3rd, he passes under the two latter stars, and is observed in a line with them and  $\rho$  Aquarii, which is of the fifth magnitude; a little to the west of this star is  $\epsilon$  Aquarii, a star of the fourth magnitude. He now directs his course to three stars of the sixth magnitude, in a line with each other, and a little more than a degree apart. The northernmost is marked 64, the middle 65, and the southernmost 79 Aquarii. On the 6th he passes under 64, on the 8th under 65, and on the 10th very near 70; on this day he is noticed in a line with the two former stars, and to the south of him is observed a star of the sixth magnitude marked 74 Aquarii. This star forms a scalene triangle with  $\tau$  1 and 2 and  $\delta$  Aquarii. On the 11th he is noticed between  $\lambda$  and 74, and in a line with the latter star and  $\delta$  Aquarii. His course is now directed to the small stars in the stream; and on the 15th he is observed under  $\psi$  1 Aquarii. On the following morning he is noticed in a line with this star and  $\lambda$ ; there are also two stars in the same line with these; the northern one is of the fifth magnitude, and marked  $\kappa$  Aquarii; it is also called Situla; the southern star is of the sixth magnitude, and marked 51 Aquarii. On the 19th he is seen under four stars; two of the sixth, and two of the seventh magnitude; the two of the sixth are marked  $h$  1 and 4, the northern of the seventh is marked 81, and the southern  $h$  2; they are all of this constellation.

#### POETRY.

##### DEATH.

O DEATH, how still and pompless is thy reign!  
No pageantry thou know'st, no glittering toys:  
Dark mystery and silence still remain  
Thy chief attendants; never does arise  
The voice of melody, proclaiming joys,  
Within thine empire vast, and ne'er the tomb  
Vibrates with sound of misery's thrilling cries:  
No human sympathies can ever bloom,  
Nor virtue's kindly buds throughout thy kingdom's gloom.

On pride and human pomp thou look'st with scorn,  
And laugh'st at the haughty tyrant's frown:  
To thee the beggar, and the noble born,  
Alike appear; not e'en the regal crown  
Restrains thy ruthless hand; but all are mown  
By thy unsparing sickle, as the grass  
By reaper's scythe at harvest is cut down.  
Thus riches, beauty, power, grandeur, pass:  
We look;—they are not; desolation fills their place!

Thou sparest not the laurell'd hero, Death,  
Who wades through fields of gore to honour's fane;  
Who to obtain fame's perishable wreath,  
Bids, where once smil'd the peaceful verdant plain,  
Dark streams of blood to flow: but all is vain;  
For e'en the haughty conqueror must die;  
Earth's despots must descend where thou dost reign;  
There mingled with the dust forgotten lie,  
Saving by history's harp, which sings of times gone by.

How little heed'st thou beauty's winning form,  
O cruel mocker of the human race!  
When health's sweet roses bloomed, thou bid'st the worm  
Perform his horrid work, till we can trace  
No vestige of the loveliness and grace  
Which charmed beholders, when the vital flood  
Flow'd through the veins. Alas! thou dost erase  
From the wide page of life the great, the good,  
And giv'st earth's ornaments to be corruption's food.

But, Death, stern tyrant, tremble; for an hour  
Swiftly approaches, when thyself shalt fall.  
Then shall the captives of thy gloomy power,  
In thy deep caverns hidden, burst thy thrall,  
Through Him; who dying, conquered thee, and all  
The enemies that dared resist His might.  
Then shall th' archangel's voice the dust recall  
To embrace its pristine spirit, and, clothed with light,  
Loud shall it sound its freedom, from thy kingdom's night.

Then Time, on whose dark silent wings thou dost  
Sail, when, with errless hand thou aim'st thy dart;  
Time, shall in vast Eternity be lost;  
And all his vain and trifling scenes depart;  
Nor more his woes and pains affect the heart.  
Eternity's unceasing, joyful day,  
Shall not be dimmed by sorrow's slightest smart:  
For God shall wipe his people's tears away;  
And love and peace for ever rule with gentle sway.

But there's a world, whither the voice of peace  
Has never fled on mercy's hast'ning wing;  
Where howling wo and anguish never cease;  
Where rills of joy and comfort never spring:  
There, by the fiat of th' Almighty King,  
Eternal Death does dwell, sin's elder son.  
Then, Ah, my soul, bethink thee! haste and bring  
The heart of penitence to Mercy's throne:  
Believe on Jesus Christ, for He alone  
Redeems from Death's dread pow'r, and can for ains alone.

## SUMMER.

Rouse thee, muse, from dreary slumbers,  
Of man's faults no longer dream,  
True yet pleasing be thy numbers,  
Summer next shall be thy theme.

Note her beauties, well portraying  
Those that have most charms for thee,  
Nature's wondrous works surveying,  
Wiser, happier, we shall be.

Look, the orient skies grow clearer,  
Smiling comes the blushing dawn,  
Sky-larks rise, with songs to cheer her,  
From the flower-beespangled lawn.

O'er the hills in matchless splendour,  
Shines the glorious orb of day;  
Countless voices, sweet and tender,  
Pay him homage from the spray.

More pathetic notes they're pouring,  
Louder swells their hymn of praise,  
Nature's God they are adoring,  
Him they see by instinct's rays.

How can man with reason gifted,  
On his bed supinely lie,  
While creation's voice is lifted,  
Grateful, to the throne on high.

Lazy mists are slowly creeping,  
Off the marsh, and up the glade;  
Lofly trees are wet and dripping,  
With the tears that night had shed.

Health's fair daughters now are singing  
On the dewy glittering meads,  
While the milky treasures bringing  
Safely home upon their heads.

Brawny youths in rows are binding,  
Laving prostrate with the scythe,  
Grass and clover, which are sending  
Fragrance on the breezes blithe.

Rosy nymphs are busy spreading,  
To the noontide beams the hay,  
Toil and heat alike unheeding,  
They are innocent and gay.

What to them are fame and honour?  
What the most unbounded wealth?  
They have more from the great donor,  
They have happiness and health.

To the fields a frequent comer,  
Nature's book I would peruse,  
Yet thy charms, delightful summer,  
Claim a more prolific muse.

REVIEW.—*Notices of Brazil in 1828 and 1829. By the Rev. R. Walsh, L.L.D. M.R.I.A. &c. In 2 Vols. 8vo. pp. 528—541. Westley & Davis, London. 1830.*

THE first volume of this very interesting work, which was reviewed in our preceding number, referred almost exclusively to the town of Rio Janeiro, its localities, appendages, and institutions, together with the manners, laws, customs, and peculiarities of its inhabitants. The second volume, which now claims our attention, takes us into the country, where we are introduced to scenes that are at once varied, novel, and interesting. But, as on the former occasion, we deemed the author's observations preferable to our own, and inserted extracts from his book accordingly, so on the present he shall speak for himself, and we doubt not that

the reader will feel highly gratified with the varieties he is able to supply.

Of the vampire bat, Mr. Walsh speaks as follows:

"When setting out in the morning, I perceived a large wound in the neck of my horse, from whence issued a stream of blood. Alarmed, lest he should have been stabbed, or wounded maliciously, so as to disable him from proceeding, I inquired into the cause, and Patrioia informed me it was occasioned by the morcego. This is a large bat, which, like the devil of Surinam, attacks both man and beast. When a party under Cabeca da Vacca were exploring the sources of the Paraguy, in the year 1743, they attacked him in the night, and seized on his toe; he awoke, and found his leg numbed and cold, and his bed full of blood; they at the same time eat off the teats of six sows. They fix on the thumbs or great toes of men; and the rumour of the country is, that while they suck the blood through the aperture they make, they keep waving their sooty wings over their victim, to lull him to a death-like repose, from which he never wakes; and in the morning he is found lifeless, and the floor covered with pools of coagulated blood, disgorged by the vampire when full, to enable him to extract the last drop of the vital current. They sometimes grow to the size of pigeons. One of these horrid animals had attached itself to the throat of my horse when he stood in a shed, and claspng his neck with his broad sooty wings, had continued to suck till it fell off, gorged with blood; and if not timely driven away, might have left him dead in the morning. They reckon in Brazil no less than eighteen kinds of morcego, nine of which are voracious blood-suckers."—p. 46.

To an English ear, if associated with the common feelings of humanity, the following statement respecting slaves, cannot but prove disgusting and affecting. Imported from Africa, landed at Rio, sold in the public market, and driven into the country, by the inhuman traders in the flesh and blood of man, Mr. Walsh calls us to contemplate them as herds of cattle in a retail market, obeying the lash and brutality of the mercilefs drover.

"A scene now presented itself highly repugnant to European feelings, particularly those who witness it for the first time. We had overtaken on the road several troops of slaves, bought at Rio, and driven like sheep into the country to be sold at the different villages. A market was here opened, just before the inn door, and about thirty men, women, and children were brought there. The driver was the very model of what I had conceived such a fellow to be. He was a tall, cadaverous, tawny man, with a shock of black hair hanging about his sharp but determined-looking visage. He was dressed in a blue jacket and pantaloons, with half boots hanging about his legs, ornamented with large silver spurs. On his head he wore a capacious straw hat, bound with a broad ribbon, and in his hand was a long whip with two thongs: he shook this over his drove, and they all arranged themselves for examination, some of them, particularly the children, trembling like aspen leaves. He then went round the village, for purchasers, and when they arrived the market was opened. The slaves, both men and women, were walked about, and put into different paces, then handled and felt exactly as I have seen butchers feel a calf. He occasionally lashed them and made them jump, to shew that their limbs were supple, and caused them to shriek and cry, that the purchasers might perceive their lungs were sound.

"Among the company at the market, was a Brazilian lady, who exhibited a regular model of her class in the country. She had on a round felt hat

like an Englishman's, and under it a turban, which covered her head as a nightcap. Though it was a burning day, she was wrapped up in a large scarlet woollen cloak, which, however, she drew up so high as to show us her embroidered shoes and silk stockings; she was attended by a black slave, who held an umbrella over her head; and she walked for a considerable time through the slaves, looking as if she was proudly contrasting her own importance with their misery.

"On turning away from a spectacle, where every thing, though so novel, was so revolting, we were accosted by a man with a gaudy flowered silk waistcoat, who spoke a little English, and said he was a German Doctor, settled in the Aldea. He informed us, that the people in the neighbouring valley treated the slaves with the greatest inhumanity. They allowed them but a scanty portion of farinha or fetjao, and never any animal food; yet on this they compelled them to work fourteen hours a day, exposing them to the alternations of heat, cold, and wet, without the smallest regard to health, comfort, or life. The consequence was, that the deaths exceeded the births in such a proportion, that if it was not for the constant supply sent down in this way, the negroes of the district would soon become an extinct race. He himself possessed two slaves, which he kept alive and healthy by a different treatment, which he recommended in vain to his neighbours to adopt, even for their own sakes, if not for that of humanity."—p. 53.

The ant hills, which Mr. Walsh describes with minuteness and perspicuity, cannot fail to prove entertaining to the reader, whose personal observations have never extended to foreign scenery, nor noticed, on a large and diversified scale, the varied modes in which animal life appears.

"But the circumstance that most attracted my attention was the ant-hills. These were conical mounds of clay, raised by the industry of their inhabitants to the height of ten or twelve feet; I rode close by several which were considerably higher than my head on horseback, and nine or ten feet in circumference. The exterior coat is a yellow hard clay, but on making a perpendicular section, the inside is found divided by a number of horizontal floors, or stories, of a hard black earth, in thin plates, shining sometimes like japan-ware. These are inhabited by myriads of large brown ants, who are capable of exuding a viscid fluid, which tempers the clay to the moisture necessary to form these floors. Some species make covered ways in this manner, and I have seen tubes, or tunnels, of a considerable length, by which they pass and repass unseen, from one habitation to another, for a considerable distance.

"They sometimes migrate, and their progress is attended with extraordinary circumstances; they then go straight forward, devouring every thing in their way, like a flight of locusts. A garden near Rio obstructed their line of march; they found a stick accidentally lying across a deep ditch of water, which they used as a bridge, and continued to pour in such myriads by this passage, that in a few hours the garden was full of them, and every thing green disappeared. From hence they proceeded on, till they met the house of Mr. Westyn, the Swedish charge d'affaires, and they made their way through it. He told me he was suddenly awake in the night by a horrid sensation, and on jumping out of bed, he found himself covered with these insects, whose crawling and biting had awoken him. The whole house was full of them. Impelled by some extraordinary instinct, they continued to advance till the whole body passed through, and the next morning there was not one to be seen. In their progress they devoured every other insect. Spiders, cockroaches, flies, and every similar thing of the kind that infested the house, became their prey; and when they disappeared, all other insects disappeared along with them. I

have seen them frequently take up their abode in a large bamboo, and every joint of the long cylinder was a separate colony swarming with an ant population.

"To the ant-mounds of the Campos, the negroes attach an extraordinary superstition. They call them copim, and they say they contain a toad, a serpent, and a bird; that the toad eats the ant, the serpent the toad, and the bird the serpent, when then dies off, and leaves the copim empty. We saw several of them in that state, the interior all falling away, and nothing remaining but the crust. We discovered, however, another cause for it. The armadillos have here burrowed every where over the plains, and their holes are full as numerous as the ant-hills. They frequently perforate below the copims, and getting inside, devour the ants, and destroy the structure of their habitation. We discovered one fellow in the very act; he immediately bolted, and we pursued him. I think I never saw a drollier chase; the awkward speed of the animal, so unfitted for running, and the eagerness of the negroes, who every moment threw themselves on him, to endeavour to keep him down. At length we captured him. His head resembled that of a pig, with a flat circular snout, used, like a pig's, for the purpose of rooting up the earth. His body was clothed in a dense, tough, scaly coat, like that of a crocodile, which hung down over his sides, as the flap of a saddle, and so resembled a coat-of-mail, that the animal is justly called the hog in armour; and he was armed with very strong claws, by which he burrowed in the ground. I secured him in a bag, and had great hopes of keeping him alive, and of observing his habits."—p. 70.

In the mining districts tradition has preserved the following singular prophecy, in which the natives place much confidence. They feel assured that one part has been already accomplished, and this they consider to be a certain indication that the remaining portion will in due time receive its fulfilment.

"In this serra it is that the General Mining Association are pursuing the precious metals by shafts, adits, and levels. Tradition has handed down a singular prophecy connected with this mountain, which the present generation at S. Jose think is about to be fulfilled. The prophecy is, that a day will come when men from the east will cross the seas, and arrive at S. Jose to dig under the serra, where they will discover immense riches. In the course of their operations, however, they will reach a subterraneous river, which, thus set free, will rush from its bed and overflow the town. The establishment of a company from England to mine in this serra, the people say, is the accomplishment of the first part of the prophecy; the labours of the company, they add, will fulfil the second part; and the old vigario tells them that the third part of the prediction will shortly come to pass, and that the river which is to overflow and ruin S. Jose, is the taste for luxury and dissipation, which these foreigners have introduced."—p. 112.

Of revolutionary commotion and military despotism, we may perceive the effects in the paragraphs which follow:

"It is a usual practice in Brazil for young men to assemble, armed, on festival days; particularly on that of Corpus Christi, which is held the highest in the calendar. In June, 1826, about eighty persons paraded for the purpose, with their officers, on the green of S. Jose; and after the ceremony and procession, they were marched to the camera, where their arms were deposited, and they were dismissed. But instead of being suffered to return home they were surrounded by a troop of cavalry; every man was seized, and they were taken to understand that they were enrolled as soldiers. Some were refractory, but they were treated with great seve-

erty, and put into irons as mutineers. Others requested permission to return home, even in company with their guard, to apprise their friends and arrange their affairs. But even this was not permitted; they were all marched out of town, and sent off to the armies. This, I am told, was practised simultaneously in most of the towns of the Minas Geraes. The whole of the young men who attended the festivals were seized, and sent out of the province, to which they never returned.

"On the next year, the muster at S. Jose was very scanty, not more than half the usual number attended; but those who did were treated in the same manner, all arrested and sent off, and were never seen again. Among them were several cases of great distress. One was that of a widow who had five sons living with her in considerable comfort: three of them were seized on the first occasion, and the remaining two on the last. The poor woman earnestly requested the officer to permit one, at least, to stay at home to protect her and provide for her support, but he was inexorable. In her distress she immediately applied to Senhor Campos, the sargento-mor of S. Jose, who is a kind of refuge to all the afflicted in that district. He lost no time in demanding the restoration of one of the widow's sons, but the officer still refused to liberate him. He, therefore, drew up a strong representation of the transaction, which he was about to send off to the emperor himself; and the officer, alarmed at the exposure of so much oppression, liberated the young man; all the rest perished."—p. 147.

With the properties and use of iron, Mr. Walsh seems to think that the Indian natives were not at all acquainted. It was known to the Portuguese Brazilians, but through some strange policy or impolicy of the government, its being manufactured was discountenanced, and expressly forbidden.

"It does not at all appear, that the native Indians were apprised of the properties of iron, or had ever applied it to use, as their fishing-hooks, and other implements, had been made of gold, a metal more obvious in its primitive state, and more easily wrought upon. It was, however, long known to the Portuguese Brazilians, who worked it up into some trifling implements for their own use; but the knowledge that the country possessed so valuable a metal, was for a long time carefully concealed from foreigners. To such an extent was this jealous precaution carried, that even the natives were strictly prohibited from using it. An intelligent young man, in the Minas Geraes, who had made himself acquainted with its properties, fabricated a lock from it, and sent it to Portugal hoping to receive, as he deserved, a reward for his ingenuity; instead of which he was severely reprimanded for his presumption, and forbidden to fabricate any other article. When foreigners, therefore, were first permitted to explore the country, they were astonished to find a metal, of whose existence they had not heard, and began by collecting specimens of this precious discovery, till, in a day's journey, they became so overloaded, that they cast them all away."—p. 202.

Common report has preserved a singular account of gold having been discovered in a mine, accompanied with the record of a disaster, which yet remains to be explored. The particulars of this discovery and catastrophe, Mr. Walsh thus states:

"About thirty years ago, the proprietor, Antonio Pereira, sunk a shaft ten bracas or fathoms deep; and coming suddenly on a very rich deposit, he continued eagerly to pursue it, without waiting to take precautions to secure the shaft above. On one evening they discovered a vein so rich, that in about an hour just before dark, they extracted

from it gold, to the value of three thousand milreis; and they looked forward to the morning to appropriate the vast treasure below. But a restless cupidity to be possessed of it at once, would not suffer them to allow a moment's delay, and the foreman with several slaves continued below, labouring all night at the golden discovery. When the proprietor hastened early in the morning to the shaft, there was no trace of it to be seen; the ill-secured earth had closed over those who were undermining it below, and the treasure and the workmen were buried ten fathoms deep in the mountain. Several efforts were afterwards made to come again at this spot, and large sums of money expended by Simao Pereira, and other persons in succession, but hitherto without effect; and it remains for the Gongo Soco Company to find it. It will be a discovery of no common interest to come on this treasure again, covered up with a mass of human bodies, if they yet remain undecayed."—p. 211.

Among the vegetable productions of this interesting country Mr. Walsh notices a particular species of fruit, which he thus describes:—

"In passing through the woods he (Patricio) had always something rare or curious to shew me. On one occasion he suddenly turned off the path, and disappeared in a dense forest. Knowing his mysterious ways, we did not mind him; but he reappeared at some distance before us, bearing in his hand a branch loaded with the most beautiful fruit I had ever beheld. It was about the size and shape of a pear, covered with the downy skin of a peach, of the richest red and golden hue. The flesh of the fruit was a juicy pulp, of a cooling acid taste, and, with sugar, quite delicious. He called it prebona. I penetrated with him to examine the tree on which it grew. It was about seven feet high, with rotund alternate leaves, slightly serrated. I wished to see another tree, if possible, to examine its fructifications, but he knew of no other in these woods than that single one. The fruit contained three large kernel seeds inside, which I tried to preserve; but I could not dry them, and they moulded and decayed."—p. 222.

Of domestic cleanliness the account is by no means flattering. A short specimen may serve as a sample for the rest.

"My two ill-looking neighbours had disappeared in the morning, and their places were supplied by two naked little black pikaninies, the children of my host and hostess. These creatures had got bits of bamboo, which they formed into rude carts, loaded with wood; and their amusement was driving these carts, and imitating the creaking of the wheels, which they did with the most annoying accuracy, as loud and as shrill, and so persevering, that the urchins were never absent, either from my door or my window. The employment of the mother was scraping up manure before the door with her fingers, and she brought me my dinner of rancid pork in a broken dish, without washing her hands."—p. 237.

Of the habitations, morals, and humanity, of these country Brazilians, the account is far from being prepossessing. The curse of slavery is written in legible characters in the narrative which follows:

"This was a large dreary place, like a stable, kept by a woman, who lived there with five or six negroes. She was young, and rather comely; but when I entered, evidently intoxicated. She had been, I learned, a person of indifferent character, at Rio; and had two illegitimate children. She rented this rancho, and took one of her negroes as her paramour and partner. Of all the women on record who have been no ornament to their sex, this, I believe, was one of the worst.

"After having emptied a bottle of canna, to which, as I passed by her venda, I saw her head constantly applied, she issued forth with her face flushed, and a lash in her hand; the very personification of Tisiphone. One of her slaves was a poor boy of twelve years old, and on this child she vented all her malignant passions. Every time she met him, she attacked him with her lash, cutting him across the face and body, till she left him bleeding and moaning; and this for no reason, but in the very wantonness of cruelty. Her house was like herself—most abominable. I could get no place to rest in, but a kind of stable among the negroes; and here, in the midst of filth, my supper was served up. It consisted of rancid pork, sausages, and feijao. When the boy whom she so cruelly treated, was laying it on the table, he trembled so that he spilled a small portion of the same. She seized him by the throat, dashed him down, and trampled on him. I now interfered for the poor child, and took him up to protect him. There lay on the board a pointed fava, one of the deadly weapons used for stabbing. She caught it up, and striking the end of it on the table, rushed forward with an intent to wound either me or the child, when I wrenched it from her hand. Knowing *quis furcus femina posset*, and that she had several sturdy negroes at her command, I thought it right to be on my guard, and kept the little fellow by me on a mat; he moaned most piteously all night, crying out for mercy every moment in his sleep.

"I was glad to leave this fury at the dawn of day, but sorry to leave the poor child behind me, who I have no doubt will fall a victim to her intoxicated rage. If there was no other argument against a state of slavery, the incentive it applies to the indulgence of our evil passions, would be sufficient to condemn it. If this wretched woman had not this poor victim to exercise her bad temper on with impunity, on all occasions, she would learn to keep it under some control."—p. 26.

The American aloe Mr. Walsh describes in the following words:—

"This magnificent plant, which I found in every part of the country, forms a circle of lanceolate leaves, sometimes eighteen feet in circumference, the leaves themselves being eight feet long, exceedingly strong and sharp. The flower-stem is two and a half feet in circumference at the base, and shoots up to the height of thirty feet; from this project innumerable horizontal footstalks, from whence hang myriads of campanulate blossoms, so that the form of this grand flower is that of a pine-tree, for which it might be mistaken. I saw in some places when I set out, this stem beginning to protrude itself from the midst of the leaves, and on my return it had attained the magnitude of a pine-tree of twenty years' growth. What an idea does this give of the vigour of vegetation in this country, where such a vast mass of beautifully organized vegetable matter could be formed in so short a time from one root! Its existence, however, is as short-lived as its growth is rapid: already had the succulent stem begun to decay at its base; and a strong wind had prostrated many of them across the road, the dimensions of which I measured. The stems lay rotting and useless, but the leaves yield a strong fibre, which is twisted unto cordage."—p. 26A.

The insects, Mr. Walsh represents as of a gigantic size. The spider must stand as a specimen for the rest.

"Among the insects is an enormous spider, which I did not observe elsewhere. In passing through an opening between some trees, I felt my head entangled in some obstructions, and on withdrawing it, my light straw hat remained behind. When I looked up, I saw it suspended in the air, entangled in the meshes of an immense cobweb, which was drawn like a veil of gauze across the opening, and was expanded from branch to branch

of the opposite trees, as large as a sheet, ten or twelve feet in diameter. The whole of this space was covered with spiders of the same species, but of different sizes; some of them, when their legs were expanded, forming a circle of six or seven inches in circumference. They were particularly distinguished by bright spots. The cords composing the web were a glossy yellow, like the fibres of silk-worms, and equally strong. I wound off several on a card, and they extended to the length of three or four yards."—p. 301.

The serpents of Brazil claim a share in the magnificent works of nature, but among these the boa constrictor holds the most conspicuous rank.

"The boa constrictor was once an inhabitant of these woods, but he has now retired far from the haunts of men, into the remotest forests of the Mato Grosso. His skin, however, is frequently used; it is tanned, and forms a hide nearly as thick as that of an ox. I have often seen boots and saddles made of its leather. Notwithstanding the quantity of serpents which still exist in the country, and the venomous quality of some of them, it is very rare to meet with a person who has suffered from their bite. I scarcely passed a day, at any distance from Rio, without meeting with one crossing, or by the side of the road, and the negroes enter the places where they are known to abound, with bare feet; yet I never could hear of one who had suffered from their poison."—p. 379.

The ship, called the Northern Star, in which Mr. Walsh embarked on leaving the Brazils, he has thought worthy of particular notice, and his account of the living inmates, may amuse the reader, without inducing him to wish that he had been on board.

"The Northern Star had been three years on the coast of Africa, and she was stowed with all manner of African produce; between decks was a perfect menagerie, with different kinds of monkeys, parrots, and paroquets, which every one was bringing home to his friends; and I was awake in the morning by such a concert of chattering and screaming as made me think myself in Exeter 'Change, on a visit to Pidcock. But besides these larger animals, the ship swarmed with others that were not so agreeable. Myriads of ants, of a smaller size, but of a tougher consistence, and much harder to be killed than those at Rio, abounded in every direction, and devoured every animal and vegetable substance they could come at; they appeared to have destroyed all the fleas and bugs, but they then occupied their places, taking possession of our beds, and giving us no rest at night. Next came the cockroaches, of a size almost incredible. When I first saw them flying across my cabin, I thought they were some small African birds; for they moved with a force, and evinced a strength and activity, altogether superior to what I could imagine of any of the insect tribe. They formed a nidus in every cavity; and whenever a fold of cloth or linen was opened, it was covered with their eggs or progeny in different stages.

"Another, and much more serious annoyance, were centipedes. These venomous creatures, sometimes four or five inches long, took refuge behind every projection that afforded them a retreat; and whenever a box, or even a book, was removed in my cabin, one or more of these monsters was seen gliding along, with his multitude of feet, and threatening every one that approached him with his venomous fangs.

"To encounter these plagues, Captain Arabin told me of a very singular device he had adopted. There is on the coast of Africa a very large and ravenous spider, resembling a tarantula, which feeds on all other insects, particularly the cockroach; and ships sometimes encourage them on

board to prey upon the other insects, as cats are taken to destroy rats and mice. With this view, he said, he had actually taken six on board, and found them of considerable service. I had no mode of judging how far the other insects had comparatively lessened, but certainly these spider cats had enormously increased. In every angle of the timbers, in my cabin, a huge one had taken up his abode, his body nearly as large as a walnut, and his legs radiating from it in a circumference of seven or eight inches. They were not furnished with papulae, and formed no webs. I adopted what I thought a more effectual method of abating the nuisance. I procured a bottle of rum, which I directed my servant to hang up in the cabin, and immerse in it every crawling thing he could catch; in a very short time he filled it with all manner of misshapen and hideous objects.

"Another effect of an African climate was that produced on the biscuit. It was taken on board at Sierra Leone, and in the passage to Rio, the larvæ in the flour had generated living insects, which burrowed in the bread, and filled it with curculios and different animalcules; it was literally 'instinct with life'; so that, when a piece of it was laid on the table, it began to move by its own internal living machinery. It was necessary to consume this on board, before fresh could be served out; but the providence of the captain had laid in a stock of flour at Rio, and we had fresh bread baked every day."—p. 471.

During their voyage homeward the ship was surrounded by sharks, which Mr. Walsh describes as both numerous and voracious, and several instances are given of their strength and boldness. Referring to the coast of Africa, where these destroyers of human life abound, he records some acts of daring intrepidity in the conduct of an Irish sailor, and with these we must finish our extracts.

"There was, however, one man on board, who had, on various occasions, shewed the most extraordinary intrepidity among sharks; he was an Irishman of the name of Burke. He was a careless fellow, and had been sent from Maldstone as worthless and incorrigible.

"Captain Arabin discerned something more in his character: found him a person of light and frolicsome humour, but a good sailor, and, moreover, a man of the kindest heart, and the most intrepid humanity. This he evinced on the coast of Africa on several occasions. Whenever a man fell overboard, Burke leaped after him, and saved him before a boat could be lowered.

"The river Bonny was full of the most ravenous sharks. On one occasion, a boat's crew were bringing the corpse of their captain on shore, to be buried. His feet projected over the gunwale, and a shark seized them. In trying to save the body the boat upset, and the whole crew were devoured by them except one, whom Burke saved, by leaping fearlessly into the sea, and supporting him till they were taken up by another boat. On another occasion, in the river of Sierra Leone, where it was full of sharks, a sailor fell overboard from the commodore's ship. None of his shipmates had courage to attempt to save him; but Burke, who saw the man struggling in the water at some distance, immediately leaped from the deck of the North Star, swam to him through these ferocious fish, and supported him till they were both taken up by a boat. Commodore Collier, who was looking on, was affected even to tears at this extraordinary instance of magnanimous philanthropy, and sent him some dollars.

"Had he lived in the days of the ancient Romans, his fellow-citizens would have presented him with a rostral or civic crown, and erected a statue to his memory. The name of Burke seems destined to denote the extremes of evil and good. One man who bore it, is stigmatized as a fearful

destroyer of human life, the other distinguished as its most intrepid preserver."—p. 497.

We have now gone through these very interesting volumes, and if the reader's views are in unison with our own, we shall not regret having transcribed so largely from the author's pages. Mr. Walsh has proved himself both an observing and an intelligent traveller. His work abounds with lively descriptions, and animated sketches, similar to those we have so copiously given. Numerous anecdotes are interspersed, and characteristic incidents arise in every stage of his journey. But it is useless to multiply remarks on a publication where censure would be misapplied, and even praise would be superfluous.

REVIEW.—*Discourses on various Subjects relating to the Being and Attributes of God and his Works, in Creation, Providence, and Grace.* By Adam Clarke, LL.D. F.R.S. Vol. III. 8vo. pp. 408. Mason, London. 1830.

THESE discourses belong to a series, of which this is the third volume. The two former, which have already passed under our notice, contain some of the fundamental truths which lie at the basis of our holy religion; and we are happy to find that this is not inferior to its predecessors.

In a short advertisement, the author informs us, that "several of the discourses in this volume were printed some years ago as separate pamphlets, and had passed through three or four editions." These are now united, and bear their part in the series to which they seem naturally to belong; but having in their detached form obtained an extensive circulation, their titles and contents will be familiar to many readers.

It must not, however, be supposed, that this want of primitive originality will in anywise detract from their merit. Their claims to patronage have already undergone the ordeal of public opinion; and this has long since decided in favour of their intrinsic excellence. It is a maxim among lawyers, that legal investigation strengthens the title which passes honourably through examination, and that the property thereby secured derives an additional value from the rigour of the scrutiny. This principle applied to the discourses before us, places them on elevated ground, where the truths developed, and the talents of the author, appear to their mutual advantage.

The first discourse on "the corruption that is in the world through lust," contains an able epitome of this important doctrine. It places human degeneracy in a truly scrip-

tural light, and points out in a masterly manner the nature, the necessity, and the all-sufficiency of human redemption through Christ.

The second discourse on "Divine revelation" furnishes an historical synopsis of the popular evidence on which Christianity is founded. It embodies a considerable range of thought on this groundwork of our faith, and occasionally enters deeply into some of those classical and critical branches of the subject, with which the learned author has been long familiar.

In the third sermon, "The love of God to a lost world," is placed in an amiable and a commanding light. For the doctrine of general redemption Dr. Clarke has always shewn himself a zealous advocate; and in these pages we find abundant proof that his abilities to defend it, are not inferior to his zeal.

"The nature and design of the holy Eucharist," appears to be a laboured production, and, as a sermon, is rather out of place. It has been long before the public as a distinct treatise, and this seems to be its proper character. On the importance and necessity of receiving the eucharist, considerable stress is laid; and all that learning, criticism, extensive reading, and the vigorous efforts of a mighty mind, can supply, are brought to bear in favour of this Christian rite. Its observance is viewed as every thing but essential to salvation.

"The Christian prophet and his work," when first published excited a considerable degree of attention; and although several years have elapsed since that period, it has stood its ground, and is well known among the author's detached discourses.

"The rights of God and Cæsar" is still more extensively known. From its title it obtains a political countenance, and its contents in some measure sanction the name it bears. It first appeared when the public mind was in a state of considerable ferment, during the French revolution, and was not without its influence on vast multitudes, who had caught the contagion of the day.

On "The origin and end of civil government," we made some observations in our number for March last, without then expecting so soon to find it assuming a more permanent form. We then remarked, "that the tide of public opinion, political ferment having subsided, was now favourable for dispassionate investigation, and to all who wished for much information within a narrow compass, we would recommend this lecture." In its present station it has no alliance with either Whig or Tory; and it is only on this neutral ground, that its reason-

ings can be fairly weighed, and its merits fully appreciated.

On the other discourses in this volume, similar observations might be made, but we have neither time nor room to extend them. The subjects investigated are of considerable moment, though in general they are not of that fundamental character which distinguished those of the preceding volumes. They have, however, a strong bearing on man, whether we view him in his moral, his social, or his civil relations. In these, his duties and his rights are defined, under the sanctions of scriptural authority; and every well-regulated mind will be glad to learn, that despotism and anarchy are alike excluded from the politics of Christianity.

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REVIEW.—*India's Cries to British Humanity relative to the Suttee, Infanticide, &c. &c.* By J. Peggs. 8vo. pp. 528. Second Edition. Seeley, London. 1830.

WHEN this work first appeared, we noticed it with much respect in our review department. Since that time, the author, with commendable industry, humanity, and zeal, has made some very considerable additions, and rendered it an interesting, well-timed, and valuable publication. On the melancholy subjects of which it treats, the information communicated is both varied and important, and in its present state, it is a book which ranks highly in our estimation.

Mr. Peggs, who has been a missionary in India, proves, from indisputable authority, that the horrid practice of burning widows, and destroying infants, might be easily abolished, without in the least endangering the tranquillity of our Asiatic possessions. It appears also, that even the natives would feel but little repugnance to an edict, that should prohibit a custom at which human nature revolts, although it has been sanctioned by immemorial usage.

By recent accounts from India it would appear, that government is turning its attention, in a serious manner, to the cries of victims devoted to immolation, that some preliminary steps have been already taken, and that others may be expected, which will speedily wipe away this bloody dishonour from our national character. Petitions to parliament on the occasion may tend very much to facilitate this desirable object. Many have already been presented, and the circulation of this volume can hardly fail to produce many more. It places idolatry, and its associate cruelties and abominations, in a proper light; and few will envy the feelings of that person,

who can peruse its pages, without becoming a convert to the claims of humanity.

In several places this book has created a powerful sensation: and, by its instrumentality, called into existence, societies now in active operation to promote the abolition at which it aims. We feel much pleased to find that it has reached a second edition, and are highly gratified with its respectable appearance; but our chief delight arises from the detestation of idolatrous murders which it excites, and the animating hope it inspires, that the triumphs of humanity and justice cannot be remote.

REVIEW.—*Lectures on the Apocalypse.*—

By William Jones, M.A. 8vo. pp. 626. Holdsworth, London. 1830.

UNFULFILLED prophecy is a profound abyss, to the bottom of which no human plummet has ever yet descended. Innumerable attempts have been made to fathom its depths, and unveil its hidden recesses; but the great arcanum still lies involved in the shadows of futurity, and until these are removed by the flight of time, and the actual appearance of events, the best concerted schemes, and fairest wrought systems of those who "venture down the dark descent," are little better than plausible conjectures.

This volume comprises forty-five lectures, delivered to the Scotch Baptist Church, assembling for worship in Aldermanbury, London, to whom it is dedicated. Mr. Jones begins with the commencement of the Apocalypse, and proceeds regularly through all its chapters in consecutive order, selecting for the subjects of his lectures the various passages as they arise in succession. It is a series of discourses bearing the name of lectures on the whole book of the Revelation.

In delivering these lectures, the author does not appear to be indissolubly attached to any preconceived hypothesis. He founds his theory on what he conceives to be the obvious import of the passages under consideration, and the undeniable inferences to which they lead, the whole of which he combines in one harmonious system of interpretation.

In prosecuting his work, Mr. Jones carefully avoids those local events which started up during the French Revolution, in which many of our writers fancied they saw an application of prophetic language displayed in its clearest development. He has, also, in general cautiously omitted to assign any definite period for the accomplishment of scriptural predictions; and when the subject

seemed to demand some specific avowal, the times are mentioned with caution, and placed at a more prudent distance than may prove gratifying to the impetuosity of undeveloping zeal.

To the belief that Christ will personally reign on earth a thousand years, which with some writers of the present day is a favourite topic, Mr. Jones is by no means a convert: he finds no second coming of the Redeemer, but when he shall appear in glory to raise the dead and judge the world. The first resurrection he is not disposed to admit in its literal sense, but as denoting a revival of genuine Christianity; and to nearly all the passages in the Apocalypse, which, if taken literally, cannot be viewed without amazement, he gives a spiritual interpretation. He considers them as figurative, bold, and metaphorical, susceptible of a fair and consistent meaning when surveyed in this light, but liable to insuperable objections, and big with absurdities, when deprived of their spiritual application.

The millennium, Mr. Jones views as an exalted state of the Church of Christ, as an improved condition of the civil and moral world, which includes the following particulars:—*A remarkable effusion of the Holy Spirit*, similar to what took place on the day of Pentecost; *An universal spread of the gospel*, diffusing the knowledge of the Lord throughout the world, in a more extensive and effectual manner, than at any former period; *the purity of church communion*; *the divine special presence and residence*; *universal peace and tranquillity*; *civil rulers and judges distinguished for the righteous and peaceable administration of their respective offices*; and finally, *the righteousness of all the true subjects of the Messiah's kingdom*.

Without attempting either to controvert or to advocate the views which Mr. Jones entertains on these momentous subjects, we feel disposed to assert, that his theory is far more rational, and more analogous to the physical nature of things, than any literal interpretation which has hitherto been presented to our notice. In what he has advanced we discover nothing visionary—nothing unscriptural; the order of heaven and earth is not disturbed, and the great events predicted of old appear in their solemn grandeur and placid beauty, without any elementary commotion, or disruption of nature's laws.

From the preceding observations the reader will be able to form a tolerably correct idea of the principles on which this work is founded; but the manner in which



the author has executed his task cannot be communicated in any quotation. On events that have taken place, and which are now matters of history, his language is strong, copious, and unembarrassed; and it is pleasing to observe with what exactness prophecy and its accomplishment are found to meet together on the stream of time.—There was a period when these were involved in obscurity; but light has dawned upon them, and all is clear. From this fact a striking passage is afforded, that events now buried in futurity will also emerge from darkness, and beam with equal lustre, when the day of their fulfilment arrives; and it is only to this that we can attach indubitable certainty.

In these lectures Mr. Jones has done much to illustrate various branches of the prophetic writings; and if in all cases he has not been successful, he has failed from the uncertainty of data, and because the subject is too vast and too profound for the human powers. Of what others have written he has readily availed himself, whenever occasion required; but his chief appeal is to the sacred Scriptures. From these he has produced a mighty phalanx, which gives to his views an imposing aspect, and a sanction of plausibility; but beyond this we dare not hazard an opinion.

To the *realists* this volume will be thought to border on heresy; and we should not be surprised to find some feverish expressions charging the author with demi-blasphemy. With the sober and dispassionate it will, however, be viewed in a very different light. They will compare with the tenor of Scripture what has been advanced, and weigh with due deliberation the formidable objections to which the literal hypothesis is liable. From these premises, their conclusions cannot but be auspicious to Mr. Jones; and even among those who may doubt the legitimacy of his reasoning, this volume will be dismissed with respect; while such as are favourable to his views will hail it as a noble and successful effort to interpret prophecies which are unfulfilled.

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REVIEW.—*A View of the Peculiar Doctrines, Religious Worship, Ecclesiastical Polity, and Ceremonial Observances of the Roman Catholic Church.* By the Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue, M.A. Bvo. pp. 356. Longman. London. 1830.

THE author of this work must have devoted a considerable portion of time and attention to the various subjects of which

it treats. It was no easy task to distinguish genuine authority, from that which is spurious and doubtful, and to derive information from sources which all Roman Catholics allow to be legitimate. These discriminations, the author appears, however, to have made with accuracy, and the legitimacy of his appeals, we feel persuaded, no person will dispute.

In the first part of his volume, Mr. Donoghue has drawn from bulls and councils, the real views which Catholics entertain respecting infallibility, authority of the Pope, free-will, sin, invocation of saints and angels, indulgences, purgatory, merit of good works, sacraments, baptism, confirmation, mass, adoration of the host, penance and absolution, orders, extreme unction, matrimony, oaths, prayers in an unknown tongue, miracles, relics, images, &c. &c. Each of the above articles is stated at large, from books of acknowledged authority, of which the names, dates, and pages are explicitly given. These articles are followed by observations, which apply to the subject under immediate consideration, exposing its absurdity, and demonstrating its inconsistency with the word of God. Of these observations, a considerable portion is original, but many are taken from the writings of others, both ancient and modern, and in several instances, the Church of England is contrasted, in her ritual, articles, and homilies, with the communion of Rome.

To a mind that has not been shackled with the despotism of papal dogmas, or held in captivity from the cradle, the bulls and councils bring with them their own condemnation; but where the reasoning powers have been secured by early fetters, nothing can be two monstrous for credulity to swallow. The more unreasonable, absurd, and contradictory any proposition may appear, the more extended will be the area in which belief may operate, and the stronger will be the credulity which can gulp the nostrum without boggle or hesitation. A mind once brought into this state, will be prepared for every imposition which ingenuity can invent, or wickedness propose.

In exposing to the contempt they merit, the daring assumptions and pretensions of the Romish church, Mr. Donoghue has traced the process by which its votaries were assailed, subdued, and brought into captivity. The history is amusing; but no unprejudiced person can peruse it with attention, without heaving a sigh of pity for the degraded condition of man, imprisoned by the sorceries of enchantment,

from which he has neither inclination nor power to escape.

These daring inroads of papal usurpation, the author has combated with great force of argument, and much sharply-pointed satire. On the ground of reason, or the authority of scripture, popery admits of no defence, and Mr. Donnoghue's reasoning fears no refutation; but the former appealing to tradition, and arrogating to itself infallibility, lies entrenched in its own absurdities, and bids defiance to the only weapons by which imposture can be assailed and slain.

The second part of this volume refers to various customs, orders, ceremonies, and peculiarities of the Romish church, its priests, and votaries. These several subjects, the author treats in much the same manner as he does the preceding, and in the conclusion, we are conducted to nearly the same result; but we have neither time nor room to enter into any extended analysis. It is a work which brings popery to bear witness against itself; and out of its own mouth, Mr. D. has drawn forth its condemnation, which he reads aloud, and publishes to the world.

**REVIEW.**—*The Christian Ministry, with an Enquiry in the Causes of its Insufficiency, with an especial Reference to the Ministry of the Establishment.* By the Rev. Charles Bridges, B.A. Second Edition, 12mo. pp. 638. Seeley. London. 1830.

IN several respects this volume exhibits a system of Christian ethics; but in many others it assumes a sermonizing character, and, on scriptural grounds, explains, discusses, and enforces the leading doctrines of the gospel. The title "*Christian Ministry*," is rather a generic than a specific appellation, for under its extended application are arranged, the various branches of duty, both directly and indirectly connected with the ministerial profession. It may be gathered from his title-page, that the author is a clergyman of the establishment, and, as a natural consequence, we find that the greater portion of his work is devoted to the interests of the national church. He has not, however, passed over other Christian communities and modes of worship in contemptuous silence, neither has he treated the principles on which they are founded with disdain, or impugned the motives of their numerous and learned advocates. In most of these respects a spirit of liberality is perceptible throughout, unimpaired by the disgusting anathemas with which a fierce

contention for truth is too frequently polluted.

The survey which Mr. Bridges has taken of his important subject, is both diversified and extensive, whether viewed in reference to individual piety or official character. From the writings of numerous authors, of high respectability, he has taken many valuable extracts, to fortify his own opinion, and confirm what he has advanced.

To the authority of scripture he also makes an almost constant appeal, and never appears to have more confidence in the validity of his arguments, than when they are supported with a "Thus saith the Lord."

For the doctrines of grace, as they are technically denominated, Mr. Bridges is a warm advocate, and the common phraseology by which the system is distinguished, may be found without much difficulty scattered throughout his pages. Aware, however, that the spirit of antinomianism haunts his theory, he has entered his protest against this fiery dragon, which threatens to devour all moral excellence. We give him the utmost credit for his sincerity, but we cannot avoid suspecting, that it is the man rather than his principles, by whom the monster is repelled.

But notwithstanding these peculiarities, for which, on all similar occasions, due allowance must be made, this volume imbibes much that is praiseworthy, much that is interesting, and much that is instructive. Taking his stand on scripture ground, the author rather informs us what a minister should be, than describes pastors as they really are. It is a work from which both churchmen and dissenters may derive many valuable hints, which, reduced to practice, would display reformation radically reformed.

Surveyed in its numerous relations, and awful responsibilities, Mr. Bridges invests the ministerial character with a degree of solemnity every way suited to its importance. The holy shrine he has consecrated in the language of scripture and genuine piety, and guarded the entrance against the intrusion of unhallowed footsteps, and the touch of sacrilegious hands. But these views will best appear in his own words; and having inserted them, we shall not be disposed to disturb the serious impressions they are calculated to make, by any additional observations.

"In taking a general view of the subject of ministerial qualifications we might class them under the three divisions of spiritual character, spiritual attainments, and spiritual gifts.

"1. If the ministry be a spiritual work, a corresponding spiritual character seems to be required in its administrators. It must be a most flattering

delusion to suppose a fitness for the work, where there is no suitable principle, end, encouragement, or assistance; no care, concern, or expectation of success; no interest in the engagements, except as they may provide for self-gratifications. It is not, therefore, too much to expect of ministers, that they should be in a peculiar sense men of God—men taught of God—men consecrated to God by a daily surrender of their time and talents to his service—men of singleness of purpose—living in their work—living altogether but for one end, and, for the promotion of this end, moved by none of the affections, that await them, counting not their lives dear to them, so that they may finish their course with joy, and the ministry which they have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. Such was the Apostle Paul, the living example of his own ministerial instructions. Such is the high character of the Christian ministrations, as this faithful servant of his master drew it out in his episcopal charge to his clergy of Ephesus, which, as Mr. Baxter truly observes, 'better deserveth study than most things that young students do lay out their time in. O brethren, write it on your study doors, or set it as your copy in capital letters, still before your eyes. Could we but well learn two or three lines of it, what preachers we should be! Write all this upon your hearts, and it will do yourselves and the church more good than twenty years' study of those lower things, which, though they get you greater applause in the world, yet, separated from these, will make you but sounding brass and tinkling symbols.'

"It is obvious, however, that this standard of spiritual devotedness, presupposes in the minister the principles of personal piety of a deep tone, experimental character, and devotional habit, such as is habitually exercised in self-denial, prominently marked by love to the Saviour, and to the souls of his fellow-sinners, and practically exhibited in a general course of a consistent and blameless conduct. The apostle justly pronounces a novice to be disqualified for this holy work. The bare existence of religion in its acknowledged sincerity, provides but slender materials for this important exigency. A babe in grace and knowledge is palpably incompetent to become a teacher of babes, much more a guide of the fathers. The school of adversity, of discipline, and of experience, can alone give the needful qualification of the tongue of the learned. Some measure of eminence, and habitual aim towards greater eminence, is indispensable for ministerial completeness; such, however, as will never fail to be acquired in the diligent use of the means of divine appointment—the word of God, and prayer."—p. 40.

REVIEW.—*Memorials of Christian Friendship. Third Edition enlarged. By Isaac Mann, M.A. 12mo. pp. 372. Harding, London. 1830.*

It can hardly be said that this is a Sunday school-book, although it approaches very nearly to works which fall under this denomination. It contains a biographical sketch, and delineates the Christian experience of about thirty individuals, whose personal piety has been deemed by the author worthy of being recorded. In general, these persons were young; but as the author was personally acquainted with them, and "offers nothing to the reader, of the truth of which he was not fully assured," we may rely on his responsibility for the accuracy of his statements.

The dedication is by no means prepossessioning; its contents being better adapted

for a private letter, than to meet the public eye. We are not aware that the following passages will furnish to the great mass of genuine believers, a satisfactory outline of Christian experience.

"While the attainments of my friends in Christian piety are exhibited, yet it is not denied, that they had their infirmities and sins. This they knew; and mourned over their follies with unaffected godly sorrow. They sought forgiveness of God by Jesus Christ; and, I doubt not, they obtained mercy. Faith in the atonement of Christ, and repentance towards God, were constantly maintained; and thus was peace of conscience obtained; thus were abundant consolations enjoyed," p. viii.

But notwithstanding the low and questionable ground on which Mr. Mann has erected his standard of Christian experience, no doubt can be entertained, that many of those whose lives he has recorded, were truly estimable characters, deriving their consolations from "the love of God shed abroad in their heart by the Holy Ghost given unto them," and not from any hypothetical experience, which takes its altitude from the mensuration of a creed.

Many pleasing instances are given of divine grace operating on the minds of youth, transforming their tendencies, and leading them to seek happiness in the Fountain of all spiritual and moral good. In some cases the beneficial effects of pious example and early instruction are too conspicuous to be overlooked; and the obvious inference to which they lead is, that what has been realized by some, might, under similar causes, be produced in others. We must not, however, forget, that without the divine blessing, and the primary operation of the grace of God, all human efforts will be rendered abortive. This important point the author keeps invariably in view.

To young persons these biographical and characteristic sketches inculcate many instructive lessons, teaching by example as well as by precept, and saying in their practical effects—"Go thou, and do likewise." The three editions through which this work has passed evince that it has been favourably received by the religious public, on whose patronage it has a rational and scriptural claim.

REVIEW.—*The Family Oblation; or, Prayers for Domestic Worship, original and selected. 12mo. pp. 348. Nisbet, London. 1830.*

THIS manual of devotion contains a regular series of morning and evening prayers

for every day during six weeks. To these are added twenty-two occasional prayers, that have a relation to certain days, times, and occasions, which are of frequent recurrence in families. The names of the authors being connected with the devotional compositions, we find among them many who are well known for piety, talents, and orthodoxy, in the religious world. Some of these are living characters; but a much greater number have retired from a state of probation, and left their writings as a legacy to posterity.

By whom this compilation has been made does not appear; but this omission of name can neither diminish nor increase the value of the book. The prayers for a week, and also the occasional prayers, we are informed in an advertisement, have been furnished by Dr. Belfrage, of Falkirk, in Scotland; but whether these are original, or collected from others, the word "furnished" is too indefinite to decide.

The prayers in this volume appear in perfect conformity with the fundamental principles and doctrines of the gospel.—They embrace a great variety of matter, and, in the true spirit of devotion, elevate the mind to the great Fountain of holiness and happiness. The degenerate state of man is uniformly inculcated, and salvation is ascribed exclusively to the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. The aids of the Holy Spirit are also regularly implored, it being through his agency alone that our petitions can find access to God.

Nor are the effects to be produced in the heart and on the life slightly touched.—Faith instrumentally working by love, and renewing the soul in righteousness, is always kept in view; and the providence of God superintending the magnified and the minute concerns of life, meets with a ready acknowledgment.

To forms of prayer, we are well aware that many have an insuperable objection.—But when the question is brought to this issue, to use a form, or omit prayer altogether, we apprehend few will hesitate in what manner it shall be decided. Genuine sincerity is of more importance than the admission or omission of forms.

In the formulary before us, a devout mind may pray with the spirit and with the understanding also. We have seen many excellent compilations, and this has a right to claim a station among them. Viewed as a whole, it is calculated to inform the mind of its moral relation to God, and to impress upon it a general knowledge of the way in which sinners may obtain pardon, favour, renovation, and heaven.

REVIEW.—*Remedies for the Church in Danger, or Hints to the Legislature on Church Reform. By the Rev. J. Acaster, Vicar of St. Helen's, York, and Domestic Chaplain to the late Earl of Mexborough. Seeley. London.*

LORD BACON observes, "Every medicine is an innovation, and he that will not apply new remedies, must expect new evils; for time is the greatest innovator. And if time of course alters things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?"

What the inductive philosopher observes of things in general, the Vicar of St. Helen's applies to the Church of England in particular. In a former publication, he very feelingly expressed his conviction, that the mother church is in a morbid state, and that, as an affectionate son, it was his duty to make her situation publicly known, in order that immediate relief might be had. Some would view his fears as the offspring of hypochondria, others would think them well-grounded. Whatever difference of opinion may have been upon the subject, all must acknowledge, that the remedies pointed out, would, if skilfully applied, restore the mother church to her pristine vigour. And we are exceedingly glad that he uses no quackery in his proposed remedies, for all his prescriptions are taken from a legalized dispensatory. The author, therefore, deserves well of all the friends of the Church of England, as he has carefully avoided the nostrums of our giddy-headed political quacks, who recommend nothing but bleeding and amputation to every thing rendered venerable by age, and inviolable by custom.

Our author commences his work, by declaring his conviction, that all the endowments which have either been bequeathed or granted to the church, are inviolable, and that none but sacrilegious hands would attempt to deprive her of them. So far he bespeaks our favour and good opinion. But he complains of abuses in the administration of these good things, and warmly recommends a rectification of them. He certainly has made out a strong case. And it will be wiser in those who have power to rectify abuses, to begin their work in time, than leave the business to gothic hands, which are more skilled in desolating, than in repairing.—Yet it is our duty to say, that the Act passed in 1817, has done much towards removing certain abuses. Still that must be followed up by others, else the greatest evils will

remain untouched. We must also express our belief, that some of our eminent prelates have been using active measures to rectify those abuses which come under their control, but there are others of them who express their dread of a single stone being removed, lest the whole fabric should tumble.

Now, we really see neither wisdom nor taste in this: for mossy stones may be scraped, decayed stones may be removed, and bricks, clay, and mortar, which blind some of the finest gothic windows, may be pulled down, and thrown into a puddle, and the building, instead of being injured, will be improved. We also beg leave to say, that it is no unpleasing sign of the times, that never since the fatal Act of St. Bartholomew's day, has the Church of England had such a number of pious, zealous, and learned clergymen, as are at this time within her pale; and that the wide chasm, which has so long separated churchmen and dissenters, is now narrowing, by their mutually throwing into it the prejudices and bigotry of their forefathers. Should Mr. Acaster be unfortunately situated near some of both parties, who are endeavouring to widen the chasm on each side, we advise him to caution them not to dig too deep, lest the incoherent materials among which they are uselessly labouring should give way, and bury them without ceremony.

Our author, perceiving symptoms of disease, in the distribution of the revenues of the church—in the mode of admittance to holy orders—in the discharge of parochial duties—in pluralities—in non-residence—in sinecures—in wide bishoprics, and in episcopal visitations, has prescribed a separate remedy for each. If he wish all these remedies applied at once, we fear that his patient's life will be in danger: for cathartics and stimulants, depletion and tonics, absorbents and sudorifics, must all be used; and surely it would argue a want of medical skill, to attempt all at the same time.

That some, if not all of these remedies, are necessary, no man in his sober senses will deny. Yes, they were necessary many years ago! for Hooker and Wilson, Paley and Johnson, recommended most of them in their days. And if "time alters things to the worse," as Lord Bacon asserts, our author has stronger reasons than his predecessors to sound an alarm. We have his compatriot, "Church Reform," at our elbow, while making our remarks. He seems a polite gentleman, makes his bow when we ask him any questions, and

says that he is sorry any one should be offended with his observations. He finds fault with our author's remedies, as being deficient in number. For, he observes, that there are none, either for the better regulation of the church service; or, for the allowing of what are called "the objectionable clauses" in the Athanasian creed; the prayer for the King; the baptismal and burial services. We ourselves should have been glad to hear Mr. Acaster's opinion upon these last subjects, as we know many, whose physical powers cannot carry them through the whole of the morning service; especially on sacrament days. And if he wishes the church to revert merely to her original constitution, in order to be popular and useful, we see no reason why he should not recommend the morning service to be divided as it was originally, and as it is now used in Worcester Cathedral. Though the Vicar of St. Helen's book will not be of any substantial use to the *οἱ πολλοί*, yet we strongly recommend it to the careful perusal of the legislature; the bishops, the heads of colleges, and the patrons of livings.

*Optima quaque seligant.*

REVIEW.—*The Cabinet Cyclopædia. By the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, LL.D. &c. &c. Biography: Eminent British Lawyers. By Henry Roscoe, Esq.—12mo. 428. Longman and Co. London. 1830.*

If the utility and entertainment which these volumes afford, were brought into competition, it would be difficult to say in favour of which the scale would preponderate.—They seem to contain such a considerable share of both, that he who reads for entertainment is sure to be interested; while he who seeks after useful information, cannot fail to be amused. In this volume we have a biographical sketch of several of the more celebrated lawyers of our country, frequently accompanied with some specimens of their oratorical powers, associated with general remarks on their domestic habits and professional characters. Example, however, will be far more convincing than precept; and from this, rather than from any of our own observations, we wish the reader to form his opinion.

Of that celebrated man, Sir Edward Coke, the following picture is by no means pleasing:—

"One of the most celebrated cases in which Coke appeared, while he held the office of attorney-general, was that of the Earls of Essex and Southampton; who, on the 19th of February, 1600, were tried before the Lords for high treason. In the conduct of the charge against the accused, the attorney-general dis-

played some of that acerbity of temper and coarseness of feeling which have since become his character, in other respects deserving of the highest esteem.—'Now, in God's most just judgment,' said he, 'he of his caridom shall be Robert the last, that of the kingdom thought to be Robert the first.'—Knox indignantly answered him, 'Will your Lordships give us our turns to speak? for he playeth the orator, and abuseth our ears and us with slanders; but they are but fashions of orators in corrupt states.' But it was during the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, which took place three years subsequently to that of Essex, that the full violence of Coke's temper displayed itself.—It is difficult to assign any adequate cause for the indecent eagerness with which he pressed the case against the prisoner, and for the harsh and cruel language with which he assailed him. In the course of the attorney-general's address, Raleigh interrupted him. 'To whom speak you this? you tell me news I never heard of.' To which Coke replied: 'Oh, sir, do I? I will prove you the notorious traitor as ever came to the bar. After you have taken away the king, you would alter religion; as you, Sir Walter Raleigh, have followed them of the bye in imitation, for I will charge you with the words.' 'Your words cannot condemn me,' said Raleigh: 'my innocence is my defence. Prove one of those things wherewith you have charged me, and I will confess the whole indictment, and that I am the horriest traitor that ever lived, and worthy to be crucified with a thousand cruel tortures.' 'Nay,' answered Coke, 'I will prove all. Thou art a heretic; thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart. Now you must have money.—Armsburg was no sooner in England (I charge thee, Raleigh,) but thou incitest Cobham to go unto him, and to deal with him for money, to bestow on discontented persons to raise rebellion in the kingdom.'—'Let me answer for myself,' said Raleigh. 'Thou shalt not,' was the fierce and brutal reply of Coke.—Again, on Raleigh observing that the guilt of Lord Cobham was no evidence against himself, Coke replied, 'All that is in anger; but by thy insinuation, thou viper! for I show thee, thou traitor.' 'It becometh not a man of quality and virtue to call me so,' was Raleigh's dignified rebuke; 'but I take comfort in it. It is all you can do.' 'Have I sinned you?' said Coke. 'I am in no case to be angry,' was Raleigh's answer. In other instances, during the trial, similar language was held by Coke towards the prisoner, till at length Cecil observed, 'Be not so impatient, Mr. Attorney-General: give him leave to speak.' On this rebuke Coke sat down in anger, and was with difficulty persuaded to proceed. When, at length, he resumed, he burst forth into a fresh torrent of invective, accusing Raleigh not only of the darkest treasons, but applying the epithet of 'Damnable atheist.' Nor was it merely by the intemperance of his language that Coke, on this occasion, disgraced himself. He adduced evidence against the prisoner, which, even in the then lax practice in the case of trials for treason, was obviously illegal. The declarations of living witnesses were brought forward; and it was principally upon this proof that the prisoner was convicted. Many years after this conviction, and notwithstanding the implied pardon upon which Raleigh insisted, arising out of his subsequent employment under the crown, he was brought before the Court of King's Bench, to have execution awarded against him; and upon this occasion Sir Edward Coke, who presided as Chief Justice, retracted the slander which he had cast on the religious opinions of the prisoner.—'I know,' said he, addressing Raleigh, 'you have been valiant and wise, and I doubt not but you retain both these virtues; for now you shall have occasion to use them. Your faith hath heretofore been questioned; but I am resolved you are a good Christian: for your book, which is an admirable work, doth testify as much.'—'In the year 1606, Sir Edward Coke, as attorney-general, conducted the prosecution against the parties implicated in the gunpowder conspiracy. His speech on this occasion exhibited a considerable portion of the same acrimony which had distinguished him on the trials of Essex and Raleigh. The violence which had before been directed against individuals, was now extended to the whole body of the Jesuits, against whom he declaimed with the utmost vehemence. Nor was he satisfied with denouncing the pervers of the law against the accused. When Sir Everard Digby, interrupting him, said, 'that he did not justify the fact, but confessed that he deserved the vilest death, and the most severe punishment that might be,' but that he was a humble petitioner for mercy and some moderation of justice,' Coke replied, with a cold-blooded cruelty, which must for ever stain his memory—'that he must not look to the king to be honoured in the manner of his death, having so far abandoned all religion and humanity in his action: but that he was rather to admire the great moderation and mercy of the king, in that, for so exorbitant a crime, no new torture answerable thereto was devised to be inflicted on him. And for his wife and

children: whereas he said that for the Catholic cause he was content to neglect the ruin of himself, his wife, his estate, and all, he should have his desire, as it is in the Psalms: Let his wife be a widow, and his children vagabonds; let his posterity be destroyed, and in the next generation let his name be quite put out. The peculiar quaintness of Coke's style was frequently displayed in the course of this speech.—S. P. Q. R., says the orator, 'was sometimes taken for these words *Senatus populusque Romanus*, the senate and people of Rome; but now they may truly be expressed thus, *Scilicet populus querit Romanus*, a foolish people that runneth to Rome.'—And here, continues the reporter, 'was very aptly and delightfully inserted and narrated the apologue or tale of the cat and the mice. The cat having a long time preyed upon the mice, the poor creatures at last for their safety contained themselves within their holes; but the cat, finding his prey to cease, as being known to the mice that he had indeed their enemy and a cat, devised this course following, viz. changeth his hue, getting on a religious habit, shaveth his crown, walks gravely by their holes, and yet perceiving that the mice kept their holes, and looking out suspected the worst, he formally and father-like said unto them, *Quod fursum non sum, frater, capes aspicis totum?* Oh brother! I am not as you take me for, no more a cat: see my habit and shaven crown! Hereupon some of the more credulous and bold among them were again, by this deceit, snatched up; and therefore, when afterwards he came as before to entice them forth, they would come out no more, but answered, *Cur tibi restat idem, vis tibi prout fidem*. Talk what you can, we will never believe you; you have still a cat's heart within you. You do not watch and pray, but you watch to prey. And so have the Jesuits, yes, and priests too; for they are all joined in the tails, like Samson's foxes. Ephraim against Manasse, and Manasse against Ephraim; and both against Judah.' Upon the trial of Garnet, for his participation in the same conspiracy, Coke thus described the prisoner: He hath many gifts and endowments of nature; by art learned, a good linguist, and by profession a Jesuit, and a superior, as indeed he is superior to all his predecessors in devilish treason; a doctor of Jesuits, that is, a doctor of five D.D.'s, as dissimulation, depositing of prices, disposing of kingdoms, daunting and deterring of subjects, and destruction.' Such was the whimsical style sanctioned by the taste of the day.—p. 2.

Of Lord George Jefferies, generally known by the appellation of bloody Jefferies, the history, character, and fate are thus described:—

'One of the most barbarous of the many cruel executions which took place at this time was that of Mrs. Lisle, a gentlewoman of upwards of seventy years of age, who had been, in fact, guilty of no offence whatever. She had harboured two men who had escaped from the court at Sedgemoor; but it did not appear that she was acquainted with their participation in the rebellion. One of the witnesses for the prosecution was a person of the name of Dunne, a presbyterian, whom Jefferies suspecting to be an unwilling witness, attacked with a coarseness of language and violence of demeanour which appear almost to have deprived the man of his senses. A few passages will sufficiently illustrate the temper of the Chief Justice.—'Why, thou vile wretch! dost thou think, because thou prevaricated in the court here, that thou canst do so with God above, who knows thy thoughts! And it is infinite mercy that, with those falsehoods of thine, he does not strike thee into hell! Jesus God! there is no sort of conversation or human society to be kept with such people as these are, who have no religion, but only in pretence.' Soon afterwards, addressing himself to the jury, he said, 'I hope, gentlemen of the jury, you take notice of the strange and horrible carriage of this fellow; and wretch you cannot but observe the spirit of that sort of people, what a villainous and devilish one it is. Good God! that ever the thing called religion (a word that people have so much abused) should ever wind up persons to such a height of impiety, that it should make them lose the belief that there is a God of truth in heaven!—A Turk is a saint to such a fellow as this; nay, a Pagan would be ashamed to be thought to have no more truth in him.' Colonel Penruddock having stated that Dunne, the witness, had asserted that he apprehended the persons who had taken refuge with Mrs. Lisle to be rebels, the following examination took place:—

'Jefferies.—What do you say to that, Dunne? It seems you told Barton that you apprehended them to be rebels.

'Dunne.—I apprehended them for rebels, my lord!

'Jefferies.—No, no; you did not apprehend them for rebels; but you hid them for rebels. But did you say to Barton that you took them for rebels?

'Dunne.—I take them to be rebels!

*Jeffries*.—You blockhead ! I ask you did you tell him so ?

*Dennis*.—I tell Barton so !

*Jeffries*.—Ay, is not that a plain question ?

*Dennis*.—I am quite clattered out of my senses ; I do not know what I say.

*Jeffries*.—But to tell the truth would rob thee of none of thy senses, if ever thou hadst any ; but it should seem that neither thou nor thy mistress the prisoner had any, for she knew nothing of it neither, though she had sent for them thither.

"At length the case went to the jury, who manifested a desire to retire ; upon which the Lord *Jeffries* expressed a great deal of impatience, and said he wondered that in so plain a case they would go from the bar." Having retired, "he would have sent to them with an intimation, that if they did not come quickly, he would adjourn, and let them lie by it all day."

The jury in about half an hour appeared, but it was only to express a doubt as to the sufficiency of the evidence. *Jeffries* told them that the fact they referred to had been proved. The foreman replied, that they did not remember it. *Jeffries* repeated his assertion, and added, that "if there were no proof, the circumstances and management of the thing were as full proof as need be." Upon this the jury, after some deliberation, brought in a verdict of *guilty*. It is stated by many historians that the jury, three several times, brought in a verdict of acquittal, which, by the threats of the Chief Justice, they were induced to retract ; but this fact does not appear from the report in the *State Trials*.—p. 125.

It will be readily admitted, that the character of Coke is shaded with severity, while that of *Jeffries* is stained with blood. Happily, however, the general portraiture of our English lawyers is enlivened with a more than due proportion of luminous rays.—These are exhibited in pleasing contrast with the preceding ; but the whole, by thus placing in an auspicious light the fidelity of the author, confers on the volume an excellence which considerably enhances its value.

REVIEW.—*The Picture of India, Geographical, Historical, and Descriptive, in two vols. 12mo. pp. 430—422. Whitaker. London. 1830.*

THE intercourse which commerce and enterprise have opened, during the last fifty years, between Europe and India, has introduced us to an acquaintance with these Oriental regions, which to all former generations was totally unknown. India, through all the stages of its history, has always been interesting to the inhabitants of Great Britain ; and the intensity increases with the renewed and diversified information which voyages and adventures every year develop. The author justly observes, that "the subject itself is one of the most interesting connected with man, or the planet he inhabits, that he has been attending to it for nearly thirty years, and that if his book be found not a good one, he has no plea to urge in mitigation."

It will be easily gathered from the title, that this work professes to embrace all that is valuable to the geographer, the naturalist, and the observer of man, under the diversified forms in which the human character appears. The first volume contains the geography and natural history of India, and

the second comprises an historical and descriptive account of the people. In each of these departments, this work is replete with valuable information, and perhaps no portion can be perused without exciting a considerable degree of interest.

In ranging through its wide dominions, sailing on its shores, and navigating its rivers, in scaling its mountains, penetrating its jungles, and traversing its glens, with the author, we are introduced to nations, of whose existence we had but indistinctly heard, and whose productions are not more novel and singular than the manners of the inhabitants. Of its rivers, provinces, geological peculiarities, soil, climate, seasons, scenery, and vegetation, it is scarcely possible to give within the limits of a review, any adequate or just analysis. In vegetable and animal life, in scenery, manners, and characters, varieties every where abound, and, perhaps, no observations which we can make will be so pleasing to the reader, as the extracts which we copy for his amusement and information.

Of the general and varied appearance of India, the author observes as follows :

"Its natural features are by turns the most sublime, and the most beautiful. Our loftiest mountains are but as mole hills to its stupendous ridges, the summits of which are as lofty as Ben Nevis would be, if piled on the top of Chimborazo. Our noblest rivers are but rills compared to its mighty streams, upon which navies can ride in the extreme drought, and which, in the rainy season, are seas, hundreds of miles in extent.

"The scenery is the most varied. In one place there are dry and thirsty deserts, stretching beyond the limits of vision ; in others, fat meadows, where the reeds and grass are so luxuriant, that the rhinoceros and the elephant gambol unseen. Here there are bold naked rocks, crumbling into dust by the action of the atmosphere, and there are dells and groves of the greatest beauty, and the richest foliage and perfume, interspersed with glowing lakes, and spotted with buildings of the most light and fantastic shapes. In one place, there are the richest fields, repaying the husbandman with several crops in the course of the year ; and in another, there are thick jungles of forest, which no man can penetrate, and yet which dare not be cleared away, or the soil on which they grow would be washed into the ocean, and the lands behind, to which they are at once a pestilence and a defence, would share the same fate.

"The climate too presents the greatest variations. The summits of the mountains rise far above the limits of animal life and vegetation, into the regions of perennial snow ; and the great rivers have their remote sources hung with icicles in the most ardent seasons, even where they issue from the earth in a state of ebullition. In other places the heat is excessive, even in situations far without the tropics, so that vegetation languishes and disappears, and Europeans are confined to their apartments, in which they are compelled to have recourse to artificial currents of air for refrigeration. In places, however, which lie much nearer to the equator, the rain is for six months of the year so violent, that all out-door operations are nearly suspended, and the people are obliged to victual their houses in a manner almost similar to that in which a ship is victualled for a voyage of the same duration ; and at the very season when this happens, (about fifteen degrees north near the west coast) the heat

is so intense at Calcutta, six hundred miles further to the north, but on the opposite side of the country, that pigeons are killed on the wing, and drop down dead in the streets; while a very brief exposure to the heat with the head naked, is sufficient to bring on a fatal *coup de soleil*."—vol. i. p. 6.

In the third and fourth chapters of the first volume, the numerous rivers are described in a lively and animated manner; and judicious observations are made on their winding courses, their tributary streams, and the variegated scenery which appears on their banks.

The fifth and two following chapters contain a brief, but perspicuous account of the various provinces, their cities, towns, population, and productions. Nothing, however, but the grand outline is brought before the reader, yet this is sufficient to give a general idea of their novelty and variety, a mere picture prohibiting any lengthened detail.

Among these provinces and cities, the name of Cashmere has been long familiar to the ears of British ladies. This city, the author observes, contains a population of between one hundred and fifty thousand, and two hundred thousand souls, and in former ages it appears to have been much larger, and more thickly peopled. The province of Cashmere he represents as exceedingly fertile, producing wheat, barley, rice, and fruits in great abundance. Saffron, of a very superior quality, is also among its productions, and is an article of export; but from its beautiful shawls it derives its principal fame.

"The shawls of Cashmere have long been celebrated, but though manufactured in the country, they are not a native product; for the long-haired goat, of the fur or down among the hair, of which they are made, is confined to the mountainous part of Thibet; and will not live to the south of the Hindu coast, or the Himalaya. A rival manufactory has also been set up at Delhi, where the wool can be obtained by the way of Hurdwar, so that it is probable this staple of Cashmere will fall off."—vol. i. p. 145.

In the eighth chapter, which treats of mineralogy and soil, the author observes, that petrified trees are sometimes found, of enormous magnitude.

"One of these is described as being sixty feet long, and eighty feet in diameter. The root is so hard as to strike fire with steel. It has nearly the same appearance as chalcedony, takes a similar polish, and is made into the same kind of trinkets.

"There is one fossil production to which great importance is attached by the natives, the Salgram stones of Gunduck, as each of these is a god ready made. This need not be wondered at in a country where a human being costs less than a donkey, and a divinity still less than a human being. So prone is the Hindu to be devout, that he pays his devotion to any thing; a stone, a block of wood on which a little red paint is smeared, a potsherd which has been dipped in the Ganges, or the droppings of a cow by the way side, is both a temple and an idol to the all-adoring Hindu. We need not, therefore, wonder at his adoration of the Salgram stones."—vol. i. p. 257.

Of the plants, trees, fruits, and flowers

which occupy the tenth chapter, the account is both lively and interesting. From among these vegetable productions many pleasing extracts might be taken, which display the picture of India to much advantage, but for these we must refer to the volume.

The eleventh chapter is purely zoological, and cannot be read without the most lively emotions. The strange accounts published respecting the sagacity of the elephant, the author considers to be in a great measure fabulous, though he allows it to be an astonishing animal, for strength, docility, and intelligence.

The rhinoceros stands next in rank to the elephant, both in size, power, and in-offensiveness, but hitherto man has been unable to command his labour.

Of lions in India, the author observes, no satisfactory account has ever been given; the ferocious tiger is, therefore, lord of the forest, among the ravenous tribe, and the greatest enemy to man. "The bound of the tiger when springing on his prey is tremendous, extending to the distance of one hundred, or one hundred and twenty feet."

With leopards, panthers, and other animals of the feline race, the territories of India abound, but the terror of their characters is swallowed up in the superior ferocity and formidable nature of the tiger.

Of snakes, bats, ants, and insects of various kinds, little more than a simple enumeration of the various species is given. We just hear their names, look upon them, catch a few leading features in their characters, and they disappear. To avoid being tedious, the author sometimes becomes too brief, and we pass to a second object before we are content to part with the first.

Among the birds of India, some are remarkable for their instinctive ingenuity, their exquisite plumage, and enormous size. In the first class appears the grossbeak, the peacock shines in the second, and the stork consummates the third. "The wings of this bird have an extension of nearly fifteen feet, its whole length is six or seven feet, and it stands five feet high."

The second volume contains ten chapters, which relate almost exclusively to the ancient and modern history of India, its revolutions, wars, conquest, and present condition, from the progressive increase of European power and dominion. The dress, manners, domestic economy, modes of life, manufactures, amusements, superstitions, marriage ceremonies, and funeral rites of the natives, furnish its most interesting part. But these topics have been so frequently brought be-



fore the public, that any further observations are scarcely necessary.

Twenty-four neatly executed wood cuts adorn these volumes. A map of India, a beautiful frontispiece, exhibiting a pass in the Ghauts, and two exquisitely engraven vignettes representing Indian costumes, give completion to the decorations. The work is neatly printed, and elegantly put out of hand.

To any new discoveries, or remarkable adventures, the author makes no pretensions. His materials, however, appear to have been derived from genuine sources, and being both abundant and diversified, he has so arranged them as to form a Picture of India, in decent keeping throughout all its parts, and in which light and shade are so disposed, that they mutually relieve, and impart character, to each other.

**REVIEW.**—*An Introductory Treatise on the Nature and Properties of Light, and on Optical Instruments.* By W. M. Higgins. 8vo. pp. 174. Nimmo. London. 1829.

THIS little volume professes to treat of a very interesting subject, namely, that medium by which we are enabled to distinguish objects through the assistance of the eyes. There are several theories of light, some of which suppose it to be material, and others, again, look upon it as an immaterial agent. Many view it as a mere quality, arising from intestine vibrations of the particles of matter on each other. This is the theory of Sir H. Davy, with respect to heat, and heat and light have been regarded by many as mere modifications of the same principle. Indeed, it would be difficult to decide any thing certain upon so abstruse a subject, especially where there is so little "tangible" upon which to found conclusions.

Light, however, evinces a great variety of agencies, and as it comes to us from the sun, seems to be a compound body, resolvable into seven primitive or elementary ones. This is derivable, from the well-known experiment of the prismatic spectrum.

It will be readily admitted, that the advantages to be derived from optical knowledge, depend not on our acquaintance with the essence of light, but on our observance of phenomena produced by the influence of given laws. To these, the author appears most commendably to have turned his attention; and though availing himself of all the assistance he could procure, his book furnishes convincing evi-

dence of his industry, and the scientific application of his talents.

In the early pages, however, when speaking of "matter and its properties," the following expressions occur, which he would do well to re-consider.

"But matter is that which can be infinitely divided, and consequently may exist infinitely, or have infinite extension. The idea of space without matter, is quite incomprehensible, and indeed seems a direct contradiction. From this it would appear, that there is no part of space, how small soever it may be, that is not possessed of matter, and therefore the extension of matter is infinite." p. 9.

Were Mr. Higgins to be asked how motion can be possible, if matter be coextended with space, or how any thing that is infinite could have been created? he would perhaps find it as difficult to furnish a satisfactory reply, as he would be unwilling to allow matter to be eternal.

On the subject of light, its production, properties, and laws, happily his views are more luminous, and his language is more guarded. To this he has turned his attention with greater care, and founded many of his observations on the immovable basis of experiment. With the nature and construction of optical instruments he has also made himself acquainted; but his description of the microscope, an instrument of great wonder, and of intense interest, is the only one we have room to lay before the reader.

"Microscopes are of three kinds—single, compound refracting, and compound reflecting. It is well known, that the nearer an object is to the spectator, the more clearly it is defined; for the larger the angle which an image subtends, the larger the object appears. From this we deduce, that the nearer an object is brought to the eye, the larger it appears.

"A single microscope consists of a convex lens, mounted in that way most convenient for the use of an observer. Place this between the eye and the object in the focus of the glass, and by this means the diverging rays will be refracted, and those rays from an object, which by their great divergency would not be collected by the crystalline lens of the eye, if the object were too near the eye, are rendered parallel, thus an enlarged and distinct view is obtained." p. 161-162.

This little volume comprises a great variety of useful information; and contains a short abstract of most things connected with this interesting subject. It is worthy the attention of all who desire an acquaintance with the principles of optics.

**REVIEW.**—*The Traveller's Lay. A Poem.* By Thomas Maude. Esq. A.M. Oron. 12mo. p. 94. Longman. London. 1830.

NOTWITHSTANDING the dedication of this poem to Mr. Moore, and the high encomiums which, in consequence, have been bestowed upon it by cotemporary reviewers, we deem it a performance of no extra-

ordinary merit. Attempts have been made in some quarters to draw it alongside the "Child Harold." Alas! the Traveller's Lay, bound up with Byron's "Pilgrimage," would resemble a little skiff lying under the stern of a hundred-and-forty-gun ship of war.

Many passages might be selected from this poem, which are little more than prose cut up into lines of a certain length. Some parts are languid; the expressions are occasionally quaint and affected; and the language is frequently monosyllabic, and deficient in euphony. Yet, with all these imperfections, the "Traveller's Lay" contains a good share of poetry. The following stanzas are at least pretty:—

"Morn on the hills! How lovely smiles the day  
To happy eyes that never knew a tear!  
Hailing alike the renovating ray  
In close-pent cities, and in deserts drear;  
But sorrow's self might bless its influence here,  
And dead hopes in chilled bosoms seem to live;  
While soaring cliffs and sweeping valleys cheer  
The fancy, and the struggling spirits strive  
To glow—as though youth, love, fame, friendship,  
could revive.

"Alas, for the light hopes of credulous youth!  
When fancy's rainbow pencil mingles sobly  
All radiant forms beyond the touch of truth,  
How the mind leads its colour to each clime,  
Imaging things beyond the birth of time!  
Then dawns the dream of immortality—  
Laurels, but guiltless of blood's stain and crime;  
And goals ne'er won, visions of things to be,  
Amuse the unbroken heart:—thus it was once  
with me.

"But pleasure brings her pall—and brighter things,  
Tinged with the hues of mind and fancy strong,  
Mock the pursuer's hope, or, caught, have wings  
That baffle and escape the grasp ere long—  
Leaving th' excited heart to its own wrong,  
And suffering doubly keen—while the bowed soul  
Droops o'er the wreck of high resolves—among  
Her slaves a slave—without that self-control,  
Which, binding shattered powers, refits the moral  
whole."—p. 26.

REVIEW.—*Rouge et Noir, and Versailles, a Poem; by William Read, Esq.* 12mo. pp. 134. Third edition. Longman, London. 1830.

If "the value of a book were to be estimated by its use," we might express surprise that the present volume should have arrived at a third edition. The author, however, appears to be the *chum* of nobility; the subjects of his poetry are familiar to the *haut ton*; the verse is negligent, and not very sensible; and his satire, like a cannon pointed at the moon, strikes nothing;—these, it will be admitted, are powerful recommendations to popular favour, if there is any truth in the adage, that "nine-tenths of mankind are simpletons."

"Rouge et Noir" consists of six cantos, which are severally named, "The Game;" "The Palais Royal," "Frescati," "The Salon," "The Sharper," "The Guillotine."

The first five of these contain little more than vapid sentiment, feeble poetry, and half-veiled indelicacy. The last canto, "The Guillotine," is unquestionably the best,

and the following extract has sufficient merit to justify its selection as the most favourable specimen of the volume.

A youth, it would appear, whose first lapse into vice originated at the gaming table, after passing through successive grades of wickedness, at length appeared on the public scaffold—a convicted murderer. The author, who seems to have been a spectator of this sad catastrophe, thus describes the incidents connected with it:

"The fettered victim in a cart came on;  
An aged priest prayed by him, but the prayer  
Passed to the winds; though, ever and anon,  
A crucifix was laid upon his ear  
White lip—he felt it not; for, wild and woe,  
His eye dilated round the crowded square,  
At last, with feverish gesture, quicker breath,  
He fixed it on the instrument of death.

"A shriek—a sudden and appalling shriek,  
That told a tale of helpless, hopeless pain,  
Startled the still suspense, and seemed to break  
The charm that held the crowd as by a chain:  
A fair young form, with death upon her cheek,  
Rushed frantic through the press, as if to gain  
Another look, another wild farewell—  
But, faint with agony, she swooned and fell.

"They bore her off:—With melancholy cheer,  
As some dark thought had o'er his spirit crept,  
The felon turned, and dashed away a tear—  
That voice had touched a nerve which long had  
slept.

The deeply wronged, alas! what led her near?  
Pale victim to a vow so badly kept!  
All else had left him to his last despair—  
But she was there to mourn him—she was there."

p. 90.

The canto closes with the dying speech of the murderer, from which we learn, that he had served under Napoleon, had become infected by a love of PLAY, and had finally, by the murder of a comrade in the heat of passion, brought himself to a premature and ignominious death.

"Versailles" is scarcely amenable to criticism; it is an "airy nothing."

REVIEW.—*The New First Class Book, &c. &c. By John Pierpont, Boston, America; re-edited by E. H. Barker, Esq.* 12mo. pp. 471. Simpkin. London. 1830.

Books of every description are so numerous in the present day, that the only task imposed upon the teacher and the student is, to make a judicious selection. This, it must be confessed, is a work of some difficulty; for nearly every new publication has in it something which may be commended, and, perhaps, scarcely one is to be found that embraces all the reader can desire.

The work before us, however, will, upon examination, be found to justify its pretensions to usefulness, as well, or better, than any of its predecessors or contemporaries.—In the class of books to which it belongs, are to be found the valuable compilations of Enfield and Murray; yet, compared with these, it is a highly respectable miscellany, while any comparisons between this produc-

tion and the *omne genus* of juvenile literature would be odious. Indeed, the present volume possesses advantages over every similar work with which we are acquainted. For, whilst the selections are throughout highly classical, the best specimens of recent and living writers have been blended with others of older date: hence the pupil is furnished with very obvious means of comprehending the state of literature in the present day, and of discriminating between the compositions of ancient and modern times. A few extracts from the volume will support the favourable opinion we entertain. It is a well-known fact, that Howard, the distinguished philanthropist, who, under the assumed name of Haswell, made the tour of Europe and Asia, to mitigate the sufferings of prisoners, fell a victim to his humanity at Cherson, near the Black Sea, while administering assistance to a sick person who was afflicted with a malignant fever.

During his residence in Asia, the following dialogue is supposed to have taken place between him and the Sultan of the Indies:—

#### *The Sultan and Mr. Haswell.*

*Sult.* Englishman, you were invited hither to receive public thanks for our troops restored to health by your prescriptions. Ask a reward adequate to your services.

*Hasw.* Sultan, the reward I ask, is, leave to preserve more of your people still.

*Sult.* How more? my subjects are in health; no contagion visits them.

*Hasw.* The prisoner is your subject. There misery, more contagious than disease, preys on the lives of hundreds: sentenced but to confinement, their doom is death. Immured in damp and dreary vaults, they daily perish; and who can tell but that, among the many hapless sufferers, there may be hearts bent down with penitence, to heaven and you, for every slight offence—there may be some, among the wretched multitude, even innocent victims. Let me seek them out—let me save them and you.

*Sult.* Amaze! retract your application: curb this weak pity; and accept our thanks.

*Hasw.* Restrain my pity; and what can I receive in recompence for that soft bond which links me to the wretched? and, while it soothes their sorrow, repays me more than all the gifts an empire can bestow! Not, if it be a virtue repugnant to your plan of government, I apply not in the name of *Pity*, but of *Justice*.

*Sult.* Justice!

*Hasw.* The justice that forbids all, but the worst of criminals, to be denied that wholesome air the very brute creation freely takes.

*Sult.* Consider for whom you plead—for men (if not base culprits) so misled, so depraved, they are dangerous to our state, and deserve none of its blessings.

*Hasw.* If not upon the undeserving—if not upon the wretched wanderer from the paths of rectitude—where shall the *sun* diffuse his light, or the clouds distill their dew? Where shall spring breathe fragrance, or autumn pour its plenty?

*Sult.* Sir, your sentiments, still more your character, excite my curiosity. They tell me, that in our camps you visited each sick man's bed; administered yourself the healing draught; encouraged our savages with the hope of life, or pointed out their better hope in death. The *widow* speaks your *charities*, the *orphan* lisp your *bounties*, and the *rough Indian* melts in tears to *bliss* pure. I wish to ask why you have done all this? What is it that prompts you thus to befriended the miserable and forlorn?

*Hasw.* It is in vain to explain: the time it would take to reveal to you—  
*Sult.* Satisfy my curiosity in writing then.  
*Hasw.* Nay, if you will read, I'll send a book in which is already written why I act thus.

*Sult.* What book? what is it called?

*Hasw.* *'The Christian Doctrine.'* There you will find all I have done was but my duty.

*Sult.* Your words recall reflections that distract me; nor can I bear the pressure on my mind, without exclaiming—I am a Christian!

The second extract is from the best productions of a man, gifted with excelling genius; only to shew how human passion can mar the most exalted talents:—

#### *Apostrophe to the Ocean.*—BYRON.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.  
I love not man the less, but Nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the universe, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark hine ocean—roll!  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;  
Man marks the earth with rain—his control  
Stops with the shore—upon the watery plain  
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and  
unknown.

• • • • •  
The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;  
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
Their clay creator the vain title take  
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war:  
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,—what are  
they?

Thy waters wasted them while they were free,  
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey  
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay  
Has dried up realms to deserts; not so thou,  
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—  
Time writes no wrinkles on thine avar brow—  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,  
Calms or convulsions—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
Feeling the pole, or in the torrid clime  
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime—

The image of Eternity—the throne  
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime  
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone  
Obeys thee—thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,  
alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy  
I wanted with thy breakers—they to me  
Were a delight; and if the frowning sea  
Made them a terror,—'twas a pleasing fear,  
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here."

We dismiss this volume with two words of advice, addressed equally to the teacher and the scholar—*Read it.*

#### ANNIVERSARIES OF BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS IN THE METROPOLIS.

THESE annual meetings are now become so numerous, that our limits will scarcely enable us to do more than merely give their titles, and the names of the chairmen and speakers. This, to every friend of benevolence, will be an occasion of regret, since these anniversaries, instead of declining in public estimation, increase in interest as they advance in years. But these introductory remarks must give place to facts.

**Wesleyan Missionary Society.**—The anniversary of this society, which took place on Monday, May 3d, in the New Chapel, City-road, was most numerous attended, every part of the building being crowded to excess long before the appointed hour. The chair was taken by the Earl of Mountcashel. Among the speakers were the Right Hon. Sir George Rose, Dr. Steinkopff, Rev. Richard Watson, Dr. Waugh, Dr. Milner, G. Bennet, Esq. Rev. Robt. Newton, Rev. Theophilus Lessey, &c. Several of the speeches were both animated and argumentative, others were eloquent and impressive, and all were interesting. The report stated that the number of missionaries constantly employed is 210, that 20,000 children are regularly instructed in their missionary schools, and that the number of persons in society, or church-fellowship, is nearly 40,000.—The amount of the contributions within the last year was £49,563, to which may be added £6,500, a legacy from the late Miss Houston. The collections made during the anniversary services, amounted to £1,248.

**Church Missionary Society.**—This anniversary took place on Tuesday, May 4th, at Freemason's Hall, which was much thronged before the chair was taken by Lord Gambier. The company was highly respectable, and the speakers were numerous, and men of superior talent. Among these we noticed the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, Rev. G. Hodson, Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Milner from America, Bishop of Chester, Thomas Fowell Buxton, Esq. M. P. Rev. J. Hartley, Sir George Grey, Bart. Rev. W. Smyley, and the Rev. Baptist Noel. The report stated, that during the year, the income amounted to £47,328, and the expenditure to £48,120, thus leaving against the society a balance of £791.

**Christian Instruction Society.**—On the same day, Tuesday the 4th of May, the fifth anniversary of this society was held at Finsbury Chapel, J. Labouchere, Esq. in the chair. The report was deeply interesting, and recorded various anecdotes, many of which created some very affecting emotions. It appears that 26,000 families had been visited by the agents of this institution, that many adults had been induced to attend places of public worship, that about 2000 children had been added to the Sunday schools by their means; but that many districts yet remained unexplored.

The principal speakers were Dr. Winter, Rev. T. Binney, Rev. A. Tidman, Rev. H. F. Burder, Rev. J. P. Dobson, Rev. John Clayton, Thomas Wilson, Esq. Rev. H. Townley, and the Rev. Dr. Bennet. It will

be impossible for us in this limited epitome to give even an outline of the eloquence displayed, or of the effects produced on this interesting occasion. It appears that a debt of £300 is due to the treasurer, and efforts to liquidate it were made on the spot, which partially proved successful.

**Sunday School Society.**—The anniversary of this society was held on the evening of Tuesday the 4th, at the London Coffee House, Ludgate Hill. The chair was taken by the Marquis of Cholmondeley, and the meeting was numerous and respectfully attended. The report stated, that during the year, 389 new schools had been established, which contain 37,197 scholars. Bibles, testaments, and school-books had also been distributed to a large amount, and the benefit resulting from their various efforts were obvious in the improved condition of the children. The Rev. John Wilcox, Rev. John Pyer of Manchester. Rev. Thos. Hargan, Rev. James Jeurigh of Wales, Rev. C. Day, Rev. T. Lewis, and the Rev. Charles Owen, addressed the assembly.

Several other anniversaries of minor character, but of kindred importance, were held as opportunity offered, some of which claim no small degree of public notice; but our attention is called to such as are more generally known, and have been longer established.

**British and Foreign Bible Society.**—The anniversary of this noble institution was held in Freemason's Hall, on Wednesday, May 5th, but through the indisposition of Lord Teignmouth, the Right Hon. Lord Bexley took the chair. The report as usual was long; but the variety it contained rendered it exceedingly interesting. The principal speakers were, the Bishop of Winchester, Lord Calthorpe, Bishop of Chester, Wm. Wilberforce, Esq. Dr. Milner, Rt. Hon. Chas. Grant, M. P. Rev. Rowland Hill, Rev. Daniel Wilson, Hon. C. J. Shore, Rev. Mr. Dixon, Dean of Salisbury, Mr. Worth Newenham, and the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. The income during the year amounted to £84,982, and the disbursements to £81,610. Of the sacred writings 434,422 copies had been distributed, and 111 new branch societies had been formed.

**Society for promoting Ecclesiastical Knowledge.**—This society held its first anniversary at the London Coffee House, Ludgate Hill, the large room of which was filled with a most respectable audience. Apsley Pellat, Esq. was called to the chair.

The design of this institution is, to disseminate, by means of publications, the great and fundamental doctrines and truths of

Christianity. Although in an infant state, it has awakened a considerable degree of public attention, and the present anniversary can hardly fail to extend its fame and to promote its utility.

The report clearly delineated the objects and intentions of the society, and the speeches which were delivered excited a considerable degree of interest.

Among the speakers were, Rev. James Matheson of Durham, Professor Hoppus of the London University, Rev. J. Morison, Rev. J. Campbell, Rev. Dr. Cox, Rev. Dr. J. Pye Smith, Rev. Mr. Stowell of North Shields, Rice Harris, Esq. of Birmingham, Rev. Dr. Bennet, Rev. Mr. Moase, and the Rev. J. Cobbin.

*Sunday School Union.*—The annual meeting of this society was held at the City of London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, on the morning of Tuesday, May 11th. At six o'clock a numerous and highly respectable company sat down to breakfast, and from thence repaired to the large room, which was soon crowded to excess. The chair was taken by George Bennet, Esq.

From the statement given in the report, the schools connected with their Union appear to be in a flourishing condition; but much ground still remains unoccupied. Under the sanction of this Union, missionaries have been sent into different parts, through whose assiduity fifty new schools have been opened, and about six thousand children collected in various parts during the two preceding years. The report traced the progress of this mission with much pleasing regularity, naming the towns and villages which had been benefited by its influence.

The meeting was addressed by the Rev. J. Blackburn, Rev. J. Pyer, Rev. Dr. Milner, Rev. D. P. Smith, Mr. J. R. Wilson, Rev. C. M'Ilvane, Rev. Dr. Bennet, Rev. John Brown from Ireland, Rev. T. Griffin, Rev. S. Wilson, Rev. Mr. Farrar, and the Rev. Mr. Hewlett. To increase the funds of the society, an extra-exertion was made on the spot, and £50 were subscribed. The meeting continued until about eleven o'clock, and though many must have been greatly fatigued with the long confinement, all appeared highly delighted with its proceedings. It may be justly questioned if a more interesting anniversary than this has taken place in the metropolis during the present year.

*Port of London and Bethel Union Society.*—The third anniversary of this valuable institution was held at the City of London Tavern, on Monday, May 10th, Lord Gambier in the chair. Its great object is to disseminate religious knowledge among the

sailors. For this end Bethel meetings are established on the river, and the floating chapel has regular service every Sabbath; a day-school has been opened at Wapping; libraries supply books for lending; a magazine is circulated among the watermen; and an asylum has been provided to receive their orphans. At this anniversary it was a gratifying spectacle to behold these orphans ranged in front of the platform. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. R. Stowel, Rev. R. Dobson, Mr. R. H. Marten, Rev. Dr. Milner, Captain Gambier, R. N. Rev. C. M'Ilvane, Rev. J. Campbell, Rev. Dr. Styles, and others; but of their speeches we cannot enter into any detail.

*Prayer Book and Homily Society.*—The eighteenth anniversary of this society was held on Thursday, May 6th, at Freemason's Hall, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Lord Bexley in the chair. The title of this society assumes an episcopalian aspect, but it breathes a liberal spirit, and has been rendered exceedingly useful. Its design is to give circulation to the liturgy, homilies, and other formularies of the established church, not merely in this country, but also in foreign parts.

Speeches were delivered by the Rev. Mr. Pritchett, Lord Calthorpe, Archdeacon Hoare, Rev. Edwin Sidney, Capt. G. Gambier, R. N. Rev. Mr. Newman, Rev. D. Wilson, Rev. Dr. Milner, the Dean of Salisbury, Hon. and Rev. T. Noel, Bishop of Winchester, Lord Mountsandsford, and Sir S. Hunter.

*British and Foreign School Society.*—The anniversary of this long established institution was held at Freemason's Hall, on Monday, May 10th, when Lord Bexley, through the absence of Lord John Russell, was called to the chair. The report detailed the progress and state of the society, and furnished many instances of the benefits which had resulted from its operations in various parts of the world. This was an anniversary of considerable interest. The principal speakers were Daniel Sykes, Esq. M. P. Rev. Rowland Hill, Hon. and Rev. Gerard Noel, Rev. William Hamet from America, Rev. James Sherman, G. Bennet, Esq. Thos. King, Esq. Rev. S. Wilson, Mr. F. Fellenburg of Switzerland, Rev. J. Brown of Ireland, J. Labouchere, Esq. and the Rev. J. Sampson.

*Naval and Military Bible Society.*—At the anniversary of this important institution, held at Freemason's Hall, May 11th, the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Lorton was called to the chair. The report stated, that during the year 13,233 copies of the Scriptures had been distributed through the army

and navy in various parts of the world. The debt also, which at the commencement of the year amounted to £704, was reduced to £57. 8s. 1d. In the mean while the number of subscribers had increased, the contributions had been liberal, and in nearly all its branches the affairs of the society presented a pleasing aspect. Among the speakers were Lord Bexley, Sir John Franklin, R. N. Capt. Colin Campbell, R. N. Col. Broughton, Rev. Edward Ward, Captain Vernon, R. N. Mr. Walker a lieutenant in the army, Rev. Mr. M'Ilvane, Hon. Capt. Noel, R. N. Rev. E. Sidney, Lieut. Rhind, Capt. G. Gambier, R. N. Capt. Elliot, R. N. Hon. and Rev. B. Noel, and the Rev. J. Halden Stewart. The anniversaries of this society, which has now subsisted about fifty years, has generally been interesting, but in few instances more so than on the present occasion.

*Newfoundland and British North America School Society.*—This anniversary was held at the London Coffee House, Ludgate Hill, on Wednesday, May 12th, Lord Bexley in the chair. The operations of this society being confined to given districts, the interest it excites bears a correspondent character. The report stated, that the accounts from the schools which had been established, were favourable, and that a balance of £139 remained in the treasurer's hands. Joseph Wilson, Esq. Rev. Edwin Sidney, J. Labouchere, Esq. Rev. Henry Budd, Lord Mountsantford, Rev. Thos. Harding, Rev. Thos. Sims, and Thos. Lewis, Esq. severally addressed the meeting.

*Irish Evangelical Society.*—At this anniversary, held on Tuesday, May 11th, at the Finsbury Chapel, Finsbury-square, Thomas Walker, Esq. presided. The report stated, that the receipts of the year were £3134, and the disbursements £3103, leaving a small balance in the hands of the treasurer. Some alterations had taken place in the arrangements of the society. In Ireland the number of agents had increased from 24 to 51, and their exertions had been attended with general success. In Dublin their labours had been largely rewarded; in Connaught they had five missionaries and fifteen readers, and in the other provinces a force corresponding to their work. The principal speakers were the Rev. J. Blackburn, Rev. David Stewart, Rev. John Angel James, and the Rev. Wm. Irwin. Independently of the common collection made on such occasions, some voluntary contributions greatly increased the amount.

*London Missionary Society.*—This anniversary was held in the Wesleyan chapel, City-road, on Thursday, May 13th, W. A.

Hankey, Esq. in the chair. The report stated, that through the exertions of this society the light of the gospel had been carried into various portions of the globe, that many had received the momentous truths of revelation, and that their prospects were pleasing both at home and abroad. The expenditure during the year amounted to £36,000, and the contributions to £39,678, for general purposes, and for particular ones to £6,641, making a total income of £48,000. The principal speakers were, Rev. Jno. A. James, Rev. John Hatchard, Rev. G. Munday, Col. Phipps, Rev. Dr. Bennett, Rev. Dr. Milner, George Bennet, Esq. Rev. Algernon Wells, Rev. Rowland Hill, and Thos. King, Esq. The subscriptions in the chapel amounted to £285.

*Religious Tract Society.*—This anniversary, like that of the Sunday School Union, took place in the morning, at the City of London Tavern. It commenced at six o'clock, on Friday, May 14th, the Hon. T. Erskine in the chair. The report stated many pleasing facts, which demonstrated the benefits resulting from the distribution of tracts. Some of these were remarkably striking, and awakened a considerable degree of interest. On each side of the Atlantic this powerful engine is in extensive operation, and the numbers circulated exceed common calculation. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. Dr. Smith, Rev. Dr. Milner, Rev. D. Stewart, Rev. John Boddington, Rev. John Dyer, Rev. D. Wilson of Malta, and the Rev. H. D. Stowell, who kept alive the attention of the listening audience with scarcely any intermission.

*Continental Society.*—The annual meeting of this society was held on Thursday, May 13th, at Freemason's Hall, the Hon. J. J. Strutt in the chair. The professed design of this society is, to propagate pure and undefiled religion, and to direct the attention of the people to the signs of the times. These intentions are effected by means of books and agents. The Right Hon. Lord Mountsantford, Rev. Mr. Mayers, William Cuninghame, Esq. Rev. Henry Pyt, Henry Drummond, Esq. Rev. Joseph Irons, Lord Mandeville, and the Rev. Hugh M'Neile, were the principal speakers.

*British Reformation Society.*—This anniversary was held at Freemason's Hall, on Friday, May 14th, Lord Viscount Mandeville in the chair. The great object of this society is, to watch over, revive, and enforce the doctrines and principles recognized at the Reformation. The report stated in brief terms the war that subsisted between this society and popery, and the necessity of rallying round the standard of Protestantism,

which is unfurled. Lord Bexley, Captain Frederick Vernon, R. N. Rev. J. Haldane Stewart, James Edw. Gordon, Esq. Rev. J. Iros, Hon. and Rev. Gerard Noel, Dr. Miner, Rev. William Dalton, Rev. Hugh McNeile, Rev. Baptist Noel, and the Rev. George Washington Phillips, in succession addressed the meeting, but many of their speeches were more eloquent than prudent, and approximated too nearly to a spirit of intolerance.

(To be resumed in our next.)

#### DEATH OF WM. LAURENCE BROWN, D.D.

THIS learned and truly excellent gentleman, who was professor of Divinity, and principal of Marischal college, and one of the ministers of the West church, Dean of the Royal chapel, and chancellor of the most ancient Order of the Thistle, died at Aberdeen, May 11th, 1830, in the 76th year of his age.—Dr. Brown was a native of Utrecht, where he became minister of the English church, and acquired distinction and honours, by his publications and talents. Driven from his native city by the French, he came to Scotland, where he remained honoured, useful, and respected, until death terminated his mortal career. From several works, his name has obtained publicity and increased reputation, but from no one more so, than his "Essay on the Existence of a Supreme Creator," for which was awarded to him the Burnett Prize of £1250. His remains were interred in the church-yard of St. Nicholas. The funeral procession was attended with signal honours, the shops in the streets through which it passed being voluntarily closed, as a tribute of respect to his memory.

#### Query by a Subscriber.

Do the Presbyterian clergy in Ireland, solemnize the marriage ceremony; and are marriages thus solemnized, strictly legal?—Is it by the publishing of banns or otherwise?—How long have they been thus privileged?

#### GLEANINGS.

**British Slavery.**—On Monday the 30th of Novr., 1829, four men, labourers, were sold by auction, at the Nag's Head and Plough, at Stapleford. The sale commenced by striking a pin in the candle, when the highest bidder before the pin fell out, claimed the man as his rightful property for one month at the price he had bid. One strong hard-working man, with a family of small children, was sold for 4s. 6d. per week; another, with a wife and large family, for 3s.; another for 2s., and a fourth for 2s. 9d.; and it is understood that the sale is to be repeated every month.—*Nottingham Review.*

**National Debt.**—Suppose the National Debt to be 810 millions of Sovereigns, how long would it take a person to count them, if he counted 100 every minute without intermission? Answer, 15 years, 140 days!!!!

Suppose the Sovereigns to be laid edge to edge in a straight line, how far would they reach? Answer, 11,186 miles!!!!

What would their weight be in tons, avoirdupois, each Sovereign weighing 5 dwts. 3 grains, Troy? Ans. 6,354 tons nearly!!!!

Exeter, January, 1830.

A School Boy.

**Potato on the Mountain Orizaba.**—M. M. Shiede and Deppe, in a letter to Baron A. Humboldt, giving an account of their ascent to the great volcano of Orizaba in Mexico, mention, that they found the potato in a wild state, at a height of 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. It was about three and a half inches high, with large blue flowers, and tubers the size of a hazel nut.

**Action of the Upas Poison.**—The common train of symptoms is, a trembling of the extremities, restlessness, erection of the hair, affection of the bowels, drooping and faintness, slight spasms, and convulsions, hasty breathing, an increased flow of saliva, spasmodic contractions of the pectoral and abdominal muscles, retching, great agony, laborious breathing, violent and repeated convulsions, death. The action of the Upas poison is directed chiefly to the vascular system. The volume of the blood is accumulated in a preternatural degree in the large vessels of the thorax. The circulation appears to be extracted from the extremities, and thrown upon the viscera near its source. The lungs, in particular, are stimulated to excessive exertions. The vital viscera are oppressed by an intolerable load, which produces the symptoms above described, while in the extremities a proportionate degree of torpor takes place, accompanied by tremors, shiverings, and convulsions. The natives of Macassar, Borneo, and the Eastern Islands, when they employ this poison, make use of an arrow of bamboo, (to the end of which they attach a shark's tooth, which they throw from a blow-pipe or sompit. The Upas appears to affect different quadrupeds with nearly equal force, proportionate in some degree to their size and disposition.—*Memoirs of Sir T. S. Raffles, by his Widow.*

**Fire-Dresses of the New Police.**—On Wednesday, March 17, 1830, Colonel Rowan and Mr. Mayne, the commissioners of the new police, were in attendance at an early hour, together with several superintendents and inspectors, at the office in Scotland-yard, to inspect several fire-dresses for the use of the new police in cases of fire, should they be considered available in saving the lives of the inhabitants of houses on fire. The inventor of these fire-proof dresses is the Chevalier Aldini. A large fire was made, and several of the constables put on the dresses. The outer dress is a kind of wire-gauze, under which is another dress, also fire-proof, of a different material, and of a more pliable nature. The constables held their heads in the fire for above ten minutes without feeling the least heat; and also held a red-hot poker in their hands till it was quite cooled, without sustaining the least injury. After several experiments of a similar nature, the commissioners expressed their approbation of the invention, and intimated their intention of trying the efficacy of the fire-dresses in a few days on a more extended scale, as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made for the purpose. From what we could learn, it is the decided opinion, that the fire-dresses will be approved of by the commissioners, and, if that should be the case, it is intended to have a sufficient number of dresses at the different police stations, to be in constant readiness for the use of the police-constables in case of fire.

**Luther's Bible.**—In the course of the five-and-forty years after the first publication of Luther's translation of the Bible, it went through one hundred and one entire editions! One alone (Canelein) disposed of 1,670,333 copies between the years 1715 and 1795.

**Natural Eloquence.**—"Who is it," said the jealous Ruler of the desert, encroached on by the restless foot of English adventure—"Who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains, and to empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning, at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the 'other side of the water,' gave you to us; and by this title we will defend it," said the Warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation.—*From the Notes to a Speech delivered by Mr. Steele at Limerick.*

**To Keep Cabbages fresh.**—When the cabbages are cut, leave about two or three inches of the stalk, the pith of which is to be hollowed out, taking care not to cut or bruise the rind; tie the cabbages up by their stalks, and then fill the hollow with water. By repeating this daily, they may be kept for several months.

**Observance of the Sabbath in Demerara.**—At all hours of this sacred day are the ears stunned, and the feelings hurt, by the sound of the anvil, the deafening noise of a thousand coopers and carpenters, plying their various tools. Cooperages, when in the heart of the town, are a grievous nuisance in any case; but, on the Sabbath, there is something about them so utterly revolting, that their noise has often sounded in our ears like the wailing buzz of libellous men, setting at defiance the dread Majesty of heaven and earth.—*Gleanings Chronicle.*

**Arctic Expedition.**—The English expedition to the Arctic Pole (says the *Monitor*) has safely reached the 67th degree of north latitude. The steam-boat has traversed the most dangerous seas of the globe. But, wishing to touch at the coast of Spitzbergen, she was overtaken by a violent gale of wind, which carried away her mainmast. An English vessel happening to get among the ice, and being therefore abandoned by its crew, her mainmast was taken out by the steamer, as well as the provisions and fuel that were requisite for continuing the voyage to the Pole.

**Antiquarian Discovery.**—In clearing away some buildings on the south side of Tooley-street, nearly opposite St. Olave's Church, for the purpose of forming the approaches to the New London Bridge, a curious vaulted chamber has been laid open, of lofty dimensions. It is chiefly constructed of Kentish rag-stone, and the architecture is strictly of the Saxon or Anglo-Norman period: boldly turned semi-circular arches rest upon short columns, placed against the side walls. These columns have capitals ornamented, in the true Saxon style, with four semi-circular compartments. The building is supposed to be part of the inn or town-house of the Prior of Lewes, in Sussex, and must certainly have been constructed as early as the twelfth century.

**A Curious Invention.**—A young man, named John Smith, of Belfry, near Pocklington, has constructed a very ingenious and curious piece of mechanism. It is a species of clock-work for measuring distances; the works are contained in a small compass, and fastened to the middle of the axle-tree of his father's wagon. The machine has two pointers affixed to it, one of which moves round in one mile, the other in thirty-six miles. There is also a hammer which strikes a bell at every revolution of the former. Its face is ornamented with a painting, representing the Solar system. The young man follows the sublime study of astronomy also. The contrivance reflects great credit upon him, as he has had no mechanical instruction, but has worked at the farming business all his life, and has executed this machine after his daily labour was done.

**Cultivation of Potatoes.**—A French soldier placed half a dozen potatoes at the bottom of a cask, upon a layer of sand and fresh earth, three or four inches thick; when the stalks had risen to a few inches, he bent them down, and covered them four or five inches deep with the same mixture. He continued this operation until the cask was full. Six or seven months after, upon emptying the vessel (which stood in a court yard) he found that the half dozen potatoes had produced an enormous quantity of new ones, from the portions of the mother stems which had been successfully laid down and covered.—*Journal des Connaiss. Usuelles.*

**Lamprey.**—The St. Petersburg papers announce the death of a man at Moscow, aged 150 years.

**Medal of Sir Thomas Lawrence.**—It is intended to strike a medal of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, as one of the series designed to perpetuate the great men of the age. The medal is patronized by his Majesty.—*The Athenian.*

**Bridge building.**—It is stated, that Waterloo Bridge was estimated at £50,000, and cost nearly £1,200,000. Southwark Bridge was estimated at £360,000, and cost upwards of £700,000. Neither of these bridges has paid the original subscribers one farthing.

**Tithes.**—It never was intended that tithes should be more than a tenth part of the produce of land cultivated in the simplest manner; and in Italy, to this day, no lands pay tithes but the lands in cultivation, from time immemorial, forming but a small part of every parish. Land brought into cultivation by the application of capital is never tithed.—*World.*

**Wesleyan Missionary Society.**—The regular income of this society for the year ending 31st December, 1829, amounts to forty-nine thousand five hundred and sixty-three pounds, exclusive of a munificent bequest from the late Miss Houston, of six thousand five hundred pounds, making the actual receipts of the year £56,063, being upwards of £6000 increase on the receipts of the year, 1822, and £13,000 more than the previous year.

**To prevent the Smoking of a Lamp.**—Soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it well before you use it. It will then burn both sweet and pleasant, and will amply repay the trifling trouble in preparing it.

## Literary Notices.

### Just Published.

No. 14 of the Imperial-Octavo and Royal-Quarto Editions of the National Portrait Gallery, with Likenesses and Memoirs of Sir Thomas Munro, the Earl of Verulam, and the Bishop of Norwich.

The True Character and Probable Results of American Revivals, a Discourse, by the Rev. J. Blackburn, minister of Claremont Chapel, Pentonville.

Illustrations of the Practical Power of Faith, in a series of Popular Discourses on Part of the Eleventh Chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. By T. Binney. The Book of the Priesthood, an Argument, in Three Parts. By Thomas Stratten.

A Guide to the Practical Reading of the Bible, in Three Parts, by William Carpenter.

Recognition in the World to Come; or Christian Friendship on Earth perpetuated in Heaven. By C. R. Muston, A.M.

Poems, on Various Subjects. By W. I. Atkinson. The Affectionate Officer, or the Rewards of Perseverance; a Tale for Youth. By the Rev. S. Young, author of Scripture Balances, &c., in one vol. 18mo.

Essays on Various Religious Subjects. By William Sleight.—By the same Author,

1. A Practical Dictionary, containing concise yet comprehensive schemes of the most necessary subjects, Divine, Moral, and Literary.

2. A Manual of Christian Instruction; consisting of the Doctrines and Duties of Religion as inculcated in the Holy Scriptures; with preliminary and concluding Remarks.

To be completed in six weekly numbers. No. 1, to 6, of the History of the German and English Reformation; from A. D. 1546, to A. D. 1860. By the Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue, A.M.

The Church of Rome; a View of the Peculiar Doctrines, Religious Worship, Ecclesiastical Polity, and Ceremonial Observances of the Roman Church, with Notes and Observations. Also Twelve Tracts, on the Principal Errors of the Church of Rome.

The History of the Church and Court of Rome, from the Establishment of Christianity under the Emperor Constantine, down to the present time.

Evangelical Biography for Young Persons. By Ingram Cobbin, A.M.

An Inquiry into the Birth-place, Life, Writings, &c. of the Rev. Wm. Gurnall, A.M. By H. Mc Keon.

The Drama of Nature, a Poem. By Jos. Mitchell Burton.

Conversations for the Young, designed to promote the profitable reading of the Holy Scriptures. By Richard Watson, Author of Theological Institutes, &c.

Church Reform. By the Rev. John Riland, A.M. Forty Family Sermons. By the Editor of the Christian Observer.

Sidney Anecdotes, Part I. and II. By M. U. Sears.

Remarks on the actual state of the University of Cambridge.

Lectures on the Reciprocal Obligations of Life, &c. By John Morison, second edition.

The true Plan of a Living Temple, in three vols.

The Pulpit, Nos. 376 to 380.

Anti Slavery Reporter, No. 60, and Supplement.

An Essay on Evil-speaking. By William Shuttleworth.

### In the Press.

A Dialogue between a Member of a Friendly Society and the Author, wherein the predominant errors relative to the establishment of correct Tables for the use of Friendly Societies are unravelled. By James Wright, author of a Treatise on the Internal Regulation of Friendly Societies.

The Olive Branch for 1831, will be published in October next. The volume will be enlarged, and is every respect greatly improved.

A new Edition of Draw's Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul, will soon be ready.



# THE Imperial Magazine;

OR, COMPENDIUM OF  
RELIGIOUS, MORAL, & PHILOSOPHICAL KNOWLEDGE.

JULY.]

"PERIODICAL LITERATURE IS THE GERM OF NATIONAL LEARNING."

[1830.]

Memoir of the  
REV. JOSHUA MARSDEN.

(With a Portrait.)

To sketch the memoir of a living character is always a task of considerable difficulty. A stranger cannot find materials, an enemy will distort his features, a friend will be suspected of partiality, and, should he write himself, he is in danger of egotism. To descant on those shades, which, through the infirmity of human nature, are too often blended with the finest moral picture, would wound his feelings; while to make a too brilliant display of the luminous parts, might awaken jealousy in contemporaries, excite and foster vanity in the subject of the memoir, and steal a jewel from the crown of Him, to whom all praise is for ever due.

In a brief memoir we cannot be expected to trace all the "strong connexions and nice dependencies," of the parts which form the character of any human being; much must remain unknown to all but God and himself. We cannot unveil the arcana within; and it is only by "catching the manners living as they rise," that we are enabled to form an estimate of individual peculiarity or worth.

In writing the history of great men, it is too much the practice of biographers to dwell on the grand and splendid events of their lives; hence "they drop the man in their account, and vote the mantle into majesty." With the true moral state of the mind we are as little acquainted as with those heavenly bodies which dazzle with their lustre, and yet in their true nature are undefined, and but little known.

It was a saying of Marshal Turenne, that "no man is a hero in the opinion of his valet;" hence the great mass of biography may be considered as fable amusing fancy, and not reason studying truth. Sketches of pious characters were never more abundant than in the present age, which may properly be named the golden era of biography. In some of these works, the true features of christian men and women are painted with a nice and discriminating touch. For, as in the human face, Na-

ture's cunning hand blends the rose and lily in justest proportions, so in their judicious harmony the virtues and the graces have had both a "local habitation and a name" in many of the excellent ones of our own day.

In the volume of revelation, tests of pious character are laid down by a masterly hand. "Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles." Hence, we at once spring from the premises to the conclusion, and infer that a change of heart is both necessary to a change of life, and evidenced by it.

During the present and last century, thousands have been the subjects of this divine renovation, who never were immured within the walls of a cloister, and who never studied divinity in academic bowers. Under the guidance of the Spirit of God, men have thought for themselves, have read the Bible, and, bursting from the darkness of nature, have become burning and shining lights in the different walks of civil and social life. Hence, too, the church has been furnished both for home and foreign work, with hundreds of ministers, whom religion has taken from the lowly vale, to set among the princes of God's people; but perhaps among those who still remain unnoticed,

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Of Mr. MARSDEN's progenitors we know but little; but from this little we learn that he cannot boast of having derived his birth from "loins enthroned, or rulers of the earth." From some sketches of his early life, addressed to his children, we learn that he was born at Warrington, December 21, 1777. His father, by trade a dyer, was then in humble life, having expended a handsome patrimony, or little family estate. This, at first, necessity obliged him to sell, in order to defray the expense of a lawsuit with his two brothers. The residue vanished by imperceptible degrees, so that the latter part of his life was a dark and cloudy voyage, which terminated in the 56th year of his age.

At this period the subject of this memoir was left wholly to the care of a widowed mother, a truly pious member of the Church of England. This excellent parent did all in her power, both by prayer and instruction, "to rear the tender thought, and teach the young ideas how to shoot" heavenward. Her constant solicitude being her son's salvation, she prayed for him both late and early, and took great pains to train him up in the discipline and admonition of the Lord.

His remarks, however, in the sketches above alluded to, that he paid but little attention to the things of God, and was often deeply pained and galled with the obtrusive care which his pious parent manifested for the salvation of his soul. Yet his conscience, when but a boy, being remarkably tender, his soul was often filled with remorse and alarm. He was greatly terrified when reading or hearing of the day of judgment, and trembled at the apprehension of being an eternal object of the wrath of God.

At this period he sometimes formed resolutions of turning with all his heart to the Lord, but the strong current of corrupt nature, and the ill example of other boys, diverted him from his pious resolves, and for a time his mother's prayers and tears seemed of no avail. God, however, who moves in a mysterious way, did not overlook the many petitions which she offered up in his behalf, although her faith and patience were put to the severest trial by an event which, nearly frustrating all her hopes, plunged her in the deepest grief and consternation.

Instigated by some of his thoughtless companions, our embryo missionary left the maternal roof, when about fifteen years of age, and went to sea. He had not long embarked, before a terrible catastrophe brought him both to his knees and to his prayers; and serious reflections on his sin and danger, awakened all the good impressions which were fast dying away for want of favourable external agents.

The ship in which he sailed, overtaken by a violent tempest, struck upon a rock, and was finally wrecked, and himself and others were just saved, as by the skin of their teeth, from an ocean grave. During that terrible night, the agonies of his mind were indescribable, and he thought, while the leaky vessel was wallowing among the broken waves, that every lurch she gave might plunge him into a deeper abyss than even the bottom of the sea.

When rescued from the wreck, he took a passage for his native land, hoping to

return home, and, under the maternal roof, to improve the providential deliverance, and put away all his sins. But, alas! on landing in the west of England, destitute both of money and clothes to pursue his journey, he was persuaded to venture again on the perilous deep, and, after sending a very penitent letter to his mother, he once more embarked, on what was to him a scene both of danger and providential escapes.

Before many months had elapsed, he was again cast away; thus the hand of God seemed to pursue the wayward boy; and it is not improbable that the prayers of his mother were co-operating with the providence of God, in bringing about that result which distinguished his future life.

In the year 1794, being then about seventeen, a chain of providential circumstances led him into a situation, where he had an opportunity of hearing the Wesleyan ministers, by one of whom he was deeply convinced of the sin and danger of fighting against God. The light of truth shone upon his mind, and he became deeply impressed with the vast importance and necessity of devoting himself to God. Under this impression he abandoned his former habits, became truly serious, searched the scriptures frequently upon his knees, fasted, prayed, wept in secret places, feeling the burden of a guilty conscience, and groaning under an awful sense of the depravity of his nature, and the holiness, majesty, and displeasure of God. It was not long, however, before he found that pearl of great price, the forgiveness of sin and true peace of mind, which are at once both the evidence of pardon and the pledge and earnest of future holiness, as stated at large in his "Sketches of early Life."

The cultivation of his mind soon becoming an object of intense interest, he read and studied night and day, frequently spending the time allotted for sleep in the pursuit of knowledge, and, that he might have money for books, he frequently abridged himself in the necessary article of food.

At the age of twenty, with much fear and trembling, and under a deep sense of his insufficiency, he was persuaded to occupy a pulpit in a country place, after which he was frequently importuned to preach in the surrounding villages, and after a competent time spent as a village or local preacher, an ardent solicitude for the salvation of souls led him to desire a larger sphere. The work of missions lying near his heart, he longed to be employed

on a foreign station, and as an opening of providence favoured his wishes, he cheerfully offered himself as a candidate for any department to which he might be appointed.

At this time the Wesleyan missions were but in their infancy. They had then no stations under their care, but British America, and the West India Islands. The United States, to which they had formerly sent several missionaries, had become a separate and distinct branch of the great Wesleyan family, cut off from the native stock, and planted amid the vast forests of the new world. Thirty missionaries only were employed in the two stations above named, and these were placed by the Conference under the general superintendence of that truly ardent friend of missions, Dr. Thomas Coke. Since that period, the progress of the foreign work with this large body of British Christians, has "grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength," as may be perceived from the following statement.

In the year 1769, Richard Boardman and Joseph Piltmore were sent to America. These primitive Wesleyan missionaries were the germ of that great tree, which having spread its branches over the four quarters of our globe, bids fair, by the divine blessing, to make the Redeemer's way known upon earth, and his saving health among all nations. The following is the graduated scale of their progress in missions.

In the year 1769, they had only two missionaries, as mentioned above; in 1770 they had four; in 1773 they had eight; and in 1775 they had eleven. At this time the colonies, now called the United States, were separated from the parent country; hence, several of the missionaries returned home, and the Conference directed its attention to the degraded negroes of the West Indies. In 1784, they had five missionaries in these colonies; in 1786 they had nine; in the year 1787, eleven; in 1789, twelve; in 1790, nineteen; in 1791, twenty-one; in 1793, twenty-three; in 1794, twenty-seven; in 1797, thirty-one; in 1808, thirty-seven; in 1809, forty-two; in 1810, fifty-four; in 1825, one hundred and sixty; and in 1830, one hundred and seventy-five.

In the year 1800, Mr. Marsden being then twenty-three years of age, was appointed to officiate as a foreign missionary, and sailed accordingly, to erect the standard of the cross in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

Our extracts will now be chiefly taken from the published narrative of his mission, a work, which on a former occasion, we have honourably noticed in our review department.

The above provinces, when Mr. Marsden and his colleagues arrived, were greatly in want of ministerial aid. The Rev. W. Black was the only British missionary throughout this vast territory. There were, however, several preachers from the United States, whom Bishop Ashbury, at the solicitation of Dr. Coke, had sent, till British missionaries could be appointed. On these shores, the subject of this memoir commenced his early mission, as he himself expresses it elsewhere, "with little experience in the ministry, young in the school of grace, and but slightly furnished with knowledge for so great a work."

It has been remarked by Luther, that three things are necessary to form a minister—afflictions, temptations, and the Bible. With the two former he had soon an intimate acquaintance, and the latter in conjunction with retirement in the woods, and Christ and prayer, were his only sources of consolation.

At that period the Wesleyan body found it difficult to obtain suitable missionaries; hence, in some cases raw recruits, rather than able veterans, were sent into the field; but in the weakness of the instruments the power of God was more eminently displayed.

These provinces consist chiefly of forest country, interspersed with large bays, rivers, and lakes, at that time but thinly peopled, the settlements far asunder, with bad roads, and sometimes none except blazed trees, and subject to the ravages of an intensely cold winter, of five or six months' duration. Here our young missionary prosecuted his labours under the pressure of surprising difficulties, as may be inferred from his letters in the Wesleyan Magazine, vols. for 1806 and 1807.

Having no models of ministerial excellence on which to form himself, he had to make his own path, in humble dependence on the wise teaching of that Spirit who giveth understanding by shining inward, and irradiating the mind, unlocking the cabinet of truth, and unsealing the sacred book to the humble inquirer after the mind of God. His labours in those distant forests, during a period of nearly eight years, were crowned by the Lord of the harvest with various success, many instances of which might be adduced, did our limits permit; one, however, we may be allowed to notice.

In the city of St. John, his ministry was attended with a remarkable revival of religion; and about one hundred members, chiefly young people, were added to the Mission church. In consequence of this revival he was enabled, without any assistance from home, to raise in that city one of the most spacious chapels in all British North America.

During his mission in this part of America, he formed the social and sacred union, which has been to both a source of much comfort to the present hour, and we ardently hope will continue to be so to the end of their pilgrimage.

In the year 1808, we find Mr. Marsden removed to the Bermudas, or Somers's Islands, where a series of trials awaited him, which he has very feelingly described in his "Narrative of a Mission." Of these islands he has given a poetical description, in an epistle to Doctor Coke, published in that gentleman's History of the West Indies.

Here, at his first landing, in the spring of 1808, he met with much opposition from those in power, chiefly the military, and also from many of the inhabitants. They were extremely sensitive upon the subject of interfering with the negroes and people of colour; hence his predecessor had been imprisoned, banished from the Islands, and fined £50; but this sum was afterwards refunded by the Duke of Portland, the then secretary of state. For many interesting particulars connected with this mission, we must refer to Mr. Marsden's "Narrative."

The slave-holding system being full of suspicion, jealousy, and distrust, the utmost caution was found to be necessary. He who preaches to the poor negroes must be full of eyes, within and without, that he give no just cause of offence to their sensitive owners. On these trying occasions Mr. Marsden's constant refuge was a throne of grace, while the consciousness of his own integrity made him fearless of man.

"It was his brazen bulwark of defence,  
Still to preserve his conscious innocence,"

For a season he was watched with great jealousy and suspicion; and, on one occasion, a spy being employed, who gave a distorted account of some of his sermons, he had to vindicate his conduct before the president of the council. Several interesting letters, in the Wesleyan Magazine for the years 1808, 1809, and 1810, indicate, however, that even at this time he had presages of better days, and some encouragement amidst the difficulties with which he was surrounded.

It was, we believe, during these trials, that Mr. Marsden penned some of those touching little poems found in his "Amusements of a Mission," a work which, having passed through a second edition, has been some time out of print. He however laboured on amidst evil and good report, and, through the blessing of God upon his endeavours, finally succeeded in establishing the mission on these beautiful spots of the ocean, or, as Moore calls them,

"These leafy islets o'er the ocean thrown,  
Like studs of emerald on a silver zone."

At the end of three years a spacious chapel was erected at Hamilton, in the centre of one of the largest of the islands, and now, after several years of difficulty, in which both his faith and patience had been tried in the extreme, he began to enjoy a respite of comparative honor and repose. Many of the respectable inhabitants attended the chapel, and from time to time invited him to their houses, greatly approving of his labours, and showing him many unequivocal marks of their esteem. Among the negroes and free persons of colour much inquiry upon religious subjects was excited, and he had more than one hundred of them under his immediate pastoral care, the larger number of whom evinced much spiritual illumination, and all of them having been collected together by his ministry, owned him in the relation of a spiritual father, and felt toward him the veneration of children. Thus he had, during four years' residence, lived down prejudice and opposition. He had seen the hearts of even persecutors turned as the rivers in the south, the crooked path had become straight, and the rough places smooth.

Of this mission, says the venerable Doctor Coke, in his History of the West Indies, vol. iii. p. 260, "Although Mr. Stevenson was made the blessed instrument of introducing the sound of the gospel, as taught by us, into Bermuda, yet Mr. Marsden must be considered as the spiritual father of the little church in those Islands."

In the year 1812, at his own request, Mr. Marsden was succeeded by another Missionary; and as his wife had been some time on the continent of America on account of her health, he embarked for New York. There unforeseen difficulties awaited him; an embargo was laid upon the shipping; and this, with other hindrances, prevented his return to England, till, war being declared, his design was for a time frustrated altogether.

At the commencement of hostilities, he

was, with many others in similar circumstances, obliged to surrender himself a prisoner of war. He was however allowed to be at large, a respectable merchant having become a voucher for his quiet and peaceable behaviour. The kindness of the American bishops, who at the same time felt for his situation, gave him a station in New York, where, although in the midst of war, he had full liberty to pursue his favourite work of preaching the doctrines of the cross. Of the American character and nation he speaks with great tenderness and esteem, but thinks that the inhabitants of New York bear a more striking resemblance to the English than those of any other city.

During his residence in the United States, Mr. Marsden, visiting some of the principal cities, and many parts of the interior of the Union, was favoured with the opportunity of preaching in churches of different denominations. He also visited the lake country, of which, in his narrative, there are some interesting notices. In this tour he passed through Albany, Schenectady, Utica, Seneca, Oneida, Geneva, Canandawigua, and Bloomfield, with many other places in that great western territory, where population was beginning to swarm, and where arts, commerce, and agriculture, were turning the wilderness into a fruitful field. In Utica, at the head of the Mohawk river, he preached to a detachment of General Brown's army, then marching to engage in deadly conflict the British troops, under General Drummond.

Being within seventy miles of the Falls of Niagara, he much wished to see that stupendous wonder of nature, but the whole neighbourhood was the seat of war, and prudence forbade the attempt. While on the borders of Lake Ontario, he visited the Genessee Falls, and on the cataracts of that river, and the romantic and sublime grandeur of those inland oceans, the lakes, he has made some striking remarks. His observations on this great western empire neither discredit his candour, nor impeach his liberality.

Of the American camp meetings, so little understood in this country, he has drawn a very animated picture in his poem called "Forest Musings." Respecting the gigantic features of transatlantic scenery, he has furnished some few notices; but as his great object in travelling was not amusement or pleasure, but the good of souls, he was more intent on preaching the glorious gospel, than in selecting the beauties of natural history. During this

journey, he scattered over a rout of about one thousand miles the seed of eternal life. From many observations, it is obvious that he thinks the extensive latitude on religious subjects, given by the American government, more favourable than otherwise to the prosperity of the kingdom of Christ, although there may be some drawbacks.

To slavery, both in America and the West Indies, Mr. Marsden is a decided enemy. In his little work the "Amusements of a Mission," several of the poems, which are sacred to freedom and humanity, contain touching details of the wickedness and cruelty attendant on slavery. Many other incidents that occurred during his wanderings have called forth his muse, the character of which is "chaste simplicity."

As an Englishman possessing the true *amor patriæ*, Mr. M. felt, while in America, his soul pained and grieved with the every-day reports of success, gained by the Americans over his own countrymen, of the humiliation of our flag in several instances by a superior naval force, and the petty and vexatious manner in which the war was prosecuted by both the hostile parties.

He was on his journey to Washington, when General Ross landed in the Potomack, and witnessed in Philadelphia, the universal consternation at the taking of the city of Washington, and burning the capital with all its beautiful models of American art and industry.

Respecting the nature and economy of the Wesleyan episcopal connexion, Mr. Marsden made some judicious remarks on the spot. The freedom of the American government from intolerance and persecution, the equal privileges of all religious bodies, and the general harmony prevailing among the whole, are in his opinion some of the most pleasing features of that vast country; but for a more detailed account of the state of religion, the subject of emigration, and several other topics, we must refer to his narrative, a work on which the reviewer of it in this Magazine, observes as follows, "We have been much gratified with the perusal, and we venture to affirm, that every one who is pleased with missionary accounts, will find in the volume, much to amuse his fancy, but more to enlighten his understanding, and to interest the best feelings of his heart."

In the year 1814, Mr. M. having with difficulty, obtained a passport from the American government, returned to his

native land, where for several years he has been engaged in preaching the gospel. He has nevertheless found intervals amid his active labours to write several little works, both in poetry and prose, which have been well received by the public. In poetry, the principal are "Amusements of a Mission," "Forest Musings," "The Evangelical Minstrel," "Lines on the Death of Doctor Coke," "The Conference, a Poem," "The Backslider," &c. &c. Several of these have favourably passed the ordeal in the journals of the time. In prose he has published the "Narrative of a Mission," also, "Sketches of Early Life addressed to his Children." This latter has passed through a third edition; and it is but justice to say, in the language of a respectable publication, the editor of which belongs to a different denomination of Christians, "that a vein of cheerful piety runs through both his poetry and his prose."

To the Imperial Magazine Mr. M. has been a constant and welcome contributor, as well as to several other periodicals of the day. Our pages have often been embellished with the flowers of his poetical garden; and we are happy to say, that his intervals of study and labour are thus devoted to serious subjects, and twined in simple wreaths round the cross of his divine Master.

Poetry with him is not a labour, but a mere innocent relaxation from severe duties. Thus, when sitting in the bosom of his family, or returning from the villages where he has been dispensing the word of life, he delights to hold short but pleasant communion with the nymphs of Parnassus, as the evangelical strain of his verses sufficiently evinces. There are a few exceptions of playfulness, which are nevertheless innocent; but we have not discovered, in any effusion of his muse,

"—— One immoral, one corrupted thought,  
One line which dying he would wish to blot."

We have good authority for stating that his interviews with the muses are seldom courted, but frequently obtruded upon him; and we could mention high and numerous authorities in which the gravest ministers have made poetry the golden link connecting their severer studies and labours. What Mr. M. writes is on the impulse of the moment, or from some incident that has occurred in reading, writing, or passing events.

Mr. M. is fifty-two years of age, thirty of which have been spent in the active duties of a foreign mission, and the laborious work of the ministry at home. Of

his studies, talents, and usefulness, we have left ourselves no further room to speak. He is still regularly employed in the Lord's vineyard,

"Ambitious not to shine or to excel,  
But to treat justly what he loves so well."

We wish him many years of prosperity and comfort, and trust he will finally be added to that list of worthies, who, turning many to righteousness, shine as the brightness of the firmament and as the stars, for ever and ever.

#### ESSAY ON RELIGIOUS SELF-DECEPTION.

(Concluded from col. 513.)

#### III. Barrenness of soul.

It is no uncommon thing to hear such persons complain of their want of enjoyment at the means of grace, or of internal dissatisfaction and uneasiness. Something like surprise or astonishment is frequently expressed, that such should be *their* experience. In order to solve this moral problem satisfactorily to their own minds, and at the same time to screen themselves from the degrading suspicion of "false professors," they ungenerously impeach the character of some individual, from whom they have received either a real or supposed injury;—or, perhaps, offence has been given by the improper conduct of others, and to unite with *such* would be to disregard, their own character; for, superciliously careful, like the ancient Pharisees, to avoid the contaminating touch of penitent publicans, they stand at the utmost distance from them;—or peradventure, the minister himself is not, as formerly, lively, and animated, and clear in his addresses!—No holy communion with God, or spiritual delight in his service, is enjoyed by such; the inward witness of the Spirit, and rich consolations of the gospel, never cheer and animate their hearts; the declaration of the apostle, "Christ in you, the hope of glory," or the longing aspirations of the royal psalmist, "O that I had wings like a dove! then would I flee away, and be at rest," to them are strange things, and alike unknown.

IV. Offence at the faithful ministers of the gospel, and whoever may reprove or admonish them.

The ministry of the gospel, while it possesses the charms of *novelty*, or the attractions of *oratorical* embellishment and *human* accompaniments, may indeed be borne, but the faithful and unadulterated word of truth becomes offensive, and he

whose painful office it is to publish to such "all the words of this life," is viewed as an enemy, because he tells them the truth. In such a situation was Paul placed, in reference to the Galatians, of whom, at his first going among them, he declares, that "if it had been possible, they would have plucked out their own eyes, and have given them unto him." Such say, "prophecy unto us smooth things," and at the exposure of their refuges of lies, like Ahab, who spoke concerning the prophet Micaiah to Jehoshaphat, they exclaim, "Did I not tell thee he would prophesy no good concerning me, but evil." It is true they do not possess the power to inflict similar corporeal punishment upon their minister, as Zedekiah did upon Micaiah, by smiting them upon the cheek, or to command, with the impious king, "Put this fellow in prison," yet they strive to cause him to be fed with the bread of affliction and the water of affliction, or they hear him no more.

#### V. *Apostasy from the profession of religion.*

The instances which might be adduced, of those who once made a high profession of religion, abandoning it altogether, are unhappily but too numerous; and these have generally afterwards become the most bitter opposers of the truth they once espoused. Concerning such as these, the apostle affirms, "It had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after they had known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them. But it is happened unto them according to the true proverb, The dog is turned to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire."

It is true, indeed, that such retrograde motions have been *secret* and *almost* imperceptible. Those characters of whom John speaks, had made much profession of piety, although he declares, "they went out from us, but they were not of us." The five foolish virgins were of the same description; these, under the influence of self-deception, followed the other virgins even to the door of the guest-chamber, crying, "Lord, Lord, open to us;" but it was answered from within, "Verily, I say unto you, I know you not." *Judas, Simon Magus, and Demas* were once found professing themselves the servants of God; *Julian* the apostate, *Francis Spira*, and others of later days, did also once possibly conceive themselves to be the heirs of salvation, although afterwards

they were found among the number of those who "draw back to perdition." It has been justly observed by a living author of repute, "that the way of duty is difficult, while the way of sin is easy;" and a late learned prelate of the establishment of our country, (Jeremy Taylor,) speaking on this subject with awful correctness, observes, "*Vice is first pleasing; then easy; then delightful; then habitual; then confirmed; then the man is impenitent; then he is obstinate; then he resolves never to repent; and then—he is damned!!!*"

If such persons escape the horrors of an awakened conscience on a dying pillow, and enter the eternal world enwrap in the same fatal self-delusion, an eternity of misery will at once burst upon their souls; while from the illuminating blaze of Jehovah's purity, they, when too late, will discover, and feel, the dreadful consequences of disregarding the exhortation, "Take heed to yourselves, that your heart be not deceived." Then too they will possess much awful experience of the truth of the declaration, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

#### Fourthly, *The Cure of religious self-deception.*

If the consequences arising from the subject now under consideration, are of the kind which has been noticed, and lead to the termination stated, surely nothing bears any comparison with the importance of the knowledge and application of its antidote or cure. It is a case which the grace of God *alone* can reach; but it is *not* beyond that grace. There are means furnished by the kind Physician of souls, and no obstacles exist to our availing ourselves of them, excepting such as are found in ourselves.

##### 1. *Personal examination.*

The necessity of this must be strikingly obvious, even on natural principles. We are constantly disposed to "think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think," and favourable opinions are too generally formed by the comparisons which we institute betwixt ourselves and others, instead of being founded upon our inward character, by the word of God.

He who lives without self-examination is like an ignorant merchant, who trades from year to year without ever inspecting his accounts, the probable consequence of which is, a state of total and unexpected bankruptcy. The effects arising from such omission, are the same to all *now*, as they were to the church of Laodicea of old,—

a conception of being "rich and increased in goods, and having need of nothing, while they are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." The *duty and advantages* of the exercise now recommended, may be fairly argued, from the repeated references to it in the Holy Scriptures. Paul especially exhorted the Corinthians with much fervour, "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves." To the Galatians he wrote, "Let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself, and not in another." Personal examination is generally a *painful* work, but it is *ever a salutary* one. If at all times its results are not equally satisfactory with our wishes, they at least tend to quicken us in our heavenly career. By it we shall detect our false hopes and dependences; we shall ascertain the nature of our faith by its purifying effects, and be led with Paul, whatever may be our experience, to forget "those things which are behind, and, reaching forth unto those things which are before, to press towards the mark for the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

2. *The cultivation of an habitual sense of the possibility of deceiving ourselves, together with its awful consequences.*

A sense of danger ever leads to the exercise of caution, while, on the other hand, he who is self-confidently secure, rushes on headlong, until some yawning chasm receives him, or some unexpected precipice becomes his ruin. Solomon has justly remarked,—that "the prosperity of fools shall destroy them;" while, "a prudent or wise man foreseeth the evil, and avoideth it by hiding himself."

Danger is never nearer than when we think ourselves perfectly secure; then, while we cry, "Peace, peace, lo! sudden destruction cometh." A deep experimental sense of the awfully depraved state of human nature, the pernicious influence of sensible or worldly things, and the subtlety and malice of Satan, will have a happy tendency powerfully to impress our minds, and, making us conscious of danger, lead us with David to exclaim, when made sensible by painful experience of his own impotency, "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not;—keep me as the apple of the eye; hide me under the shadow of thy wings." "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe." Had David, deeply penetrated with a sense of his own weakness and danger, always thus acted, he would not have so foully tarnished the glory of his character; nor would Peter,

influenced by the same spirit, have denied his Lord and Master with oaths and curses.

While an apprehension of *danger* should impress our minds, an anticipation of the *consequences* of self-deception should quicken us to "give all diligence to make our calling and election sure." If saved so as by fire, or plucked as brands from the burning, yet to walk in darkness and have no light, to feel no enjoyment in those means which are calculated to fill the soul with peace and joy through believing, to know nothing of the sweet experience of those who, in the soul-stirring anticipation of future blessedness, sing:—

No more the light trifles which earth can afford,

In affection I seek or desire,  
The pleasures which flow from the service of God  
Yield pleasures far purer and higher.

With rapture ecstatic, my soul bids adieu  
To the world, with eternity near,  
There nobler and higher enjoyments I view,  
Far above all comparison here.

Surely, to lose such present enjoyment is sufficiently great to be deplored, and, if possible, avoided; but if the deception should continue until death has fixed the unchangeable destiny of the soul, the consequences will be such as human language cannot describe, nor human thought, in its mightiest energies, conceive.

3. *Earnestly seek for, and humbly ask, the teachings of the Holy Spirit.*

Independently of the illuminations and quickening energy of the Spirit of God, the "gross darkness" which covers the human mind, *will*, and *must*, ever remain; and unless made sensible, and taught by him, the soul will continue "dead in trespasses and in sins," and ignorant of its moral disease. It is not within the province of human philosophy, or the rhetoric of the schools, to roll back the dense clouds which envelop it, or to impart knowledge where there is no capacity to receive understanding. This is a work which God has reserved to himself; he had declared, "I will bring the blind by a way which they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them." And again, "I form light, and create darkness, I make peace, and create evil; I, the Lord, do all these things." With himself he admits no rival, none can unite with, so as to assist his mighty designs.

To the Holy Spirit are ascribed those acts which demonstrate his powerful and independent agency. He is said to "guide," to "lead," to "reveal," to "teach," to "impart gifts," to "quicken," to "sanctify." The holy scriptures them-



selves will be a "*dead letter*," and a "*sealed book*," unto us, until opened to our understandings by his sacred influences. Every encouragement that can be required is afforded us in the word of God, to ask the Spirit's teachings, with the full assurance of their being imparted. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." The Holy Spirit was the great promise made by Christ, upon which he rested the validity of his character, as the true Messiah. "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you." Of Christ it is testified, he hath the "seven spirits of God;"—a fulness of all the gifts and graces of the eternal Spirit; and to Him belong the right and power to dispense them in all their perfection and variety. We should therefore, with David, unfortunately pray, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Or with Job, we should cry, "What I see not, do thou teach me." If the Holy Spirit be earnestly sought, his aid will *most assuredly* be given, in the possession of which, and humbly submitting to his divine teachings, an effectual guard against *self-deception* will be possessed. He will make known the "exceeding sinfulness" of sin, and thus preserve from its flattering delusions; and, however weak the capacities of the recipients, he will effectually secure them from every fundamental error, and make them "wise to salvation, through faith in Jesus Christ."

Burslem.

YOUNG.

ON CHANTING IN OUR CATHEDRALS:—  
SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO YORK MINSTER; WITH REMARKS ON THE NON-ADAPTATION OF OUR BURIAL SERVICE TO CERTAIN INTERMENTS.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,—The purport of my present communication is not to open the book of controversy, or to impoverish the vocabulary of censure, but to submit my objections rather as founded on solecisms, than substantiated facts. The constitution and usages of the church, are subjects creating opinions so varied, as to defy the logic of even a Southey to reconcile them; a circumstance which may well deter a

magazine correspondent from essaying their solution. Nevertheless, leaving the alluring, yet disappointing path of critical animadversion, I will merely assume the character of an humble index, to point out the misapplications which form the subject of this paper; and decry the *institutes*, without animadverting on the *institutors*.

Pacing the solemn nave of York Minster, a few months before that deplorable event, which dismantled one of the finest gothic edifices in the world, I was more than ever struck with its magnitude and beauty. The immature rays of a morning sun during the month of May, glimmered through its windows, and lit up the stained compartments of saints and armorial bearings, throwing on the chilling pavement, on the regal statuary of the beautiful screen, on the tall pillars and "embowed roof," the subdued radiance of the vernal season. The symphony of the noble organ burst through the mighty space, adding to the exquisite harmony of sight, the touching sympathy of sound, and scaring the timid bird which had fluttered into the gothic expanse.

Fixed as a statue amidst the sublimity of concord and design, and wrapt in ecstatic reverie, as

'Through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
The pealing anthem swell'd the note of praise;"

my sight and senses might have been plausibly beguiled into the belief, that the incomparable structure was a temple "not made with hands," consecrated to the memory of those saints and martyrs "who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Alas! it was the *last time* that I was to behold this pile in its pristine splendour! and I could now almost imagine, that my melancholy was an ominous indication that the resistless element of fire would shortly dissolve the charm

"Of high embowed roof,  
And antique pillars, massy proof."

There is no place in which God is worshipped, more adapted to kindle devotion, than the magnificence of those "rich cathedral fanes," which, independently of the poetical abstractions they inspire, tend to raise our thoughts heavenward; and though the truant fancy may luxuriate in the amplitude of those materials of romance and sentiment, which antiquity furnishes, there is one overpowering, all-absorbing idea, to combat our dreamings—that these holy temples were constructed by piety, and dedicated to the service of the Eternal, in whose presence we are called to do homage, while the stupendous

architecture of his *earthly* house may impress us with the vastness and grandeur of his eternal dwelling-place.

Such were my emotions on the occasion alluded to; and such a frame of mind was well adapted to shrink from the darkness which could cloud so fair an atmosphere of devotional feeling with disgust, at the mockery on which I am about to comment. Warned by the conclusion of the anthem, prelude to the service of the morning, I repaired to the choir; where, after the decent and devout enunciation of the diurnal lessons, burst forth the voices of the choristers, in abrupt and boisterous concert, mutilating some of the finest passages in the prayer-book, and appearing just as inattentive and careless as such a mode of worship might naturally be supposed to induce.

I cannot sufficiently regret that so sublime a composition as the church of England service, should be the medium of such a mockery as I conceive the practice of chanting to be. That such expressions as, "Lord, have mercy upon us!" "Christ, have mercy upon us!" "Son of God, we beseech thee to hear us?"—should be chanted, or sung, in the fantastic and reckless tone in which we hear them in our cathedrals, &c., is a stain upon the ceremonies of the church, which not even morality can countenance, or precedent justify. Doubtless it is a remnant of monachal invention, — devised to impose upon the senses of our believing forefathers, who consigned their estates to the "holy church," and their souls to the "virgin mother;" and, as such, we ought to rank it with the exploded "crucifix," the forgotten "holy water," and the discarded "piscina,"—relics of a community which ranked amongst its almost incredible quackeries, the adoption of *baptized wells*, for the purpose of maintaining a superstitious agency over the minds of a benighted people.

Is the practice of chanting consistent with the penitential confessions narrated in the Scripture?—Most assuredly not. To reiterate admissions of our sinfulness, and becoming supplications for mercy, in a *sing-song tone*, befits not, in my humble opinion, the solemnities of christian worship. The bold and surpliced choristers straining their throats with compulsory effort, are more on a par with that "fat, contented ignorance," which has been figuratively adduced, to portray the venders of monkish delusion, than the personation of that repentance, which humbles itself in "sackcloth and ashes;" and the

flippant, noisy tones of chanting are better calculated to echo the boastings of the accomplished pharisee, than to represent the lamentations of the wretched publican.

I now come to the consideration of the second of my objections to a part of the formularies of the church,—the non-adaptation of the burial service to certain interments. On this subject, I must be allowed to advert to the melancholy fact, that there are many *Sadducees* in our day, men who adopt the poetical assumption of a late noble lord:—

"Pursue what time or chance proelalmeth best,  
Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron;"

and, further, that many of the votaries of this visionary creed, leave the world unconvinced, passing through the fiery ordeal of mortal separation, without parting with the dross of infidelity, and entering the presence of the Eternal with the denial of an hereafter on their lips. Yet these men are interred with the usual ceremonies, and have the burial service read over them with due solemnity. But how can we justify the using of such mendacious expressions, as the funeral service degenerates into, when read on such occasions? How can our hearts respond the erroneous appellation, "This our brother," as spiritually applied by the minister? How can we so far violate our feelings and belief, as to reiterate over the grave of an *unbeliever*, the blessed anticipation couched in those sublime words, "In sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life?" How can we so fervently implore the Almighty, to "hasten his coming," at the obsequies of a mortal who maintained our irresponsibility to Him? An unbeliever!—Close the book, for it was his decision; shed no tear, for he ridiculed your solicitude; repeat no prayer, for he laughed it to scorn; sympathize not with his departure, for he deemed it an escape to undisturbed oblivion; hope not for his reception, for he advocated an eternal sleep; talk not of his account, for he kept no reckoning; raise no record over his ashes, eternity had no sunshine for him, for he saw *no light beyond the present life*;—but leave him, with his miserable dogmas, to hide in the kindly earth: emblematically speaking, let the nightshade flourish over his unfrequented grave, for he had no faith in the healing virtues of "the tree of life;" let the waters of *Lethe* flow around his tomb, for he trusted not in the immortalizing properties of that river, "the streams whereof make glad the city of God!"

London, May 17, 1830. G. Y. H.

## MYSTICAL NUMBER SEVEN.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,—As an appendix to the article on the number seven, which appeared in your present volume, col. 419, I subjoin a critical dissertation on the same number, extracted from the "History of Initiation," by the Rev. G. Oliver, of Grimsby. This ingenious article is recommended to our notice by its train of allusions to the sacred volume, and I anticipate that your readers will experience equal gratification with myself from its perusal.

I am, sir,  
Yours, &c.

✍

"It is a most remarkable fact, that we find in every system of antiquity a frequent reference to the number *seven*, which, from its nature, can scarcely be ascribed to any event save the *seven* companions of Noah in the ark, except it be to the institution of the Sabbath. Thus the *seven* score Ogyrvens, or mystical personages, which, according to Taliesin, pertain to the British muse; the *seven* score knobs in the collar of the ox, (Dav. Dru. p. 523, 524.) the *seven* persons who returned from Caer Sidi, in the Spoils of the Deep; (Ibid. p. 515,) the *seven* Pleiades; (Ovid, Fast. 5.) the *seven* Hyades; (Aratus, Astron.) the *seven* Titans and Titanides; the *seven* Heliades of the Greeks; (Diod. bib. l. 15.) the *seven* Cabiri of the Phenicians; the *seven* Amschaspands of the Parsees; and the *seven* pieces into which the body of Bacchus was torn by the Titans, (Plut. de Isid. and Osir. p. 368,) were equally the *seven* hero-gods who accompanied Noah in the ark; and these corresponded with the *seven* Menus, the *seven* Pitris, or Rishis, and the *seven* Brahmadicas of Hindoo mythology; and for the same reason, perhaps, as these persons were the whole of mankind then living in the world, the *septenary* number, amongst the Cabalists, denoted *universality*, and was termed by the Pythagoreans, *ἀσπελμα*.

"To one of the above causes may be ascribed the origin of the *seven* vases in the temple of the sun, near the ruins of Babian, in Upper Egypt, (Savary, Letters on Egypt,) the *seven* altars which burned continually before the god Mithras in many of his temples; (Montf. Ant. tom. ii. l. 7.) the *seven* holy temples of the ancient Arabians; (Sale's Koran. prelim. disc. p. 22.) the *seven* bobuns of perfection exhibited in the Hindoo code; (Holwell, in Maur. Ind. Ant. vol. ii. p. 331.) with the defective knowledge of the same people

which circumscribed the whole earth within the compass of *seven* peninsulas, or dwipas; (Sacontala. Sir W. Jones's Works. vol. vi.) the *seven* planets of antiquity; the Jewish Sephiroth, consisting of *seven* splendours; the *seven* Gothic deities, commensurate with the hebdomadal division of time; the *seven* worlds of the Indians and Chaldeans; and the *seven* virtues, cardinal and theological. (Vid. Signs and Symbols, p. 159.) In a word, *seven* was always considered as a number possessed of many mysterious properties; and divine sacrifices were esteemed most efficacious when composed of this number.

*Seven* bullocks yet unyoked for Phoebus choose,  
And for Diana, *seven* unspotted ewes.—Dryden.

"And even our own Scriptures abound with innumerable instances of the authorized use of this number. At the deluge, Noah received *seven* days' notice of its commencement, (Gen. vii. 4.) and was commanded to select *clean* beasts and fowls by *sevens*, while the unclean were only admitted by pairs. (Gen. vii. 2.) On the *seventh* month the ark rested on Ararat, (Gen. viii. 4.) and Noah despatched his dove at the distance of *seven* days each time. (Gen. viii. 10, 12.) Job and Balaam each offered sacrifices by the express command of God, consisting of *seven* bullocks and *seven* rams, (Job xlii. 8. Numb. xxiii. 1.) and this was undoubtedly conformable with the usual practice of Jewish antiquity. The destruction of Jericho was miraculously effected by the use of this number; for, *seven* priests, bearing *seven* rams'-horns for trumpets, were directed by the Almighty to compass the city *seven* days, and on the *seventh* to proceed round it *seven* times, when the walls should fall into ruin; (Josh. vi. 4, 5.) Solomon was *seven* years building the temple; (1 Kings vi. 38.) which was dedicated in the *seventh* month, (1 Kings viii. 2.) and the public festival lasted *seven* days.

"The whole machinery of the Apocalypse is conducted on precisely the same principle. The iconisms are almost all *septenary*. Here the FIRST PERSON in the sacred Trinity is represented under the figure of a glorious Being clothed with surpassing brilliancy, seated on a throne encircled by a rainbow, (Rev. iv. 3, 4.) and receiving from the assembly of saints a most profound adoration, in which they ascribe to him *seven* degrees of beatitude, (ibid. vii. 12.) He is attended by *four* beasts full of eyes, emblematical of their perfect knowledge of all things, past, present, and to come. Now the number *four* was esteemed to possess similar properties

with the number *seven*. It signified *universality* amongst the Cabalists and Pythagoreans, probably because the *whole* of the male kind in the ark consisted of *four* persons, and it formed the holy Tetragrammaton of the Jews. (Vid. More's *Apocalypsis Apocalypsios*, p. 92, 148.) The *SECOND PERSON* is described as a majestic and venerable personage, standing in the midst of *seven* golden candlesticks, and holding in his hand *seven* stars, the emblems of light and revelation; (Rev. ii. 1.) and in another place as a Lamb that had been slain, having *seven* horns and *seven* eyes, symbols of universal power and knowledge; and receiving from the heavenly host a loud acknowledgment of *seven* potencies. (Ib. v. 6, 12.) And the *THIRD PERSON* is described as *seven* lamps of fire, which are the *seven* Spirits of God. (Ib. iv. 5.)

"Again, the Apocalypse contains *seven* Synchronisms, which were preceded by a succession of woes addressed to *seven* churches, (Ib. i. 4.) recorded in a book with *seven* seals. (Ib. v. 1.) denounced by *seven* angels to the sound of *seven* trumpets, (Ib. viii. 2.) and revealed by *seven* thunders or oracular voices. (Ib. x. 3.) The wrath of God against the idolatrous world is let loose by *seven* angels having *seven* plagues enclosed in *seven* golden vials. (Ib. xv. 1, 7.) Idolatry is represented under the figure of a scarlet-coloured beast, having *seven* heads to represent probably the *seven* mountains on which Rome and Constantinople, the two capital cities of "the mistress of the world," were respectively founded; (Ib. xvii. 9.) and *seven* idolatrous kings, or *seven* forms of polytheism, are pointed out for destruction. (Ib. xvii. 10.)

"This very extraordinary and universal application of the number *seven*, as I have already observed, must have originated either in a tradition, borne away from Shinar by every tribe who wandered in search of a new settlement, respecting the institution of the Sabbath; (and it must be observed, that almost all idolatrous nations kept holy the *seventh* day; Vid. Usher on the Sabbath, p. 73.) or the *seven* hero gods who were saved with Noah in the ark."

#### ON THE DISTRESSES OF THE POOR.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,—I beg to address you at this season of general distress, presuming that an attempt to invite the attention of Christians universally, through the medium of Chris-

tian ministers, to a subject involving the interests of every portion of that community in which divine Providence has cast our lot, will be deemed worthy our most serious regard. That there are calls of public duty in every condition of society, is allowed by all; while it must be admitted, that such seasons as the present, wherein a more than common appeal is made, and more than common exertions are demanded, but rarely occur.

Wherever we turn, either the sound or sight of our miserable fellow-creatures, destitute of the necessities of life, presents itself. The classes next above them, who, in other circumstances, would be willing to extend the helping hand, and contribute to their relief, being themselves falling, are precluded from rendering assistance, while the larger part of the rich and powerful appear to be looking on, awaiting whatever may be the result. That, in such a state of things we should have to deplore the increase of crime, can excite no wonder. Accordingly, we find that cattle are scarcely safe in our fields, or goods on our rivers, and that enormities, anomalous in English history, are becoming almost of daily experience. Yet is it an undoubted fact, that amidst this scene of degradation and injustice, and while multitudes of our most industrious citizens, putting to the utmost hazard their future prospects, and even existence itself, are quitting the land of their nativity for foreign climes, the resources of our country are more than sufficient to support its inhabitants in plenty and content. While our fields themselves are lying unproductive, we have, in addition to those lands daily thrown out of cultivation, numerous millions of wastes, capable of improvement, and of yielding supplies to the wants of our starving population, and of proving a source of redundant wealth to the proprietors of the soil.\*

Proofs too pregnant with the happiest success to be questioned, and too accumulated for detail, demonstrate that the occupation of land can accomplish all we need; that in districts where small holdings of land still prevail, the little tenant is found supporting himself in comparative comfort, and that he finds himself able to pay his rent.

Earl Brownlow, on whose estates in Lincolnshire there have been apportioned five hundred lots, of five acres

\* See the 3d Report of the Emigration Committee, stating that there remained at present, in the United Kingdom, fifteen millions of waste land, capable of cultivation.

each—the marquis of Downshire, earl Carnarvon, lord Gage, the bishop of Bath and Wells, sir Thomas Baring, Messrs. Eacourt, Huskisson, &c. &c. &c. can state the importance of this system to the peasant and his family, and to the commonwealth of which he forms a respected member. Our country, already owing so many ages of obligation to its agriculture, has yet to reap in this fruitful field the harvest of ease and prosperity. Are we not, then, summoned, by our love to God and man, to rouse from the torpor of indifference, to apply the remedy to our distresses, and to do what in us lies to blot out the oppressive stain? Let Christians associate, and a kindred zeal to that we so much commend in missionary efforts, will be found exciting every bosom. Co-operation is alone required. It is recommended that a committee be formed in London, and district committees in the country, to digest the necessary arrangements, some of which are even now ready for such a call.

While the British land is furnishing employment to the British labourer, we shall soon realize, by the Divine blessing, the effects of that righteousness which exalteth a nation, and achieve paramount claims to the gratitude of our fellow-subjects.—Every rank and class throughout our land may be expected to follow such laudable examples. Poors' rates will be reduced; our sabbaths be likely again to witness the population visiting the temple where God's blessings may be found; and to him alone be the glory, who hath given such power unto men. X. Y. Z.

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#### SLAVE SHIP EXAMINED AT SEA.

WHEN we were about a fortnight at sea, we found ourselves approaching the spot where pirates abound, many of whom had recently committed most atrocious depredations. Their known practice is as follows. They set out generally from the Havannah, to hover about the coast of Africa; and if they conveniently can barter for and embark a cargo of slaves, they proceed directly for the island of Cuba. If they are not successful in this speculation, or if an opportunity for piracy present itself, in any part of their voyage, they seize the first ship they meet with, preferring one already laden with slaves. Having taken possession of the vessel, they murder, or, sometimes, in rare cases, put on shore, in some desert place, the white men found on board, and then proceed

with the vessel and cargo to Cuba, where they land the slaves surreptitiously on the back of the island, and then enter the Havannah openly in ballast. This occurred in the case of a prize-crew of English, put on board a captured slaver, who were murdered by these pirates in a ship called the Pelican.

The island of Cuba seems now the refugium peccatorum for every ruffian, and the spirit and practice of the buccaneers are revived there at the present day. Like Algiers, and the piratical states of Barbary, it has become the opprobrium of the commercial and civilized world, and requires the same exertion of a strong hand to put it down. It seems also to be the great inlet for slaves, and the incentive to continue the traffic, and this without any of those pretexts which the Brazilians yet can plead. In the treaty made with Spain, by the British government, on the 22nd of September, 1817, the very first article is, "That the slave-trade shall be abolished through the entire dominions of Spain, on the 30th of May, 1820, and that after that period it shall not be lawful for any subjects of the crown of Spain to purchase slaves, or to carry on the slave trade on the coast of Africa, on any pretext whatever." To reconcile the speculators to the change, the sum of £400,000, was actually paid by Great Britain, on the 20th of February, 1818, to the Spaniards, as a full compensation for the losses consequent on the abolition. Notwithstanding this, 20,000 slaves, it is calculated, are annually brought to Cuba, from the Galinas and the river Bonny, on the coast of Africa, by these pirates and slavers.

Captain Arabin had met, while on the coast, one of these atrocious vessels. She was a ship of war from the Havannah, commanded by a Spaniard of the name of Jozé Antonio de la Bega. She was called the *Veloz Passageiro*, mounted twenty-four long guns, and was manned by 161 desperate fellows, of all nations. She was about 400 Spanish, equal to 680 English tons, capable of carrying 1200 slaves, and had a tender in company, for stowing 400 more. Captain Arabin could find no pretext to interfere with the captain on the coast of Africa, as he had no positive evidence that he was come on a slaving expedition; but he had received certain information, that he would sail for the Havannah on the 1st of May, with his own ship and his consort full of slaves, and so cross our course near the equator, about this time. We had been, therefore, for some days looking out for

him, and, as it was supposed he would make a desperate resistance, preparations were made for his reception.

The North Star was inferior in size, force, and complement of men, carrying only twenty-six short carronades, with two long guns, being only 500 tons burden, and having a complement of 160 men. Moreover, the masts were of a new and untried timber; the mizen sprung, the foremast decayed at the cap, the foretop-sail-yard fished, and the rigging rotten; so that she was every way inferior in force and firmness to the armed slaver. Yet Captain Arabin was determined to board if they met, as well from a sense of duty, as because the crew would be allowed £10 a head, on all re-captured slaves; and in case of success in this instance, would share £16,000 prize-money, an inducement which Government most judiciously add to other incentives in this great cause of humanity. The crew, therefore, were exercised at the carronades every day; and as it was determined to run her aboard, the stoutest and most active young men, armed with cutlasses, were daily practised for that service, while the marines and boys, with muskets, were ready to cover the attempt.

On Friday, May 22, being in lat.  $4^{\circ}$ ,  $43' 8''$  and long.  $26^{\circ} 23' W$ . we were talking of this pirate at breakfast, and the probability of meeting her at this place, when, in the midst of our conversation, a midshipman entered the cabin, and said in a hurried manner, that a sail was visible to the N. W. on the larboard quarter. We immediately all rushed on deck, glasses were called for and set, and we distinctly saw a large ship of three masts, apparently crossing our course. Various conjectures were now made as to who or what she was, but in a little time the trim and look of the vessel decided us that she was a foreigner; and it was the general opinion that she was either a large slaver or a pirate, or probably both, and Captain Arabin was strongly inclined to believe it was his friend the Spaniard, from the coast of Africa, for whom we had been looking out, or another of the same kind, cruising on the look-out for our East and West Indian trade, which are generally crossed by pirates in this latitude. The stranger now hauled her wind, changed her course, and seemed to bear directly down upon us. We clapped on studding and every other sail the ship could bear, and stood towards her; and as we were nearing every moment, there was a probability we should soon meet.

After about an hour standing towards us, she tacked, as if not liking our appearance, and alarmed at our approach, and stood away directly before the wind. We crowded all sail in chase. The breeze freshened, and at four bells we had neared so much that we had a distinct view of her hull, and we now were certain she was a slaver, and also perhaps a pirate, and that she had at least five or six hundred slaves aboard. This opinion was formed on that sagacity that a long experience on the coast of Africa, and a familiar acquaintance with such vessels had imparted. We were, therefore, all on the alert, exulting in the prospect of liberating so many fellow-creatures, and bartering and bargaining for our share of the ransom-money, for it seemed almost certain that she could not escape us. She resembled, however, a fox doubling in all directions, and every moment seemed to change her course to avoid us.

The captain now ordered a gun to be fired to leeward, and the English union flag to be hoisted; we had the wind right aft, and were running right down upon her, distant about four miles. She took no notice of our gun and flag, and another was fired with as little effect. Orders were then given that one of the long guns at the bows should be shotted and sent after her. We all crowded to the fore-castle, to witness the effect. The ball went ricochetting along the waves, and fell short of her stern; in a little time afterwards she hoisted a flag, which we perceived was Brazilian. Two shots more were sent after her with as little effect, and the wind again dying away, our coming up with her before dark seemed very doubtful. To increase the way of the ship, the long guns of the bows were brought midships, but without effect; we were evidently dropping astern. We kept a sharp look-out with intense interest, leaning over the netting, and silently handing the glass to one another, as if a word spoken would impede our way. At length the shades of evening closed on us, and we applied night-glasses. For some time we kept her in view on the horizon, but about eight o'clock she totally disappeared.

All night we were pointing our glasses in the direction in which she lay, and caught occasional glimpses of her, and when morning dawned, we saw her like a speck on the horizon, standing due north. We followed in the same track, the breeze soon increased our way to eight knots, and we had the pleasure to find we were every moment gaining on her. We again sent

long shot after her, but she only crowded the more sail to escape; and we observed her slinging her yards, that is, hanging them with additional cords, that they might be supported if the proper lifts were shot away.

We could now discern her whole equipment; her gun-streak was distinctly seen along the water, with eight ports of a side; and it was the general opinion she was a French pirate and slaver, notorious for her depredations. At twelve o'clock, we were entirely within gunshot, and one of our long bow-guns was again fired at her. It struck the water along-side, and then, for the first time, she showed a disposition to stop. While we were preparing a second, she hove-to, and in a short time we were along-side her, after a most interesting chase of thirty hours, during which we ran 300 miles.

The first object that struck us, was an enormous gun, turning on a swivel, on deck, the constant appendage of a pirate; and the next, were large kettles for cooking, on the bows, the usual apparatus of a slaver. Our boat was now hoisted out, and I went on board with the officers. When we mounted her decks, we found her full of slaves. She was called the *Veloz*, commanded by Captain José Barbosa, bound to Bahia. She was a very broad-decked ship, with a mainmast, schooner-rigged, and behind her foremast was that large formidable gun, which turned on a broad circle of iron, on deck, and which enabled her to act as a pirate, if her slaving speculation had failed. She had taken in, on the coast of Africa, 336 males, and 226 females, making in all 562, and had been out seventeen days, during which she had thrown overboard fifty-five. The slaves were all enclosed under grated hatchways, between decks. The space was so low, that they sat between each other's legs, and stowed so close together, that there was no possibility of their lying down, or at all changing their position, by night or day. As they belonged to, and were shipped on account of different individuals, they were all branded, like sheep, with the owners' marks, of different forms.—These were impressed under their breasts, or on their arms, and, as the mate informed me, with perfect indifference, "*queimados pelo ferro quente*—burnt with the red-hot iron." Over the hatchway stood a ferocious looking fellow, with a scourge of many twisted thongs in his hand, who was the slave-driver of the ship, and whenever he heard the slightest noise below, he

shook it over them, and seemed eager to exercise it. I was quite pleased to take this hateful badge out of his hand, and I have kept it ever since, as a horrid memorial of reality, should I ever be disposed to forget the scene I witnessed.

As soon as the poor creatures saw us looking down at them, their dark and melancholy visages brightened up. They perceived something of sympathy and kindness in our looks, which they had not been accustomed to, and feeling instinctively that we were friends, they immediately began to shout and clap their hands. One or two had picked up a few Portuguese words, and cried out, "*Viva! viva!*" The women were particularly excited. They all held up their arms, and when we bent down and shook hands with them, they could not contain their delight; they endeavoured to scramble upon their knees, stretching up to kiss our hands, and we understood that they knew we were come to liberate them. Some, however, hung down their heads in apparently hopeless dejection; some were greatly emaciated, and some, particularly children, seemed dying.

But the circumstance which struck us most forcibly was, how it was possible for such a number of human beings to exist, packed up and wedged together as tight as they could cram, in low cells, three feet high, the greater part of which, except that immediately under the grated hatchways, was shut out from light or air, and this when the thermometer, exposed to the open sky, was standing in the shade, on our deck, at 89°. The space between decks was divided into two compartments, 3 feet 3 inches high; the size of one was 16 feet by 18, and of the other 40 by 21; into the first were crammed the women and girls; into the second, the men and boys: 226 fellow-creatures were thus thrust into one space 288 feet square; and 336 into another space 800 feet square, giving to the whole an average of 23 inches, and to each of the women not more than 13 inches, though many of them were pregnant. We also found manacles and fetters of different kinds, but it appears they had been all taken off before we boarded.

The heat of these horrid places was so great, and the odour so offensive, that it was quite impossible to enter them, even had there been room. They were measured as above when the slaves had left them. The officers insisted that the poor suffering creatures should be admitted on deck to get air and water. This was

opposed by the mate of the slaver, who, from a feeling that they deserved it, declared they would murder them all. The officers, however, persisted, and the poor beings were all turned up together. It is impossible to conceive the effect of this eruption—517 fellow-creatures of all ages and sexes, some children, some adults, some old men and women, all in a state of total nudity, scrambling out together to taste the luxury of a little fresh air and water. They came swarming up, like bees from the aperture of a hive, till the whole deck was crowded to suffocation, from stem to stern; so that it was impossible to imagine where they could all have come from, or how they could have been stowed away. On looking into the places where they had been crammed, there were found some children next the sides of the ship, in the places most remote from light and air; they were lying nearly in a torpid state, after the rest had turned out. The little creatures seemed indifferent as to life or death, and when they were carried on deck, many of them could not stand.

After enjoying for a short time the unusual luxury of air, some water was brought; it was then that the extent of their sufferings was exposed in a fearful manner. They all rushed like maniacs towards it. No entreaties, or threats, or blows, could restrain them; they shrieked, and struggled, and fought with one another, for a drop of this precious liquid, as if they grew rabid at the sight of it. There is nothing which slaves, in the mid-passage, suffer from so much as want of water. It is sometimes usual to take out casks filled with sea water, as ballast, and when the slaves are received on board, to start the casks, and refill them with fresh. On one occasion, a ship from Bahia neglected to change the contents of the casks, and on the mid-passage found, to their horror, that they were filled with nothing but salt water. All the slaves on board perished! We could judge of the extent of their sufferings from the afflicting sight we now saw. When the poor creatures were ordered down again, several of them came, and pressed their heads against our knees, with looks of the greatest anguish, at the prospect of returning to the horrid place of suffering below.

It was not surprising that they should have endured much sickness and loss of life, in their short passage. They had sailed from the coast of Africa on the 7th of May, and had been out but seventeen days, and they had thrown overboard no less than fifty-five, who had died of dy-

sentery and other complaints, in that space of time, though they had left the coast in good health. Indeed, many of the survivors were seen lying about the decks in the last stage of emaciation, and in a state of filth and misery not to be looked at. Evenhanded justice had visited the effects of this unholy traffic, on the crew who were engaged in it. Eight or nine had died, and at that moment six were in hammocks on board, in different stages of fever. This mortality did not arise from want of medicine. There was a large stock ostentatiously displayed in the cabin, with a manuscript book containing directions as to the quantities; but the only medical man on board to prescribe it was a black, who was as ignorant as his patients.

While expressing my horror at what I saw, and exclaiming against the state of this vessel for conveying human beings, I was informed by my friends, who had passed so long a time on the coast of Africa, and visited so many ships, that this was one of the best they had seen. The height, sometimes, between decks, was only eighteen inches; so that the unfortunate beings could not turn round, or even on their sides, the elevation being less than the breadth of their shoulders: and here they are usually chained to the decks, by the neck and legs. In such a place, the sense of misery and suffocation is so great, that the negroes, like the English in the black-hole at Calcutta, are driven to frenzy. They had, on one occasion, taken a slave-vessel in the river Bonny: the slaves were stowed in the narrow space between decks, and chained together. They heard a horrid din and tumult among them, and could not imagine from what cause it proceeded. They opened the hatches, and turned them up on deck. They were manacled together, in twos and threes. Their horror may be well conceived, when they found a number of them in different stages of suffocation; many of them were foaming at the mouth, and in the last agonies; many were dead. A living man was sometimes dragged up, and his companion was a dead body; sometimes, of the three attached to the same chain, one was dying, and another dead. The tumult they had heard, was the frenzy of those suffocating wretches in the last stage of fury and desperation, struggling to extricate themselves. When they were all dragged up, nineteen were irrecoverably dead. Many destroyed one another, in the hopes of procuring room to breathe; men strangled those next them,



and women drove nails into each other's brains. Many unfortunate creatures, on other occasions, took the first opportunity of leaping overboard, and getting rid, in this way, of an intolerable life.

They often found the poor negroes impressed with the strongest terror at their deliverers. The slave-dealers persuaded them the English were cannibals, who only took them to eat them. When undeceived, their joy and gratitude were proportionately great. Sometimes, a mortal malady had struck them, before they were captured, from which they never could recover. They used to lie down in the water of the lee-scuppers, and notwithstanding every care, pined away to skin and bone, wasted with fever and dysentery; and, when at length they were consigned to the deep, they were mere skeletons. Unlike other impressions, habit had not rendered these things familiar, or hardened the hearts of my companions. On the contrary, the scenes they had witnessed made them only more susceptible of pity on the present occasion; and the sympathy and kindness they now showed these poor slaves, did credit to the goodness of their hearts.

When I returned on board the frigate, I found the captain of the slaver pacing the deck in great agitation; sometimes clasping his hands, and occasionally requesting a drink of water; and when asked whether he would have any other refreshment, he replied, turning his head, and twisting his mouth, with an expression of intense annoyance, "nada, nada—nothing, nothing." Meantime, his papers were rigidly examined, to ascertain if they bore out his story. He said that he was a Brazilian, from Bahia, and that his traffic was strictly confined to the south of the line, where, by treaty, it was yet lawful; that he made Bengo bay, on the coast of Angola, nine degrees south of the line, traded along that coast, and took in all his slaves at Cabinda, and was returning directly home; that his ship had only received on board the number allowed by law, which directs that five slaves may be taken in for every two tons; and that his complement was under allowance. All this, his chart and log corresponded with. As the tale, however, could be easily fabricated, and papers were written to correspond, a strict scrutiny was made into other circumstances. Some of the poor slaves said they came from Badagry, a place in six degrees north latitude. Two of the crew, whose persons were recognized by some of our people, confessed they were left at

Whida, by another ship, where they had been seen; and above all, the slave captain had endeavoured to escape by every means in his power, as conscious of his guilt; and it was not till after a persevering chase of three hundred miles, that he was at length taken, and that too, sailing in a northerly direction, when his course to Bahia would have been south-west. He said, in reply, that the slaves might have been originally from Badagry, and sent, as is usual, to Cabinda, when he bought them; that the two men entered at Cabinda, to which they had been brought in a Spanish ship from Whida; and finally, that he did not bring to when required, because he imagined the North Star to be one of the large pirates which infest these seas, whom he endeavoured to escape from by every means in his power; and in fact, in his log, our ship was designated "hum briganda." All this was plausible, and might be true.

The instructions sent to king's ships, as to the manner of executing the treaty of Brazil, are very ambiguous. They state in one place, that "no slave ship is to be stopped at the south of the line on any pretext whatever," yet in another, a certain latitude is allowed, if there is reason to suspect that the slaves on board "were taken in, to the north." By the first the ship could not be detained at all, and it was doubtful if there was just reason for the second. Even if there were the strongest grounds for capturing and sending her to Sierra Leone, for adjudication, where the nearest mixed commission sat, a circumstance of very serious difficulty occurred. It would take three weeks, perhaps a month or more, to beat up to windward to this place, and the slaves had not water for more than half that time, and we could not supply them. A number had already died, and we saw the state of frenzy to which the survivors were almost driven, from the want of this element.

On a former occasion, a prize of the North Star, sent to Sierra Leone, had lost more than one hundred out of a very small complement, while beating up the coast, notwithstanding every care; and it seemed highly probable that in this case but few would survive. Under these doubtful circumstances then, it appeared more legal, and even more humane, to suffer them to proceed on their course to Bahia, where it is probable, after all, the remnant left alive would finally be sent, after an investigation by the commissioners, as having been taken in, within the limits of legal

traffic. It was with infinite regret, therefore, that we were obliged to restore his papers to the captain, and permit him to proceed, after nine hours' detention, and close investigation. It was dark when we separated, and the last parting sounds we heard from the unhallowed ship were, the cries and shrieks of the slaves, suffering under some bodily infliction.—*Walsk's Notices of Brazil, Vol. II. pp. 472-490.*

#### ON READING.

(Continued from Col. 518.)

THE prevailing system of the present day is denominated by its advocates liberality—liberality in politics, liberality in navigation and commerce, liberality in jurisprudence, liberality in literature, and liberality in religion,—a name high sounding as the blast of an angel's trumpet, yet as unmeaning as the jargon of Babel. The nature and fitness of things, the stern rules of reason, as to rectitude of thought and action in man, and even conscience itself must bend to liberality; and as there are as many liberal systems as there are leaders in the various departments of this theory, each bottomed upon the man, rather than upon reality, reason, or conscience, these must not only bend, but curve round those systems, like so many serpents round the columns of a portico, hissing away truth, lest by any means she should enter and pollute this modern temple of Belus.

Stern as truth appears in the revelations of Him who is the fountain of truth and holiness, and bold as are its dictates therein, truth must also bend, or, if it cannot bend, be broken, so as to assume at least a stooping posture, in order to bow before these gorgeous idols, fraught with legs and arms and heads innumerable. For liberality is not one, but many—a troop of idols, with all the pomp of circumstance, displayed amidst the pantheon of the day.

Conceiving of God, that He is altogether such a one as themselves, the propagators of these systems, fancy that their ideas will conform even Deity to their theories; and because these ideas engross their minds, that all the immutability of the Self-existent will resolve itself into complacency, and mingle, mingle, mingle with the every form which this everchanging liberality assumes.

A holy man, the apostles of liberality assert, must be a liberal man, for without this he cannot be holy; but liberality, they add, consists in letting every man, without the least molestation, think for himself. Every attempt, therefore, to become the instrument in the hands of God of convert-

ing a sinner from the error of his ways, and teaching him the plan of salvation, in order that he may escape eternal perdition, and rise to that glory which the righteous shall enjoy before the throne of God and of the Lamb for ever and ever, is branded with the opprobrious appellation of proselytism—a system of proselytism. However pure his motives, however scriptural his plan, however meek and holy his deportment, and whatever portions of truth he may deal forth in love, a missionary, yea, even a minister in the faithful discharge of his duty, incessantly encounters the imputation of proselytism: as though his whole efforts were directed to the mere nonentity of bringing over men from one opinion to another, which he holds in opposition to theirs. The idea that the men of God, in reality, attaches no greater importance to one sectarian creed than to another, only as each of these may, as instruments, retard or conduce to the conversion of souls, dead in trespasses and sins, to the living God, never penetrates their minds. Hence proselytism is their watchword, dark as the night in which they utter it, and every missionary, yea, every faithful minister of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ, who is found earnestly labouring in the sacred cause, is branded on the forehead by the liberals with this opprobrious epithet, and held up to the scorn of the gaping multitude. This is the dust, I conceive, which is raised by the ignorant or the designing, in order to choke truth, during its infancy in the individual soul, and arrest its progress among men. It is the real cant-word of that unmeaning jargon which makes up the liberal creed, directed against what the liberals term cant, in the systems of just and holy men, whose religion is the religion of the Bible, and whose wisdom is identified with the revelations of God to lost mankind.

"A liberal creed," we are told, "ought to contain liberal principles, and liberal principles alone:" let us examine the creed of the modern liberals in reference to this axiom, on one particular and important doctrine. It is revealed to us, that, "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth. The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship Him." In the operations of this revealed and important truth, in and upon the souls of men, the opposition made by these liberals is acrimonious, vehement, and unceasing, although it is in the nature and fitness of things that God, who is a spirit, should be worshipped by the spirit

of man. Spiritual conversation, spiritual communion, spiritual prayer, spiritual preaching, spiritual faith, or faith of the operation of the Spirit, spiritual enjoyment of divine things, in fact, the whole of the spirit of the gospel of Christ Jesus, and the religion contained therein, are heterodox to the liberal creed; and you need only introduce the subject to a professed liberal to be at once convinced, that he accounts all this mere vulgar prejudice, fanaticism, and nonsense. The parties who profess spiritual things are, indeed, held up by liberals in general to the scorn of the multitude, and treated as the lowest of the vulgar herd. The doctrine and practice of salvation by that faith which is of the operation of the Spirit of God, and which alone is saving faith, has no place in the creed of a liberal, and to this important doctrine no quarter is given whatever, on any occasion. So much for the liberal principles of the liberal creed.

But, what is this magnificent and exalted liberalism, which is pompously styled the perfection of wisdom and freedom, in thought and action? What is it? Who can tell you? There is no king in this Israel; woe to the man who attempts any thing similar to the kingly office in this republic, where every man does that which is right in his own eyes, and scorns the control of others. There is even no God over this haughty republic: every man is his own deity, and launches his thunders, like an ancient Roman, upon the heads of all who refuse to bow down before him. For it happens in the republic of liberality, as it too frequently does in the various departments of political and infidel society, that the greatest stickler for liberty is frequently the greatest tyrant. What is it? I yet ask, and answer, as I did before, "There are as many liberal systems as there are leaders in the various departments of this wide-spread theory, each bot-tomed upon the man, rather than upon the nature and fitness of things, or upon reason or conscience." The system of liberalism is, therefore, not one, but many; it is an hydra, generated and propagated by a vast community of men, who arrogate to themselves the sole privilege of thinking for themselves, and for all other men into the bargain, under the specious pretence of liberty.

What has, or what can this liberal system accomplish? It consists of innumerable theories, which scout all sober reason, defy all revealed power as to the regeneration of man, and promise to mankind benefits and blessings innumerable and invaluable, at the freedom of thought and action

which they impart to their votaries. The bands of prejudice, the trammels of a vulgar mind, the chains of superstition, the fetters of fanaticism, the yoke of revealed religion, with the intolerable bondage of divine and spiritual authorities, fall before these theories, in the estimation of liberal men, and melt away, like snow before a summer's sun.

But do these theories effect the objects which they presume to regulate? Have they power to coerce truth, and bind the stern laws of rectitude and holiness to their way? Do infinite wisdom and eternal immutability bow to their domination; and are the straight paths of righteousness and peace bent to their seeming? Alas! No. When this rant has spent its efforts, and exalted its fool's paradise to the very verge of the skies, where is the solid basis upon which it is founded? Upon God? No. Upon truth? No. Upon the nature and fitness of things? Alas! No. But upon the imagination—the very fancy of the contriver. Truth yet remains truth, unbounded and free. Deity, omnipotent in Himself, bows not, and His laws, unchanged, in frightful dominion impend over the men themselves who lawlessly arrogate authority, and dare to "teach for doctrines the commandments of men." They cry aloud, even unto these, "Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil: that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter! Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight! Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink; which justify the wicked for reward, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him! Therefore, as the fire devoureth the stubble, and the flame consumeth the chaff, so their root shall be as rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust. Because they have cast away the law of the Lord of hosts, and despised the word of the Holy One of Israel."

At the service of these liberal systems stand the utmost efforts of the press: yea, like the veriest slave, having sold itself to the task-masters of this Egyptian bondage, it teems forth, from the farthing tract to the sevenpenny intelligencer, and up to the volume, yea, to the volume of volumes; matter, all but boundless, to serve the cause at whatever peril—braving pains and penalties of every grade, and disdaining all caution, much less control.

Nor does the press stand forward in this cause alone; the learned, and among these

the learned in the law, advocate its cause, and plead it with a fervour worthy of a better, both in speech and writing, to the astonishment of those who, having espoused the cause of Christ, mourn over the men who, although learned, not only neglect their own salvation, but become the awful instruments of destruction to their fellows. A learned counsel, during his recent pleadings in a court of law, observed, "This is the golden age of toleration—every sect, every party, with men of every name in religion, may freely propagate their opinions. Blasphemy is as freely sold in our streets as the Bible, and Infidelity has as fair a chance of success as Methodism; any man may propagate the one with the same freedom as the other; this is liberality—it declares, Every creed has the same rights." To tell a learned man like this, that he is not aware of the mischiefs which may arise out of a speech of such import to the generality of his hearers, or pointedly to convey to his mind the pity you feel for him on this expression of his utter ignorance of, and disregard for Divine truth, with the awful responsibility involved in such a declaration, would be to incur, either his wrath or his contempt, or both, with an expression of these not to be heard without an exercise of meekness and patience—of no ordinary cast, or a correspondent retaliation. Yet, to say this, would be to say the truth, and nothing but the truth; for no Christian can bear such declamation without a feeling of sincere pity for the man, whoever he is, that gives birth to such impiety.

Reader, books fraught with these doctrines, however specious and seeming fair, however plausible and insinuating, are like a deep morass, over which the towering grass, in the pride of luxuriant vegetation, waves its ample spires, with the promise of substantial soil beneath, beguiling the wanderer's eye towards its verdures, until he treads thereon: then, instantly, yielding to his weight, it engulfs him amidst its mires; and while even struggling to regain the terra firma he had left, closes over his head, and entombs him yet alive.

"O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Give not thy strength, O youth, to these pompous plausibilities, nor bow thy manhood to such polluted vanity. Pride was not made for man: it originated in Lucifer, wrought his immediate ruin, and, amidst his vauntings, it holds that potent spirit in iron bondage to the present hour. The affected liberty and liberality of the present day, partakes of his pride, for the father of lies has a powerful

progeny bearing his own image; the motto on their crest is, "Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven," and their towering plumes nod defiance to the Infinite. But listen thou to the voice of truth, which calls upon man out of the throne of the Most High, saying, "Praise our God, all ye His servants, and ye that fear Him, both small and great." Listen to the responsive voice of the "great multitude, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying, Alleluia; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" To Him, and to Him alone, appertaineth praise: He is king over all the children of pride.

The valley of humility is spread beneath the feet of man, wide and long; its fruits are yielded every month; for the sun shines upon its meads, and its trees find shelter in their lowliness, from the mountain storm: luxuriant is its soil, and delightful are the varieties yielded to the husbandman. His invitation is to men, "Come, enter ye the vineyard of our Lord: for you was it planted, and for your delight; solace yourself therein; eat, drink, be abundantly satisfied; let your souls delight themselves in its luxuriance, and let your gratitude arise up to Him whose bounty deals forth the abundance of sweets. Why wander ye amidst the rocks, traversing barren mountains, glorying in exaltation, while the pining desert, and the piercing storm, howl around your brows, and scath your glory? Glory not in man, nor in his potency; but your glorying, let it be in the Lord." Hear him, O ye youth: haste, fly to the river of life; through the garden, it flows along the valley of humility; drink ye all of this, and live for ever.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON SIR H. DAVY'S FIFTH LECTURE  
ON ELECTRO-CHEMISTRY, DUBLIN, 13TH  
NOVEMBER, 1810.

*Of the identity of the phenomenon of common electricity with that of the VOLTAIC.*

ELECTRICITY, with the cylinder, is alike independent of chemical changes, as the electricity with the Voltaic apparatus. This is proved by the experiment of an electric machine in a cylinder of glass, with a pith ball affixed at the end of a pivot wire. When the handle is turned, the pith ball diverges from the cylinder, but the cylinder of glass being placed over the receiver of an air-pump, and the air being exhausted thereby, out of the cylinder, the pith ball is motionless.

This is because the air had been a conductor of electricity. The air being ad-

mitted, the pith ball diverges, and, when pumped out, it falls down motionless. The exhausted receiver being filled with carbonic acid gas, although this air puts out a candle, it is a more perfect conductor of electricity than common air, and the shocks given by the machine are greater, the sparks stronger, and the pith ball diverges the pivot wire, more than when the vessels contained common air.

This important experiment *shows the analogy to the Voltaic electricity*; for it answers the question—why plates of zinc and copper are not electrical in air as in the acid that is generally used to fill the troughs; for, according to the nature of the conductor, so is the intensity of the electric fire; and the conductors can be classed progressively in their degrees of facility, in two distinctions of perfect and imperfect conductors.

The induction of an electric charge, from one Leyden jar to another, is weaker in the second than in the first, and so on by number—for the more an electric charge is diffused over the surface, the weaker it is; although surface is the measure of capacity to receive the electric charge to the highest degree. On the other hand, it is observed, that a Voltaic trough, of an inch square, gives as great a shock as one of four or eight inches square; but this is because the human body, being an imperfect conductor, can only take a certain limited charge, which is found in an inch square trough; and although a six-inch square trough is incomparably stronger, the imperfect conductor will not take a greater shock than its capacity fits it to receive. Metals which are perfect conductors can take the whole electric charge, and, therefore, the comparative powers of a small or a large apparatus, is proved by them, or by charcoal, which draws only a *faint* spark from the inch-square trough, while it *burns* in the circle of a six-inch square trough. Hence, electric power is as the surface of its agent; the large trough melts iron wire.

Common electricity, if diffused over a large surface, is like Voltaic, and a battery may be charged by the Voltaic instrument, in the same manner as by the electric machine.

The common wheel charges a battery of four bottles, which, being discharged through a wire, melts it in the same manner as with the Voltaic apparatus, and gold leaf is burned with a yellow flame.

Plates of copper, interleaved with moistened pasteboard, having received an electric charge from the Voltaic apparatus, will retain it for some time, and give a slight

shock—if zinc be at one end, it will be more powerful.

That benumbing property of the ray fish, called a torpedo, is an electric shock. Vamur went on purpose to the coast of France, where he caught several hundreds; and, on application to his electric machine, proved their identity with electric properties. Cavendish made an artificial torpedo by weak electric jars; this gave a shock, but no sparks, which is the nature of the torpedo.

The gymnotus is found in a lake in Surinam; it is possessed of so strong an electric property, as to kill those who approach, in its strength. It is taken by driving wild horses of the country into the lake, and, when the irritated fish exhausts his electric powers, to which some of the horses fall a sacrifice, the fish are taken without danger. This fish makes a luminous appearance, and its powers are of a similar quality to the improved Voltaic troughs, of plates of zinc and copper, two inches diameter, interlined with cloth moistened with weak muriatic acid. The gymnotus, on dissection, is found to possess layers of two very different substances, alternately placed; and at the pleasure of the fish, this is excited, probably, by making the circular contact.

Physiology is in its dawn. Physicians have observed an excitability in the glands; &c., which is more electric than any other part of the body; but these observations serve only to form hypotheses; they can never reach to true scientific proof. When Newton published his philosophy, it was a common conceit to explain the motion of the muscles by mechanic causes; and on the improvements in pneumatics, the airs of oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, were supposed to be the agents of motion.

When Volta extended the experiment of galvanic through all the circuit of electric phenomena, physiologists began to talk of a positive and negative spring in the nerves and muscles, similar to the Leyden battery. These dreams have passed away. The lecturer thinks all speculations, that attempt to account for the vital powers, will be found illusory.

It is seeking the living among the dead, the master among the servants. That which touches inanimate matter, cannot be felt by it; that which sees, cannot be seen by the objects of its vision. Life is a celestial spark; it may behold its collateral creation, but cannot search its original source. Yet, this desire which we have to fathom those things of which our capacity falls short, is only an additional proof of the

unsearchableness of its spring, and that it is immortal.

GENERAL LAWS OF PHYSICAL  
PHILOSOPHY.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,—In conclusion of my investigations in physical philosophy, I request that you will favour me by laying the following brief determinations before your readers, the proofs of which are to be found in my *Protest* and its *Supplement*.

1. That the equal forces at right angles, which move a planetary body, are always inversely as the cubes of the distances.

2. That the motions produced are inversely as  $D^{1.5}$ , or as the square roots of the cubes of the distances.

3. That the periodical times are directly as  $D^{1.5}$  and in different planets, as  $T : t :: D^{1.5} : d^{1.5}$ .

4. That distances in millions are universally  $1.83 \times t^2$ .

5. That the rectangle formed by the velocity of a falling body, and by the rotation of the whole superficies of a sphere, are always equal to the orbit velocity regarded as a square of mechanical force.

6. That the velocity of the rotation of the equator multiplied by 4, is that of the surface of the whole sphere.

7. That the radius universally represents the central force, as the diagonal of the sines and cosines of every latitude.

8. That the two forces which produce the moon's motions, are exact mean proportionals of the earth's orbit velocity, and the relative size of the earth, that is, the square of those forces is equal to the rectangle of the earth's momentum.

9. That the earth's orbit force is a rectangle, formed by the mean tangent of a quadrant, and the chord; of which rectangle, a portion is the earth's orbit motion, or the square of the diagonal of the chord and mean tangent; and the remainder of this rectangle of force is exactly equal to the quantity of the rotation, and the eccentricity divided by the force of the obliquity.

10. That the respective forces which move all the planets, &c. are so many mechanical squares, altogether equal to the rectangle of the solar mass, by the actual velocity of the sun in space.

11. That this necessary mechanical equality, and the aggregation of the sun's mass while in rotation, prove that the sun progresses in space, from 500,000 to 750,000 feet per second.

12. That planetary tangent forces are created by the action of the central body on the intervening medium, or gas, which fills space, and therefore inversely as  $D^2$ , and the equal central forces are determined by the simultaneous progression of the agent and patient, or patients, through space.

13. That the central and tangent forces determine each other's equality, and also the orbit, and tend to produce a motion of the planet's centre, through the chord as their diagonal; but the tangent force produces a tangential result, till the other force determines a limit, and carries it back towards the chord. The orbit is thus a diagonal 1.628, of the chord 1.414, and the mean tangent 2, while the arc of a quadrant is but 1.5708. The excess produces the rotation on the axis and the eccentricity, varied by the obliquity of the axis, which depends on the disposition of the masses of the land and water.

14. That as the force, as well as the direction to the centre of a rotating and progressing sphere, is measured by the relations of the sines and cosines, so the variable increase and decrease of these vary the central force. The cosine or centrifugal force diminishes to  $45^\circ$  less than the sine, or right-angled deflection increases, and hence the central force increases, with reference to that at the equator, where the sine is 0; and this increase operates on the fall of bodies and motion of pendulums, not, as is fondly supposed, owing to variable attraction in the centre, but as a necessary mechanical consequence of the *form* of a rotating sphere.

15. That tides arise from the sensible yielding of the mobile waters, to those re-actions of the moon which carry the earth round the mechanical centre of both, and they are inversely as the angle of the earth's orbit motion to the direction of the said re-actions; while the opposed tides arise from the necessary equality of the two sides of the rotating earth, so that if one side is enlarged by a tide, (the earth's centre being a point determined by greater forces,) then the mobile waters on the opposite side restore the equilibrium of both sides.

The arithmetical proofs of these mechanical and geometrical propositions verify them exactly, by the comparison of real motions with real motions; wholly unlike the pretended proof of universal gravitation by comparing a *versed sine*, at the apex of the moon's orbit, with a *real mean motion* at the earth; it being at the same

time *matter of fact*, that the moon falls 2147 feet per second, and a body at the earth, but 16.0875 feet, while taken at per minute, the moon's fall is actually 128800 feet, and that at the earth with acceleration, but 58,000 feet, and therefore, in no analogy or connexion whatever. Nor do the times by this theory depend on a single force of the producing forces, but they depend as they ought on the *produced* force, or result of both, that is, they are a result of two forces inversely, as  $D^3$ , or are as  $D^{\frac{1}{2}}$ ; but if they were taken as the result of two forces inversely, as  $D^2$ , then the resultant would be  $D^{\frac{1}{2}}$  which we know is not the fact; at the same time the law  $D^{\frac{1}{2}}$  is only the law of superficial radiation, and in the case of the propagation of momenta, is a false analogy, the law of radiating momenta being  $D^{\frac{1}{2}}$  and this law accords exactly with all the circumstances.

These 15 propositions, and their corollaries, may be exactly verified by every one acquainted with the elements of arithmetic and astronomy.

These principles and facts I bequeath to the philosophers of the next century, when your Magazine will, I hope, continue to flourish.

Chelsea, June 3, 1830. R. PHILLIPS.

P. S. I may add, as great astronomical principles, that the falling back of nodes is always occasioned by a body turning once on its axis, as the necessary phenomenon of going round an orbit, and the retrocession is exactly equal to one circumference of the body. Again, that the progression of lines of apsides, is the time converted into motion, by which a planet moves quicker from its perihelion to its aphelion, than the contrary,—less the retrocession of the nodes. The cause being the difference between acquiring, and parting with, the perihelion velocity.

#### LOCO-MOTIVE MACHINERY.

THE public have been long amused with promises, that steam-carriages would speedily supersede, on our more frequented roads, the greater portion of those drawn by horses. Many years have passed away since expectation was first excited; but although many attempts have been made, which are said to have partially succeeded, horses still continue to draw our carriages, and no one will venture to predict when they will be dismissed from service. On looking back, however, on what has been

done of late, through the agency of steam and gas, we have no right to abandon the hope of 'steam-carriages, in despair. A happy thought, or favourable combination of circumstances, may, in an auspicious moment, overcome the obstacles, which still remain to be surmounted, and give perfection to this great scientific desideratum.

But, whatever may be the fate awaiting steam carriages in general, no doubt can remain, respecting the practicability of their travelling on rail roads. This has already been accomplished in various instances, but in no case on so extended a scale as on Monday, the 14th of June last, in an entire journey from Liverpool to Manchester, and back again. Of this remarkable enterprise, the following particulars, condensed from the Liverpool Mercury, may be acceptable to many of our readers.

On Monday morning, about nine o'clock, the time appointed for starting, a vast concourse of persons assembled at the railway works, to witness the departure. The directors, Charles Lawrence, John Moss, Joseph Landers, R. Gladstone, W. Rotheram, R. Harrison, H. Earle, James Bourne, D. Hodgson, W. W. Currie, Henry Booth, Esqrs. and others, took their seats in two of the new coaches provided for them. After passing through the small tunnel, seven carriages, laden with stone, were attached to the engine. The aggregate weight of the whole, including carriages, passengers, stones, engine, tender; and water, amounted to thirty-nine tons. The motion at first was gentle, but it soon increased to an astonishing rapidity; yet, in all its variations it was uniformly under control. At one place, on ascending an inclined plane, an assistant loco-motive engine was attached, but the difficulty being surmounted, this was dismissed, and the heavy load proceeded on its way, frequently at the rate of seventeen miles an hour. The whole time occupied on the journey was two hours, twenty-one minutes, which, after deducting twenty minutes for taking in water, &c. leaves two hours and one minute for the journey of thirty-one miles.

On returning to Liverpool, the procession started with from forty to fifty passengers, who, on one part of their progress, travelled at the astonishing rate of twenty-seven miles an hour. The whole was accomplished, after deducting seven minutes for stoppages, in one hour and thirty-four minutes. Another circumstance, which ought not to be omitted, is, that while the carriage was proceeding at the rate of twenty-two miles an hour, it was stopped

within the space of seventy yards, to let out a passenger, and in one minute afterwards was again on its way.

Other schemes have been projected to propel carriages with compressed air, but although the projector is sanguine, and his theory is plausible, time will be required to determine its impracticability, or its intrinsic worth.

#### CELESTIAL PHENOMENA.

EVERY portion of the heavens presents to the careful and persevering observer, objects of admiration and wonder, while the zodiac is interesting, from the erratic bodies that continually pursue their ceaseless rounds, among the stars that are situated within its limits; the other regions also contain objects that claim the attention of the astronomer, either from their peculiar situation, or the various phenomena they present.

About ten in the evenings of this month, a bright star may be observed a little to the east of the meridian, and nearly in the zenith: this star is called Vega, and is the brightest in the constellation of the Harp; below it are two stars of the third magnitude; the nearest Vega is marked  $\beta$ , which is a variable star, its least brightness being of the fifth magnitude; the period is not accurately ascertained, but is supposed to be about six days: the other star is marked  $\gamma$ ; there are two stars of the fifth magnitude to the east of Vega, forming a small triangle with it.

To the east of this constellation is one considerably larger, named Cygnus; a line drawn through  $\beta$  and  $\gamma$  Lyre, and produced, will direct the observer to  $\beta$  Cygni, in the head of this constellation:  $\gamma$  Cygni forms a scalene triangle with Vega, and  $\beta$  Cygni, a line drawn from  $\beta$  through  $\gamma$  Cygni, will pass very near  $\alpha$  Cygni, or Deneb; on each side of  $\gamma$ , and about the same distance from it, are two stars of the same magnitude, the northern is  $\delta$ , and the southern  $\epsilon$  Cygni. The observer will readily perceive that these five stars form a cross.

The space between  $\beta$  and  $\gamma$  is remarkable for possessing two variable, and one new star. The first was observed by Sansonius and Kepler, in the year 1600. Its right ascension is 20 hours, 9 minutes, and 54 seconds, and its declination 37 degrees, 22 minutes, and 37 seconds; its greatest magnitude is the third. From the observations of this star, in the 17th century, Mr. Pigott considers its period to be 18 years; he observed it from November, 1781, to 1786, of the sixth magnitude; it is situated

near  $\gamma$ . The next in order of discovery is the new star near  $\beta$ , which was first observed by Don Antheime, on the 20th of June, 1670; it soon reached the third magnitude; on the 10th of August it had decreased to the fifth, and Hevelius observed it during the years 1671 and 1672, of the sixth magnitude; it disappeared in the year 1672, and has not been seen since. This star was the occasion of M. Kirch discovering the variable appearance of the star  $\chi$ , in the neck which Bayer had marked of the fifth magnitude, this astronomer conceiving that the star near  $\beta$  would reappear, as Hevelius had observed Mira in the whale's neck to have done: he therefore carefully observed this part of the constellation on the 1st and 6th of July, 1686, but could not find it; he also ascertained that the star  $\chi$  was invisible. On the 9th of October following, he saw this star very visible with the naked eye, and afterwards observed it gradually to decrease until it could not be seen with an eight-foot telescope. On the sixth of August, 1687, he again observed it with an eight-foot telescope, and on the 23d of October following, it was again visible to the naked eye. From the 2d to the 26th of November it appeared at its greatest brightness, and afterwards decreased. From these and subsequent observations of Kirch, he found its revolution or period to be 404 days and a half; and its appearances to be variable. From the observations of Pigott, that indefatigable astronomer in this department of the science, concluded, that its period is variable; he ascertained that it continues a fortnight at its full brightness. It is about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  months increasing from the 11th magnitude to its maximum brightness, and in decreasing to the 11th magnitude again. It may consequently be considered as invisible for six months. Its period is generally considered to be 396 days, 21 hours. It is nearly in a line with  $\alpha$ ,  $\gamma$ , and  $\beta$ ; between it and  $\gamma$  is situated  $\eta$ , and two stars of the fifth magnitude marked h 1 and h 2 Cygni; the star  $\phi$  is between it and  $\beta$ .

#### DOUBTS.

##### THE DEATH OF RUFUS.

(A Poetical Sketch.)

[William Rufus, the second Norman King, while hunting in the New Forest, in Hampshire, was accidentally shot by an arrow discharged at a deer, by Sir Walter Tyrrel, August 2nd, 1100.]

THE summer sky is bright and clear,  
The summer leaf is turning sere;  
And tho' it beams in 'bright array,  
Gives token of a quick decay:



On ocean, river, lake, and stream,  
How gaily sports the morning beam!  
White distant hill and abbey-spire  
Meet, and give back the solar air.—  
And hark! the bugle's clamorous voice  
Bids hill, and dale, and wood rejoice;  
While echo, starting from her slumber,  
Answers, and hails the coming band—  
A royal band—a jovial number,  
Who join the chase with heart and hand!

What gives such lustre to the day?  
What makes that landscape seem so gay?—  
'Tis royal Rufus leads the way;  
With nodding plumes, and rich attire,  
Thro' forest bowers and ferny glades  
He comes:—the woodland nymphs retire,  
And seek some more sequestered shades;  
For in his train, with clamorous hue,  
Follows a noble retinue!

Rous'd from his couch, the forest deer  
Springs o'er the bracken'd wild with speed—  
Fear not, ah thou hast nought to fear,  
A king, instead of thee, shall bleed!  
The bloodhound's cry may fright thee sore,  
The feather'd shaft be wing'd at thee,  
And strive thy glossy flanks to gore—  
Away! away! it shall not be;  
For fate has otherwise decreed—  
A king, instead of thee, shall bleed!

In the mid forest, wild and dark,  
The milk-white stag a shelter seeks;  
A refuge safe that spot bespeaks,  
'Mid bush, and brake, and fern. But hark!  
Those sounds again assail his ear,  
The bloodhounds' voices—the shouting band,—  
A gallant few are nigh at hand,  
The rest are lingering in the rear.

Now speed these well—away! away!  
For here thou mayst no longer stay;  
Up! speed these well, for even now  
The lifted spear—the bended bow,  
Aim at thy life the treacherous blow!  
Tyrral! ah stay thy luckless hand!  
Why draw that shaft so proudly high?  
For the prey is rushing by—  
Secret, secret thou not thy monarch stand  
Aloof, beyond that forest oak,  
With ready arm to deal the stroke?—

The twanging string too soon makes known,  
The fatal feather'd shaft has gone!  
The frown is—and will it then lay low  
The ampler ranger?—no, ah no!  
Secret thou thy rashness, Tyrral!—see!  
(Well may thy wilder's senses reel!)  
With envious stroke you faithless tree  
Has warded off the treacherous steel!  
Thy monarch has receiv'd the dart  
Deep in his stout, but yielding heart!

Behold! he falls! he bleeds! he dies!  
A sad—a royal sacrifice!  
The thirsty earth his blood hath quaff'd,  
A crimson tide—"no stinted draught!"  
A moment the astonished knight  
Beheld the scene with wild affright—  
The quivering lip—the rolling eye—  
The last—the deep convulsive sigh—  
Ah whither, Tyrral, shalt thou flee  
To shun the scene of misery?

Now thro' the forest, gloom'd and dark,  
The knight, scarce knowing whither, flies:  
With spear and rein each effort tries  
To shun the hateful spot,—but hark!  
(Art thou purged?)—what was that sound?—  
Why look so wistfully around?—  
'Tis but the stiffl breeze which heaves  
A sigh, and shakes the withering leaves—  
How art thou fallen in thy pride—  
A piteous, innocent regicide!  
Innocent! then wherefore lie thee hence;—  
But ah! how prove thy innocence?

The wind means sadly thro' the wood,  
And the sun has sunk in a shroud of blood;

Afar, is seen the lightning's glare,  
And the distant thunder's voice is heard;  
The dark night-clouds are gathering there—  
But night shall not a murderer guard!  
Nor sea-beat rock, nor secret den,  
Nor forest wild, nor cavern'd hill,  
Shall screen thee from a nation's ken—  
A'boundless ocean surrounds thee still!  
Then whither, whither shalt thou flee,  
And shun a fate of misery?

Behold! (ah welcome sight,) behold  
A vessel heaving on the tide;  
A blood-red cross, on banner bold,  
Floats on the gale, in kingly pride!  
There thou may'st join the enthusiast band,  
They're bound to the distant Holy Land;  
There thou may'st shun fate's tyrant laws,  
And shed thy blood in a Saviour's cause!

Near Halifax, March 23, 1830.

THOS. CROSSLEY.

#### FOUR VIEWS OF THE MINISTERIAL CHARACTER,

By the Rev. J. Young.

##### No. I.—The Anxious Minister in his Study.

RETIRING day around our world has thrown  
Its length'ning shadows,—twilight reigns alone.—  
With ardent longings to reform the age,  
By lore extracted from the sacred page;  
THE ANXIOUS PARACHUTE, with unwearied plod,—  
The world shut out, inclosed with God,  
His mental toil, with holy zeal pursues,  
Thinks, and rethinks, and then his thoughts reviews.  
Himself to guide, and others, home to heaven,  
The chart of truth, by sovereign mercy given,  
He closely studies;—wishful CHRISTIAN to know,  
And preach—not name him—then preach Cícero.  
No studied posture, tone, polite grimace,  
He seeks to set off figure, theme, or face.  
Nor lofty trope, nor dazzling empty charms,  
Of tinsel'd eloquence, which soothes and calms  
To deathly silence, and unending woe,  
The half-awakened;—no! he longs to show  
Sin as it is, of peace the bane,—its cure  
To exhibit too, through Christ, to heaven's t' allure.  
His mind's eye op'd, he worlds to come explores,  
Views millions thronging the eternal shores.—  
He sees, (and chasing tears their courses keep,)  
A sight at which, could angels grieve, they'd weep,  
A moral sickness tainting all his race;  
Unhealed they die!—are lost, unweaved by grace,  
To apply with skill the sovereign balm made known,  
He studies hard;—to claim that skill his own.  
The Spirit's aid, with all the power of prayer,  
He craves, while weakness lays him prostrate there.  
Till orient streaks return the eastern sky,  
Nor sleep nor slumber ease his aching eye.  
And holy agony inspires his breast,  
As sinking nature slumbers into rest.

##### No. II.—The Faithful Minister in the Pulpit.

See where before the congregation stands,  
THE FAITHFUL MINISTER of God's commands,  
By strains impassioned, such as feelings teach,  
And Paul would sanction, were he there to preach;  
He sounds the trumpet with commanding awe,  
And hurls the thunders of the broken law;  
Unveils the misery of the lost below,  
The appalling horrors of unending woe.  
Heaven's legate, he, heaven's holy mirror bears,  
And, true and faithful, all heaven's will declares.  
Nor smiles allure him from stern duty's course,  
Nor fears deter him, Heaven's high will t'enforce.  
He compromises not, to low or high,  
To all proclaims,—“The soul that sins shall die!”  
Now like his Master, by the power of love,  
To draw th' unhappy to the realms above,  
And win the sinner from destruction's ways,  
The suffering, dying, risen God displays.  
While native eloquence his lips inspire,  
A brightness beaming with seraphic fire,

Glows on his features, while his soul-lit eye  
Unuttered volumes speak.—A hopeful sigh  
Thrills through his bosom, while a struggling tear  
Unknown escapes, and shows his heart sincere.  
By prayer's entreaties, mercy's softest mood,  
He woos each soul.—"Be reconcil'd to God."  
With what high rapture, his glad eyes survey  
A sinner's tears.—To hear a mourner pray,  
Are sounds more grateful to his listening ear  
Than music's melody, design'd to cheer  
A king's sad heart;—new praises then employ  
His grateful soul, he shares in angel's joy,  
And cries exulting, with delight untold,  
The "Lamb!—the atoning Lamb of God, behold."

#### No. III.—*The Affectionate Minister in his Closet.*

The Sabbath's sacred hours are fled! that day  
Of mercy,—given, to learn, to praise, and pray,  
With all its means, and blessings too is o'er,  
Numbered with others, to return no more.  
The wearying labours of the preacher too,—  
(Nor small his labours, nor those duties few,)  
Are likewise closed,—and yet a weighty part  
Presses unceasing on his anxious heart.  
Now hopes elate him, and now fears distress:—  
His musings cheer by turns, by turns depress.  
The recent message by his feeble breath,  
Life's savour is to life!—or death to death!—  
Who may have listened to the sacred word,  
And live for ever through the truths they heard.  
Or who, rejecting mercy's plan made known,  
Have sealed unending misery their own?—  
Are stirring questions to his thoughtful mind,  
Brexiting feelings not to be defined.  
Urg'd by emotions such as Abraham knew,  
When Sodom's ruin stood before his view;  
Like him he wrestles hard with God in prayer,  
Like Jacob, feels that God is present there.  
Oh! could his closet speak, what sighs, tears, groans,  
Might it not tell of?—Agonies, deep moans,  
As day by day his intercessions rise,  
And mingle with his evening's sacrifice.  
Like Aaron, who upon his breastplate bore  
The tribes of Israel in the days of yore.  
He on his heart bears, and presents in prayer,  
His charge to God, with fervent pastoral care.

#### No. IV.—*The Useful Minister in Heaven.*

Where are the prophets, do they live for aye?—  
The holy fathers, do they ever stay  
To teach us?—no! as time fast-footed runs,  
They pass, and leave their labours to their sons,  
And they retiring too, at God's behest  
Cease from their toils, and glide away to rest.  
He who while living strove to banish night  
By truth's clear beams, now lives in cloudless light.  
A wreath of glory, bound upon his brow,  
Which care once clouded, bright and smiling now,  
Beams like a circling halo round his head,  
Whose sheeny brightness, rays supernal shed.  
Cold disappointment, soul-consuming care,  
Anoy no more.—The pestilential air  
Of putrid heresy, and poisonous breath  
Of daring crimes,—the fruitful seeds of death,  
No longer vex,—nor tempting sins allure,  
For all are holy, and the region pure.—  
Were some high seraph's power employ'd to show  
His boundless bliss,—the sacred joys which flow  
In holy tides unebbing through his soul,  
Expanding, circling, filling the vast whole,  
In bliss so deep, so high, unutterable,  
Thought's utmost stretch might strive in vain to tell  
The mighty theme, would shame the loftiest song  
Of mightiest seraph in the ethereal throng.  
Ten thousand ecstasies, unfehl before,  
Met his pure spirit on the eternal shore,  
While thronging numbers, though in time unknown  
To God's own glory,—him their Father own,  
Seals of his ministry, while earth they trod,  
His crowns of triumph in the day of God.—  
He toiled on earth, and now in heaven's high rest,  
Shines as a star!—for ever, ever bless'd.

REVIEW.—*Divines of the Church of England, with Lives of the Authors, Summary of each Discourse, Notes, &c. By the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D. Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Peterborough, &c. Bishop Sherlock, Vol. I. 12mo. pp. 489. Valpy. London. 1830.*

It would appear that this volume is the commencement of a series, which will be extended to about fifty volumes, embracing the works of the most celebrated divines of the church of England. No one can doubt that the undertaking is gigantic, and that, when completed, this uniform series will be an important acquisition to the theological literature of our country. But, that the extent of the whole may present no formidable obstacle to any purchaser, each author's work will be complete in itself, so that no inconvenience can arise from discontinuance, during any stage of the publication.

We are informed by the Rev. Mr. Hughes, that each work will be preceded by a biographical memoir of its author, comprising a general account of the times in which he lived, with a particular reference to the state of religious opinions. An argument, or concise summary of contents, will be prefixed to every Sermon, Tract, or Disquisition, contained in each volume; so that not only direct access may be had to any portion required for perusal or consultation, but the summary of each sermon may be considered as a skeleton well calculated to assist the young Divine in composition. Notes and observations will be added wherever they may appear necessary or useful; and at the end of each author will be given an index of those passages in Scripture, which have been commented on in such author. Strict chronological order will not be observed in the series; but those authors will be published first, which may be considered as more immediately required. The works of Bishop Sherlock, a complete edition of which has not hitherto appeared, and Dr. Barrow, will be first submitted to the press; afterwards will follow the most popular works of Hall, Atterbury, Jewell, Seed, Jortin, South, Hurd, Bull, Beveridge, Balguy, S. Clarke, Ogden, Paley, Waterland, Jer. Taylor, &c. A volume will appear on the first of every month, in small 8vo., containing on an average 500 pages neatly printed, price 7s. 6d.

Having thus given a general outline of this series, the first volume, containing the life and writings of Bishop Sherlock, claim our more immediate attention.

This prelate was the son of Dr. William Sherlock, whose name is well known to posterity by his admirable treatise on death. He was born in London, in 1678, received his classical education at Eton, and removed to Cambridge, about 1693. Thence he proceeded, by gradual steps of advancement, until he became Dean of Chichester in 1726, and in 1728 was promoted to the see of Bangor, in 1738 to that of Salisbury, and finally, to that of London, in 1749. In each of these departments he distinguished himself as the great champion of the Establishment, and acquired an exalted reputation for his knowledge of ecclesiastical law, for pulpit oratory, for the strength and solidity of his reasoning, and his forcible and manly eloquence. The period in which he lived was marked by the turbulence of controversy, in which he sustained an active part. His death took place in 1761, in the 84th year of his age.—In the memoir, of which the preceding is an epitome, the polemic discussions in which he engaged are noticed in consecutive order, together with their more obvious causes and consequences. These are in some measure blended with whigs, tories, jacobites, and the Pretender. It is a picture of the commotions which then agitated both church and state, as well as a biographical account of the prelate whose life it delineates. His works are also noticed as they were presented to the public, and from the whole we are left to infer the character of the man. By his enemies he was traduced much beyond his deserts, and, by his friends, many of his infirmities and failings are concealed. The present memoir admits that he was ambitious, but contends that he directed his ambition to noble purposes. It also allows that his temper was irritable, but asserts that he generally corrected this defect, oftentimes under circumstances of considerable difficulty, by the strength of his religious principles. It is likewise granted, that he was not entirely destitute of pride, but this, we are told, never displayed itself towards his inferiors. The sketch concludes with the following observations.

"These then are but specks, scarcely to be distinguished in the bright radiance of his character; nor ought we to be too severe in animadverting on the slight defects which attach themselves to the spirits of great and good men not yet made perfect. Let us rather learn to imitate their virtues, and aim at the high reward which awaits the good and faithful servants of their Lord."—p. lxxi.

This memoir is followed by twenty-four discourses, which occupy four hundred and eighteen pages. These are on the more important and fundamental doctrines of the gospel; and, although at times tinged

with expressions that have a controversial aspect, their great bearing is on the religion of the heart and of the life. Throughout the whole, a considerable range of thought, acuteness of intellect, store of learning, and commanding eloquence, are displayed. A greatness of mind is perceptible in every sentence.

Prefixed to each discourse is a summary of its contents, so that the reader has the sermon in miniature, before he enters on its amplification and detail. These summaries would appear in some instances too voluminous, being somewhat like short sermons preceding the long ones, which give a repetition of the same subjects, only more at large. We would recommend greater condensation, even though the topics should appear without their connecting links.

There can be no question, that these discourses embrace a great variety of exceedingly useful matter. The writer shines with peculiar lustre by the exaltation which he gives to his subjects, and it is scarcely possible for us to contemplate the mental energies, and intimate acquaintance with gospel truths, every where apparent, without concluding, "There were giants in the earth in those days."

The name of Sherlock is familiar to every reader of our old divines. His discourses have been long before the religious public, and by persons of all classes they have generally been held in high esteem. Though doomed for a season to find a residence among the dusty family of second-hand books, they have generally found purchasers, who, knowing their intrinsic worth, have transplanted them to more honourable abodes. The present undertaking will give them a renewed existence, and transmit them to posterity in a dress and character worthy of their author's memory, station, and talents. The series begins well. This volume is neatly and closely printed; and, if those which are to succeed correspond with this specimen, Sherlock and his associate ministers will have no difficulty in finding a place on the library-shelves of our modern divines.

REVIEW.—*Remains of the late Rev. Alexander Fisher, of Dumfermline, with a Brief Memoir of his Life. By the Rev. John Brown, Edinburgh. 8vo. pp. 496. Nisbet. London. 1830.*

We learn, from the memoir prefixed to the other portions of this volume, that Mr. Fisher was called to the work of the ministry under a variety of circumstances, which shew that the appointment was of

God. Yet, when we find a pious and promising young man, cut down in the twenty-seventh year of his age, before his talents were fully expanded, and even when his intrinsic worth was but partially known, we cannot but acknowledge, that the judgments of God are unsearchable, and his ways past finding out.

The memoir, which occupies forty-eight pages, is followed by sermons, lectures, and communion addresses, which complete the volume. These compositions appear to have been selected by Mr. Brown from various manuscripts of the deceased, which were put into his hands for this purpose; and, if we may judge of his ministerial abilities from the specimens thus made public, we cannot but conclude that he was a young man of great promise, and that in his death, the congregation to whom he administered in holy things, have sustained a loss that cannot easily be repaired.

The selections from Mr. Fisher's manuscripts, we are informed by the compiler, have not been chosen because they are superior, or even equal to others which might have been substituted, but because they more fully delineate the general character of his preaching. In themselves they are plain and practical, and furnish abundant evidence that their author was more intent on exalting the Saviour, than on exhibiting himself, more ready to benefit this congregation than to gain their admiration, and that he would be more delighted with hearing inquiries after salvation, than gratified with their most sincere plaudits of approbation.

His language and reasoning are proper companions for each other. Plainness, vigour, and perspicuity, characterize both. To adorn the former, he seeks no harsh phraseology, no pedantic terms; and, to give energy to the latter, he never becomes too profound for ordinary minds to follow, nor darkens his thoughts with the excessive brightness of his expressions.

The following extract from his sermon on the resurrection of Christ, will furnish a fair specimen of his eloquence and argumentative powers.

"The persons who were commissioned to bear this testimony, had no standing and authority in the world. Men may be influenced to adopt a particular system of opinions, and conform to a certain course of religious observances, either from the effect of persuasion, or deference to the great and wealthy; from a desire to ingratiate themselves in their favour, or to avert the consequences of their displeasure; but no such motives could possibly be at work here, and by no such means could the apostles acquire their ascendancy, for they were men possessed of no riches or literary attainments, or powers of eloquence. They had nothing to depend upon for success, but what was derived from or connected with the truths which they de-

clared; and, unless what they did declare had been true, it is altogether impossible to account for the rapidity and extent of the success which their exertions were followed. Infidels have, indeed, referred us to Mahometanism, as rival to Christianity, in the rapidity of its progress, though confessedly a system of gross error and deception; but, no one that compares the two together, can fail to perceive a mighty difference in every point of view, and must wonder how it could ever enter into any mind that was not blind-folded by ignorance or malice, to bring forward the one as at all parallel to the other. What resemblance is there between Mahomet, a man of wealth, and high descent, and noble kindred, and the poor fishermen of Galilee? What comparison is there, between the former enforcing his doctrines by fire and sword; holding out prospects of sensual gratification, on the one hand, if his claims were admitted, and threatening the infliction of death, if they were rejected; and the artless followers of Jesus, armed with no secular power, and inveighing against even the secret entertainment of criminal desires? In such circumstances, while it is a wonder that the apostles of the Christian faith should have been so successful, there is no room for surprise in the consequences which followed the exertions of the false prophet; it would have been a matter of surprise if such consequences had not followed them."—p. 225.

The eleventh sermon refers almost exclusively to the resurrection of the righteous, but the author seems to have adopted no particular theory. Against all the hypotheses which have been advanced, he thinks that many formidable objections may be urged, but he erects no fabric in the room of those which he demolishes. He argues, that God has declared "our vile bodies shall be changed, and fashioned like unto the glorious body of Christ," and into his power and wisdom he resolves the difficulties attendant on this awful subject, difficulties which he argues are too overwhelming and complicated for any human ingenuity to remove.

His communion addresses are replete with sound advice, admonitory cautions, and affectionate regard. These, although the occasions are the same, are considerably varied; but in each, the amiable spirit of the author appears to have breathed itself; and few, we conceive, could have heard these touching appeals without feeling much lively and sympathetic emotion.

In the concluding portion of this volume, a biographical sketch of a beloved sister, by Mr. Fisher, occupies about thirty pages. It is written with much feeling, and delineates an amiable character. It displays a mind under the influence of religion, using diligence to make its calling and election sure, but we have not time to enter into any particulars.

Taking this volume as a whole, it is respectable in appearance, and valuable in its contents. To his congregation we have no doubt that the youthful minister was much endeared, and in their estimation these posthumous remains, enabling him

again to speak to their understandings and their hearts, will be regarded with an interest which a voice issuing from the grave may be supposed calculated to excite.

REVIEW.—*Lectures on the Reciprocal Obligations of Life, &c. &c.* By John Morison. Second Edition. pp. 382. Smith, Elder, & Co. London. 1830.

WHATEVER may be urged in favour of evangelical preaching, and the privileges of Christians, nothing can be legitimate which tends to set aside domestic and relative duties, and to cancel the reciprocal obligations of life. To inculcate this neglect, Mr. Morison seems well aware that a certain species of what is falsely called evangelical preaching, has a natural and powerful tendency. The following passage will state his views in his own words.

"It is a remarkable circumstance, that, while the class alluded to are never offended with the most ample announcement of christian privileges, an instant jealousy springs up in their minds, when a preacher ventures to speak plainly and pointedly, though affectionately and evangelically, on the specific obligations which we owe to each other, in the stations which divine Providence has assigned us. If duties are merely implied, the preacher will readily be tolerated; but if he proceeds to examine them minutely, and to exhibit these states of mind which are opposed to their practice, he is in no small danger of being reproached for the want of orthodoxy."—*Advertisement*, p. ix.

The great evil of indulging this antinomian disposition, Mr. Morison seems fully to appreciate, and the lectures before us are admirably calculated to expose and counteract its pernicious tendency. Regardless, therefore, of censures from individuals whose reproaches would be his highest honour, he devotes his lectures to those relative duties which embellish life, and in the neglect of which may be found the source of many miseries that imbitter our probationary state of existence.

These lectures are twelve in number, of which the first is introductory, and the last applicatory. The others relate to marriage, conjugal duties, parental obligations, filial obligations, the obligations of masters, the obligations of servants, pastoral duties, the duties of people to their minister, the duties of kings and subjects, and the high importance of mercantile integrity to the good of society.

While looking back on the duties thus enumerated, we feel no surprise that a dissenting minister, who would dare to bring them before his hearers, should be suspected by some among them of being heretical, or, at least, of attempting to legalize the gospel which they had perverted to sanction their unholy practices. We hail with plea-

sure the lectures of a minister who defies the opprobrium, who links duty to privilege, and laudably endeavours, by publishing his sentiments from the press, to

"Stem the wild torrent of a barbarous age,  
And drive these holy Vandals off the stage."

The importance and necessity of attending to the relative duties of life, inculcated in these lectures, Mr. Morison has drawn from the pure fountain of revealed truth. The precepts are both simple and impressive; and, with all the clearness which demonstration can impart, he has made it apparent, that he who lives in the habitual neglect of them, has no claim to the christian character. He has proved, that practical godliness, and a strict attention to moral obligation, are not less imperative than faith in Christ, and a reliance on his atonement, for pardon and acceptance. Christianity has no immoral disciples, and he who thinks otherwise, has either perverted or misunderstood its nature, design, and tendency. We have been much pleased with the substance of these lectures, and should rejoice to see their principles reduced to practice, by every professor of religion throughout the christian world, and by all the branches of the vast human family.

REVIEW.—*Conversations for the Young, designed to promote the profitable reading of the Holy Scriptures.* By Richard Watson, Author of "*Theological Institutes*," &c. 12mo. pp. 451. Mason, London. 1820.

It cannot be denied that the language of dialogue is always favourable to the writer who adopts it. He can in all cases adapt his questions to his replies, introduce topics that may be fairly met, conceal those that are of doubtful issue, and create convictions, which another mode of inquiry might refuse to sanction.

But, although these positions will be admitted in the abstract, it does not follow that dialogue must be always deceptive. It may be conducted on grounds as indisputable, as if the author had proceeded with axiom, definition, and inference. Of this description is the work now under review. The plan appears to have been so laid, that the great and leading truths of Revelation, including history, doctrines, and incidents, should be placed in an attractive order; and the tyro in the dialogue is rather introduced to relieve the reader from the tediousness of prolonged dissertation, than from any design to exact tribute from the facilities which it affords.

In its historical character this volume may be considered as furnishing a general epitome of the Bible and New Testament, bringing before the reader their great events, as they stand in consecutive order, and spring out of each other; and as following the gradual development of the divine dispensations to man, as they arise and pass along on the stream of time. In this view they shine forth in harmonious connexion, and exhibit with antecedent and successive beauty, a system of causes and effects, which cannot fail to charm by its transcendent lustre.

From the moral nature of man, and the relation in which he stands to God, arise those various doctrines which are inculcated throughout the sacred pages. Among these, the primitive state of purity, and the subsequent degeneracy of human nature, evince the necessity of that redemption, and supernatural influence, which the Gospel supplies, to effect the pardon and renovation of the soul, that man may be reinstated in the divine favour, may regain his moral image, and finally obtain everlasting life.

Interspersed throughout these dialogues, the various incidents occurring in the sacred pages, and immediately connected with them, occupy a considerable space. These include observations on the use of reason, the advantages of revelation, creation, positive institutions, divine appointments, laws, ceremonies, and symbolical representations. For this department, physical phenomena are frequently introduced. Individual character also finds a place; and, while injunctions and prohibitions bring with them the reasons on which they are founded, prophecy has not been treated with neglect. It is not, however, in our power to follow the author through this great diversity of miscellaneous matter; for this we must refer to the work itself, and content ourselves with a few general observations.

This book is announced as containing "conversations for the young, designed to promote the profitable reading of the Holy Scriptures," and for this purpose it is most admirably adapted. Its utility will not, however, be exclusively confined to persons of this class. To many who are farther advanced in years, it will afford much valuable information; and even where the assistance of the chain of events which it holds out is not required, questions of difficulty incidentally occurring on various subjects, will frequently find solutions in its pages. These indeed may not always prove satisfactory, but to an inquirer after truth, whether young or old, it will be gratify-

ing to learn the opinion respecting them, which this author entertained.

In its general character this work is not controversial, and whenever it assumes a polemical aspect, its force is directed against the attacks of infidelity. Viewed in this light, the author will, however, perhaps be suspected by some of having assumed as data, various positions for which he ought to have adduced proof; and such as doubt his premises will not readily admit his conclusions. On these points we regret that he has not been more argumentative, that his readers might have been able, from the weapons his armoury supplies, to resist the attacks of assailants, and to furnish gain-sayers with a reason for the hope that is in them.

We are well aware that to these observations Mr. Watson might reply, that such a procedure furnished no part of his plan. This will be readily allowed; and then the regret will be extended to the plan itself, that it had not encircled this desideratum in its wide embrace.

But since, "in every work we must regard the writer's end—since none can compass more than he intend," we have greater reason to be satisfied with what he has done, than to complain that more has not been accomplished. As a treatise for the instruction of youth in a knowledge of the sacred writings, it is a valuable book, and multitudes will rejoice that it has ever been written and published.

REVIEW.—*Forty Family Sermons.* By the Editor of the *Christian Observer*. 8vo. pp. 534. Hatchard and Son, London. 1830.

WHATEVER intrinsic value a volume of Sermons may include, we have never yet found that the title is prepossessing. The name is too familiar to attract attention, and too common to command minute investigation. The topics are generally thought to be hackneyed, and not one reader out of ten will be at the trouble to examine if what the author advances is, or is not, worthy of his regard.

This indifference seems to arise from a conviction, that the subjects of sermonizing have been long since exhausted, that nothing is to be expected beyond commonplace observations, and that the world is already inundated with discourses, which few have either the patience or the inclination to read. This tide of prejudice, every author of sermons has to withstand, and he must work his way against the adverse current, before he can gain an eminence which will command that impartiality of

judgment on which he rests his hopes of being useful, and of acquiring lasting fame.

But while many volumes of sermons are only born to die, some few are destined to enjoy a prolonged reputation, and even to hold a distinguished rank in the Christian Library, when the hand of the writer undergoes decomposition in the repositories of death. This honourable distinction depends in no small degree upon the talents and the religious views of their respective authors. A Christian sermonizer, who aims no higher than to be "the ape of Epictetus," may live for a short season, but his days are numbered, and forgetfulness waits to receive his accommodating productions. Those only will stand the test of time, and bear the rigours of impartial scrutiny, which embody the great and leading doctrines of the Gospels, and enforce the truths advanced, by a constant appeal to the authority of God.

Sustaining this exalted character, we are happy to find the volume of sermons now under our eye. In a satisfactory preface the author states, with precision, the origin and nature of these discourses; and on examining their contents, we learn that with regard to their character and tendency, he is fully borne out in all his observations. In the theological latitudes, he takes his stand on Church of England ground, and on every suitable occasion evinces his warm attachment to our venerable establishment. This predilection is, however, not founded on modern compromises with the world, but upon the great and fundamental doctrines contained in her articles, liturgy, and too much neglected homilies, which include all that is essential to human salvation, as revealed under the Gospel dispensation.

But while we admit that the author evinces a partiality for the establishment of our country, we must not omit to mention, that he displays no hostility towards others, who entertain different views. Nor is this liberality of sentiment a matter of surprise. The homilies inculcate the same doctrines, that, under modern dissemination, are branded with the opprobrious epithets of enthusiasm and fanaticism. On these points the genuine friends of evangelical religion mutually agree, whether within the national church or excluded from its pale. They have all to encounter the sarcasms of a certain race, to whom "Paul supplies a text when Tully preaches."

We cannot go through these discourses in any analytical manner; but we are furnished with the most indubitable evidence from every sermon, that the fall of man, his

natural degeneracy, the divinity of Christ, the efficacy of his atonement, the influence of the Holy Spirit, the necessity and nature of regeneration, practical godliness, and a growing meetness for heaven, always enter into the author's system. These truths he illustrates by argument, and establishes on scripture authority.

In the twenty-sixth sermon, on the resurrection of the body, the following passages occur.

"The Almighty power that raises it shall endure it with energies unknown to it in its former condition; with a spirit of life and vigour that shall never become extinct. Again: "It is sown a natural body;" it was subject in its earthly state to the pains and sorrows, to the sins and temptations of its mortal and fallen condition; it had an animal existence fitted to the place of its temporary abode, but wholly unfit for its intended residence among the blessed spirits in heaven; but "it is raised a spiritual body,"—a body freed from all mortal passions, all inlets to danger, all incentives to evil. It will not hunger or thirst; it will not feel fatigue or anguish; it will not be subjected to the vicissitudes of the seasons, to the heat of summer, or cold of winter; it will not need the aid of sleep or repose, to recruit powers which can never be exhausted, for it is "a spiritual body." What a spiritual body is, we cannot fully comprehend: it is enough for us to know that it is a body such as is required for its re-union to a spirit freed from all that is sinful, and destined to enjoy for ever the purities and felicities of the heavenly world." p. 324.

No person who reads the above passage can reasonably doubt that it is at once consonant with the principles of philosophy, with the dictates of reason, and with the authority of revelation. The author does not enter deeply into this profound subject, but all his remarks on it appear judicious, intelligible, and calculated to give satisfaction to popular inquiry. To the other discourses the same remarks may be extended. The language is plain and perspicuous; of the text, the leading ideas are seized without the formality of a tedious introduction; and no sermon is spun out to an immoderate length. Plainness and utility are the leading characteristics; the great truths of the Gospel are uniformly inculcated; and controversy never makes its appearance. Through these simple excellencies they acquire an adaptation for family reading, without any regard to the distinguishing peculiarities of religious denominations.

REVIEW.—*The True Plan of a Living Temple; or, Man considered in his proper relation to the ordinary Occupations and Pursuits of Life. By the Author of the Morning and Evening Sacrifice, &c. In three Vols. 12mo. pp. 399-460-455. Simpkin and Marshall. London. 1830.*

THE literary artist, who thus furnishes "The true Plan of a Living Temple,"

instead of avowing his name in the title-page, presents himself to the public, as the author of several works which he had previously published. To this mode of proceeding, a considerable portion of vanity seems to attach itself. The writer indirectly intimates, that he has already rendered himself celebrated by the productions of his pen, and that his readers need only to be informed that the same master-spirit has been again at work, to follow him through his more recent lucubrations. We would not attempt to insinuate, that these feelings are always in active operation, but suspicious circumstances rarely fail to sanction jealousy in making unfavourable imputations.

To readers who are acquainted with the writings of our non-conformist divines, the title of this work will be quite familiar, a celebrated treatise bearing a similar name, having been published by John Howe, in the seventeenth century. From its first appearance to the present time, Howe's Living Temple has retained its reputation, nor is there any probability that it will speedily drop into oblivion.

Aware of these circumstances, the author of the volumes now under review, referring to Mr. Howe's treatise, observes, that in his estimation, "the work of Howe did not well evolve the true beauty and purest spirit of the Apostle's definition," and that "in fact it is a great system of theoretical as well as of practical theology." This may be considered as an apology for his adoption of the title, and as furnishing a basis for the following observations:—

"Every person must have observed, that in the minds of the generality of serious men, there exists at present an apparently irreconcilable struggle between the interest which they feel that they must take in the business of this life, and that entire devotion which they believe themselves bound to pay to the things of that world which is unseen and eternal."

To accommodate these discordances, the author goes on to remark, that

"The great Author of Christianity spoke less frequently of lifting the affections of men from earth to heaven, than of bringing down the kingdom of heaven upon earth, and that in one word,—both the true spirit of Christianity, and the soundest conclusions of natural reason, inculcate the belief, that the best preparation which any man can make for the honours of the future world, is a religious discharge of the duties prescribed to him by his station as an inhabitant of this earth, and that his true business is, not to isolate himself from earthly concerns, amidst thoughts and feelings that are related only to things spiritual and eternal, but rather to bring the glorious intimation of a world beyond this, to bear, by means of the pure and animating feelings which it awakens, upon the duties and pursuits, even the most apparently minute and insignificant, that are at present assigned him."

In the following paragraph we are

informed, that the design of this treatise is,

"To teach religious men, that the serious thoughts which have been awakened in their minds, can only be really gratified, and are only directed towards their proper objects, when they are employed, not to lift the imaginations of those who cherish them, into a state of listless abstraction, or of enthusiastic rapture, but rather, when they are so happily managed as to lead the aspirant after heaven, to look with a warmer, a nobler, and a more religious interest on every thing on earth,—to be thankful that God has thus enabled him, by the due management of a definite trust in time, to prepare himself for a greater trust, when the kingdom of God shall be more fully disclosed, and to believe that it is simply by the manner in which he conducts himself amidst present interests, that his future station in the universe shall be determined."—Preface ix.—xiii.

It will be obvious, from the passages already cited from the preface, that these volumes, notwithstanding their title, are more ethical than religious, and that while they inculcate some of the morals of the gospel, they overlook its leading doctrines, and no sacrifice for sin, and rather recommend a justification by works, than by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. To the influence of the Holy Spirit, in awakening the sinner, and regenerating his nature, the author appears to be an entire stranger; and after perusing his volumes, the reader is ready to exclaim—They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

REVIEW.—*The Cabinet Cyclopædia. By Dr. Lardner and others. Geography. The Cities and Principal Towns of the World. Vol. I. 12mo. pp. 326. Longman. London. 1830.*

THIS work continues to make its regular monthly appearance, and, what is of much more importance, to support its character with credit, and enforce its claim to patronage, from justly merited reputation. The volume now under review, ornamented with many well-executed engravings, is the first of three, which will be devoted to "the cities and principal towns of the world." In this, our views are confined to Europe, but the remaining two volumes will comprise the other portions of the globe. The account given of each city and town, though brief, is both useful and interesting. Latitude, population, antiquities, history, character, incident, and peculiarities, the authors always keep in view; and as a book of reference, its value will be rendered more and more apparent, upon every renewed application to its pages. The following extracts will illustrate and confirm our observations:—



"*Origin of the See of Canterbury.*—Augustine, the Roman missionary, made his arrival known to Ethelbert, and requested an audience. The king of Kent, though not altogether ignorant of the nature of his queen's religion, nor unfavourably disposed towards it, was yet afraid of that miraculous power which the Romish clergy were then believed to possess, and which they were not backward at claiming for themselves. For this reason he would not receive them within the walls of his royal city of Canterbury, nor under a roof; but went into the island with his nobles, and took his seat to await them in the open air; imagining that thus he should be secure from the influence of their spells or incantations. They approached in procession, bearing a silver crucifix, and a portrait of our Saviour upon a banner adorned with gold, and chanting the Litany. The king welcomed them courteously, and ordered them to be seated; after which Augustine stood up, and, through an interpreter whom he had brought from France, delivered the peripat of his mission in a brief but well-ordered and impressive discourse. "He was come to the king, and to that kingdom, (he said,) for their eternal good, a messenger of good tidings; offering to their acceptance perpetual happiness here and hereafter, if they would accept his words. The Creator and Redeemer had opened the kingdom of heaven to the human race; for God so loved the world, that he had sent into it his only Son, as that Son himself testified, to become a man among the children of men, and suffer death upon the cross in atonement for their sins." To this address, which was protracted to some length, the king returned a doubtful but gracious answer: his conversion shortly after followed. He gave up his palace to the missionaries, and Augustine obtained a bull from the pope, to found the see of Canterbury. From this period it was regarded with the highest veneration; but in the invasions of the Danes, both the church and city suffered the most grievous ruin, and no less than eight thousand persons are said to have perished at one time in the desolated town.—p. 67. Vol. I.

"*Stirling Castle.*—It is now only in the pages of the historian that the glory of Stirling castle endures. Its royal apartments and superb chapels are converted into barrack-rooms: and the battery, with the few guns by which it is surmounted, is a mockery of the original defences of this once famous stronghold of the Scots. Many memorable transactions have taken place within, or in sight of this castle. Twelve great battles, it is said, have been fought in its neighbourhood. The heroic Robert Bruce made it his prize, after it had been held ten years by Edward of England. It was the favourite residence of James I.; and within its walls the second of that name murdered the earl of Douglas. This unfortunate nobleman, who was at the head of a league to humble the power of the monarch, was persuaded, after receiving a safe-conduct signed by the royal seal, to attend the king's invitation to Stirling. He was no sooner there than James commanded him to break up the party he had formed against his authority. The appeal, however, was without effect; and the king, drawing his dagger and exclaiming, "If you will not dissolve the confederacy, this shall," buried it in his heart. The rascals of Douglas immediately assembled to revenge the death of their lord; and proceeding to Stirling, dragging the safe promise of James at a horse's tail, they burned the town, and were preparing to besiege the castle, when the alarmed monarch found it necessary to enter into an accommodation.—p. 124. Vol. I.

"*Frog Market at Brussels.*—There is in Brussels a market for frogs, which are brought alive in pails and cans, and prepared for dressing on the spot. The hind limbs, which are the only parts used, are cut from the body with scissors, by the women who bring the animals for sale.—p. 157. Vol. I.

"*Evil consequences of Amsterdam being built on Piles.*—In consequence of the badness of the

foundation, the whole city is built on piles driven endways into the mud; a circumstance which occasioned the witty remark of Erasmus, on visiting it, "that he was in a town where the inhabitants lived, like rooks, on the tops of trees." This circumstance also occasioned the restriction of coaches to men of consequence and physicians, who paid a tax for the privilege of using them; the magistrates conceiving that the rolling of the wheels produced a dangerous concussion of the piles. Goods are conveyed through the town on sledges; and the common conveyance for those who do not wish to walk is a kind of sley or trainean, consisting of the body of a carriage fixed on a hurdle, drawn by a single horse, and guided by the driver, who walks by its side.—p. 170. Vol. I.

"*Prison Discipline at Amsterdam.*—The principal prison is the house of correction, called also the rasp-house, because the chief employment of its inmates is the cutting and rasping of Brazil wood. In this place of confinement no one is suffered to be idle; and thus the government is indemnified for much of the expenditure incurred, and the prisoners, on their part, are frequently reclaimed, by its wholesome and rigid discipline, from the dissolute and vicious habits which led them to become its inmates. In the yard of the prison is one cell, and one only, for the treatment of the incorrigibly idle. A stream of water constantly flows into it, which can only be discharged through a pump set up within. The only means, therefore, by which the inmate can avoid being overwhelmed by the ingress of the water, is by working incessantly at the pump: if he persists in his idleness, he is inevitably drowned. It is said that it is now never used.—p. 172. Vol. I.

REVIEW.—*The Family Library. Dramatic Series. No. I. Massinger. Vol. I. 16mo. pp. 393. Murray. London. 1830.*

MR. MURRAY has conferred an invaluable service on the many by the publication of his "Family Library;" and we hail with much pleasure the commencement of the Dramatic Series, the first volume of which now lies before us.

Prejudices, but too well founded, exist against the drama, among the most respectable and reflective part of the community; and so long as the stage continues to exhibit a gross mixture of buffoonery, open licentiousness, and *double entendre*, there will be little prospect of its occupying a very high place in public estimation. The idiot, it is true, will find subjects for laughter, and the *man of pleasure* will enjoy with *peculiar zest* the scenic performances of the day; but he who admires the legitimate drama, and who can comprehend "the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature," will most frequently retire from the theatre with disappointment and disgust.

As a lofty and comprehensive department of poetry, the drama may, however, be viewed without any reference to actual representation; yet those things which offend the judicious on the stage, cannot be less exceptionable, or less injurious to the

mind, when brought into the closet, or introduced to the boudoir. If the truth of this remark be admitted,—and it will not be denied—insuperable objections must arise to the reading of many plays, which possess much intrinsic worth, and, in some parts, offer very strong motives to perseverance in moral virtue. In confirmation of this opinion, we quote from the ably written advertisement prefixed to the present volume of the Family Library, the following passage.

“The neglect of these authors, (the Old English Dramatists) in an age so favourable to works of imagination as the present, can only be ascribed to that occasional coarseness of language which intermixes with and pollutes the beauty of their most exquisite scenes. For what may be termed the licentiousness of the stage, for immorality of principle, for that offence which was transplanted from France to England with the Court of Charles the Second, our old dramatists do not require the aid of any apologist. They are innocent of attempting to confound the notions of right and wrong, or of seeking to influence the bad passions of our nature against the first great principles of morals. These were the corruptions of a later and more vicious age. With the earlier playwrights, the bent of the story and the interest of the spectator are always directed to the side of virtue; but the objection against them is, that though they armed themselves in her cause, they were too little scrupulous what kind of weapon they employed. The worst things are always called by the worst names! Nothing is sacrificed to delicacy. The grossest subjects are treated, whenever they happen to occur—and no care is taken to avoid them—in the grossest terms. Vice loses none of her enormity by any diminution of her coarseness. If the wicked are introduced, they are painted with a perfect truth of nature; they are represented as loathsome in language as they are detestable in conduct; and are rendered as offensive to the reader of cultivated taste and virtuous habits as they would be in the actual intercourse of life. However well it may have suited the less polished age of Elizabeth and James, thus to inculcate purity by exhibiting all the corruptions of the depraved, and to fortify the moral principle by portraying wickedness, with all its hateful accompaniments, as an object of disgust as well as of abhorrence and contempt, such strong pictures are no longer tolerable at the present day, and the recurrence of them militates against that general circulation and approval which is otherwise due to the great merit of the works in which they occur.”

We do not *entirely* concur with the writer of this advertisement. The Old Dramatists are not so guiltless of confounding the principles of right and wrong as he supposes. Much obscenity frequently tarnishes the brightest portraits they have drawn; and licentiousness is too often admitted under the specious veil of venial levity. If called upon to adduce instances, we name,—Hamlet's observations to Ophelia, and the conversation between the French princess and her confidante, both of which are from Shakspeare.

The conductors of the Family Library have, however, pointed out the radical evil in dramatic literature, and prepared an efficient remedy to counteract its effects. The

productions, included in this class of writing have undergone a scrupulous examination at their hands; and what they contain of real worth and utility is presented under features that will recommend these neglected works to popular favour, without involving any compromise of moral principle.

The Elizabethan era was distinguished by a splendid galaxy of dramatic authors, including Shakspeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shirley, and Massinger. These talented writers brought both tragedy and comedy to a state of high perfection,—and the compositions of Shakspeare, especially, threw round the stage a splendour that has only brightened in the lapse of time.

Few materials for a life of Massinger can be found, yet from the scattered and imperfect data that could be obtained, the Editor of the Family Library has woven a biography of no common interest.

Philip Massinger was, it would appear, born at Salisbury in the year 1584. He was the son of Arthur Massinger a gentleman in the service of Henry, the second Earl of Pembroke.” All, however, which we need notice in this place is, that, at the age of two-and-twenty, he was driven, partly by his necessities, and partly by the bent of his inclination, to commence dramatic author, for which purpose he came up to London. His productions were very numerous; but some of them have been destroyed, and others are *in toto* too gross to be brought to light in the nineteenth century.

The “Dramatic Series” commences with “The Virgin Martyr,” of Massinger; this tragedy, includes two distinct plots, one (this submitted to the reader) eminently beautiful, and the other disgustingly offensive. If space would permit, we should make copious extracts from the piece as it stands in the present work, to show the style of our author both with respect to the mechanism of his dramas and the structure of his language: we must, however, quote sparingly, and rest content with recommending to the reader the classic remains of an author comparatively little known.

The scene of the tragedy is laid in Casarea, in the time of the emperors Dioclesian and Maximinus, by whose orders a fiery persecution was directed against the Christians. Dorothea, the heroine of the piece, beloved by Antoninus son of Sapritius, governor of Casarea, is brought under sentence of death for her attachment to Christianity. Her lover accompanies her to the scaffold, and, after witnessing her execution, expires suddenly at the side of his beloved mistress.

Angelo and Harpax are spirits, clothed in human shape; the former a ministring angel attendant on Dorothea, and the latter a servant of Satan, employed to stir up hatred against the Christians in the mind of Theophilus.

*Act IVth. Scene 2d.—The Place of Execution. A Scaffold, Block, &c.*  
—Enter ANTONINUS, supported by MACRINUS, and Servants.

*Anton.* "Is this the place, where virtue is to suffer,  
And heavenly beauty, leaving this base earth,  
To make a glad return from whence it came?  
Is it, Macrinus?"

*Mac.* By this preparation  
You well may rest assured that Dorothea  
This hour is to die here.

*Anton.* Then with her dies  
The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman!  
Set me down, friend, that, ere the iron hand  
Of death close up mine eyes, they may at once  
Take my last leave both of this light and her:  
For, she being gone, the glorious sun himself—  
To me's Cimmerian darkness.

*Mac.* Strange Affection!  
Cupid once more hath changed his shafts with  
Death

And kills, instead of giving life.

*Anton.* Nay, weep not;  
Though tears of friendship be a sovereign balm,  
On me they're cast away. It is decreed  
That I must die with her; our clue of life  
Was span together.

*Mac.* Yet, sir, 'tis my wonder,  
That you, who, hearing only what she suffers,  
Partake of all her tortures, yet will be  
To add to your calamity, an eye-witness  
Of her last tragic scene, which must pierce deeper,  
And make the wound more desperate.

*Anton.* Oh, Macrinus!  
'Twould linger out my torments else, not kill me,  
Which is the end I aim at: being to die too,  
What instrument more glorious can I wish for,  
Than what is made sharp by my constant love  
And true affection? It may be, the duty  
And loyal service, with which I pursued her,  
And seal'd it with my death, will be remembered  
Among her blessed actions; and what honour  
Can I desire beyond it?

*Enter a Guard bringing in DOROTHEA a  
Headman, before her; followed by  
THEOPHILUS, SAPRITIUS, and HARPA.*

*See, she comes;*  
How sweet her innocence appears! more like  
To heaven itself, than any sacrifice  
That can be offered to it: By my hopes  
Of joys hereafter, the sight makes me doubtful  
In my belief; nor can I think our gods  
Are good, or to be served, that take delight  
In offerings of this kind: that to maintain  
Their power, deface the masterpiece of nature,  
Which they themselves come short of. She ascends,  
And every step raises her nearer heaven.

*Sap.* You are to blame  
To let him come abroad.

*Mac.* It was his will;  
And we were left to serve him, not command him.

*Anton.* Good sir, be not offended; nor deny,  
My last of pleasures in this happy object,  
That I shall e'er be blest with.

*Theoph.* Now, proud contemner  
Of us, and of our gods, tremble to think,  
It is not in the power thou serv'st to save thee.  
Not all the riches of the sea, increased  
By violent shipwrecks, nor the unsearch'd mines,  
(Hammon's unknown exchequer,) shall redeem  
thee:

And, therefore, having first with horror weigh'd  
What 'tis to die, and to die young; to part with  
All pleasures and delights; lastly, to go  
Where all antipathies to comfort dwell,  
Furies behind, about thee, and before thee;  
And, to add to affliction, the remembrance  
Of the Elysian joys thou might'st have tasted,  
Hast thou not turn'd apostate to those gods  
That so reward their servants; let despair  
Prevent the hangman's sword, and on this scaffold  
Make thy first entrance into hell.

*Anton.* She smiles,  
Unmov'd by Mars! as if she were assured  
Death, looking on her constancy, would forget  
The use of his inevitable hand.

*Theoph.* Derided too! despatch, I say.

*Dor.* Thou fool!

That gloriest in having power to ravish  
A tride from me I am weary of,  
What is this life to me? not worth a thought;  
Or, if it be esteemed, 'tis that I lose it  
To win a better: even thy malice serves  
To me but as a ladder to mount up  
To such a height of happiness, where I shall  
Look down with scorn on thee, and on the world;  
Where, circled with true pleasures, placed above  
The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory  
To think at what an easy price I bought it.  
There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth:  
No joint-numbing cold, or scorching heat,  
Famine, nor age, have any being there.  
Forget, for shame, your Tempe; bury in  
Oblivion your feign'd Hesperian orchards:—  
The golden fruit kept by the watchful dragon,  
Which did require a Hercules to get it,  
Compared with what grows in all plenty there,  
Deserves not to be named. The power I serve  
Laughs at your happy ARABY, or the  
Elysian shades; for he hath made his bowers  
Better in deed, than you can fancy yours.

*Anton.* O, take me thither with you!

*Dor.* Trace my steps,  
And be assured you shall.

*Sap.* With my own hands  
I'll rather stop that little breath is left thee,  
And rob thy killing fever.

*Theoph.* By no means;  
Let him go with her: do, seduc'd young man,  
And wait upon thy saint in death; do, do:  
And, when you come to that imagin'd place,  
That place of all delights—pray you, observe me,  
And meet those cursed things I once called daughters,

Whom I have sent as harbingers before you;  
If there be any truth in your religion,  
In thankfulness to one, that with care hasten  
Your journey thither, pray you send me some  
Small pittance of that curious fruit you boast of.

*Anton.* Grant that I may go with her, and I will.

*Sap.* Will thou in thy last minute damn thyself?

*Theoph.* The gates to hell are open.

*Dor.* Know, thou tyrant,  
Thou agent for the devil, thy great master,  
Though thou art most unworthy to taste of it,  
I can, and will. p. 81.

At this moment Angelo enters, when Harpax retreats confused, and can no more be brought into his presence. The headman soon after performs his murderous office, and the soul of the "Virgin Martyr" enters into its rest, accompanied by the spirit of her lover, who falls lifeless at the completion of her sentence.

Angelo is deputed to bear a taste of the true heavenly food to Theophilus, according to Dorothea's promise. The heart of this destroyer is in consequence converted; and he subsequently glories in, and suffers, the extreme pains of martyrdom. The tragedy concludes with his death.

Such of our readers as are little acquainted with the works of Massinger, will be able to form some idea, from the long extract we have given, of his merits as a dramatic writer. They will notice no small portion of Shakspearian fire, and negligence, in his compositions, mingled with occasional quaintness of expression, and extravagance of figure. His writings certainly deserve a niche in the archives of fame; and, as presented in the "Family Library," they supply an important desideratum in the literature of the present day.

REVIEW.—*Poisoning with Arsenic. Simultaneous poisoning of Six Persons.—Taste of Arsenic.—The Test of Redecation may supply Evidence, when the quantity of Metal sublimed is less than a 250th part of a grain, and is too minute to form a characteristic crust.* By Robert Christison, M.D. Edin. Med. & Surg. Journal, c. 11. Jan. 1830.

THE paper which we select for review, upon this occasion, is one of very great moment, whether we regard the circumstances under which the poison was taken, or that minuteness and precision of chemical inquiry, which so successfully investigated and verified the nature of the poisonous ingredient, and ultimately led to a thorough knowledge of the whole of the process.

It appears, that on the 1st of November last, a baronet in Roxburghshire, together with his family, and several visitors, amounting to six persons, sat down to dinner; and were all, during the repast, or immediately after, seized with severe symptoms—sickness, vomiting, and pains in the bowels, and, in one instance, diarrhoea. The continuance and severity of the symptoms, together with the circumstance of the whole six persons being similarly attacked, left no doubt that they were caused by the presence of some poisonous substance in one or other of the articles used at dinner, and of which *all* had partaken. In order to discover what the poison was, and to clear up the mystery of its introduction, a proportion of the various articles used were sent to Dr. Christison, for chemical examination. At first it was supposed, that the only thing at table, of which *all* had partaken, was some soup, but, on examination, there was no indication of the presence of any *metallic* poison, the only class of which, from the symptoms, there could be any suspicion.

The next article examined was the

vomited matter, of which two quarts were sent, taken from a pail containing about four gallons—the matter vomited by four of the party. We shall give the result in Dr. Christison's own words.

"A small portion of this, when filtered, gave no indication of any of the above metallic poisons,\* on being treated with sulphuretted hydrogen. But when the whole filtered fluid was evaporated to the volume of two ounces,† sulphuretted hydrogen produced a dirty yellowish cloudiness, which, after ebullition, and subsequent rest for twelve hours, gave place to a scanty, Naples yellow, flaky precipitate. This precipitate was separated and washed, by the process of subsidence and affusion, repeatedly performed, and was then dried in a watch-glass. The product, which was very small in quantity, and, of course, contained a large proportion of animal matter, was then subjected to the process of reduction, in one of the small tubes recommended by Berzelius. By close and cautious management of the heat, a scanty sublimate was procured, forming a dark filmy cloud, on a small part of the narrowest portion of the tube. This sublimate was entirely destitute of brilliancy on the outside, or of crystalline appearance on the interior; and, consequently, without the subsequent test of oxidation, suggested lately by Dr. Turner, no conclusion whatever could be deduced from it. But, on removing the portion of the tube containing the plug, and then subjecting the film to repeated sublimation, a ring of fine sparkling white crystals was formed, on some of which I could observe, with a common magnifier, triangular facets. I could hardly doubt, therefore, that I had procured a minute quantity of oxide of arsenic. But as the quantity was so small, that, being in the custom of weighing somewhat larger quantities, I was sure it did not amount to nearly a 250th part of a grain, I resolved to subject it to a farther

\* Arsenic, mercury, copper, antimony, lead, or zinc, or any of their preparations.

† We know of no work, professedly treating on this subject, which recommends the evaporation and concentration of suspected fluids, for the purpose of detecting poisons in very minute quantity; and, therefore, it is possible that the idea and application may be original with Dr. Christison; but certainly he is *not* the first to have suggested this improvement in toxicological analysis. In Vol. I. No. 6. New Series of the Medical and Physical Journal, for December, 1829, and which we have now before us, we observe, among the "Original Papers," one by Dr. Venables, entitled, "On the Detection of Poisons," from which we make the following extract, "It may now be inquired, after having applied our reagents, and finding no traces, are we to conclude that arsenic does not exist in the suspected fluid? This question may be fairly replied to, in the negative. I diluted a solution of arsenic, till the addition of the most delicate reagents afforded no sensible indication of its presence. But, upon distilling the mixture, when the fluid became concentrated, the action of the test became sensible. Hence, in all suspicious cases, it would be well to concentrate the suspected fluid, by distillation or evaporation. "It will frequently happen, that, when a fluid has been evaporated nearly to dryness, by continuing the heat, if the process have been performed by distillation, or applying a sufficient temperature, if otherwise—that arsenic will sublime, and may thus be collected and treated by the usual reagents."—p. 513.

These we consider as very important directions, and, indeed, highly deserving attention. Concentration should always be practised in suspicious cases, where the usual tests afford not the characteristic reagents. The paper in Med. and Phys. Journal contains some useful hints, and we recommend its perusal; for, though there may be some chaff, we are satisfied that the grain will amply repay the trouble of winnowing.

test. With this view, two drops of water were introduced into the tube, and boiled on the crystals. These were soon dissolved, and in the solution, the ammoniacal nitrate of silver caused as characteristic a lemon-yellow precipitate, as it could produce in any arsenical solution."—p. 68-69.

The obvious conclusion, from the above facts, was, that arsenic existed in the matter ejected by vomiting. However, Dr. C., with that precaution which should ever characterise the medical jurist, hesitated to come to such a conclusion, lest the small trace of arsenic discovered might have been owing to an accidental contamination arising from an arsenical foulness adhering to the vessels—precipitating jars, glass funnels, and evaporating basins, &c.—in which the analysis was conducted. However, this difficulty was removed by the subsequent proceedings, as detailed by Dr. C. He observes—

"It was afterwards remembered by the party, that they had all partaken of certain bottles of wine, the remains of three of which were therefore sent to me.

"In a bottle of Tenerife, and in another of a light French white wine, sulphuretted hydrogen gas caused no change whatever, and both of them were free of foreign taste. But, in the remains of a bottle of Champagne, which also was free of any taste, except that of vinous sweetness, the same test caused a copious sulphur yellow precipitate. The arsenical nature of this precipitate was proved by the process of reduction. Two ounces of the wine gave one grain and a quarter of sulphuret of arsenic, corresponding to one grain of oxide of arsenic."

"On subsequent inquiry, it appeared that the bottle of Champagne was brought from the cellar before dinner, by the baronet himself, who undid the wine during dinner, immediately before the wine was used. This circumstance shewed that the wine had been poisoned before the bottle was corked by the wine-merchant."—p. 69.

We acknowledge that the above paper is one of great merit, and one of no small degree of interest; and, indeed, if any thing were wanting to stamp the zeal and industry of the learned professor, it is one that would go far to do this. Yet, though we willingly acknowledge the value and importance of this paper, we cannot but regret, that the inquiry has not been carried a step farther, from which the most important results, in a public sense, are to be anticipated. The history terminates, after having shewn that the Champagne was the wine in which the arsenic existed, and that the poisoning took place before the wine was corked.

Now, the questions of greatest moment to the public are—was the poisoning of the wine the result of accident, of design, or of fraud? Much might be done towards solving these questions. The presence of arsenic in this bottle might have been a

mere accidental occurrence, arising from inattention, and not seeing that the bottle was thoroughly clean when the wine was introduced. Thus the wine might have been incautiously put into a bottle containing a solution of, or arsenic in substance. If this were found to be the only bottle containing it, such would be a legitimate conclusion. If the effect of a criminal design, this would be a fair presumption, if, out of a certain number taken promiscuously, some were found to contain arsenic, while others were found to be free from any such contamination. If a fraudulent adulteration were the object, the contamination would be found to pervade every bottle of the sample.

We are not aware of any object to be obtained by introducing arsenic into wine of any kind, much less Champagne; but, still, fraudulent adulterations are often practised without the object being obvious at first. Arsenic may, for aught we know, correct some flavour, taste, or other obnoxious quality, and we are all well satisfied, that many unprincipled dealers are not always over-scrupulous as to the means to which they resort, to render their goods more palatable, or more marketable. No man now will feel secure, as to the consequences, if he indulge in Champagne; every glass may be the passport for a grain, or so, of arsenic to his stomach; and, on every occasion of indulgence, he incurs the fear, at least, if not the risk, of its proving his last.

The suggestions of a further, and more extended examination of the impurity of this wine, involve, in our opinion, objects of the highest public moment, and, if they have not already occurred to Dr. Christison, we trust he will turn his future attention to the subject, and that he will not leave a work of such importance, which he has begun so well, and so creditably, in its present unfinished state.

REVIEW.—*The Drama of Nature. A Poem in three Books.* By Joseph Mitchell Burton. 12mo. p. 187. Fisher and Co. London. 1830.

THE age in which we live is so overstocked with poetry, that unless the commodity is of an excellent quality, it is in great danger of being found unmarketable. Many volumes which we could mention have dropped still-born from the press; and several others, after uttering a feeble cry, have retired silently into the shades of oblivion, where they enjoy undisturbed repose. In this beaten path many others are quietly travel-

\* Allowing twelve ounces to be the average capacity of a bottle, there must have been six grains of arsenic in solution in the bottle.

ling, and their authors may at least console themselves with this reflection, that no one has dared to interrupt them in their journey.

The neat little volume now open on our desk, appears without preface or table of contents; but its title is sufficiently comprehensive to show that the vast arcanum of nature is encircled in its wide embrace. After a short invocation, the author calls our attention to his subject in the following lines:

"I sing the birth, the life, and death of Time,  
The morning, noon, and evening of his day,  
From natal hour to final obsequies."

In the last line the reader will have a very formidable ellipsis to supply, but having overcome this unharmonious obstacle, he will be directed to behold creation rising into birth, and led to contemplate the various orders of being to whom God has imparted existence. Having laid this foundation, Mr. Burton conducts us through the varied orders of nature, both animate and inanimate, sometimes recreating the mental vision with poetical landscapes, and, at others, calling us to mount among suns and stars, to traverse with him the regions of the universe, and contemplate, either in its distinct departments, or in one comprehensive survey, the astonishing machinery of creation in all its complicated simplicity. With materials so numerous and diversified, he need never be at a loss for a subject; and yet we find in many places recurrences to the same ideas, in language that, with a little care, would have admitted of a much greater variety.

Of the dignity and character of the human soul, the following lines are strongly expressive:

"Look in the soul, more vast than universe,  
That hangs upon the breath of all-wise God,  
As mighty as the space that closes round,  
And wraps creation in its ambient air,  
Undying as the orb that ever shines  
In the piazza where bright angels walk.  
Immortal as yon high celestial dome,  
Or starry base of structure piled with suns,  
Founded upon the golden floor of heaven—  
She laughs at death, and non-existence dark,  
The abyss of chaos and the murky void  
Where black annihilation sleeps in night.  
She smiles upon creation's winding sheet,  
Shall read its epitaph upon the skies,  
And hear its knell toll on eternity."—p. 101.

To the preceding paragraph we readily allow a deserving meed of energy, and award a due proportion of praise; but, unfortunately, the two first lines are disfigured by the strange ellipsis which they contain, and the use of the word *doll* in the last line, merits an explanation which we are unable to supply.

The character and condition of the Atheist in a future state, are vigorously delineated in the following passage, which would have

been still more pleasing, had it not appeared to be laboured:

"Who doubts this truth, who, but that wretched soul  
That folds herself within the hideous claws  
Of that hell hydra, Atheist called on earth?  
Yet such there was, ere this millennial reign  
Threw climes of blessedness upon our world.  
Once he was seen, the vomit and the slime,  
The scum which demons licked and wallowed in.  
Spit from the great archfiend's poisoned tongue,  
Besmeared his spirit, and the horrid sight  
Had sickened angels, and the heavens grew pale.  
Worthless offscouring, refuse of mankind,  
Fuel that feeds the sulphurous forge of hell.  
Even devils shuddered when he entered in  
The burning portals of their howling caves.  
Full well they knew a God of vengeance reigns,  
From whom, they shrieking, down the smoking  
skies  
Fell down engulfed in the black tempest's lake,  
Which hurricanes of wrath lash into hills.  
They think him still more heinous than themselves  
More blackly wicked, more detestable  
Than vipers creeping on the rocks of hell.  
They think unworthy of their dark abode  
The monster who denies the existing God."—p. 102.

The word *down* which occurs in two successive lines in the preceding extract, betrays great carelessness in the author. "Down the smoking skies fell down engulfed," every one must allow to be capable of considerable improvement. A similar repetition of the word *now* occurs in the two first lines of the poem. "Assist me now, ye choirs in heaven above, while now on earth I strike the golden harp."

We have neither time nor room to follow the author through the varied scenery of his volume. From the third book, on the events connected with unfulfilled prophecy several favourable extracts might be taken, but we must desist. It is a work which contains a respectable share of native vigour and laborious energy, but many passages demand emendation. The pointing is sometimes bad, the ellipsis is occasionally very disagreeable, and several terms may be exchanged for others with great advantage. It seems to have been prematurely published, and precipitancy sometimes proves fatal to an author's reputation.

REVIEW.—The Sacred Harp. 32mo.  
pp. 250. Leckie. Dublin. 1830.

This little volume can hardly fail to attract the eye, by the simply elegant manner in which it is put out of hand. It contains a number of valuable extracts from the works of our most celebrated poets, both alive and dead; but all the selections are of a religious or strictly moral nature. Scarcely any of the pieces are presented as original, but many of them have been already transplanted from their native beds, to adorn similar publications.

## MEMOIR OF HIS LATE MAJESTY GEORGE IV.

(With a Portrait.)

THE melancholy event for some time painfully anticipated, has at length taken place. His Most Gracious Majesty George the Fourth, submitting to the stroke of death, has just resigned his earthly diadem, leaving a national family to express their lamentations in sighs of unavailing sorrow, and to seek relief in tears.

Not many years have elapsed since the same loyal people were called on to mourn the departure of His late Majesty's venerable and august father; and another gloomy opportunity is now afforded them to reflect, that death knows no distinction between the palace and the cottage, and that the monarch and the peasant are alike exposed to his resistless shafts.

His late Majesty George IV. was born on the twelfth of August 1762, and immediately created Prince of Wales. His early education was domestic, conducted under the immediate inspection of his Royal Parents. The Earl of Holderness was his first tutor, and his classical studies were superintended by the Rev. Dr. Markham.

After a short season, during which Lord Bruce filled the important station of instructor to the heir apparent, the Duke of Montague was nominated to the arduous office, but at the particular request of his Majesty George III. the preceptorship was undertaken by Dr. Hurd.

On coming of age, the annual allowance for the establishment of His Royal Highness was fifty thousand pounds, with sixty thousand for outfit.

In the year 1788 the suspension of the Royal functions induced some of His Royal Highnesses, confidential advisers, to urge his right to assume the reins of government. This ill-advised measure, for some time created an unpleasant alarm, but his Majesty recovering, tranquillity was immediately restored.

In 1795 the marriage of His Royal Highness with Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, second daughter of the Duke of Brunswick, was celebrated in the Chapel Royal at St. James's, and on the year following the Princess Charlotte was born. But the circumstances connected with this unhappy union, have been too frequently before the public, to require any repetition in this place.

In 1810 His Royal Highness was appointed Regent, under certain restrictions, which were not removed until the year 1812.

During a period of twenty-five years, Great Britain had been involved in an eventful war, but peace at length revisiting the hostile nations, a general rejoicing was the result. Scarcely had this subsided, before England had to mourn in sackcloth, the death of the much-lamented Princess Charlotte; who, in the month of November, 1817, after giving birth to a still-born son, accompanied him to the house appointed for all living. This awful calamity was speedily followed by others in rapid succession. The venerable Queen Charlotte, the Duke of Kent, in the meridian of life, and the aged monarch, at the extreme verge of mortality, were all conveyed to the sepulchre in the short space of two years. In January 1827, death again knocked at the palace of royalty, and summoned the Duke of York to a world of spirits; and now the nation has to mourn, in the departure of a beloved King, the eldest branch of this illustrious family.

On the demise of George III. in January, 1820, his late Majesty George IV. succeeded to the throne; but his coronation did not take place until July, 1821. This event was celebrated with the utmost splendour; but, alas! so short has been the time between his royal pomp and funeral obsequies, that the circumstances attendant on his earthly grandeur, need only to be mentioned to be recollected.

On that memorable occasion his Majesty wore a black velvet hat, with a large plume of white feathers flowing out of the top, from the centre of which appeared a heron's feather. His hair was dressed in several curls. His garment was white and silver, with silk stockings, and white shoes with tassels. In these coronation robes he is now represented in the portrait which accompanies this article. Over these robes he wore a large mantle of crimson velvet, covered with stars of gold, and the train was supported by six pages.

But we must now turn from this earthly apotheosis, to a scene more solemn, and more deeply interesting.

During the period which elapsed from his late Majesty's accession to the throne, until the moment of his death, the nation has enjoyed uninterrupted repose; it has neither been disturbed by foreign hostilities, nor harassed by civil commotions. The Catholic relief bill will render his reign memorable in the eyes of posterity; and the repeal of the corporation and test act

will immortalize his name with all the friends of civil and religious liberty. Among the labouring classes of society, distress, arising from the want of employment, which has been felt with peculiar severity, is perhaps the greatest calamity with which the nation has been afflicted during his auspicious reign.

With a constitution naturally vigorous, although his late Majesty, on ascending the throne, had passed the meridian of life, hopes were entertained that it might be protracted to an extent corresponding with that of his august parent. Many circumstances, however, soon indicated, that such an event was rather to be desired than expected. Of late years his health was frequently thought to be precarious, and cases have occurred in which his life has appeared in imminent danger. Returning strength, however, repeatedly defeating the apprehensions of solicitude, his occasional attacks after some time created only a transient alarm.

It is stated on good authority, that his Majesty's medical advisers were probably aware of the disorder which has proved fatal, so early as January last, and their treatment of the royal patient confirms the supposition. The following particulars respecting the progress, ascendancy, and final triumph of the disease over all human efforts, are condensed from extended statements published in the *Globe*, *Weekly Dispatch*, *Atlas*, and *Times* newspapers.

In the beginning of March, it was stated that His Majesty took exercise for three hours every day in the Great Park, Windsor, by driving himself in his pony-phæton to inspect the Royal Lodge improvements, in which it was his intention to take up his abode on the 1st of June; but on the 1st of June he was on his death-bed.

Towards the end of March His Majesty discontinued his excursions, and it was announced that he had caught a slight cold, which was probably only a symptom of a disease which continues long in the constitution, and is sometimes imperceptible even to the most acute physician. His Majesty at this time was confined for a short period to his bedchamber; but he was soon able again to honour his distinguished visitors with his presence at dinner. About this period also he lost one of the oldest and most attached of his attendants, Sir Edmund Nagle,—a loss which, added to the increase of his infirmities, His Majesty severely felt.

On the last few days of March the airings in the park were resumed, and it was

announced that His Majesty would leave the Castle for London on the 21st or 22d of April, to reside for five weeks in St. James's.

Sir H. Hallford's visits to the Castle were generally noticed; but as they were not of such frequency or haste as to cause any suspicion of immediate danger, the public forgot that there are some maladies which, though slow in their operation, are far more dangerous than the most acute diseases. In well-informed quarters the nature of the disease had been understood before; though a certain delicacy towards His Majesty prevented the announcement of it in the papers; but receipts for the cure of asthma and dropsy became very numerous in the public prints even at an earlier period.

The first severe attack of His Majesty appears to have been a spasmodic affection of the bowels, attended with a slight hiccup. The proper medicines were administered. Preparations were made to hold a levee and birth-day court at St. James's, and His Majesty held a Court, April 7, at Windsor.

On April the 8th, in company with the Lord Steward, he rode out in his pony-phæton, with several of his attendants in another phæton. He visited the Home-park and private drives by Frogmore-lodge, and the improvements at the plantations to the Royal-lodge. He then proceeded to Virginia-water and Belvedere, and returned to the Castle, where he honoured the company with his presence at dinner. Lord and Lady Strathaven, and the Bishop of Chichester, visited His Majesty, with whom they continued to reside for some time.

On April the 12th, the King, accompanied by the Lord Steward, and Lord and Lady Strathaven, and the household, attended divine service in the grand music room, the Bishop of Chichester officiating.

On Monday, the 12th of April, his Majesty again rode out, but in the night His Majesty's illness increased, and Sir Henry Hallford, according to his usual practice in such cases, slept at the Castle. He left in the morning, but again returned on Tuesday evening. He again went to town on Wednesday morning, but returned to Windsor, and as the King's illness still increased, he sent for Sir Matthew Tierney at an early hour on Thursday morning. They immediately held a consultation, and issued the first bulletin, a few minutes before one, on Thursday, April the 15th. This bulletin was as follows:

"Windsor-castle, April 15.

"We regret to state that the King has



had a bilious attack, accompanied by an embarrassment in breathing. His Majesty, although free from fever, is languid and weak."

This bulletin was addressed partly to the King himself, and partly to the public. It gave the latter to understand that their sovereign was in danger, while it did not inform His Majesty of what none of his subjects could have desired him to be informed of—that his doom was sealed, and that a few months must terminate his career on earth.

Sir Henry Hallford set out from the Castle soon after issuing the bulletin, leaving Sir M. Tierney in attendance, who remained all night. It had now apparently been settled that the physicians should relieve each other—an arrangement which implied no immediate danger, as one physician could not take upon him to issue a bulletin. Accordingly no bulletin was issued on Friday, April 16th; and it was merely announced in the *Court Circular*, that the symptoms of His Majesty's disease were rather more favourable. His Majesty also passed a more comfortable night than he had before been able to do, the nature of his disease, which is seldom attended with fever, or any thing but debility and unfitness for exercise, rendering sleep almost impracticable, and in fact dangerous, unless with his head in an extremely elevated position. But flattering hopes were at this time entertained by His Majesty of a return of strength; and to indulge these hopes, the physicians both left Windsor on Saturday by his desire, but Sir H. Hallford returned in the evening. The treatment of the physicians was what is usual on such occasions—promoting the liquid evacuations; but at the same time avoiding to debilitate too much his system, and endeavouring to restore its tone by the various resources which their skill supplied. On Sunday night it was thought necessary that both physicians should remain in attendance on His Majesty, principally for the purpose of issuing a joint bulletin on Monday morning. This second bulletin was as follows:

"Windsor Castle, April 19.

"His Majesty continues to suffer occasionally from attacks of embarrassment of his breathing."

The physicians had contented themselves with endeavouring to mitigate symptoms, and their treatment produced an apparent improvement; but they could not venture to make themselves responsible for a total concealment of his danger.

The Duke of Cumberland called that day. Both Sir H. Hallford and Sir Matthew

Tierney returned to town on Monday, but the former was at Windsor again in the evening; and on his return next morning he had an interview with the Duke of Wellington, in which certain explanations were given. The Duchess of Gloucester saw His Majesty the same day (Tuesday, the 20th), by invitation.

It was now pretty generally understood that His Majesty's complaint was dropsical. No physician was in attendance during the day. The symptoms were mitigated, and the King himself caused, on Thursday morning, a bulletin to be issued, signed by Sir H. Hallford alone, in the following laconic terms:—

"Windsor Castle, April 22.

"The King is better." "H. HALFORD."

His Majesty was able to sign several documents that day. On Friday the same favourable appearances continued, and the Duke of Clarence visited His Majesty.

The next bulletin was as follows:—

"Windsor Castle, April 24.—The King has passed two good nights, and continues better." "H. HALFORD."

It had been found necessary to have recourse to scarification for the removal of the fluid for the moment, and this operation was performed by Mr. O'Reilly.

The well-informed were not deceived by flattering accounts. Sir H. Hallford became uneasy about the responsibility which he took upon himself in signing the bulletins alone, and on Monday morning the two physicians to His Majesty held a consultation, at which it was determined to issue the following bulletin:

"Windsor Castle, April 26.—The state of the King's health continues much the same. His Majesty has passed a good night. H. HALFORD, M. TIERNEY.

The symptoms were now again becoming unfavourable, and it was determined to issue daily bulletins, signed by both physicians.

On the 29th of April, the Lord Chamberlain issued an order deferring the levee and drawing-room, which were to be held on the 5th and 7th of May, in celebration of His Majesty's birth-day. Occasional gleams of relief occurred in the beginning of May, but of very partial consequences. The physicians had now found it necessary to discontinue the more active medicines, and to lay more stress on gentler remedies and diet. The Duke of Sussex, early in May, sent His Majesty a chair of a peculiar construction, adapted to the circumstances of

his case; and this attention was deeply felt by His Majesty. At this time Mr. Brodie performed the operation of puncturing the legs—an operation which at best only affords temporary relief, and is attended with great danger of mortification. The operations which His Majesty had now undergone, though they prolonged his life, caused pains from which he had before been free, and at this time his torture was said to be so great as to have extinguished in him all desire of living. The symptoms, however, again abated, and the immediate fear of mortification proved ungrounded. The punctures showed a tendency to heal, and the operation, of course, was attended with temporary benefit. The symptoms alternated repeatedly, and operations were performed when necessary; but the danger became daily more imminent. The principal seat of the disease was now stated to be the chest. Less active medicines were employed, as the strength of the patient declined; but His Majesty was still able to read the public prints daily. About the middle of May there was an improvement in the symptoms, and His Majesty took some exercise in a wheel-chair in the picture-gallery. The King suffered less from the asthmatic and spasmodic symptoms, but during the last week of May another unfavourable turn took place. It was obvious to every one who understood the nature of His Majesty's disease, that these repeated changes were connected with the operations and active remedies which were adopted whenever the symptoms threatened a crisis. The puncturing is not in itself a very painful operation, as it consists merely in introducing under the distended skin a very fine needle, which makes a wound scarcely visible; but the inflammation which resulted from the scarifications produced a local disease, which had equally to be guarded against, as it might have ended in mortification. It was understood that setons had been tried with a partial good effect.

On the 5th of June the most alarming announcements were made. Expresses were sent off to the members of the Royal Family and to the Duke of Wellington, to inform them of his immediate danger. The puncturing was again applied, but with less benefit. On June the 9th His Majesty was so much worse, that the physicians deliberated on issuing a second bulletin; but His Majesty himself decidedly opposed it; and in fact, even at this period, the royal sufferer does not appear to have considered himself in imminent danger. His constitution still bore up against the disease, and

about the 12th, the anxiety which had pervaded all classes, in the expectation of an immediate demise, was in some degree removed. It was now generally supposed, that though His Majesty was incurable, he might live many weeks, and public excitement partially subsided. His Majesty's respiration was announced to be easy, and the physicians, in their bulletin, said he felt better. It was rumoured, and correctly, that an operation was performed about this period, or rather previous to the last amelioration of his symptoms. This operation was of a more serious nature than any before performed. This was in some degree denied, but, we are assured, upon insufficient grounds. The *Globe* of Friday last was the first to announce to the public, from those channels of information which it had all along possessed, being only restrained by certain considerations of delicacy from making full use of them, that "His Majesty had a very troublesome cough, with considerable expectoration." It has been known that there was thoracic disease as well as dropsy; and it was now said that an abscess had burst in the chest—a fact which seemed confirmed by the presence of pus in the mucus evacuated. On this point a *post mortem* examination can alone decide. As to the relief which His Majesty is said to have received from diuretics, there is no doubt that they must have been beneficial, and the physicians would have been very blameable in neglecting them; but, according to our accounts, an operation was at this time performed; the expectoration was also an effect, in some measure, of medicine, and it was found necessary, in order to prevent suffocation. It was now evident that a crisis was near.

At ten o'clock on Friday night, his Majesty appeared sleepy, the certain prelude of that change which in a few hours was to deprive the nation of their sovereign. The physicians, Sir Henry Hallford and Sir Matthew Tierney, and Mr. Brodie, the surgeon in immediate attendance, withdrew, for the purpose of allowing his Majesty to enjoy that relief from pain which sleep invariably brings. They left Sir Wathen Wallar, and two of the pages in attendance upon the King, with the usual injunctions, that should His Majesty be materially disturbed in the course of the night, to call them up. His Majesty slept at intervals, and without any particular variation, so as to make it necessary to call the physicians till about three o'clock yesterday morning, when His Majesty awoke, and expressed a wish to be raised up. The attendants imme-

diately afforded that necessary and grateful assistance to their beloved master; but while preparing to raise His Majesty, they instantly perceived that a material change had taken place in His Majesty's whole appearance, and they apprehended that the most fatal and immediate consequences would be the result. Sir Wathen Wallar was assured that His Majesty's last moments were rapidly approaching, and becoming exceedingly alarmed, he instantly summoned Sir Henry Halford, Sir Matthew Tierney, Sir William Knighton, and Mr. Brodie, into the chamber of their sovereign. They were in the apartment in a few minutes. The painful event that was about to happen was too apparent, and after languishing, without pain, for about ten minutes, nature being completely exhausted, His Majesty expired at a quarter past three o'clock, in the morning of Saturday, June 26th, 1830.

The Globe of Saturday evening says in a second edition:—In the higher circles it is stated that His Majesty retired to rest about his usual hour, eleven o'clock, and that he slept an hour and a half. At three o'clock in the morning His Majesty had occasion to rise, and we understand that the immediate cause of his death was the breaking of a blood-vessel near the heart. His Majesty is said immediately to have perceived the evacuation of blood; he then said, "This is death," and expressed a wish that Sir Henry Halford should be sent for.

At about seven o'clock in the morning it was announced by Mr. O'Reilly to all the members of the household, that they were at liberty to enter the room, and view the body of their late royal master. About one hundred persons, half of whom were not of the establishment, entered the chamber at half-past seven o'clock, and were permitted to touch the right hand of His late Majesty, as he lay on the couch on which he died. The appearance of His Majesty's face was extremely placid, proving that his last moments were easy. It is utterly impossible to describe the scene of anguish that ensued. Many of these persons had lived with the King for more than a quarter of a century, and had been attached to him by the warmest ties of affectionate duty: to them the King was thoroughly known; and it was observed, with great feeling, by one of the attendants, who has been close to His Majesty's person for twenty years, that those only who had had, like him, opportunities of studying the character of his beloved master, could appreciate it as it deserved.

After this mournful ceremony, orders were given to Mr. Tebbot to prepare a mahogany shell for the corpse. This gentleman, who was long a favourite of his late royal Master, for the rapidity with which he executed his orders, and the enthusiasm with which he entered into his plans, has since been busily engaged in performing that melancholy duty.

The shell is to be lined with white gros de Naples, and is to be stuffed with wool. It is understood that the arrangements which took place on the dissolution of George III. will form the precedent on the present occasion.

The melancholy intelligence was of course forwarded to Ministers; and the Duke of Wellington immediately left London for Windsor Castle, from whence, after having given the necessary instructions, he proceeded to Bushy Park, for the purpose of communicating the painful event to the Duke of Clarence, now his Most Gracious Majesty King William the Fourth, and to do homage to the new Sovereign of this mighty empire.

A Cabinet Council was immediately summoned, and at twelve o'clock was published the following

"LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

—"Whitehall, June 26, 1830.—A bulletin, of which the following is a copy, has been this morning received by Secretary Sir Robert Peel, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State:—

"Windsor-castle, June 26.—"It has pleased Almighty God to take from this world the King's Most Excellent Majesty.

"His Majesty expired at a quarter past three o'clock this morning, without pain.

"HENRY HALFORD,

"MATTHEW J. TIERNEY."

The following letter was sent from the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel to the Lord Mayor:—

"Whitehall, June 26, 1830.—My Lord,—It is my most painful duty to inform you, that it has pleased Almighty God to release his Majesty from his sufferings. His Majesty died at about a quarter past three o'clock this morning.—I have the honour to be, my Lord, your lordship's obedient and faithful servant,

"ROBERT PEEL."

The Lord Mayor, immediately after receiving the afflicting intelligence, which reached him at half-past nine o'clock on Saturday morning, by one of the usual messengers, summoned the principal City Law Officers, and communicated to them the lamentable event. Notice was instantly

sent to the Verger of St. Paul's, to order the great bell to be tolled. All the Aldermen who were in town, upon learning the melancholy fact, attended his lordship at the Mansion-house.

For many days previous to the final struggle, his Majesty's strength was observed to decline rapidly. His sleep was much disturbed at night by the increasing violence of a wasted cough; and, before death had closed the agonies of accumulating disease, emaciation had already laid its withering hand upon the Royal Patient. In health, the King was of regal mould, embodying the idea of Majesty in a frame of noble proportions; in death, there is no token left of the proud *physique* but its attenuated outline.

Panegyric is the language usually adopted in the obituary of Kings. The good that they have done is alone remembered; the evil is "buried in the grave." This peace-offering to the memory of a popular Monarch is not of the fashion of Court flattery. It is the generosity of affection. There is no more to be gained by adulation. The changes that follow on the decease of a Sovereign are not always such as to render those mournful tributes to the departed acceptable to the living. New motives arise; public feeling and personal attachment must be diverted into other channels; old associations must give way to new-born interests; and ancient fidelity may cease to be a virtue in the palace of royalty. To speak well of a King at the moment of his death, is but the natural impulse of a sympathy in which we feel that multitudes share; to embalm our allegiance in long years of grateful recollection, is a more eloquent test of national regard than monumental sculpture, or the doubtful voice of history.

We believe even the political agitators—if any yet survive—who endeavoured to embarrass his late Majesty's reign, will hardly deny that the character of GEORGE THE FOURTH was eminently entitled to esteem and veneration. It marks a distinguished era in our history; and if we cannot follow the personal narrative with unmingled satisfaction, we must trace to the circumstances of the times, and the nature of royal responsibility, surrounded by unlimited temptations, those occasional foibles, that, in private life, would merely excite temporary censure, and be forgotten. His Majesty's temperament was ardent; his disposition was of that kindly cast, which in Courts is by the very necessities of station, sometimes abused to undeserving uses. The weakness of his character was generated by its most amiable traits. He was indecisive, because

justice in him was not stern, but too merciful; and not easily wrought to forgiveness, because he was too keenly sensitive of the wounds directed against his honour and his feelings. The best qualities of his mind were not subdued and blended. Had they been chastised by a life less prosperous, they would have been more fortunately developed.

But it is to the brilliant events of his reign, and the glorious results of his policy, that we must look for the memorials of his greatness. When he assumed the regency, Europe was convulsed by the lingering effects of the French Revolution. Regicide had stained the annals of France, and a deposed king found refuge in the protecting hospitality of England. From the period when the late King, in form and effect, undertook the cares of government, to the peace of 1815, the British arms, by sea and land, achieved the liberties of a Continent. The release of nations, and the overthrow of the modern ALEXANDER, will stand out to the eyes of all time as the beacon lights of our glory. The domestic events that belong to this memorable reign, will be recorded with equal admiration. Perhaps no British Monarch had to contend with greater difficulties: certainly none could have surmounted them with more consummate address.

The last important acts of his life, forming the Magna Charta of Christian toleration, however the opinions of political parties may differ as to their expediency, must be admitted on all hands to prove one fact—that he partook of the advancing spirit of the age, and that his mind was not overshadowed by early prejudices, or fettered by educational habits of thinking.

His name is dear to Englishmen. We may exclaim, honestly, in the language of Junius—

RECORDED HONORS SHALL GATHER  
ROUND HIS MONUMENT, AND THICKEN  
OVER HIM. IT IS A SOLID FABRIC, AND  
WILL SUPPORT THE LAURELS THAT  
ADORN IT.

Of the Funeral Solemnities of his late Majesty, and the inauguration of his august successor, King William the Fourth, we hope to give an account in our next Number. We are happy to state that the Proclamation announcing his accession to the throne of the British Empire, with all its concomitant circumstances, has been attended with the utmost tranquillity, although, from the two contrasted events, sorrow and rejoicing are strangely mingled together.

## ANNIVERSARIES OF BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS IN THE METROPOLIS.

(Resumed from col. 589, and concluded.)

*Protestant Society for the Protection of Religious Liberty.*

AMONG the various anniversaries held in London during the present year, for benevolent purposes, no one has created a greater interest, or been more numerous and respectably attended, than this; unless we except that of the Anti-Slavery Society, which was held on the same day and hour. These appointments were, however, not made with any intention to rival or oppose each other's proceedings, but merely for local accommodation, and without knowing the measures which the conductors of each had adopted, until the meetings were announced, and an alteration became impracticable.

The nineteenth anniversary of this Protestant Society, was held on the 15th of June, at the City of London Tavern, Lord Nugent in the chair. The speakers on this occasion were, John Wilks, Esq., Rev. Dr. Bennett, Rev. Mr. Robinson, Professor Hoppus, Mr. Harrison, Rev. Dr. Cox, Roger Lee, Esq., Rev. Dr. Newman, Rev. Mr. Pyer, Rev. Mr. Stewart, Rev. Dr. Humphreys, Rev. Dr. Styles, and the Rev. Mr. Matheson.

At this meeting no formal Report was distinctly read. The materials were committed to the judgment and oratory of John Wilks, Esq., whose bursts of eloquence and peculiar vein of humour have so frequently electrified similar anniversaries. This gentleman, in a speech which occupied nearly three hours in the delivery, was heard with the most profound attention, associated with the most lively emotions. In his luminous progress through the vast accumulation of materials with which both his papers and his head were stored, he detailed many acts of petty tyranny, exercised by country magistrates and church ministers, towards dissenting congregations. In other cases, where dissenters had been annoyed, disturbed, and persecuted, although the clearest evidence was adduced, they could obtain no redress. It appears from the facts collected and set before the meeting, that the spirit of intolerance still walks in many places, evincing by its virulence, that power and opportunity alone are wanting to recall the gloomy days which many have imagined gone to return no more. The cases stated, though shamefully too numerous, would still have been considerably augmented, had not this Society existed.

It was a lion, which persecution durst not attack. By a knowledge of its existence, and from a fear of its interference, several intolerant individuals were deterred from deeds of oppression; others, when they found the cause of the injured espoused by it, relaxed in their measures, and, to avoid worse consequences, promised to offend no more.

To other magistrates and clergymen, actuated by more liberal principles and enlightened views, a just tribute of respect was paid; but neither their example, nor the peace which their amiable conduct towards dissenting congregations had established in their respective neighbourhoods, was found sufficient to eradicate the unholy animosity which rankled in many bosoms. About seventy cases had required the attention of the Society during the preceding year, all varying from each other either in principle or circumstance, but all evincing the necessity of this Society to watch over the privileges, sanctioned and guaranteed by the tolerant and liberal spirit of the British laws.

We cannot, however, go through this comprehensive and energetic speech in detail, nor do justice even to an isolated part, without quoting the speaker's own words. In a newspaper entitled "The World," for Wednesday, May 26th, it may be found at large, and it will amply repay every person by whom it shall be read. On many former occasions we have heard Mr. Wilks, during an equal length of time, with unwearied attention, but in no instance was his speech, at a similar anniversary, thought to be ever exceeded.

We shall, however, render more essential service to the cause which this society has been established to promote, by inserting its interesting resolutions, than by any panegyric on its speakers which our language can command.

1. That this Society can never grow weary of promulgating the vitally important principles they were established to defend:—That they continue to regard the right of every man, whether Jew or Christian—Catholic or Protestant—Methodist or Episcopalian, to worship God according to his conscience, as an essential and unalienable right, which it is absurd and oppressive to impugn:—and that such rights are daringly, unwisely, and impiously infringed, whenever any peculiar immunities are bestowed, or any punishments or exclusions are inflicted, in consequence of Religious Faith.

2. That although this Meeting devoutly acknowledges the memorable triumphs that have crowned the sacred cause of religious liberty since the commencement of their institution, and would rejoice in the advent of the hour when those triumphs should be consummated, and their institution might expire—they cannot but perceive from general observation, and the experience of their Committee through the past year, that such happy hour has not yet arrived—that yet an unkind and persecuting spirit extensively exists—that while policy or indifference may have induced occasional and important concessions, yet the great principles of liberty are scarcely acknowledged, and imperfectly understood—and that their Society

must yet exist, to maintain doctrines essential to the purity of religion and the happiness of man—and to extend theegis of protection to those whom petty tyrannies and local persecutions yet venture to assail.

3. That this meeting are confirmed in this opinion by the recollection of various important matters justly desired, and that remain to be accomplished, and which would not only add to the security and comfort of persons dissenting from the Established Church, but increase the welfare of the State; and that they therefore urge the Committee steadily to pursue those objects, and recommend that all Members of their Communions should explain their nature and necessity to all their Representatives in Parliament, and to those who may solicit their support when a General Election shall occur—and especially as the Meeting are convinced that the early and liberal concessions of useful relief will add to the union and greatness of the Country, and promote its stability and power.

4. That among the measures so justly desired, are some improvements in the Toleration Acts, by which their objects would be better effected, and some practical difficulties and doubts be removed—the correction of a power assumed by clergymen to exclude the corpses of Dissenters from the church, and to omit parts of the service on their interment—the amendment of the law by which Baptists may be excluded from the rites of burial in the churchyards of the parishes in which they reside, and for whose preservation they pay—and the conversion of marriage into a civil contract, and thereby relieving Dissenters of all denominations, as well Orthodox as Unitarian—Protestant as Catholic, from a compulsory celebration of marriage, as the holy sacrament of a church, to whose ritual, and connexion with the state, they consistently and conscientiously object.

5. That the exemption from Poor's Rates of all places of religious worship, including equally the new Episcopal churches and chapels, built out of the £1,500,000 granted by Parliament, and which are supported by the letting of pews—as the chapels and meeting-houses of Methodists and Dissenters, is also another measure that appears to this meeting to require the renewed attention of the legislature and an early enactment, as an unjust tax on charity and Christian instruction would be thereby prevented, a large source of parochial discords and expensive appeals would be removed, and the liberal concession and purpose of Lord Liverpool, and his Administration, be crowned with success.

6. That this Meeting also especially desire the validation of Dissenting and Methodist Registries of Baptism or Birth—or rather the substitution for the present imperfect and injurious system of Registry prejudicial to all property, and to Churchmen as well as Nonconformists, of a General Civil Registry of Births, such as Continental Countries have long since adopted, and which may supply statistic information—establish pedigrees—facilitate the transfer and increase the value of estates—and obviate many evils now extensively felt, and which many enlightened statesmen and lawyers perceive and deplore.

7. That to William Townsend, Esq., the Treasurer, and to the Committee, this Meeting offer those cordial acknowledgments, which their zeal and prudence amply deserve; and that the following Ministers and Laymen, of different denominations, and in equal proportions, constitute the Committee for the ensuing year:—

Revs. W. B. Collyer, D.D.; George Collison; F. A. Cox, LL.D.; Alex. Fletcher, A.M.; Joseph Fletcher, A.M.; Rowland Hill, A.M.; Thomas Jackson; J. Lewis; W. F. Platt; Thomas Russell, A.M.; John Styles, D.D.; William Bateman, Esq.; J. B. Brown, Esq., LL.D.; James Eadale, Esq.; Roger Lee, Esq.; J. Pritt, Esq.; William Townsend, Esq.; Thomas Walker, Esq.; Matthew Wood, Esq. M.P.; Thomas Wilson, Esq.; John Wilks, Esq.; James Young, Esq.

8. That while this Meeting indulge their affectionate recollection of the services rendered to the Institution, from its commencement, by Thomas Pellatt, Esq., one of the Honorary Secretaries, and whose death they truly deplore, they express their pleasure that they are yet favoured by the exertions of John Wilks, Esq., his enlightened and energetic colleague; and they respectfully entreat his continued assistance, till all the objects for which he has well and enthusiastically struggled shall be attained, and the triumphs of Religious Liberty be all complete.

9. That this Meeting desire to discharge the debt of cordial gratitude to the Right Honourable Lord Nugent, their Noble Chairman, for the promptitude with which he consented to add his name to the illustrious personages who have presided on these occasions—for the courtesy and talent he has manifested—and for the liberal sentiments he has evinced—and whereby he has added to the honours he has acquired,

by his long, dauntless, eloquent, and effective efforts, in favour of Civil and Religious Freedom, and Public Reform.

Donations may be transmitted by post to the Treasurer, William Townsend, Esq., No. 325, High Holborn, or No. 23, York Place, City Road; or to the Secretary, John Wilks, Esq., Finsbury Square, to whom applications for advice should be addressed. From each Congregation in England, the Annual Contribution expected is Two Pounds; and from each in Wales, One Pound. The Subscriptions became due at Lady-day last. Country Ministers, or their friends, will always be received with pleasure by the Committee, at their Meetings, at the King's Head Tavern, Poultry, at half-past six in the evening, on the last Monday in every Month.

*Anti-Slavery Society.*—No other anniversary in the metropolis during the present year, has excited a more lively interest than this. It was held in Free Masons' Hall on Saturday, May 15th, William Wilberforce, Esq. in the chair. The large room was crowded to excess long before the business began, and many hundreds were compelled to retire, being unable to gain admission. Except to such as were near, the venerable Chairman's voice could not be distinctly heard. His appearance, however, was sufficient to rivet attention; and neither on this, or any similar occasion, could the presence of any other Chairman have been half so gratifying. It was calculated that about two thousand persons were present, and that from one thousand to fifteen hundred were obliged to go away. Among the distinguished individuals present, most of whom addressed the meeting, were Lords Milton and Calthorpe; the Bishop of Bath and Wells; Hon. and Rev. G. Noel; and Rev. B. Noel; Hon. C. J. Shore; Drs. Lushington and Milner; Messrs. Clarkson, Brougham, Denman, Buxton, W. Smith, Sykes, Spring Rice, O'Connell, Brownlow, W. Whitmore, Pendarves, Z. and T. B. Macaulay, H. Drummond, Evans, Garratt, Pownall, Allen, Forster, Gurney, Rev. Daniel Wilson, Captain Gordon, Mr. Hunt, and many others of high respectability.

The opening speech of Mr. Wilberforce was not of a very animating description. He adverted to the intimations of abolition held out by government at different times, all of which had proved delusive; and observed, that at present there seemed to be a disposition to consign this great work to the management of men who were interested in the continuance of slavery. One great conquest had, however, been already achieved, in the suppression of the slave trade. This had encountered many obstacles, but was finally successful. There appeared, therefore, no room for despair. Perseverance was needful; and, above all, prayer to Almighty God for his blessing on their united and humane endeavours.

To the speeches delivered by the various speakers, no justice can be done by any ex-

tracts which our pages will allow. The abolition of slavery throughout his Majesty's dominions was the great object to be attained; but whether the petitions recommended to be presented to parliament, should solicit immediate or gradual emancipation, was a point on which several were divided in opinion. It appeared to be the general wish, that all negro children born after a given day, should be free; and the first of January, 1831, was proposed as the auspicious moment. To this Mr. Brougham, and some others, objected; as the time was scarcely sufficient, should it pass the Houses of Parliament, and receive the royal sanction, to conduct it through the various stages, and give it circulation in the Colonies. On these accounts, the day was omitted, and the early and universal abolition of slavery substituted in its stead.

During the meeting, Mr. Henry Hunt made several attempts to speak, but the auditor, finding that his aim was to institute a comparison between the negroes in a state of slavery, and our own population in their present degraded and suffering condition, he was not permitted to proceed; and after several ineffectual efforts, he sat down under much evident disappointment. But the nature and design of this meeting will be best gathered from the resolutions that were passed; a copy of which is here subjoined. A faithful outline of all the speeches may be found in the "World" newspaper for Monday, May 24th, and in the "Anti-slavery Reporter," No. 61, for June.

Resolutions passed at the Annual Meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, on the 15th May, 1830.

1. That on the 15th of May, 1823, Parliament, by its unanimous Resolutions, recognized the evils of slavery, and the duty of providing for its ultimate extinction: and that his Majesty's Ministers then undertook to carry those resolutions into effect.

That although during the seven years which have since elapsed, the Colonial Legislatures have persisted in refusing to comply with the Resolutions of Parliament, and the recommendations of the Government, supported by the voice of the British nation, yet hitherto the measures proper for giving effect to them have not been adopted.

That even in the Colonies, subject to the legislation of the Crown, the orders in Council issued on the subject, including the late revised and consolidated order of the 2d of February last, fall far short of the official and parliamentary pledges of 1823; and though containing several important and salutary provisions, yet afford no adequate means for the final extinction of slavery, or even for its effectual mitigation.

That while these pledges have thus remained unfulfilled, the West India body in this country, setting at naught the wishes of the British people, have not scrupled to declare, by their standing Committee, that they make common cause with the local legislatures in the course they have pursued, and more particularly in rejecting all idea of compulsory manumission; thus confirming the Colonial Assemblies in their contumacy, and making any effective reform on their part still more hopeless than before; and thus also plainly avowing that it is their purpose and intention that slavery shall be perpetual.

That under these circumstances of disappointment and recognizing the incurable injustice, as well as the inhumanity and impolicy of slavery, its direct hostility to every cherished principle of the British Con-

stitution, and its utter repugnance to the spirit and to the precepts of the Christian religion, the Meeting take this occasion to declare anew their unalterable determination to leave no proper and practicable means unattempted for effecting, at the earliest period, its entire abolition throughout the British dominions.—Moved by T. F. Baxton, Esq., M. P.; seconded by the Right Hon. Lord Milton.

2. That this Meeting cannot forbear to express their deep regret, that a system, productive of so much misery and crime as Slavery is now admitted to be, should not only be tolerated by this Christian land, but should, by means of our fiscal regulations, and in despite of the contumacy of the Colonies, even find favour and encouragement at our hands. Such a policy, it appears to this meeting, not only being most injurious to our national interests, but tending directly to aggravate and prolong the sufferings of the slaves, and to involve this nation in the guilt and shame of maintaining, at a heavy expense, a system which it has recognised as inhuman, immoral, and unjust.—Moved by T. B. Macaulay, Esq., M. P.; seconded by the Right Hon. Lord Calthorpe.

3. That in addition to the physical evils of Slavery, the moral and religious condition of the slave population in the British Colonies, has long claimed the commiseration of every benevolent mind, a claim which is greatly strengthened by recent occurrences, and particularly by the intolerant acts of the Legislature of Jamaica, and by the persecution which Christian Missionaries and their negro converts have had to endure, and are still enduring, in that island; and this meeting desire to urge it upon Christians of every denomination, and especially upon all Christian Ministers, to manifest the grateful sense they entertain of their own religious blessings, by uniting their efforts to vindicate to the unhappy negro, his equal right to the unobstructed enjoyment of the light and liberty of the gospel.—Moved by the Rev. Daniel Wilson; seconded by George Bennet, Esq.

4. That deeply deploring the continued prevalence of the unnumbered evils of the colonial system, and among them the affecting circumstance, that under the allegiance of a British Monarch, and within the legislative jurisdiction of a British Parliament, thousands of children continue yearly to be born to no inheritance, but that of a hopeless and interminable bondage now admitted to have been imposed on their parents by the most flagitious means—this meeting feel it to be their imperative duty again to address their most urgent representations to both Houses of Parliament, imploring them no longer to postpone the consideration of this momentous subject; but to proceed forthwith to devise the best and wisest means of ensuring the early and universal extinction of slavery in all the possessions of the British Crown, and to fix the day upon which all children born in the British dominions shall be free.—Moved by C. Brownlow, Esq., M. P.; seconded by H. Brougham, Esq., M. P.

5. That this Meeting most earnestly invite all who are friendly to the Society's objects, to join in persevering and concurrent exertions to induce Parliament to take effectual measures for freeing their country from the foul reproach and the deep moral guilt attendant on our continued toleration and encouragement of slavery; and to this end they are entreated to employ such means of public discussion, or such other expedients as they may deem advisable, for diffusing, in their respective vicinages, a more complete knowledge of the nature and baneful effects of that criminal system, and for uniting every heart and hand in petitions to Parliament for its early and universal abolition.—Moved by T. Denman, Esq.; seconded by Dr. Lushington, M. P.

6. That the cordial acknowledgments of this Meeting be most respectfully presented to his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, for the unvarying support he has uniformly given to the principles on which this Society is founded.—Moved by W. W. Whitmore, Esq., M. P.; seconded by Z. Macaulay, Esq.

7. That this Meeting are anxious to express their heartfelt satisfaction in seeing the chair occupied this day by William Wilberforce, Esq., the revered champion of injured and outraged Africa; and they desire to offer to him the tribute of their grateful acknowledgments, for his unceasing efforts in the vindication and relief of suffering humanity; and to testify their strong sense of the many services he has rendered to his country and to the world at large.—Moved by T. S. Rice, Esq., M. P.; seconded by D. Sykes, Esq., M. P.

#### GLEANINGS.

*Increase of Attorneys.*—There have been no less than 242 attorned clerks admitted as attorneys in the Court of King's Bench at Westminster, during the present Term, and upwards of 120 in the Court of Common Pleas; and for the next Easter Term, 1831 notices are given for admission into the Court of King's Bench, and 55 for the Court of Common Pleas.

**Burning of the Protestant Dissenters' Charity Schools.**—On Monday, 3d May, about half-past twelve o'clock at noon, a fire broke out in the premises adjoining the School, which spread so suddenly and rapidly that the School Room, and the apartments occupied by the master and mistress, were in a few minutes laid in ashes, together with the fittings-up of the School, the books, and a considerable quantity of the children's clothing. The loss, it is feared, from the necessity of obtaining other premises, in which considerable expense must be incurred to fit them for schools, with residences for the master and mistress, can scarcely be less than £350. This School was formed in 1717: among its founders and supporters, are to be found the venerable names of the Rev. Samuel Wilcox, Daniel Neale, Thomas Brasberry, and Dr. Watts; it has continued emphatically a Protestant Dissenters' School from the day of its foundation to the present hour. In consequence of this calamity, a temporary place for the children's instruction has been kindly granted to the managers by the Committee of the Rev. Dr. Bennett's Sunday School, and they are now taught in the late Meeting-House in Mowwell Street. The managers are also in treaty for premises in Jevin Crescent, on which to form School Rooms, and residences for the master and mistress, lately occupied by a Society calling themselves "Free-thinking Christians." They therefore trust, under Providence, that from the increased energies of the patrons of the School, the support of the Christian public at large, with the sympathies of the dissenting communities of every denomination, this School shall still continue to hold the station it has occupied for 113 years, and to afford to the children of the poor the elements of human learning, and the principles of religious knowledge. With these objects in view, the case is now submitted to the consideration of the Religious Public, soliciting such aid as sympathy in an event so calamitous may excite, and the importance of the objects contemplated may demand.

THOMAS LAWRENCE, Hon. Sec.  
Recommended by the Rev. R. Winter, D.D.; Rev. J. Bennett, D.D.; Rev. S. Humphries, D.D.; Rev. A. Tidman; Rev. J. Dean; Rev. P. Dobson; Rev. J. Clayton, Jun.; Rev. J. Arundel; Rev. W. S. Palmer; Rev. Thos. Wood; Rev. S. Mease; Rev. J. Price; Rev. J. Blackburn; Rev. J. Pyer; Rev. R. H. Shepherd; Rev. G. Pritchard.

Donations and Subscriptions will be very gratefully received by Mr. John Nogin, Treasurer, 16, Smithfield Bars; Mr. S. Bagster, 15, Paternoster Row; Mr. Thomas Lawrence, 64, Goswell Street; also by any Gentleman of the Committee, and the Master of the School.—*May 25, 1830.*

**Cattle Imported.**—The cattle imported into Liverpool from Ireland during the past year:—Cows, 66,735; sheep, 145,521; pigs, 166,785.

**Criminals.**—No less than 99,000 offenders are said to have been committed, within the year, to different prisons in England and Wales, the expense of which establishments exceeds half a million.

**Expediting Devotion.**—Among the Kalmuck Tartars small wooden windmill-wings are placed at the entrance of their huts, which are termed praying-machines: the owner of the hut pays the priest for writing upon these machines certain prayers that may be turned round by the wind, and he be freed from the trouble of repeating them himself. The priests of these people have likewise a very commodious method of expediting their prayers. When they have a number of petitions to offer up for their flocks, they make use of a cylindrical wooden box, into which they put the written prayers, and, having placed it perpendicularly on a stick, they sit down beside it and pull it backwards and forwards with a string, gravely smoking their pipes while performing the ceremony. According to their doctrine, to render prayer efficacious, it is only requisite that it should consist of moving petitions; and, whether the motion be operated by the lips, a cylinder, or a windmill, is indifferent.

## Literary Notices.

### Just Published.

A Funeral Discourse on the Death of the Rev. Wm. Orme, by the Rev. Joseph Fletcher, A.M.; with an address delivered at the interment by Dr. Winter.

The Second Edition of "Lectures on the Reciprocal Obligations of Life; or a practical exposition of Domestic, Ecclesiastical, Patriotic, and Mercantile Duties," by the Rev. John Morison.

The Dying Hours of a Young Villager; a true Narrative.

A Collection of Hymns. By William Urwick.

No. XV. of the National Portrait Gallery:—Dr. Young; the Bishop of Calicut; and Earl Spencer. Part IV. Devonshire and Cornwall Illustrated.

The Remembrance of Christ's Love a Stimulus to Missionary Exertions, a Sermon, by the Rev. James Sherman, Bvo.

Third Edition of "The Traveller's Prayer," by A. Clarke, LL.D.

The Hundred-Weight Fraction-Book, containing 125 Tables, exhibiting the precise Value of each respective Weight, from 1lb. to 3q. 27lb. By John Gayner, lately a Warehouse Clerk to the Coalbrook-Dale Company.

Four splendid and accurate Views of the Frigates Shannon and Chesapeake; during the Action, 1st of June, 1813, by Mr. Haghe, under the inspection of Capt. R. H. King, R. N.

"The First Volume of 'Sharpe's Library of the Belles Lettres.'"

The Pocket French Grammatical and Critical Dictionary, by G. Surenne, F.A.S.E. Author of a French Grammar, a New French Manual, and of several other Popular Works.

Robert Montgomery and his Reviewers. By Edward Clarkson.

Exodus, or the Curse of Egypt, &c. By T. B. J. Universal Mechanism consistent with Creation, Nature, and Revelation. By G. M. Bell.

The Anthology, an annual Reward Book for Midsummer & Christmas. By the Rev. J. D. Parry, M.A. A Comprehensive Grammar of Sacred Geography and History. By W. Pincock.

Delicious Grammaticus, or Progressive Lessons in Latin Constructing and Parsing. By Alar. Webster.

The Holy Bible, according to the established Version, with the exception of the substitution of the original Hebrew Names, in place of the English words Lord and God. Part II.

The Family Baptist, a Treatise on Christian Baptism. By George Newbury.

A Sketch of the History of the Indian Press during the last Ten Years. By Sandford Arnot.

A Letter to the Moderator of the Presbytery of Louisa, concerning the Sinless Humanity of Christ. By the Rev. J. Miller.

The Essay on the Signs of Conversion and Unconversion in Ministers of the Church, &c. By the Rev. Samuel Charles Wilks, M.A.

Dialogues on Popery. By Jacob Stanley.

Sermons by the Rev. Henry Moore, with a Brief Memoir of his Life.

### In the Press.

The Journal of a Tour, made by Senor Juan de Vega, the Spanish Minstrel of 1823 and 1829, through Great Britain and Ireland: a Character performed by an English Gentleman.

The Nature and Properties of the Sugar Cane; with practical directions for improving its Culture, and for the manufacture of its various products. By G. R. Porter.

British Zion's Watch-Tower, in the Sardian Night, being Four Sermons on Psalm lxxiii. 5. By the Rev. Henry Cole, A.M.

By an Officer of the Line, Author of "Sketches Scenes, and Narratives," a Poem entitled "Visions of Solitude."

The Second Edition of a Volume of Sermons, by the Rev. Charles Taylor.

Theological Meditations; by a Sea Officer; to be comprised in one volume, demy 12mo.

Sir Isaac Newton and the Modern Socinian failed in their Attempt to prove a corruption in the Text of 1 Timothy iii. 16. By E. Henderson, Professor of Divinity and the Oriental Languages at Highbury College.

### Preparing for Publication.

An Exposition of the Doctrine of Original Sin, by a Layman.

By the Author of "May you like it," a new Edition of his "Fire-side Book, or, the Account of a Christmas spent at Old Court."

Part V. of the Rev. John Morison's Exposition of the Book of Psalms.

By the Rev. J. Topham, M.A. F.R.S.L. A Small Collection of Prayers, in Easy Language, for Every Day in the Week.

By Charles Lamb, Author of Essays by Elia, a volume of Poems entitled Album Verses.

Geographia Antiqua; or School Treatise on Ancient Geography, adapted to Schools and Private Families, and also to Undergraduates at Colleges. By Mr. Goy, University of Oxford.

By Mr. Barclay, a Work on the effects of the late Colonial Policy of Great Britain, addressed to the Right Hon. Sir George Murray, principal Secretary of State for the Colonial Departments.



THE  
**Imperial Magazine;**  
 OR, COMPENDIUM OF  
**RELIGIOUS, MORAL, & PHILOSOPHICAL KNOWLEDGE.**

AUGUST.]

"PERIODICAL LITERATURE IS THE GERM OF NATIONAL LEARNING."

[1830.]

**THE INFLUENCE OF CATHOLIC ON SLAVE  
 EMANCIPATION, &c.**

"Tis liberty alone that gives the flower  
 Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;  
 And we are weeds without it."

*Comper's Task.*

If, after the lapse of six years, the philanthropist had no ground for anticipating the mitigation or termination of slavery, through the medium of colonial legislation; if the cause of African freedom, through the apathy of public men, and interested clamour, appeared to retrograde rather than advance; and if he have at times been disposed to place this desired consummation upon the forlorn hope, it is cheering at length to perceive a brighter prospect dawning in the political horizon.

As many of the different branches of physical science have a close affinity to, and dependence on, each other; so, various departments of legislation, depending on a common principle, mutually contribute to the promotion and establishment of each other. In this view, we think, the relief of the Catholics, and the abolition of slavery, have a much more intimate connexion than some persons may imagine. Civil and religious liberty has an immediate dependence on personal freedom, without which it cannot be correctly said to exist. Hence, we are not at all surprised, that in public life, with very few exceptions, the advocates of political slavery at home, and personal slavery abroad, were the same men. Look at the majorities and minorities on the great questions of the abolition of the slave trade, and of Catholic emancipation, and allowing for the difference of three-and-twenty years, we find nearly the same individuals opposed to both, and *vice versa*.

On the side of freedom and tolerance, we see ranged the Burkes, Pitts, Foxes, Grenvilles, Greys, Grattans, Wilberforces, Wellesleys, and Cannings; and, on the other side, the Liverpools, Eldens, Sidmouths, Westmorelands, Newcastle, Gascoynes, Mannings, and Chandoses of the day. The West India and Orange parties, as natural allies, and engaged in the same

cause, mutually supported each other, in a triumph of the few, over the common rights of humanity. Protestant ascendancy, and colonial bondage, were to be maintained, in opposition to civil and religious freedom, and the social happiness of mankind. But we trust, that as the day of Ireland's oligarchy is up, so that of the slave-holders is nearly so too. We trust the able tactician, now at the head of the government, will act vigorously for the benefit of the country at large, unfettered by the prejudices of interested party advisers, and that, through him, our national councils will be emancipated from the thralldom in which they have been held during the two preceding reigns. In the course of that period, we have had only one man (Mr. Pitt) long at the head of the government, who could be at all pronounced capable of wielding the destinies of this great empire; and he kept his place solely by a compromise of principles which he had declared to be all-important, at the dictation of his master.

So fatal an effect had the system of tutelage under which he was educated, upon the late monarch, that such men as Chatham, Fox, and Greuville, could not retain their offices but for a very limited time, without sacrificing their paramount duty to their country, on some of the greatest questions of society, to the prejudices of the royal mind. Our public affairs were consequently left to the guidance of the mere tools of office, who were altogether incapable of originating any great measure for the good of the public, determined in their opposition to any attempts of the kind, and who had no idea of justice but expediency. The opponents of slave, as of Catholic emancipation, will concede nothing but by compulsion,—they are as true to the cause of oppression and injustice, as the needle to the pole; and in each, under the pretence of serving the national interests; resolved,

"Et propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas."

The advocates of slavery were not only very consistent, in vehemently contending for civil and religious exclusion, as founded on a common principle; but they were

aware that the settlement of the Catholic question, by divesting the attention of the legislature of a most perplexing and agitating subject, which almost annually consumed much of its time, by producing a greater unanimity amongst public men, dividing the enemies of freedom, and producing from a new quarter a vast accession to the cause, would remove a most powerful barrier to any efficient reforms in the state, and hasten the doom of their oppressive monopoly.

The West Indians are fully sensible of this; and the letter of one of them in this country, to his friends in the colonies, shews how they tremble for the inauspicious consequences which the extraordinary proceedings of parliament last year, in effecting Catholic emancipation, must have upon the duration of colonial bondage. They feel that a main bulwark of the slave system has thus been thrown down, and that one of the earliest objects of further legislative reform must be the abolition of slavery. Whilst we were divided amongst ourselves about grievances at home, they saw we were not likely to take any decided steps against oppression and injustice abroad; but these having been redressed, they find slavery is put to fearful odds, in having to stand the brunt of the battle against her enemies, and to contend with the spirit of freedom, unshielded by this medium of defence.

And not only do they fear the foes of slavery will be multiplied by the union of the hitherto doubtful with the uncompromising champions of freedom, (just as when the invincibility of Napoleon was refuted, his adversaries accumulated, even from the ranks of his former allies,) but by the late measures, an enemy has been introduced into the field from a new quarter, who, acting on the sympathising principle of Dido, in her address to *Æneas*,

"Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco,"

shews himself worthy of the boon he has obtained, by making the first use of his newly acquired political *enfranchisement*, to redress the far greater wrongs of his African brother, and to emancipate from a personal, and far worse and more cruel bondage, 800,000 of his fellow-subjects in the colonies. Mr. O'Connell's speech at the Cork Anti-slavery meeting, promises to make the advocacy of this question one of his first efforts in parliament, and is a most eloquent pledge of his devotion to the cause, and of its final success.

The emancipation of Ireland has set at liberty some millions of our fellow-citizens,

to attack the strong holds of negro-slavery, who, while oppressed by wrongs of their own, were comparatively disabled for embarking in the crusade of philanthropy. And when the government shall be urged forward by this combined force of public opinion, no more doubt can be entertained of their success, than we can doubt that, sixteen months ago, in the face of difficulties infinitely more insurmountable, and an opposition far more formidable than can now be apprehended,—an emancipation was achieved of ten times the extent and difficulty of that now sought for, in the death-warrant of negro-slavery. The settlement of the Catholic question, then, we trust, has broken the spell—separated the last link of the chain which bound a large proportion of the country to the *ultra* tory faction. The Dissenters, relieved by the repeal of the Test Acts, would have been grossly inconsistent to oppose the Catholic claims; both they and the Catholics equally so, not to advocate parliamentary reform; and the adherents of the latter, not to support the abolition of slavery.

Ecclesiastical, parliamentary, legal, and colonial reform, all depend on one common principle—justice; and hence it is inconsistent for the man, who upholds any one of these, not to abet all the rest. And, *vice versa*, personal slavery is an injustice so monstrous, that its advocates are very generally and naturally found to defend every other abuse in the state.

Another ground of encouragement is, the change which has taken place in the tone of the *Quarterly Review*, which, from being a stanch and virulent advocate of the Colonists, appears to be gradually veering round to the side of abolition; while the able and consistent support of the *Edinburgh* and *Westminster Reviews*, two articles from which are republished in the pamphlet above cited, must be of incalculable service in furthering the cause of humanity.

"Let the emancipated Catholics," says the talented writer in the latter journal, "reflect how closely allied have been the principles of the present question and of his own, and well consider the sound policy there would be in driving his enemies from the position they have occupied beyond. All creatures of ill omen—every odious and foul bird, that has threatened any body, or tormented any body—take roost, and harbour in the question of West India slavery, and sit there in readiness to pounce on the first exposed member of liberty at home."—*Westminster Review*, No. 21, Oct., 1829.

We are also encouraged to think the abolition of slavery assumes a more commanding attitude, and is nearer the desired consummation, from the prevalence of the principles of free trade, which, if fully applied to the sugar market, would alone be a death-blow to negro bondage, and ultimately loosen the fetters of every slave throughout the civilized world.

‘The principle which is ultimately destructive of slavery,’ says an able and eloquent author; “is this, that free labour is more valuable than the labour of slaves.” In the constitution of man, fear is a deterring, but not naturally an impelling motive; it is hope alone that animates and urges forward. Again, it is not the strength, but the intelligence of man which confers its chief value on his exertions; but the slave-holder is compelled to deteriorate his labourers by brutalizing them; for the intelligence which would make them valuable would also make them free. Thus, whenever a fair competition arises between free and slave labour, the slave-holder must in the end be driven out of the market; and it is only by monopoly that the slave system can be maintained. In those changes then which are spreading over the globe, and which, by bringing its extremes into commercial intercourse, are about to destroy all monopolies, we possess the true principles of *emfranchisement*, which will knock off every fetter, and will suffer the earth only to be productively tilled by willing hands. Time has more than accomplished the prediction of Seneca, in disclosing the recesses of the world; it is bringing them into contact; each part is affected by each, and every change circulates through the whole. Sugar and slavery were thought concomitants; and slavery certainly depends upon the monopoly of sugar; but the West India Islands will form but specks in the quantity of ground brought under sugar cultivation, which is about to spread itself over South America, and South Eastern Asia, and the tropical islands of the ocean.

“The first step in order to liberate the negroes of the West Indies is the bringing the sugars of other parts of the world into a fair market, and allowing them a free competition. This point, if perseveringly insisted on, must certainly be carried; the English will not always suffer themselves to be taxed to support a system, which the great body of the nation abhors; while on the other hand we may hope that the planters will not always continue blind to their best interests; whenever the exasperation of the moment subsides, or at least that some of them, in the christianizing and

emfranchising their slaves, will hold forth a happy and successful example that the way of duty is the way of profit, that there is no advantage attached to infringing the divine commands, and that cruelty and injustice incur the charge of folly as well as of guilt.”—*Advancement of Society in Knowledge and Religion*, by Jas. Douglas, Esq. 1825.

The following passage in Mr. Cropper’s speech at Liverpool some time since, also strikingly shows the importance of bringing free into a competition with slave labour.

“To revert again into our efforts to put an end to these evils by laws and by treaties, suppose for a moment we had succeeded in inducing France, Spain, and Portugal to declare the slave-trade piracy; but suppose, too, that we had allowed our bounties and protections to remain, it is probable the supplies of sugar to Europe would for a time at least have lessened, and the prices would have advanced; the temptation for smuggling into our own islands might then have been too strong for resistance. We might indeed have caught some of these pirates, whom our bounties had been in part the means of hiring to the commission of the crime, and have hung them when they had done it: but what must have been our reflections on pursuing this course? Should we not have rejoiced to find there was a more certain, more effectual, and bloodless, course; a course accordant with the mild and peaceable principles of Christianity; a course which would be the means of raising from bondage the whole of the 5,600,000 Africans in the western world, while British laws, however effectual, could only reach to the 700,000 or 800,000 in our own dominions?”

The importance, also, of slave emancipation to the future civilization of Africa is forcibly pointed out by the able author before cited, and by a writer in the Quarterly Review.

“The increase of free blacks is greater than either that of the whites or slaves, in proportion to their numbers, as they not only increase at a similar rate with the other bodies, but receive fresh additions from the emancipations which increase each year proportionably to the increased number of slaves; and as juster views of the comparative value of free and slave labour gain ground, that emancipation will be farther accelerated. But since the prejudices against the negro race will survive, as prejudices ever do, the occasions which gave rise to them, the inducements for the blacks to remove to Africa will long continue to operate, and, in addition to the advantages which Africa

itself holds forth, will inevitably impel them to remove to their parent seats. The slave vessels which were carrying the first wretched victims of European avarice across the Atlantic, were unconsciously laying the train of the future greatness of Africa; and the liberated blacks, like the Israelites delivered from Egypt, will return, carrying the ark of God with them, and the blessings of religion and social life."—*Douglas's Advancement of Society*.

"It is," says the writer in the *Quarterly Review*, "from negroes and mulattoes trained in European civilization, that the civilization of Western Africa must come; and proper colonists, fitted by such training, as well as by constitution, will be raised up in the course of one generation, from the time in which the humane, and temperate, and just, and wise measures of our present colonial policy shall be fairly carried into effect in the Columbian Islands."—*Quarterly Review*, No. 82.

It is lamentable to observe the indifference, not to say hostility, with which the question of slave emancipation is viewed by too many of the ministers of religion, as if it were not as much, nay, far more, a question of humanity and religion, than of political expediency. To hear some of them tell their hearers, (when forced to notice the subject,) with all the cold-blooded apathy of the colonial slave-holder—that slavery was never, and never will be, abolished by legislative interference, but must await the general diffusion of knowledge and Christianity—is most revolting to philanthropy and common sense. It would become such inconsistent divines to reflect, that slavery is an insuperable bar, not only to social comfort, but also to the general spread of religious truth among its hapless victims. To what purpose shall a missionary inculcate upon his negro flock (when he is permitted access to one) the obligations of Christianity, as of the Sabbath, and the conjugal union, when nearly all his efforts must be neutralized by the slaves being compelled to attend the Sunday market, and to labour in cultivating their provision grounds on that day, or starve; and by their connubial rights being subject to constant violation at the will of their unfeeling and lawless oppressors? This confirms what we advanced in the outset of this paper, that civil and religious liberty, and, by consequence, the full and general efficiency of religious teaching, depend instrumentally upon personal freedom.

Slavery is an insurmountable barrier to the fulfilment of Christian obligation, both on the part of missionaries and slaves; and

hence it is the imperative duty of every preacher of righteousness, every friend of missions; instead of damping the zeal and philanthropy of the public by absurdities, which are only excusable from the lips of slave-holders and their minions, to arouse all within his influence to a proper sense of the enormities of slavery, and the most vigorous efforts for its abolition, as the source of the greatest personal and social misery, and a fatal obstacle to the general diffusion and prevalence of the gospel, both amongst the oppressors and oppressed; if such men would use only half the zeal with which some of them laboured to stir up the populace twelve months ago to a crusade against Catholic emancipation, in this cause of justice, humanity, and religion, the doom of slavery in the British Colonies, we doubt not, would be greatly accelerated.

As the advocates of Catholic exclusion, and those who were unacquainted with the history of Ireland, could not understand the reason why Ireland is popish, not protestant; so the palliators and defenders of slavery cannot understand why the great body of the negroes are heathen, not christian, and are willing to impute it to any but the true cause.

As in the case of the Irish, it was justly said, in reply to the language of our then policy, that they must become protestants, in order to being admitted to the privileges of Englishmen, "Make them Englishmen, and they must become protestants;" so we say, in reference to the slaves, "Make them men, and they will most probably become Christians."\* Agreeably to an unvarying principle of the divine economy, justice is found to be the cheapest as well as the best policy for nations and individuals; and as even, in the course of the short period since the passing of the relief bill, Government has considerably reduced the number of troops in Ireland, the Catholics being able to keep the peace for themselves; so, the abolition of colonial slavery would save to

\* It is a remarkable, but melancholy and humiliating fact, that Mahomedan nations treat their slaves with far more justice and humanity than set dissenting Christian slave-holders. The Persians, for instance, concluding that a slave cannot be expected to have any thing like the knowledge of a free person, most justly enact that he shall be liable to only half the punishment of another citizen, for any crime he may commit. How opposite this to West Indian justice, which punishes the most trivial faults in a slave with barbarian severity, and permits the white to practise the foulest crimes with comparative impunity. In reference to the slaves in the British Colonies, "Law, of which it may be said that her voice is the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and on earth do her homage—the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempt from her power"—is a step-mother, partial and unfeeling.

this country a vast proportion of the £3,877,054, now incurred in bounties and protecting duties, and for the expenses of that part of the army and navy stationed at the Slave Islands, and which is chiefly required to maintain this scene of iniquity and oppression against the spirit of freedom, which would otherwise speedily be triumphant. We rejoice then in the settlement of the Catholic question, not merely as a just and politic measure in itself—as the means of “giving to Ireland a lasting and peaceful summer, and to the empire, confiding and lasting tranquillity”—but because of the facilities it opens for the agitation, with greater effect and increased prospect of success, of several questions of the highest interest to humanity, amongst which, that of the extermination of slavery in the colonies stands foremost. We augur well for the triumph of this cause, not only from its intrinsic merit and justice, and the more favourable circumstances in which it seems to be placed, but from the very menaces and misfortune of the colonists and their advocates, which are sure omens of the ultimate overthrow of their tyranny. “*Quos vult perdere Deus, prius dementat.*”

May 28th, 1830.

BRITANNICUS.

#### SLAVERY AMONG THE ANCIENT ISRAELITES.

(From Dr. Townley's *Mores Nevochim.*)

“THE following remarks on slavery as permitted by the Jewish laws, are worthy the author and translator of those elegant apologies, the ‘Hebrew Tales.’

“Slavery.—The limited and qualified toleration of slaves as the less of two evils, by a law, which in its own scheme and spirit supplied a constant antidote, affords no justification of slavery under different circumstances; and, much less, of its abuses.

“If I did despise the cause of my man-servant or my maid-servant, when they contended with me; what then shall I do when God riseth up? and, when He ariseth, what shall I answer Him? Did not He that made me in the womb make him? and did not one fashion us in the womb? (Job xxxi. 13—15.)

“That slavery is an evil, and an evil of great magnitude, no one possessed of common sense will for a moment deny. The Divine legislator has himself acknowledged it as such, by numbering it among the heavy maledictions which would befall the Israelites, should they ever forsake the religion of their ancestors; and by the various laws which he instituted for its amelioration. That he did not entirely inter-

dict it, we must attribute to the then state of society, which would not admit of its total abolition, without introducing still greater evils.

“For, let it be recollected, that the period when the Divine law was first promulgated, this system of human misery had already existed for ages. The noxious weed had grown up and flourished in its full vigour, it overspread the fairest part of the globe, and was too deeply rooted to be at once eradicated.

“But although he did not entirely abolish slavery, he broke asunder some of its most tremendous shackles, and so limited, circumscribed, and ameliorated it, that it hardly merited that odious name.

“There were only two extreme cases in which a Hebrew could be reduced to a state of bondage. First: when an individual guilty of theft could not make the restitution which the law adjudged, in which case the proper authorities might sell him\* in order to make the required compensation. Secondly, when an individual was reduced to such extreme indigence, as to prefer slavery to an actual state of starvation,† when the law allowed him to dispose of his person. In both cases, the period, as well as the nature of the service, was limited by law. The master was enjoined still to look upon the wretched man, as on a poor unfortunate brother, whose miserable condition ought to excite compassion. He dared not employ him in any very laborious or degrading work, was obliged to maintain his wife and children, though not entitled to the produce of their labour; in short, he was required to treat him with such mildness and forbearance,‡ that the Hebrew writers have justly observed, ‘that he who purchases a Hebrew slave purchases a master instead of a servant.’ The heathen slave purchased by a Hebrew, was, it is true, not so well off; as neither the period nor the nature of his service was limited;

\* They could only sell him for the term of six years, at the expiration of which, or at the commencement of the Jubilee, as either of them chanced to happen first, he regained his freedom.

† In such a case, the individual might dispose of himself for any period; but still, when the Jubilee arrived, he regained his freedom, though the term agreed upon had not then expired. In either of the above cases, the slave might redeem himself at any time, by paying the master a proportionate part of the purchase-money, which the law compelled the purchaser to accept.

‡ “Thou must not,” says the traditional law, “eat fine bread, and give him (the slave) coarse bread, drink fine wine, and give him an inferior sort, sleep on a bed, and let him lie on straw, but thou must in every respect treat him as thou dost thyself.”

nor could he acquire property, for whatever the slave possessed belonged to his master.

"But even over him the law spread its protecting shield; for though it suspended his civil, it protected his moral and personal rights. It provided him with many opportunities by which he could gain his freedom:\* it secured his life by making the killing of a slave, or even the causing his death by immoderate correction, a capital crime punishable with death; it protected him against cruelty, by obliging the master to give him his freedom in case he wantonly injured any of his limbs, or even knocked out any of his teeth; and it sheltered him against unprovoked insults, and insured him good treatment, by that benign mildness and benevolence which its Divine precepts were so well calculated to inspire. That savage cruelty and remorseless barbarity, which the heathen exercised towards their slaves, could never exist under the Hebrew laws; the followers of which were strictly enjoined to extend kindness even to brute animals, much more to human beings. Accordingly, we find that the Israelites treated even their heathen slaves with the greatest forbearance and mildness;† and, indeed, many of them carried their humanity so far, as never unnecessarily to rebuke them, nor

\* The heathen slave might, before he had performed an act of servitude to the purchaser, become a proselyte, and thus acquire his freedom at once. All that the purchaser could then require of him was the repayment of the purchase-money. The master might, at any time, give him his freedom, or it might be purchased for him by any of his friends.

Lastly, the master was compelled to give it him, in case he deliberately maimed his limbs, or knocked out any of his teeth.

† "Though the law," says Maimonides, "did not expressly enjoin us not to treat the heathen slaves with rigour, yet piety and justice require us to be merciful and kind to them.—We ought, therefore, not to oppress them; nor lay heavy burdens upon them: nay, we ought to let them partake of the same food with which we indulge ourselves. Our pious ancestors made it a rule to give their slaves a portion of every dish prepared for their own use; nor would they sit down to their meals before they had seen that their servants were properly provided for; considering themselves their natural protectors; remembering what King David said, 'Behold, as the eyes of slaves are directed towards their masters, and as the eyes of the hand-maid towards her mistress,' &c.

"Equally improper is it to insult them either by words or blows. The law has delivered them over to *subjection*, but not to *insult*. Nor must we bawl at them, or be in a great passion with them, but speak to them mildly and attend to their reasonable complaints. Such conduct Job considered as very meritorious, as he said, 'If I ever did despise the cause of my slave or handmaid when they contended with me, what then shall I do when the Almighty riseth up?' &c.

"Cruelty and violence characterize heathen idolaters; but the sons of Abraham, the Israelites, whom the *Holy* (blessed be his name!) has so emi-

to speak harshly to them, nay, they would even let them partake of the same food on which they themselves subsisted, well knowing that a slave has feelings as well as the master, and ever bearing in mind the words of Job, 'that the same Maker that formed the master, formed the slave, and that they were both fashioned in the same mould.'"

#### STATE OF RELIGION IN AMERICA.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,—As much has of late been said, both in private and in public, of the state of religion in United America, I have taken the liberty to send you the following account, furnished me by a friend lately arrived from New York.

You, doubtless, remember that old prophecy of Herbert,

"Religion seems on tiptoe in our land,  
Ready to pass to the American strand:"

whence many have esteemed the old bard both a prophet and a poet, and recent events would seem to justify the prediction. We have had writings upon American revivals, upon the outpourings of the Spirit, on that vast continent, on her temperance societies, her extending Sunday-schools and Sunday-school Unions, her Bible and Mission Societies; in a word, every thing appears conducted on a scale equal to the grandeur and vastness of the country.

Now, Mr Editor, I see nothing in all this to excite our envy. Is not all enlarging the Redeemer's kingdom? Of what moment is it, whether on this or the other side the Atlantic? Religion is of no meridian; truth is not confined within parallels of latitude. The field of Christ is the world; and the sooner any part is evangelized, so much the better. On these principles, you will rejoice in the following statements; they are taken from the last Number of the Quarterly Register, and Journal of the American Education Society; and appear to have been compiled from the most authentic sources that are accessible.

1. *Orthodox Congregationalists*, principally within the North-east, or New England States, in each of which there is a general Conference, Association, or Convention.—Associations or conferences, 66; ministers, 800; vacant churches, 250;

notably distinguished by wise and just laws, ought to be kind and compassionate, and as merciful as He of whom it is said, 'He is good to all, and his mercy extends over all his works.'—Maimonides *Yad Hachzahab*, b. iv.

communicants, 120,000: documents not complete.

2. *Presbyterians*, in the middle, southern, and western States.—Synods, 19; presbyteries, 92; ordained ministers, 1892; licentiates, 205; churches, 2070; communicants, 162,816.

3. *Reformed Dutch Church*, principally in the States of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania.—Synods, 2; classes, 16; pastors, 150; licentiates, 7; churches, 185; vacant, 44; communicants, 11,713.

4. *Protestant Episcopal Church*, principally in the Atlantic States, but scattered through most of the others.—Dioceses, 15; bishops, 10; ministers, 528.

5. *German Reformed Church*, principally in the middle States, Ohio.—Synods, 2; classes, 8; ordained ministers, 120; candidates, 10; congregations, 500: documents deficient.

6. *Evangelical Lutheran Church*, principally in the middle States, in 1828.—200 ministers; 800 congregations.

7. *Methodist Episcopal Church*, in all the States.—Bishops, 4; conferences, 17; preachers, 1697; superannuated, 120; members, 447,743.

8. *Calvinistic Baptists*, in all the States.—Associations, 224; churches, 4,285; ministers, 2857; communicants, 292,862: documents not all of 1829.

9. *Seventh-day Baptists*, principally in Rhode Island.—Ministers, 30; communicants, 3000.

10. *Principle Baptists*, principally in Rhode Island, and New York.—25 churches, and 1700 members.

11. *Mennonites*.—Ministers, 250; members, 30,000.

12. *Tunckers*, chiefly in the western States.—Churches, 40; communicants, 3000.

13. *Free-will Baptists*, principally in New England.—Ministers, 300; churches, 370; communicants, 16,000.

14. *Christian Society*, in most of the States.—Ministers, 300; members, 30,000.

15. *Emancipators*, in Kentucky.—Ministers, 10; communicants, 400.

16. *Free Communion Baptists*, in the State of New York.—Ministers, 30; communicants, 3500.

17. *United Brethren*, principally in Pennsylvania and North Carolina.—Ministers, 23; congregations, 23; communicants, 2000; members, 6000.

18. *Quakers*, or *Friends*, principally in the Atlantic States.—Members, 150,000, of whom 56,000 are Hicksites, (Socinians,) and the rest orthodox.

19. *Cumberland Presbyterians*, in the States bordering on the Mississippi river.—Synod, 1; several presbyteries, but the document is not complete: increase last year, 3500.

20. *Unitarians*, chiefly in Massachusetts.—Churches, 160.

21. *Swedenborgians*, principally in the eastern and middle States.—Ministers, 29; regular societies in 28 towns.

22. *Shakers*, chiefly in New England and New York.—Societies, 16; preachers, 45; members, 5,400.

23. *Universalists*, in the eastern and middle States.—Preachers, 150; societies, 300.

24. *Roman Catholics*.—Archbishop, 1; bishops, 12; members estimated, 500,000.

#### RELIGION IN AMERICA :

*Or, Lines suggested by the foregoing Statement.*

ALONE thy boundless forests, wide and far,  
Though Hesper reigns, yet shines the Morning-star;

Truth gilds the margin of thy inland seas,  
Whose white waves ripple with the forest breeze;  
And spreads her red-cross banner wide unfurl'd  
O'er every section of thy sylvan world.  
Where wide Ontario rolls a world of waves;  
Where fair Ohio, half an empire lavas;  
Where high the Alleghany mountains frown,  
Or deep Missouri rolls his waters brown;  
Fair truth is borne along with every gale,  
The woodlands echo with Redemption's tale.  
Where once the war-whoop fell, in sounds of fear,  
Like passing death-bell to a culprit's ear;  
Where fate impell'd the deadly tomahawk,  
And rival chiefs by belts of rumour talk;  
The woods are clear'd, the demon discord fled,  
Towns spot the forest, churches lift their head.  
"Where wild Oswego pours her swamps around,  
Where Niagara stuns with thundering sound,"  
Or farther west, where rolls the tide of man  
Along the pine-crown'd shores of Michigan;  
Truth follows culture o'er the vast extent,  
And builds an altar where he spreads a tent;  
And while he fells the wood, and clears the soil,  
Renews the heart, and cheers him with her smile.  
For this, like vernal dew or summer showers,  
O'er all the Continent the Spirit pours;  
And wide and far, each pastor spreads his line,  
To make new channels for the stream divine.  
So wide the field, so vast the moral need,  
Admits no idler to dispense the seed,  
All at it, always at it, enterprise  
Is here the ruling mark of fool and wise.  
Hence where the axe has cut the forest down,  
And shap'd the wilderness into a town;  
Within those avenues so lately trod,  
Crowds bend the knee, and haste to worship God.  
See spreading zeal a wider compass fetch,  
And still the line of active labour stretch  
To regions far beyond, that ask a name,  
And newly peopled towns unknown to fame.  
In these shall nurseries of truth abound,  
To spread the written word, or joyful sound.  
Here may new Wesleys and new Whitfields  
spring.  
New Baxters write, and tuneful Cowpers sing.  
Along these woods, at no far distant day,  
The light of life may shed his holiest ray;  
And here, when truth has left our eastern skies,  
(Which God forbid) the Morning-star may rise.  
Some say (O may they prophesy in vain,)  
That piety will cross the western main,  
And far Columbia steal the holy gem,  
That shines so bright in Britain's diadem.

That learning, luxury, refinement, gold,  
Will sweep all piety from England's fold,  
And write a *Tekel* on the church of God,  
A moral, desolating *Ichabod*.

'Tis false; why write the Church-in-England's  
doom.

That truth may in yon western forests bloom?  
Is nought in Britain sound, in Britain right,  
Because Columbia has seen the light?  
Ah, no; whatever Master Irving say,  
While half a million Christians daily pray,  
While twice three thousand ministers proclaim  
The Lamb of God, and glory in his name,  
While from these shores, bibles and missions fly,  
And holy men the work of mercy ply,  
The glory in our midst shall shine as clear,  
And on that glory a defence appear.

Ask we the reason why in western skies,  
'Till late obscur'd, such recent lustre rise?  
Ask we the reason, why of late, and now,  
Jehovah should to them his heavens bow?  
And make the present time their joyful hour,  
A day of lustre, gladness, love, and power;  
Why, in her sylvan bowers the word prevails,  
Gladdening her pine-clad hills and peopled dales?  
Why on each settlement the Spirit blows,  
And makes the wild wood blossom as the rose?  
'Tis prayer, that sends its fragrance up to heaven;  
'Tis prayer, that spreads the all-pervading heaven.  
The Indian's *mwigam*, the professor's chair,  
Are altars hallow'd and embalm'd by prayer.  
Seek we another reason, but I fear  
To trust myself, and will be silent here.

Free is religion as the mountain roe,  
Free as the gales that o'er her forests blow.  
Beneath his vine and fig-tree each may sit,  
And shape his creed by what apostles writ.  
Her pastors split not on our golden rocks,  
Rich only in the reverence of their flocks.  
No hunting, dancing parson wears the cloth,  
No drone bred up in luxury and sloth;  
Her shepherds are protectors of the fold,  
On nobler principles than sordid gold;  
None in her senates e'er a bishop saw,  
Or rector from the bench dispensing law,  
No squire and parson dare the village ban,  
Or trample on the rights of free-born man.  
All, all, have liberty to praise or pray,  
As love constrains, and truth directs the way.  
All worship God, and bow to him alone,  
And truth and freedom have one common throne.

JOSHUA MARSDEN.

#### ON READING.—NO. VIII.

(Continued from col. 632.)

Controversy is thus defined by Dr. Johnson: "Dispute; debate; agitation of contrary opinions—a dispute is commonly oral, but a controversy in writing." He has two quotations which illustrate his definition: viz. "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness," from 1st Timothy; and from Denham,

"Wild controversy then, which long had slept,  
Into the press from ruined cloisters leapt."

These three things, therefore, are included in controversy—dispute, debate, and agitation; and two things flow out of it, viz. the clearing up of mysteries on the one hand, and wildness and fury on the other. A more apt illustration of this subject, I conceive, could not have been well imagined. But St. Paul certainly meant to convey the idea of assurance to Timothy—"Without doubt, or it is beyond dispute, that the mys-

tery of godliness is great," must be one at least of his doctrines; and the clearing up of mysteries more frequently flows out of a series of reasoning than from the issue of a controversy.

Controversy is a field on which few men can tilt against opponents with equanimity; more or less of morose expression, from angry feeling, is too frequently generated by the collision of two powerful champions, as fire is generated by the strokes of flint on steel; and then, instead of cool and scientific fencing, each falls to, hacking and hewing like the fabulous giants of antiquity. Amidst this uproar, serenity vanishes, but without serenity what is any man; whether a champion in the field or in the closet—the coucher of a lance, the wielder of a sword, or of a grey-goose quill? If a man loses the command of his temper, he loses himself, for what is any man while a prey to fury? Without serenity of mind, who can hold fast truth? And who that lets truth go, can dress up a perfect image, so like to the original, that the one cannot be known from the other?

Amidst all the caterers for public taste, the dishes brought out by controversialists are seasoned the highest, they are seldom either palatable or nutritious to heaven-bound pilgrims. These wayfaring men rarely partake of this repast, and, when they do, it is sparingly; for this hash is generally prepared up to a fiery heat, which, while it burns the palate, is deleterious to the whole man. It is too true, that men denominated pious have indulged both in catering for others and devouring for themselves, on this table of fire; and wild controversy has frequently crowned their heads with snakes, and armed their hands with torches, to hiss at and to burn up even the lambs of their own flocks: but these are circumstances to be mourned, rather than to be imitated by the true Christian.

That the press teems with controversy even to the present hour, and that thousands of pages are reprinted which had far better have slumbered in oblivion, than thus "from ink-balls wildly leapt," is too true; but men who have a business to pursue will follow it, whether good or evil to the great family of mankind flows out of their exertions; by their trades they live, and by them they will live, if half the world thereby perish around them. Dispute, debate, and agitation! sorry food for devotional feeling; and who could suppose that any man, or any number of men, would turn away from the feast of fat things provided in the gospel, for this farrago?

Acrimony, vindictive expression, and



impatience of contradiction, mark multitudes of controversialists; and with these the manner is more reprehensible than the matter of their themes. With other coarse epithets, they call their opponents "fools;" thus leaving the matter of their controversy, and falling upon the man with whom they wage war. To call an opponent "fool," is never wise, because, in all public controversies, the readers being judges, ought to pronounce the sentence, and they will do this, whether you do or not. If you call a man fool, while the public pronounces him wise, then your folly is apparent to all; and if the public accord with your views, they will say, why do you seriously occupy yourself in argument against a man whom you pronounce to be a fool? Suppose you conquer this fool, of what value is the faded laurel with which your brow is crowned? You have overcome a fool in argument! But suppose for a moment the worst, viz. the public decide that he has overcome you; what a stigma rests upon you—This man was overcome by a fool—a fool of his own naming; out of his own mouth he stands condemned to nothingness. Common prudence dictates to men, that it is more noble to subdue the mighty, or to fall beneath their prowess, than to overcome or fall before the vulgar; if a man, therefore, is destitute of that courtesy which would lead him to treat all men with respect and kindness, common prudence would suggest, "Honour the hero with whom you combat, then will more glory be won, or less at least be lost, whenever the judges award the prize."

Review the volumes of controversy beneath which many extensive ranges of thick-set shelves both bend and groan. What do these contain? Mementos of the snarling hyena? of the growling tiger? of the roaring lion? of the mountain tempest? of the ocean storm? Alas, strifes more fell than these, more fatal in their catastrophes, more awful in their end, occupy the bulk of these ponderous annals of the combats of the dead. These are the accumulated mass of acrimony—the expression of vindictive feeling, generated in an immortal spirit against an immortal spirit, and the retort of that immortal spirit to its fellow; both haughtily arrogating to themselves infallibility, and each hurling each headlong to perdition. Alas, for these! Perhaps the idea never entered into their thoughts, that both might be wrong. Both wrong! Impossible! There are only two sides of any question; and if both sides are taken, one of them must be right. Is this true? It approaches the truth, that there are only

two sides of a thin sheet of paper, because the edges thereof assimilate to a line, which by common courtesy is said to possess no breadth; but whatever is viewed as a solid, possesses more sides than two. A triangular beam has three sides, a square one four, an octagon eight, and so on of other solids. If a matter argued upon is solid, it has therefore more sides than two—it may have many; and we frequently see two doughty champions slashing and hacking each other with might and main, without touching the solid matter of the argument at all. All their fury is surface flash—extension from sheet to sheet—a mere paper war. Both of them may be, and often are, actually wrong; and while, with assumed complacency, each crowns his own brows with laurels, the judges, with contemptuous smiles, brushing away the offensive dust which these boisterous champions had raised around them, may pronounce the sentence which consigns them and their works to utter oblivion.

What can a man expect from reading such works as these? Expect! To be made a complete disputant, to be sure—a captain Bobadil, ready to cry out on all occasions, Shew me my man, and I will fight him! That this spirit of religious chivalry does enter and possess the man, while it is deeply to be lamented, is too evident from day to day; and woe to him whose pursuits in life associate him with, or expose him to, the attacks of such a person. We frequently meet with men of this stamp—men who lay the foundation of a dispute almost the moment they enter into conversation; they make up matter for an argument out of every subject on which you enter, and take either side with equal facility; nor can you turn, however dexterous you may be at the management of a conversation, to any point of the compass, but there they are, armed at all points, ready to thrust or parry with acrimonious zeal.—What havoc such a disposition makes with devotional feeling! Where, alas, is that meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price? It lies a bleeding sacrifice on the shrine of ambition, instead of ornamenting the brow of a pious youth, who, become a bravado, casting fire-brands, arrows, and death, cries, Am not I in sport?

It is true, mild controversy may be, and sometimes is, of use; because the acumen of research, which arises out of a zealous contention for the truth, may, and occasionally does, elicit truth—draw her forth from behind the veil, and exhibit her to public view; on these occasion, this virgin

shines forth in all her loveliness, and happy is the man who has the genial spirit thus to exhibit her dignity. It must be in the spirit of truth, and in the spirit of truth alone, that he essays this arduous enterprise, else he will infallibly fail: for this virgin is so modest and reserved, that she shrinks back, and refuses to trust herself for a moment with any being who bears the least mark of the bravado upon his countenance. Pious seeming will not do here, for no mask can be fitted to a countenance so exactly as to deceive truth. There is a beam of light in the eye of truth, which, amidst all its loveliness, pierces to the very soul of the man who is observed, and fails not to descry the very form and fashion of his heart, while it is altogether different from his head; for the heart frequently has nothing to do with a controversy; it is often the head, and the head alone, that meddles in these matters; and it much more generally depends upon dexterous hits than solid arguments, for victory.

A spirit of contention is opposed to a spirit of conciliation; a spirit of strife to a spirit of love; and the fervour of controversy to that spirit which burns for the salvation of a world dead in trespasses and sin. We often argue men into wrath, but seldom into penitence; we frequently provoke them to resentment, but rarely melt them into love; and a spirit of aggressive pedantry is more largely diffused thereby, than that yearning of the bowels towards the children of disobedience, which mourns over their corruptions, and pours balm into the wounds which sin has made. Of controversy, a taste is enough; to feast thereon is to surfeit the constitution and vitiate the functions of vitality; for a life hid with Christ in God cannot endure the atmosphere of controversy. If we would be useful, we must learn to bear and forbear each other in love; to receive him that is weak in the faith, not to doubtful disputations, not to judgment for non-essential variations from our creed, but to holy communion; for every one of us must give an account of himself unto God. Let us, therefore, fellow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.

I recollect, many years ago, on looking upon a huge mass of controversial pamphlets, which, having accumulated from time to time, had progressively outgrown the string around them to such a degree, that this cord at length, by successive knots, was of three several kinds. It contained a label, whereon was written in large characters, "Hell!" The great abyss might be shadowed out by this mass of confused matter in the labeller's mind; and the im-

pious spirits which are congregated therein, might be portrayed in miniature by the furies which animated the mass, and sent forth a kindred feeling to their readers: and who can say there was nothing appropriate in the thought? Deeply impressed with the idea, the circumstance is new to me, even to this day.

Many a pious youth has lost the simplicity of his first love to God, and made partial, yea, total shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience, by inadvertently engaging in controversy; first with a good intention—that of winning souls to the truth; but secondly, from pride; victory after victory having elevated his mind beyond the lowly standard of the gospel, and led him forward to pre-eminence in his new connexions; whereas, in his former state, his humility confined him to a narrow sphere of action. He gained glory, the glory of man, but he lost the approbation of God. The question of our Lord is most important here: "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? For the Son of man shall come in the glory of His Father, with His Angels, and then shall He reward every man according to his works." Matt. xvi. 26. But here is a man who, far from gaining the whole world, gains only the empty applause of a few individuals; yet for this he barter his soul: for becoming vain thereby, and inflated with pride, he forgets "the rock whence he was hewn, and the hole of the pit whence he was digged," neglects humble and ardent prayer, is borne away by the flood of corruption, until he even becomes "blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins." What an awful preparation is this eternity!

O then, while we "contend earnestly for the faith which was once delivered to the saints," let us avoid contentions, because "they are unprofitable and vain," let us remember, "The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient; in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth; and that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will."

(To be continued.)

#### HINTS TO YOUNG TRADESMEN.

A YOUNG man, of good character, sets up in business with a moderate capital, and a good deal of credit; and soon after marries

a young woman, with whom he gets a little ready money, and good expectations on the death of a father, mother, uncle, or aunt. In two or three years he finds that his business increases, but his own health or his wife's makes it necessary for him to take lodgings in the country. Lodgings are soon found to be inconvenient, and for a very small additional expense he might have a snug little cottage of his own. A cottage is taken, repaired, new-modelled, and furnished. Here he spends his Sundays, and frequently takes a friend or two with him just to eat a bit of bread and cheese, and to see how comfortably he is situated in the country. *Visitors* of this description are not wanting. One is invited because he is a customer, another because he may assist him in his business, a third because he is a relative of himself or his wife, a fourth because he is an old acquaintance, and a fifth because he is very entertaining; besides many who call accidentally, and are prevailed on to stay to dinner.

He now keeps his horse for the sake of exercise, but as this is a solitary kind of pleasure, which his wife cannot share, and as the expense of a gig can be but trifling where a horse is already kept, a gig is purchased, in which he takes out his wife or his child as often as his business will permit. After all, driving a gig is but indifferent amusement; his wife too is timorous, and ever since she heard of Mrs. Threadneedle's accident by the stumbling of her horse, she is resolved to endanger her life no more; besides, the expense of a horse and gig, with what is occasionally spent in coach-hire, falls so little short of what his friend Mr. Harness asks for a chaise, that it would be ridiculous not to accept of an offer that never may be made him again. The chaise is agreed for, and it is soon found that the country cottage is too small for so large a family. There is a charming house, with a garden, and two or three acres of land, rather farther from town, but delightfully situated, the unexpired lease of which might be had a great bargain. The premises, to be sure, are somewhat more extensive than he should want, but the house is nearly new, and for a moderate expense might be put into most excellent repair. By his wife's desire, and his own inclination, hither he removes, hires a gardener, being fond of botany, and supplies his own table with every thing in season, for little more than double the money the same description of articles would cost if he went to market for them.

Every thing about him now seems comfortable; but his friend Harness does not

treat him so well as he expected. His horses are often ill-matched, and the coachman sometimes even peremptorily refuses to drive them a few miles quicker than usual, "because he's answerable to master for the poor beasts." It is true his expenses are as much as he can afford, but having coach-house and stables of his own, with two or three acres of excellent grass, he might certainly keep his own coach and horses for less money than he pays to Harness. A rich relation of his wife too is dying, and has often promised to leave her something handsome. The chaise is discharged, he keeps his own carriage, the boy that used to clean the knives waits at table, and looks after the horse, becomes a smart footman with a handsome livery, and his wife is now able to pay and receive many more visits than she could before. Yet he finds by experience that an airing in a carriage is but a bad substitute for a ride on horseback, as far as regards exercise; he must therefore have a saddle-horse, and subscribes to a neighbouring hunt for his own pleasure, and to the nearest assemblies, for the sake of his wife.

During all this progress, his business has not been neglected, but his capital, originally small, has never been augmented. His wife's rich relations die one after another, and remember her only by trifling legacies; his expenses are evidently greater than his income, and in a very few years, with the best intentions in the world, and wanting no good quality but foresight to avoid, or resolution to retrench expenses which his business cannot support, his country-house and equipage, assisted by the many good friends who almost constantly dined with him, drive him fairly into the gazette. The country-house is let, the equipage is sold, his friends shrug up their shoulders, inquire 'for how much has he failed?' wonder it was not for more; say he was a good creature, and an honest creature, but they always thought it would come to this; pity him from their souls, hope his creditors will be favourable to him, and go to find dinners elsewhere.

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NOTES ON SIR H. DAVY'S SIXTH LECTURE,  
IN THE PRESENCE OF THE DUKE AND  
DUCHESS OF RICHMOND, DUBLIN, 1810.

(Galvanic troughs, containing 1040 double plates of zinc and copper, highly charged with muriatic acid, diluted :—)

Platina was fused by the stream of electric fire, at an inch distant from the point of contact; which is not to be done by the concentration of the solar rays.

An experiment never made before, was exhibited: gold, silver, and copper were burned first in the atmospheric air, and then in *vacuo*. They were found in *vacuo* to produce the same brilliant light as in the air; but instead of little explosions, and being dissipated into oxygen, as occurs in common air, the metals were melted only, and kept in fusion until the connexion of the electricity ceased, and the air was admitted. Hence an indestructible metallic illumination!

The lecturer, by contacts of charcoal in the points of wires, shewed three lights in the gallery the moment he made the contact below.

An iron wire in sulphuric acid produced sparks from the surface of the acid, as if it was a mass of metal; thus proving how nearly that acid is to be a perfect conductor. Spirits of turpentine produced no such appearance, but on contact with another wire and charcoal burned with a grass-green light, which decomposed the turpentine; at every ebullition an elastic vapour escaped. Alcohol, which is almost as great a non-conductor, afforded a beautiful light on the contact of the wires. Finally, a piece of iron in oxygen gas appeared like a fountain of vivid light: the effect was heightened by the influx of electric fire; by wires, the water rises as the gas is absorbed by the iron. A sheet of paper, covered with tin-foil and zinc-leaf, when damp, gives an electric impulse to leaf gold.

#### *Sketch of the Progress of Electricity.*

The ancients knew two electric bodies; amber, and the fish *electra*. The first shock of a machine, which was conducted by holding a nail in fire, was so exaggerated by the surprise of its discoverer, that he declared he would not take another shock for the crown of France. Physicians asserted that a medicine put into the electric wheel would communicate its effects in the shock! The first cylinder was a bottle of water—the exaggerations at first were not so gross as the late imposition of metallic tractors, which were composed of brass and iron, the most unsuitable for galvanic effect.

In the last century, itinerants carried small electric machines about the country, and many people gave money for experiencing this new and disagreeable sensation.

Gilbert asserted magnetic power to be the mover of the planets, and was unjustly condemned by the great chancellor. The Lecturer defended Gilbert, with strictures on some of his errors. He described Bacon as the light of the sun obscuring the light of the stars.

Philosophy was theologized by Plato,

made logical by Aristotle, and geometrical by Proclus. Thus all great men are inclined to bend general science to their particular study.

Volta has the merit of deliberate scientific invention, in the brilliancy of which, the original accidental discovery by Galvani is lost. England has done more than all the continent in electricity; it was when science flourished in the age of Lord Verulam that the attempt of Spain at universal dominion in the conquest of England was defeated; it was in the age of Newton, Locke, and Boyle, that England was as great in arms as in science; the present era is no less glorious, and we may expect the same results. Political strength is never found in a country destitute of the intellect that is favourable to science. Where philosophy grows feebly as an exotic, it is much to be feared that that country is in its wane; where it flourishes in the open native air, it is never unaccompanied by patriotic heroism. When we see the rose-tree bud, we may conclude the oak is also putting forth its leaves; and at this day, when another attempt is making on the continent for universal dominion, the British conquests in science are harbingers of her victories over the enemies of freedom and political wisdom. Practical science leads all true philosophers to see their dependence upon a Power which they cannot comprehend, and this leads to devotion. Then alone science is pure, because it springs from a pure source.

#### MYSTERIOUS STORY.\*

THE following extraordinary narrative appears too horrible to be credited, yet too well attested to be disbelieved. It has been several times published; but the atrocity of its character will always preserve its interest from being injured by repetition.—To many of our readers it will be new; and others, we presume, will tolerate the insertion for their sakes. It was first related by General Hulon,† in the winter of 1816-17, one evening at Sir Sidney Smith's, in Paris. The General stated that he had it from Marshal Junot, Duke of Abrantes, who was governor of Paris at the time it happened, and must, therefore, necessarily have been well acquainted with all the circumstances attending it.

In the year 1805, as a poor mason was

\* The principal features of this singular story were dramatised, with good effect, about twelve months ago, at one of the minor theatres, under the title of "The Mason of Buda;" but the scene and the catastrophe were entirely changed.

† General Hulon is brother of Madame Moreau, widow of the General of that name.

returning one evening from his daily labours, he was met in an obscure street in Paris by a well-dressed man, whose face he never remembered to have seen before, but who stopped him, and inquired to what trade he belonged. On being answered that he was a mason, the man said, that if he would wall up a certain niche which would be shewn to him, he should receive as his reward fifty louis d'ors. The stranger added, that he must submit to have his eyes covered, and to be carried in that state for a considerable distance. To all this the mason readily consented, partly from curiosity, and partly from the greatness of the reward offered to him for so inconsiderable a work. The stranger immediately placed a bandage over his eyes, and having led him by the hand for a few paces, they came to the spot where a carriage waited for them, into which they both got, and it drove rapidly off. They soon got out of Paris; at least so the mason conjectured, from the noise of the wheels going over the stones having ceased. After having proceeded thus for about two hours, the rattling of the stones returned, and they seemed to the mason to have entered another town; shortly after which they stopped, and the mason was taken out of the carriage, and led through several passages, and up a flight of stairs, till they came to a place where he heard the sound of voices.

Here his eyes were uncovered, and he found himself in a large room, the walls, roof, and floor of which were entirely hung with black cloth, excepting a niche on one side, which was left open. By the side of it was placed a considerable quantity of stones and mortar, together with all the tools necessary for the work upon which the mason was to be employed.

There were also several men in the room, whose faces were covered with masks. One of these came up to the mason, and addressing himself to him, said, "Here are the fifty louis-d'ors which were promised you; and there is only one condition to be exacted from you, which is, that you must never mention to any person what you may see or hear in this place." This the mason promised; and at this instant another man, who was also masked, entered the room, and demanded if all was ready. Upon being answered in the affirmative, he went out, and returned again in a few minutes with two other men, both masked; one of whom, from the whiteness of his hair, the mason supposed to be an old man.

These three dragged in with them a very beautiful young woman, with her hair dishevelled, and her whole appearance be-

tokening great disorder. They pushed her with great violence towards the niche, into which they at length succeeded in forcing her, notwithstanding her struggling and resistance. During this time she never ceased alternately uttering dreadful screams, and crying for mercy in the most piteous manner. Once she got loose from her persecutors, and immediately prostrated herself at the feet of the old man, and embracing his knees, besought him to kill her at once, and not to let her suffer a cruel and lingering death; but all in vain.

When the three men had at last forced her into the niche, they held her there, and commanded the mason to commence his work, and wall her up.

Upon witnessing this dreadful scene, the mason fell on his knees, and entreated to be permitted to depart, without being accessory to this act of cruelty. The men however told him that this was impossible. They menaced him, if he refused to perform his promise, with instant death; whereas, on the other hand, if he complied, they said he should receive an additional fifty louis-d'ors when he had completed his work.

This united threat and promise had such an effect upon the mason, that he instantly did as he was commanded, and at last actually walled up the poor victim, so as to render her escape impossible. She was then left to perish by slow degrees, without light, air, or sustenance.

When the mason had finished, he received the fifty additional louis-d'ors; his eyes were again covered; he was led through various passages as on his arrival; and finally put into the carriage, which drove off rapidly as before. When he was again taken out of it, his eyes were uncovered, and he found himself standing on the exact spot in Paris where he had first met the stranger. The same man now stood beside him, and addressing him, desired him not to stir from the place where he then was for five minutes, after which he was at liberty to return home; adding, that he was a dead man, if he moved before the time prescribed. He then left him; and the mason having waited the five minutes, proceeded straight to the police officers, to whom he told his story; and they considered the circumstance so curious, that they carried him immediately to the Duke of Abrantes. The Duke at first imagined his account to be an invention; but upon his producing the purse containing the hundred louis-d'ors, he was compelled to believe it.

The strictest search was immediately made in and about Paris for the discovery of the perpetrators of this horrid murder;

but in vain. The Emperor Napoleon particularly interested himself in it, and special orders were issued by him to the officers of the police, to leave no means untried to attain their object. Many houses were searched, in the hope of finding some place which had been lately walled up, and which answered to the account given by the mason; but, notwithstanding all these endeavours, nothing further has ever transpired respecting this dreadful mystery.

#### THE EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF GENIUS.

THE development of powers, either physical or moral, is usually the concomitant of age, since neither can sustain a continuous action without premature decay, unless supported by a strength and firmness which nothing but time can supply. This mysterious association between the progress of time and the constitution of man, whether we consider his bodily or mental faculties, is impressed upon him by the hand of the Creator, and marks him with a distinguishing characteristic, which is wanting in the inferior rank of animals.

Descending in the scale of nature, we shall indeed find some analogy in the vegetable world, for such flowers or plants as are brought to premature development by art, though they exhibit the brightest colours, and emit the most grateful fragrance, and bear all the indications of health and vigour, quickly shew symptoms of decay, and a want of that permanence and stability, which the usual operation of natural agents would have produced.

No animal is so helpless in infancy, or so long in coming to the full exercise of its bodily functions, as man; others, in the short period of a few weeks become independent of the parent. Yet some of these, as the raven and the tortoise, live beyond the common age of man; there are, therefore, some examples of early development, in which extended life is observed, though generally the contrary is the case. This slow expansion of the human powers, both of body and mind, under ordinary circumstances, may account for the strength with which both are endowed, allowing, as we must, that the mind, though immaterial, acts and operates through the media of material organs, and appears to come to perfection with them.

There are, however, cases in which children exhibit, at a very early age, mental powers and capacities, which appear inherent in them, and which develop themselves, without visible effort, or laborious

cultivation. They seem to exist almost independently of bodily development, or even of general habits and associations, as the form is still puerile, and the tastes, habits, and associations, such as are usually observed in the early stages of human existence, and the mental capability appears to be confined to the immediate object of development. This has been called *instinctive genius*, and it evidently depends rather on mental construction, than early bias, since in most, if not all cases, it shews itself without previous instruction, or even example. Instances of this kind are to be found in the lives of Gaussendi, Pascal, Ferguson, and some of the most eminent philosophers, which exhibit not only the power of memory and association, but the combination of ideas; and a train of ratiocination that is truly surprising. Though these are by no means common, they are frequently brought forward as proofs of the possibility of juvenile precocity, and the attainment of a high degree of excellence, by judicious cultivation, and unwearied assiduity.

Such instances, however, are much too rare to be made the standard of juvenile capacity, and we find the greater part of the children, who are thus forced to proficiency, like hothouse plants, beautiful but brief. We indeed read of some peculiar characters, who flourish in our juvenile biographies, that arrive at man's estate, but by far the greater number of these recorded instances are nipped in the bud, and fall victims to consumption, or some chronic malady of an equally fatal nature. Others, after having exhibited extraordinary mental powers at an early age, become stationary in their acquirements, and, if they live to maturity, display little more than the common ratio of capacity; and, though wonderful among children, cease to astonish among men. Of this, Mr. Betty the actor is a remarkable instance. He who attracted crowded audiences, even to suffocation, as a boy, during his subsequent career has tried the London boards without success, and would doubtless have died in penury and neglect, had not his friends seized the tide of fortune at the flood, and "made hay while the sun shone."

The inculcation of first principles on the minds of children, is always a work of labour, and the memory is cultivated rather than the judgment, since, from the stores of the former the latter must draw the resources necessary to its exercise. The rudiments of all learning are made up of a number of minute particulars, which, though apparently insignificant in them-

selves, by their dependance and combinations, make up the sum of science; and it is only when brought into exercise in combination, that their real importance is discovered. What can be so dry, uninteresting, and wearisome to a child, as the first elements of grammar? The whole appears a jargon of unmeaning sound and frivolous distinctions; yet these must be committed to memory with laborious exactness; and it is only in future composition, then unknown, that their real value can be estimated. In vain have the powers of invention been taxed to smooth the rugged road of philosophy; its natural asperity defies all the efforts of literary *Macadamisation*, and the sterile soil refuses to nourish the flowers so carefully planted in its bosom. Grammar is grammar still; and though the geniuses of Hamilton and Pestalozzi have raised a glittering superstructure of apparent proficiency, we in vain seek for the solid foundation of the venerable Lilly and other ancient worthies, and are compelled to confess that the present, though an age of scientific discovery, has yet failed in the desideratum of a royal road to learning; it may make learned *machines*, but it cannot make learned *men*. Thus, the very nature of grammatical knowledge implies severe and constant application for a continued period, in which memory is cultivated independently of imagination and judgment. And to this cause it may be attributed, that grammarians, in the strict sense of the word, are so seldom found among children. To comprehend the philosophy of grammar, requires a degree of judgment which the lapse of time seems necessary to mature.

If we turn from grammar and philosophy to the mechanical sciences, we find the scene changed. Here, elementary knowledge immediately leads to combination, which produces illustrative facts; the senses are addressed, and the judgment exerts its powers. A child that has been taught the nine digits may immediately acquire the rules of addition and subtraction; and the judgment will be exercised with pleasure, because actual demonstration of utility follows the experiment. The same may be said of geometry, drawing, and mathematics, and all the powers of mechanism, in which a few leading data, addressed to the senses, may be applied, to produce demonstrations equally easy and obvious. Hence we shall, in our intercourse with children, find ten embryo Fergusons and Pascals, to one Crichton; so far does animal sense contribute to mental exertion.

E. G. B.

#### WILD BEASTS IN INDIA.

"THE lion, which was long supposed to be unknown in India, is now ascertained to exist in considerable numbers in the districts of Saharunpoor and Loodianah. Lions have likewise been killed on this side the Ganges in the northern parts of Rohilcund, in the neighbourhood of Moradabad and Rampoor, as large, it is said, as the average of those in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope. Both lions, where they are found, and tigers, are very troublesome to the people of the villages near the forest, who having no elephants, have no very effectual means of attacking them with safety. The peasantry here, however, are not a people to allow themselves to be devoured without resistance, like the Bengalees; and it often happens that, when a tiger has established himself near a village, the whole population turn out, with their matchlocks, swords, and shields, to attack him. Fighting on foot, and compelled to drive him from his covert by entering and beating the jungle, one or two generally lose their lives, but the tiger seldom escapes; and Mr. Boulderson has seen some skins of animals of this description, which bore the strongest marks of having been fought with, if the expression may be used, hand to hand; and were in fact slashed all over with cuts of the "tulwar," or short scymitar. A reward of four rupees for every tiger's head brought in, is given by government; and if the villagers of any district report that a tiger or lion is in their neighbourhood, there are seldom wanting sportsmen among the civil or military officers, who hear the news with pleasure, and make haste to rid them of the nuisance. A good shot, on an elephant, seldom fails, with perfect safety to himself, to destroy as many of these terrible animals as he falls in with."

"The young Rajah mentioned, in the course of conversation, that there was a tiger in an adjoining tope, which had done a good deal of mischief, that he should have gone after it himself had he not been ill, and had he not thought that it would be a fine diversion for Mr. Boulderson and me. I told him I was no sportsman; but Mr. Boulderson's eyes sparkled at the name of tiger, and he expressed great anxiety to beat up his quarters in the afternoon. Under such circumstances, I did not like to deprive him of his sport, as he would not leave me by myself, and went, though with no intention of being more than a spectator. Mr. Boulderson, however, advised me to load my pistols for the sake of defence, and

lent me a very fine double-barrelled gun for the same purpose. We set out a little after three on our elephants, with a servant behind each howdah carrying a large chat-tah, which, however, was almost needless. The Rajah, in spite of his fever, made his appearance too, saying that he could not bear to be left behind. A number of people, on foot and horseback, attended from our own camp and the neighbouring villages, and the same sort of interest and delight was evidently excited which might be produced in England by a great coursing party. The Rajah was on a little female elephant, hardly bigger than the Durham ox, and almost as shaggy as a poodle. She was a native of the neighbouring wood, where they are generally, though not always, of a smaller size than those of Bengal and Chittagong. He sat in a low howdah, with two or three guns ranged beside him ready for action. Mr. Boulderson had also a formidable apparatus of muskets and fowling-pieces, projecting over his mohout's head. We rode about two miles across a plain covered with long jungle grass, which very much put me in mind of the country near the Cuban. Quails and wild fowl rose in great numbers, and beautiful antelopes were seen scudding away in all directions. With them our party had no quarrel; their flesh is good for little, and they are in general favourites both with native and English sportsmen, who feel disinclined to meddle with a creature so graceful and so harmless.

"At last we came to a deeper and more marshy ground, which lay a little before the top pointed out to us; and while Mr. Boulderson was doubting whether we should pass through it, or skirt it, some country people came running to say that the tiger had been tracked there that morning. We therefore went in, keeping line as if we had been beating for a hare, through grass so high that it reached up to the howdah of my elephant, though a tall one, and almost hid the Rajah entirely. We had not gone far before a very large animal of the deer kind, sprung up just before me, larger than a stag, of a dusky brown colour, with spreading, but not palmated horns. Mr. Boulderson said it was a 'mohr,' a species of elk; that this was a young one, but that they sometimes grew to an immense size, so that he had stood upright between the tips of their horns. He could have shot it, but did not like to fire at present, and said it was, after all, a pity to meddle with such harmless animals. The mohr accordingly ran off unmolested, rising with splendid bounds up to the very top of the high jungle, so that his whole body and limbs were

seen from time to time above it. A little further, another rose, which Mr. Boulderson said was the female; of her I had but an imperfect view. The sight of these curious animals had already, however, well repaid my coming out, and from the animation and eagerness of every body round me, the anxiety with which my companions looked for every waving of the jungle-grass, and the continued calling and shouting of the horse and foot behind us, it was impossible not to catch the contagion of interest and enterprise.

"At last the elephants all drew up their trunks into the air, began to roar, and to stamp violently with their fore feet; the Rajah's little elephant turned short round, and, in spite of all her mohout could say or do, took up her post, to the Rajah's great annoyance, close in the rear of Mr. Boulderson. The other three, (for one of my baggage elephants had come out too, the mohout, though unarmed, not caring to miss the show,) went on slowly but boldly, with their trunks raised, their ears expanded, and their sagacious little eyes bent intently forward. 'We are close upon him,' said Mr. Boulderson, 'fire where you see the long grass shake, if he rises before you.' Just at that moment my elephant stamped again violently. 'There, there,' cried the mohout, 'I saw his head!' A short roar, or rather loud growl, followed, and I saw immediately before my elephant's head the motion of some large animal stealing away through the grass. I fired as directed, and, a moment after, seeing the motion still more plainly, fired the second barrel. Another short growl followed, the motion was immediately quickened, and was soon lost in the more distant jungle. Mr. Boulderson said, 'I should not wonder if you hit him that last time; at any rate we shall drive him out of the cover, and then I will take care of him.' In fact, at that moment, the crowd of horse and foot spectators at the jungle side, began to run off in all directions. We went on to the place, but found it was a false alarm, and, in fact, we had seen all we were to see of him, and went twice more through the jungle in vain. A large extent of high grass stretched out in one direction, and this we had now not sufficient day-light to explore. In fact, that the animal so near me was a tiger at all, I have no evidence but its growl, Mr. Boulderson's belief, the assertion of the mohout, and what is perhaps more valuable than all the rest, the alarm expressed by the elephants. I could not help feeling some apprehension that my firing had robbed Mr. Boulderson of his shot, but he assured me



that I was quite in rule ; that in such sport no courtesies could be observed, and that the animal in fact rose before me, but that he should himself have fired without scruple, if he had seen the rustle of the grass in time. Thus ended my first, and probably my last essay in the 'field sports' of India, in which I am much mistaken, notwithstanding what Mr. Boulderson said, if I harmed any living creature.

"I asked Mr. Boulderson, on our return, whether tiger hunting was generally of this kind, which I could not help comparing to that chase of bubbles which enables us in England to pursue an otter. In a jungle, he answered, it must always be pretty much the same, inasmuch as, except under very peculiar circumstances, or when a tiger felt himself severely wounded, and was roused to revenge by despair, his aim was to remain concealed, and to make off as quietly as possible. It was after he had broken cover, or when he found himself in a situation so as to be fairly at bay, that the serious part of the sport began, in which case he attacked his enemies boldly, and always died fighting. He added, that the lion, though not so large or swift an animal as the tiger, was generally stronger and more courageous. Those which have been killed in India, instead of running away when pursued through a jungle, seldom seem to think its cover necessary at all. When they see their enemies approaching, they spring out to meet them, open-mouthed, in the plain, like the boldest of all animals, a mastiff dog. They are thus generally shot with very little trouble, but if they are missed or only slightly wounded, they are truly formidable enemies. Though not swift, they leap with vast strength and violence, and their large heads, immense paws, and the great weight of their body forwards, often enable them to spring on the head of the largest elephants, and fairly pull them down to the ground, riders and all. When a tiger springs on an elephant, the latter is generally able to shake him off under his feet, and then woe be to him ! The elephant either kneels on him and crushes him at once, or gives him a kick which breaks half his ribs, and sends him flying perhaps twenty paces. The elephants, however, are often dreadfully torn, and a large old tiger sometimes clings too fast to be thus dealt with. In this case it often happens that the elephant himself falls, from pain or from the hope of rolling on his enemy, and the people on his back are in very considerable danger both from friends and foes, for Mr. Boulderson said the scratch of a tiger was sometimes venomous, as that of a cat is said

to be. But this did not often happen, and in general persons wounded by his teeth or claws, if not killed outright, recovered easily enough."—*Bishop Heber's Journal*, Vol. II. p. 149-150, and 166-171.

#### REASON NEGLECTED.

DR. WATTS has observed, that "reason is the glory of human nature, and one of the chief eminences whereby we are raised above our fellow-creatures, the brutes, in this lower world."

"For my part," said Lady Wilmot, "I don't pretend to be better than my neighbours." "And they are bad enough," grumbled Sir Andrew, "in all conscience." "It signifies nothing, Sir Andrew. Opinions are but opinions, and after all we may be wrong; but if we take the maxims of the world for our guide, we cannot often err." "Nothing surer, my lady. So the Catholic supposes—pretends to be too humble to think for himself, and resolves all into the 'church says this, and the church says that.' Reason was given us for use."

Lady Wilmot was silenced, not convinced. It would seem strange, were it not for the incontrovertible fact, that out of ten individuals, scarcely more than one takes the trouble to reason or to think for himself. Man boasts of his superiority over the brutes, talks largely of the wonderful inventions, emanations of genius, and displays of learning, that exhibit this superiority; and after all, he frequently differs but little from the rest of the animal creation.

"Reason," continued Sir Andrew with violent emphasis, "is the god-like attribute of man; but in the present age it is debased, degraded."

"You certainly have, Sir Andrew, the most visionary and unfashionable notions. Is not one of the characteristic features of the times, 'the march of intellect?' Sir Andrew laughed. "Ay; ay; it has been marching a long time, and, to say the truth, I think it has stolen a march at last, and has now marched off." "You may ridicule me; but turn your eyes impartially to the wonderful discoveries that have been made in the last century. Look at the perfection of machinery." "Very good as far as it goes, but no farther. Utility should be the grand end of all inventions—even virtue ceases to be virtue when it is not founded in utility. There's your steam-carriages and balloons, there's your iron-boots to walk across rivers, and

kites to draw cars, and a hundred other wonderful things. Now, if your fine geniuses could hit upon a plan for sinking the national debt, for stimulating industry by holding out plenty as its reward, and for increasing the produce of the land, we should thank them, and the only patent they would want, should be given without one dissenting voice—the applause and approval of their fellow-creatures.” “But turn your eyes for a moment to education, Sir Andrew, and then, at least, you will see that inventions and improvements have been profitable.”

“Worse still. A mind’s a mind; and a child is not a whit the better educated now than it was a century ago. Whether a boy is made to drudge upon the defect of the whole system, or to spend hours of ease and idleness, in acquiring superficial knowledge, the present generation is not much wiser than the last. Locke and Milton saw the error and folly of unnecessary drudgery, and suggested some excellent remarks, which had as much effect upon the schools of their times, as a musket-charge upon a hippopotamus. And now some have started up in our days, to teach with the same velocity as their great predecessors would have done, only they have vitiated the plans they have copied after.”

“But is not the system of the author of ‘developments’ original? Does he not display great genius in felicitously comprehending his subject, and overcoming almost herculean difficulties?”

“One of the luminaries of the nineteenth century! and we wanted enlightening on the subject of education bad enough. Here we may go from the ‘associated and known, through the progressively less associated and known, to the wholly unassociated and unknown,’ and there I presume we shall be left.”

“Your obstinacy is perfectly incurable, but there is one point more I wish to press, before I have done. Yet here I will not be so opinionated as to speak for myself, but would rather take the judgment of persons more capable of deciding upon true merit.” “Here we are again; still endeavouring to reason by proxy.” “You do not understand me, Sir Andrew. However you may choose to cry down the talents and genius of the world as it now is, it will be useless. Invention and discovery, in the arts and sciences, have but one source, and therefore they speak for themselves. The other point I would have pressed, as further evidence that the torch of learning and genius is not totally

extinguished, is this—the late poetical publications.”

“You might as well prove a fool is not a fool, because he has a cap on his head; the last fact corroborates all. The fashionable world may sneer at Milton, and wonder how he could ever have been acceptable. But it requires a Milton to conceive and enjoy a Milton. Where shall we find the energy, beauty, sublimity, and classic richness of the author of *Paradise Lost*? He has been a fountain from which many a dull-brained quill-driver has not disdained to draw and thicken with his own blundering fancies. The poets of our age, my lady, seem to be personified in the jackdaw, that strutted about in peacock’s plumes among the feathered tribes, till he was discarded from their society. Like this silly bird, they will continue to be at once the ridicule of their own companions, and the scorn of those whom they have affected to imitate, till they pine away, a wretched sacrifice to vanity and ambition.”

“What then are to be our conclusions? Am I to believe that the present generation is in every respect inferior to all that are past, and that the opinion of the world is always founded on error?”

“Not so, my lady. We may generally mistake upon two points, and these points are called extremes. *Est modus in rebus*. My grandfather thought there was nothing like the good old times; Lady Wilnot prefers the present. The arts and sciences do not now improve by the gigantic inventions of one man, but by the united efforts of a number of individuals. We have all the advantages of past experience, in the pursuit of knowledge, but they are too little profited by. Men of genius invent for the sake of invention, instead of utility. Though the opinions of the world are said to spring from experience, they are often fatally erroneous. We may sometimes use them, like glasses, to assist our reason, but we should never be so absurd as entirely to substitute such assistance in the place of our own mental vision.”

Reasoning does not appear to be the mark of this generation more than of those which are past, however it may make pretensions to the march of intellect. If a man dares to think for himself, and custom, that bane of the mind, stands in opposition, he is called a visionary. He is required to conform to the world—to eat, drink, and sleep—and to leave reason for a set of philosophic facts. Or should he, even in religious points, feel

a deep conviction of the necessity of attending to the revealed will of God, he must not set before him in earnest, the examples and precepts of the great Shepherd of souls, lest he should be stigmatized as an enthusiast. But the applause of men is not to be compared with the approbation of conscience, and the sanctions afforded by the word of God.

*Beaconsfield.*

J. A. B.

#### CURE OF HYDROPHOBIA.

(From Hardy's Travels in Mexico.)

ONE of the patients was tied up to a post with strong cords; a priest was administering the last offices of religion. At the approach of a paroxysm, the unfortunate sufferer, with infuriated looks, desired the priest to get out of the way, as he felt a desire to bite every body he could catch hold of. An old woman who was present said she would undertake his cure; and although there were none who believed it possible that she could effect it, yet the hope that she might do so, and the certainty of the patient's death if nothing were attempted, bore down all opposition, and her services were accepted. She poured a powder into half a pint of water, observing, that when taken, if it succeeded, the fluid to be discharged from the stomach would be as black as charcoal, and offensive to the smell.

All this literally took place at the end of about twenty-six hours; and the patient was liberated from one of the most horrible and affecting deaths to which mortality is subject. She had her own way of accounting for the effects of this disease. She termed it a local complaint attacking the mouth, which by degrees it irritates and inflames; this ripens the virus, which is conveyed to the brain by means of the nerves, and is received also into the stomach with the saliva. The poison thus matured in the mouth and at the root of the tongue, converts the whole of the fluids of the stomach into a poisonous bile, which if not quickly removed, communicates with the blood, and shortly destroys life.

The receipt is as singular as the cure is extraordinary. We give it as the Lieutenant received it:—

*"Method of curing hydrophobia.*—The person under the influence of this disease must be well secured, that he may do no mischief either to himself or others.

*"Soak a rennet in a little more than half a tumbler of water (for about five minutes.) When this has been done, add of pulverized serradilla as much as may be taken up with the thumb and three fingers. Mix it tho-*

*roughly, and give it to the patient, (that is, force it down his throat in an interval between the paroxysms.) The patient is then to be put into the sunshine if possible (or placed near the fire) and well warmed. If the first dose tranquillise him, after a short interval, no more is to be given, but if he continue furious, another dose must be administered, which will infallibly quiet him. A profound sleep will succeed, which will last twenty-four or forty-eight hours (according to the strength of the patient's constitution,) at the expiration of which time he will be attacked with severe purging and vomiting, which will continue till the poison be entirely ejected. He will then be restored to his senses, will ask for food, and be perfectly cured."*

There is an Indian living in Tubutama, who is known to have an antidote to the poison, injected into the wound occasioned by the bite of a mad dog, &c.; and it is superior to the serradilla, which will only cure the disease when it has been formed. Two thousand dollars have been offered to him to disclose the secret, but he has constantly refused to accede to the terms. His charge is ten dollars for each patient, and he makes a comfortable livelihood by his practice. I made diligent inquiries while I remained in Sonora, whether there were any instance known of the Indian's antidote having failed, but I could hear of no one case where it had been unsuccessful.

#### HISTORICAL ANECDOTES AND SKETCHES CONNECTED WITH THE ROYAL FAMILY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

##### *Memoir of Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia.*

An elegant writer has said, that "History is Philosophy teaching by example." However true this may be, it would be more correct to say, that the history of nations exhibits the footsteps of Providence. For the proof of this, we need not go beyond the annals of our own country, in which we shall find abundant evidence, that nothing cometh by chance.

The accession of the reigning family, for instance, was introduced by a wonderful train of circumstances, over which human wisdom had no control, because no foresight of man could have anticipated such an event. It will, therefore, not be amiss to trace the prominent features of this part of our national history, and that more especially, as all the writers on this great subject have failed to notice the marvellous concurrence of incidents which led to the

settlement of the Brunswick family on the British throne.

Elizabeth, the only daughter of James the First, was not seven years old when her father came to England; soon after which she was placed under the private care of Lord and Lady Harrington, two of the most exemplary characters, and confirmed Protestants, in the kingdom. When the foul conspiracy was planned by the Papists, to destroy the king and parliament, part of the scheme was, to get possession of the young Princess, for the purpose of training her up in the Romish faith, and marrying her to one of the same communion. To effect their object, the conspirators appointed a grand hunting match to be held near Combe Abbey, in Warwickshire, Lord Harrington's seat, thinking that thereby they should find it easy to seize the royal victim in the park. Thus the instrument pitched upon by the Romish faction, to reduce England again under the papal bondage, proved in the end the means of securing the Protestant succession. But the danger did not end with the discovery of the diabolical plot to destroy the three estates of the realm. Such was the fatuity that hung like a spell over the councils of King James, he continued after this deliverance to evince a strong predilection for Romish alliances, in preference to those in which his true interest lay.

When the princess had attained her fourteenth year, overtures were made for a marriage between her and the son of the Duke of Savoy, one of the firmest adherents to the Pope, and nearly related to the throne of Spain. This proposition justly excited great anxiety in England, and even still more alarm among the foreign Protestants. While, however, this negotiation was pending, a new cause for the most fearful apprehension arose, in a proposal of espousal between the Princess royal of England, and Philip the Third of Spain, who had recently become a widower.

That the court of Madrid was sincere in this negotiation, may, perhaps, be doubted; but that it was actually carried on, and favourably indulged by the English monarch, is certain: for Sir Edward Conway, then resident in Holland, wrote thus upon it to Sir Adam Newton, who was the confidential servant of the Prince of Wales: "If it shall be possible, and found good by his Majesty, the defender of the faith, to give his blessed and gracious daughter unto Spain, and her children to be bred up in that religion; and for the Catholic King to be dispensed with, to match with a blessed Christian princess; the dangers his Ma-

jesty, and his royal issue, are exposed to from the Spanish and Jesuitical practices, are such as I tremble to think of them." Sir Edward then earnestly intreats his friend to make use of all his interest with the Prince, to prevent the proposed union.

The projected alliance had the effect of rousing the jealousy of some of the principal states of Europe, particularly France and the United Provinces, both of whom had reason to dread the ascendancy of Spain. While these powers, from motives of policy, co-operated to defeat a scheme, which, if carried into effect, would have been injurious to their interests; the Princes of the reformed communion in Germany were concerned for their religion, knowing how much it would be endangered by the influence of Popery over the councils of England. These considerations produced that combination of different cabinets which succeeded in diverting the English monarch from the design of marrying his daughter into a Romish family.

At the period in question, James happened to stand in need of money, and luckily the States of Holland were in a capacity to supply his wants. The only thing, therefore, that remained to be accomplished was, to provide a Prince of an illustrious line, and firmly attached to the Protestant religion, proper to be recommended as a husband for the Princess Elizabeth. At first there was some talk of proposing the young Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, but this idea was soon set aside in favour of the elector palatine of the Rhine, Frederic the Fifth. This Prince was only three days older than Elizabeth, being born August 16th, 1596. He was a lineal descendant of the ancient family of the Guelfs, one of whom, Henry the Lion, married, in 1179, Matilda, the daughter of our Henry the Second, who procured for him the princely domain of Brunswick and Lauenburg. Thus the blood of our Sovereign flows in a stream issuing from the earliest period of the monarchy, being before the union of the Tudors and the Stuarts.

It deserves notice, that at the time when the gunpowder treason was frustrated, Frederic was a student in the Protestant college of Sedan, from whence, though only nine years old, he wrote a letter in French, to Henry, Prince of Wales, congratulating him on his providential escape, little thinking how nearly he was himself concerned in that event.

In his fourteenth year he succeeded to the electoral title and estates, and such was his character for integrity in religion and purity of morals, that it was conceived no objection

could be alleged against him on the part of the English court. Obstacles, however, were thrown in his way when the overture was made, owing to the secret inclination which Anne of Denmark, the wife of James the First, had to Popery; and to the pride of her husband, who wished to marry his children into the first monarchical families of Europe. But the distribution of presents among the courtiers, the firmness of Prince Henry, and the influence of gold over the King, to say nothing of the zeal manifested by the best of the English nobility, gave Frederic the most favourable reception in England, where he landed October 16th, 1612, to the great satisfaction of the people. This joy, however, was turned into mourning by the death of the gallant Prince Henry three weeks afterwards; in consequence of which, the nuptials were deferred till the fourteenth of February, when the ceremony was performed with great solemnity at Whitehall. On this occasion the ancient custom of giving aid-money to the King was revived after the lapse of a century, but the whole of this contribution was expended in public spectacles; besides which, the Elector Palatine himself laid out above one hundred thousand crowns in entertainments. The city of London gave a magnificent feast in honour of the popular marriage, and, amidst the splendid banquet, the aldermen presented to the royal bride a necklace of orient pearl, valued at two thousand pounds.

On the 25th of April, the Prince and Princess left England, accompanied by several persons of distinction, amongst whom was the venerable Lord Harrington, who could not debar himself the pleasure of seeing his beloved pupil safe to the place of her destination; but this good old nobleman died at Worms, on his return home from Heidelberg.

For the space of six years, the Elector and his amiable partner enjoyed uninterrupted tranquillity; but at the end of that period, a cloud arose, which overwhelmed them and their family in complete ruin. In 1610, the throne of Bohemia becoming vacant, the Protestant states of that kingdom, after refusing to receive Ferdinand of Austria for their king, at the dictation of the emperor, offered it to the Elector Palatine, by whom it was accepted, through the advice, as it was said, of the Princess. This is not improbable, for the English, who were at the Palatine court, were strongly in favour of the measure; and so was the greater part of the people at home, as well as those of Holland.

Frederic was also encouraged to receive

the proffered crown by Maurice, Prince of Nassau, and the Catholic Duke of Bouillon, both of whom wished to see a check put to the ambitious designs of Austria and Spain, the joint supporters of Ferdinand. These princes, naturally enough, thought that the cause of Frederic would have been espoused with energy by his father-in-law, particularly as it was well known that the great body of his subjects, of all degrees, were warmly attached to the Elector and his family. In this, however, they were grossly mistaken, for James was not only extremely adverse to war, but had a rooted dislike to elective monarchy. Besides this, he was displeased with Frederic for not consulting him previous to his acceptance of the Bohemian sceptre; and so far, no doubt, he was justified in refusing to recognize him in his regal character.

The young King had scarcely entered upon his new dominions, when he found himself surrounded by enemies of the most powerful and inveterate description, who were animated by the papal bulls that were circulated throughout all the Catholic states of Germany with the utmost industry, stimulating the people to rise in defence of the Church. Thus, in fact, a new crusade was preached up in Germany, and this unholy war was carried on for the space of thirty years, during which the most horrible ravages were committed, particularly by the Count Tilly, who commanded the imperial armies. The Protestant potentates, great and small, on the continent, acted nobly in support of the common cause; but the battle of Prague, November 20th, 1620, was fatal to Frederic and his family, who were obliged to quit that capital, leaving behind them all their treasures. This was a dreadful blow to the religious liberties of Germany, as well as to the private interest of the Electoral family, whose misfortune did not end here, for the victors, without paying any regard to justice, or the remonstrances of the English monarch, proceeded to take possession of the Palatinate.

King James made some shew of resentment at this, and he even went so far as to obtain parliamentary grants to enable him to send aid to his son-in-law, but, instead of applying the money vigorously in providing men and arms, he wasted most of it in idle negotiations, which only made him the laughing-stock of all Europe, and aggravated the miseries of those whom he professed to serve. The English people, however, felt most acutely the injury done to the national honour, and several public-spirited individuals raised supplies of troops, arms, and money, for the relief of

Frederic; but these proved too insignificant to retrieve his affairs, which became more deplorable by the preposterous conduct of James, in driving on the project of a matrimonial alliance between his son Charles and the Infanta of Spain. While this unpopular and impolitic measure was going on, the Prince of Wales, at the instigation of the royal favourite, Villiers duke of Buckingham, undertook a journey to Madrid, for the purpose of facilitating the union by a personal courtship.

The king, it is true, was shocked at the proposal, but he wanted resolution to prevent it; and the nation was thrown into the greatest distress, when the departure and destination of the prince became known. Fortunately, the Spanish court, notwithstanding its bigotry, behaved in this instance with a moderation that excited general surprise; and when the Prince returned from his romantic adventure without a wife, every one wondered that no attempt had been made to detain his person, or to remove him out of the way.

That no advantage was taken of this imprudent step by the zealots of popery, arose from motives of policy, and not from liberality: they well knew, that if any thing occurred disastrous to the Prince of Wales, the English crown would devolve, at the death of James, to the Queen of Bohemia and her issue; and this was so much dreaded by the Romanists, that rather than such an event should take place, the heir-apparent experienced nothing but kindness throughout the journey. Thus, as Spanheim observes, never was a brother under greater obligations to a sister, than Charles was to Elizabeth of Bohemia, whose succession to the throne, they were aware, would have proved of the greatest service to the Protestant interest throughout Europe.

In the mean time the Palatinate was lost, and Heidelberg fell into the hands of Tilly, whose soldiers committed the most horrible outrages upon the inhabitants. The Queen of Bohemia, in this distress, took refuge at the Hague, whither she travelled for the most part of the way on foot, through by-roads, with a young infant at her breast.

But while the Imperialists overran most of the Protestant States, and the Pope caused *Te Deum* to be sung for their massacres; Frederic kept up his spirits, and acted as long as he could with great vigour. His steadiest friend in all his troubles, was Christian of Brunswick, Prince Bishop of Halberstadt, who fought desperately at the battle of Prague, after

which he took the glove of the queen, and placing it on his helmet, swore that it should never be removed till her husband was restored to his hereditary dominion. To fulfil this pledge, Christian raised a number of troops, at the head of whom he spread terror through the circle of Westphalia, levelling his fury chiefly on the seminaries of the Jesuits, as the prime agents of the afflicted state of Germany.

On the 19th of August, 1622, the Prince of Brunswick and the Count of Mansfeldt gained the victory of Fleurus, but the former had his left arm shattered so dreadfully, that he was obliged to have it amputated, and while the operation was performing in his tent, he ordered the trumpets to sound a charge, and the musicians to play martial airs to inspirit his soldiers. On his recovery, he had an arm of silver made, which he wore constantly, and used with great facility. After defeating the Spanish general Spinola in the Low Countries, Christian received overtures from the Emperor, which he refused to accept on any other condition, than that of the restoration of his friend, the Elector Palatine, to his family estates.

In August, 1623, this gallant prince lost the battle of Studlo, but, instead of being dismayed, he began to raise fresh forces, and with the same view came to England. Having partly succeeded in this mission, the prince went to Denmark, and by the succours received there, he was enabled to take the field against Tilly, whom he compelled to make a precipitate retreat from before Nordheim.

The year 1625, was remarkably eventful in mortality to the family of the Queen of Bohemia, for, on the 7th of January, her eldest son was drowned by the overturning of the passage-boat on the lake of Harlem; and while his mother was lamenting this calamity, the Duke of Buckingham arrived at the Hague, with the intelligence of the death of her father, who just before his demise began to make preparations for war. Encouraged by this change, Count Mansfeldt, then in London, raised twelve thousand men, but unfortunately, not being allowed to land in France, a great number of them perished by disease, on board the transports. Thus, as fast as new hopes arose in favour of Elizabeth, they were broken, and, to add to her affliction, she, the same year, lost her son Louis, a promising child of three or four years old.

Nor did the next year improve her prospects, for though Mansfeldt opened the campaign with some success, his fortune was soon reversed, by his total defeat

near Dussow. The count then withdrew into Italy, where he was poisoned soon after, in the forty-sixth year of his age. Finding his death approaching, this extraordinary man caused his two servants to hold him up between them, and thus with his sword in his hand, as in the act of defence, expired. The melancholy death of the count was the more afflicting to Frederic, as it was preceded by that of Prince Christian of Brunswick, who also perished by similar treachery in his twenty-seventh year.

In 1630, the hopes of the Protestants began to revive by the entry of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, into Germany, and the rapid progress which he made there for some time. On the 7th of September, in the following year Gustavus totally defeated Tilly before the walls of Leipsic, which victory was succeeded by so many other brilliant advantages, that nothing seemed now to hinder the re-establishment of the Elector Palatine in his hereditary estates. Again, however, did the scale of fortune turn, by the death of Gustavus, immediately after gaining the battle of Lutzen, November 16, 1632.

The elector palatine was at this time slowly recovering from a fever which had seized him at Mentz; but the shock produced by the intelligence of his loss brought on a relapse, and on the 29th of the same month, death closed all his troubles. Thus Elizabeth was left a widow with a family of ten children, the youngest of whom was only ten months old. Her sole dependence, in this melancholy state, was upon her brother Charles, who granted her twelve thousand a year, until the civil war deprived him of the power of continuing that allowance. The English parliament at first confirmed the pension by a vote, but afterwards they suffered it to run into arrears; and when the king fell by their murderous hands, they refused to give the queen a shilling of what had been solemnly guaranteed, alleging for an excuse, that no act had ever been passed in favour of the Queen of Bohemia, and that, if there had, her relation to Charles Stuart was sufficient ground for depriving her of its benefit.

The States of Holland exhibited a noble contrast to the English republicans, by settling a yearly income upon the illustrious exile; and though remonstrated with for giving her an asylum and a maintenance, they not only refused to withhold from her the rights of hospitality, but urged upon the regaloid government the duty of preserving the national faith to-

wards one who had suffered so much in the cause of liberty and religion. As for Elizabeth herself, she scorned to compromise her dignity by submitting to the triumphant faction, but she had the misfortune to see her eldest son taking a part with them, and rendering himself contemptible to both sides by his servility and hypocrisy.

During the interregnum, the Queen of Bohemia continued to reside at the Hague, where she had the English liturgy read every day in her family, and entertained, as far as her circumstances permitted, all the English who were obliged to live abroad on account of their loyalty. At length she had the satisfaction to see the restoration of her nephew, soon after which, the parliament, having sent her ten thousand pounds to liquidate her debts in Holland, she settled her affairs there, and took shipping for her native land; where she arrived on the 17th of May, 1661. Leicester House was assigned to the Queen of Bohemia for her residence, but the sun of her eventful life was now setting, and on the 13th of February, 1662, she expired in the presence, and almost it may be said, in the arms of the king, for whom she ever entertained a warm affection. On the 17th, at night, her remains were interred with great solemnity in the chapel of Henry the Seventh, in Westminster Abbey.

Elizabeth Stuart was a woman of strong understanding, and of invincible fortitude. She was the friend of Descartes, and held a correspondence with that philosopher, as well as with other persons eminent for their learning. So popular was Elizabeth in England, that she commonly went by the name of the Queen of Hearts; and that the appellation was appropriate, the whole of her deportment through life clearly proved.

Among those who espoused her interest with the greatest zeal, were Sir Henry Wotton and William Earl of Craven; the former called her his mistress, and the latter made such large sacrifices in her service, as gave rise to a belief that he had received her hand privately, after the death of Frederic; but there was no real foundation for the report.

Elizabeth had thirteen children: 1. Frederic Henry, who was drowned, as already stated. 2. Charles Louis, who succeeded to his father's title, and eventually to the estate. 3. Rupert, who distinguished himself as a general during the civil wars, and as a commander in the sea service after the restoration. He was created

duke of Cumberland by Charles the First, but though he sat in the House of Lords, he was more commonly called Prince Rupert, than by his title of peerage. He was governor of Windsor Castle, a man of great science, and universally beloved. 4. Maurice, who, after serving his uncle Charles I. embarked for the West Indies, and foundered at sea. 5. Louis, who died in his infancy. 6. Edward, who turned Roman Catholic. 7. Philip, who was killed at the battle of Rathel, in 1650. 8. Gustavus Adolphus, who died in 1646. 9. Elizabeth, who died unmarried. She was a woman of extraordinary learning and piety; the friend of William Penn, and the correspondent of Donna Maria à Schurman. 10. Louisa Hollandina, who became a Catholic, and abbess of Manbrisson in France, where she died in 1709. 11. Henrietta Maria, who married Sigismund Ragotzki, duke of Magatz. 12. Charlotte, who died in her childhood. 13. Sophia, who married the duke of Hanover, by whom she had George, who became King of Great Britain.

#### THE LATE KING AND THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

A PORTION of the preface to a new work, called "*The Living and the Dead*," in speaking of Dr. Sumner, the present Bishop of Winchester, and his brother the Bishop of Chester, contains the following interesting fact:—

These last-mentioned names must always excite no common degree of interest and attention. Two brothers, at such an early period of life, seated on the bench at one and the same time, is an unusual spectacle in our hierarchy. In point of interest, the younger brother takes precedence of the elder. Towards the Bishop of Winchester, whether he be regarded as a prelate, raised with almost unexampled rapidity—as presiding, at such a comparatively early age, over the third see in the kingdom—or as, till very recently, the spiritual monitor of the highest personage in the realm—many an inquiring eye has been anxiously directed.

"What opinions does he hold?"—"What manner of spirit" is he of?—Is such unusual advancement the meed of unusual merit?

A few facts which have been circulated in the higher ecclesiastical circles respecting him, place his character in a very peculiar light. The first few sermons addressed by him to the royal ear were sermons not written, as is almost invariably the case,

expressly for the occasion; but plain, simple, faithful expositions of solemn duties, which had been previously delivered during the course of his ministerial career, it is stated, at Highbclere.

"I well knew," was his manly observation, "the force of the temptation that awaited me; I was jealous, and afraid of myself. Conscious that were I to sit down to write for such an auditor, feelings, unsuspected even by myself, might influence me; apprehensive that I might, unconsciously perhaps, but effectually, omit or soften down what was scriptural, solemn, or true; I determined, though the alternative was not a pleasant one, to deliver, without addition or alteration, that which had been written under tranquil and ordinary circumstances, and had approved itself to my own conscience."

That ministerial efforts, regulated by such noble motives, should be successful, should be *permitted* to acquire influence and inspire confidence, is natural, nay, unavoidable.

"I am beset on all sides," was the monarch's playful observation. "One asks me for this, and another wishes for that. In point of suitors, I believe I could even match the lord chancellor: yet, Sumner, I never met with any request from you. How is this?"

"May it please your Majesty," was the reply, "I too am like others. I have a certain object at heart, a private request of my own to make, and I have been anxiously waiting an opportunity to introduce it."

"Let me have it now," was the permission granted with a smile, not unmingled with surprise.

During the reign of your Majesty's revered father, a custom prevailed, that the household, morning and evening, should be summoned to family prayer. This practice, with your Majesty's permission, is what I should wish to be revived, and fully acted upon."

"By all means. Why was it not named before? But is this all, Sumner? Where is your request?"

"For myself, Sir, I have none to make. Your Majesty's bounty has left me nothing to ask."

It was as a close and practical preacher that Mr. Sumner first riveted the Royal attention. On one occasion, the King is known himself to have selected the subject. He requested his uncompromising chaplain to write on the parable of the talents. The Royal command was, of course, obeyed. The King listened most attentively to the sermon; in the after part of the day warmly



thanked the preacher, and added these remarkable words:—"Sumner, you make me tremble at my own responsibility!"

It was in reference to this sermon that the Earl of —, one of the Lords in waiting, whispered, at its close, to Lord —, "It is well Pelham is not alive. The days of courtly and easy-conscienced Bishops seem to have gone by."

"And those of Latimer to be fast approaching!"

#### PROPERTY versus JUSTICE.

"Among the company was a tenente colonel, who, though still in middle life, had all the appearance of a man in a state of premature decay; his countenance sallow and emaciated, his hair in scanty patches, and his limbs trembling and infirm. It was evident some extraordinary cause had occasioned this: I inquired what it was, and I was informed. He had a female slave, who, for some real or supposed injury, or in the hope of obtaining her freedom at his death, determined to destroy him and his family, which consisted of a wife and child. To this end she procured from her husband the root of a plant producing a poison, known only to the people of her nation.—She administered it first to the domestic animals to try its efficacy, and when it produced on them its deadly effects, she gave it to the rest of the family. His wife and child died in a few hours, and he himself scarcely survived, but still bears about him the deleterious effects of the dose.

"The woman who perpetrated this was executed, you suppose, and her punishment accompanied with all the execration such an act naturally excited. No such thing! A slave in Brazil is not always amenable to the laws; as far as relates to him, they neither protect nor punish. He is only a species of property, and the rights of the owner are paramount to those of justice. Her master sold her to another, who did not hesitate to buy her, and with the money raised by her sale he was enabled to purchase the *fazenda* I have already described. The diseased appearance of this desolate man, whose family had been swept away in a few hours, and the knowledge that the perpetrator was only transferred to another house, and suffered to live to execute again the same atrocity, is one of those fearful evils, which could not take place except where slavery exists; and the selfish feeling that our fellow-creature is part of our property, obliterates the sense of his moral responsibility."—*Notices of Brazil, by Rev. R. Walsh, Vol. II.*

#### MUMMY-HUNTING.

I ACCEPTED the invitation of Signior Piccinini, a Lucchese, in the service of the Swedish Consul at Alexandria, who had resided about nine years at Thebes, to see the opening of a mummy, that I might myself take out the scarabæus, or any such sacred ornament as might be found in the coffin. The signior's dwelling was nothing more than a mud hut on the hills of Gournoo. I ascended to the only apartment by a few steps; this room contained his couch, his arms, his wine, his few drawings, and all his worldly goods. The window-shutters, steps, and floor, were composed of mummy coffins, painted with hieroglyphical figures, perhaps four thousand years old; and it was curious to observe the profuse expenditure of materials to which I had been accustomed to attach ideas of value, from seeing them only in museums and collections of antiquities. I had accompanied Signior Piccinini with great glee, thinking what a fine thing it would be to tell my friends in England. What my notions of opening a mummy were, I cannot define,—something, however, very classical and antique—certainly any thing but what it proved in reality.

Half a dozen Arabs were standing around, panting under heat, dust, and fatigue. They had only just brought in their burden, and were watching with eager looks the examination of its contents, (their profits depending upon the value of the prize,) while the candles which they held to assist the search lighted up their anxious countenances. The outside case of the mummy was covered with hieroglyphics; and the inner one consisted of a figure as large as life, with the face and eyes painted like a mask. On lifting up this cover, nothing was seen but a mass of dark yellow cloth, which, though it must have consisted of at least fifty folds, yielded like sand to the merciless hand of the operator, and the skeleton appeared to view. It was some time before I could recover from the horror with which the scene impressed me: I saw no more, but this little was sufficient to make me consider the employment as disgusting as that of a resurrection-man, and the manner of performing it not less unfeeling. It may be called the pursuit of science, but to me it appeared nothing more than rifling the dead for the sake of the trifling ornaments with which the corpse is generally buried. This, indeed, was the fact; for the moment it was ascertained that the mummy contained no ornament, the skeleton, together with the papyrus, on

which were inscribed numerous distinct hieroglyphics, and the other materials, were cast forth as worthless rubbish. Sufficient papyrus and relics have been procured for the interests of science; and I think it would redound to the pasha's credit, if he were to issue an edict to clear his country from these mummy-scavengers. He had, indeed, ordered all the corpses to be re-interred; but, according to evident demonstration, this order was habitually disregarded. Scarabæi are scarce; a few were brought us by the Fellahs, while wandering about the ruins, though none of value. Ancient coins are procurable in abundance, but they were too numerous to prove curious, and certainly they had no beauty to attract us to become purchasers. Signior Piccinini had found on a mummy some bracelets, about an inch wide, of small coloured beads, which were remarkable, from resembling so much the fashion of the present day, yet, from the absence of all device, not nearly so pretty. The beads, which were of coral, cornelian, garnets, amethysts, and vitrified porcelain of a bright blue colour, were strung together, and separated at every inch by a gold wire or link, to which they were attached, in order to keep the bracelets flat on the arm. The signior thought them very handsome; but they appeared to me of no value, except for their antiquity.

During the many years he had resided at Thebes, he had only discovered one mummy likely to indemnify him for the labour of excavation. Passing through his miserable kitchen, the shelves of which were also made of ancient coffins, we entered a tomb, where lay the mummy in question, supposed to be that of a high priest. It was placed in a stone case, the lid of which was removed, and enclosed in three coffins, each having a gilt mask at the upper end. The entire lid of the last coffin was also covered with gilding, in vivid preservation, and the body was wrapped in a garment curiously wrought with gold lace, and apparently of a tough texture. The whole figure seemed as fresh as if it had been prepared a few months before, but the envelopment remained unfolded. Signior Piccinini said he might obtain five hundred dollars for this mummy at Alexandria, but he considered it of such value that he thought of taking it himself to Tuscany. Whether or not this appreciation was to excite the cupidity of purchasers, I pretend not to determine.

The mountains in this neighbourhood, called Goornoo, have for centuries been the cemeteries for the dead; and, notwith-

standing the havoc which for some years has been made amongst them, their contents appear inexhaustible. It would scarcely be any exaggeration to say, the mountains are merely roofs over the masses of mummies within them. The coffins serve as fire-wood to the whole neighbourhood: I saw nothing else burnt. At first I did not relish the idea of my dinner being dressed with this resurrection-wood, particularly as two or three of the coffin-lids—which, as I said before, were in the shape of human figures—were usually to be seen standing upright against the tree under which the cook was performing his operations, staring with their large eyes, as if in astonishment at the new world upon which they had opened. The coffins were usually made of sycamore wood, which may serve in some degree to account for the almost total extinction of that tree in Upper Egypt; that under which my tent was pitched being the only one in the neighbourhood. This extinction, perhaps, may also be explained by the increasing aridity of the soil. As numerous pits full of mummies have been discovered in the heart of the mountains, without coffins, and merely embalmed, it may be inferred that these were the bodies of the poorer classes, who could not afford that expensive mode of interment.—*Mrs. Lushington's Journey.*

#### WELCH FREEBOOTERS.

THE following extraordinary but authentic anecdote is extracted from an article on Welch manners and traditions in "The British Magazine" for March. The writer, after describing a ferocious band that had long infested one of the wildest districts in North Wales, proceeds:—"The band at length became so powerful and numerous, that the inhabitants petitioned the government for protection against its outrages. A commission was, consequently, granted to John Wynn ab Meredith, of Gwedir, and Lewis Owain, one of the barons of the Welch Exchequer, and Vice-Chamberlain of North Wales. To them was entrusted the power of extirpating the band, root and branch; and, on Christmas-eve, 1554, they succeeded in capturing about one hundred of the freebooters, whom they hanged *à la lanterne*, as their commission authorised, on the spot. Among the prisoners were two fair-haired and beautiful boys, the younger sons of a widowed mother, and who were too young and too gentle to have yet imbibed the ferocious habits of their comrades. Their mother, with all the vehemence of a mother's love and solicitude,

earnestly besought the stern judge to spare her boys, but in vain; the unbending baron continued firm and inexorable in the performance of his duty. The mother, having exhausted all her entreaties, in an agony of despair tore the covering from her bosom, and uttered these memorable words:— 'Hard-hearted wolf! these yellow breasts have reared children who shall yet wash their hands in thy heart's blood!'—and this revengeful prediction was actually fulfilled, not long after, to the very letter.

"The baron, having to pass through that district on the ensuing spring circuit, was waylaid on the road and murdered. The robbers had ascertained all the necessary particulars as to the strength of his escort, which they found to consist only of five or six horsemen. The baron had arrived at a narrow part of the road, which he found encumbered with some trees, newly felled, and thrown across from the thick wood through which the road passed. As his attendants rode forward to remove the obstacle, an arrow, from an unseen hand, struck the baron through the heart, and he fell mortally wounded. A general scuffle now ensued, and the attendants were quickly routed. The baron being slain, the assailants returned to their haunts; but a brother of the boys who had been executed, and for whom their mother had interceded in vain, remained behind, and, cutting open the bosom of his victim, literally washed his hands in his heart's blood. The baron, on this fatal occasion, was accompanied by a kinsman of his, called Lloyd of Ceiswyn, a man of property in the district where the freebooters resided. He had, by some means or other, engaged the protection of the band; and, at the commencement of the fray, he received a hint not to interfere in the affair, but to escape while the coast was clear, for fear some random thrust might reach his heart also. This flagrant outrage called forth all the vigilance of the government, and the whole gang was hunted from hill to hill, and rock to rock, till its members were either taken or destroyed; but not till they had bequeathed to the wandering peasantry a name and title which can never be forgotten."

#### PUBLIC EXECUTIONERS.

In Spain, Italy, Germany, and sometimes in France, when many criminals have been condemned to suffer the extreme of punishment, the only means of accomplishing the sentence has been by granting life to one who would undertake the execution of the remainder. In one of the public squares

of Ghent, there were formerly two bronze statues, representing a father and son convicted of the same crime, and the son putting the father to death. When justice is reduced to this dishonourable extremity of permitting a parricide, that a minor crime might be punished, it is a proof that the infliction of death as a penalty is contrary to morals. Withold, a Prince of Lithuania, was compelled, for want of an executioner, to ordain that the criminal should put himself to death. This might be effected in some cases where life is burdensome. In Moldavia, the Cynganis, or gypsies, are selected, to perform the office of finisher of the law. The first gipsy met with is compelled to execute the horrid duty. In this country, where crimes but rarely occur, it happened that no one had suffered the penalty of death for a period of ten years, when a robbery and murder were committed on the person of a young woman. The criminal was a gipsy; he was condemned to be hung; his hour having arrived, he was conducted to the place of execution between two *prévôts* armed with axes; ten or twelve persons, led by curiosity, formed the *cortège*; and all eyes were on the alert to meet with a gipsy to execute the sentence. They could only find on the road a wretched little old man, the more unfit to execute the office exacted of him, from the assassin being youthful, vigorous, and robust; it was no matter, the old man is summoned to perform the duty imposed upon his sect. He obeys; they approach the tree which is destined to serve the purpose of a gallows; one of the *prévôts* places a table before it, to act as a scaffold; the old man gets upon it; drawing towards him the sufferer, he wishes to fix the rope which is already round the culprit's neck, to a branch of the tree; to reach it, he raises himself on his feet, and after several trials he succeeds. The little old man now uses every exertion to pull up his stout brother gipsy; to effect this, he twists and turns himself a thousand ways, but all are useless. At length the criminal, quite impatient, gives him a blow on the face, and throws him upon the ground. Frightened at the occurrence, the *prévôts*, the spectators, and the little old man, take to their heels. The assassin alone remains, though at liberty to do the same; but he is condemned, and resigned to his fate. Without taking the slightest notice of the fugitives, or of the axes they have left behind them, which might serve him for weapons of defence, he coolly examines if the rope is properly tied, secures it by a firmer knot to a higher branch, kicks down the table with

his feet, and thus accomplishes his sentence.”  
—*Memoirs of Sauson, the French Executioner.*

#### DUELS OF BEES.

IN fine spring days, when the sun is beautiful and warm, duels may often be seen to have taken place between two inhabitants of the same hive. In some cases the quarrel appears to have begun within, and the combatants may be seen coming out of the gates eager “for blows.” Sometimes a bee peaceably on the outside of the hive, or walking about, is rudely jostled by another, and then the attack commences, each endeavouring to obtain the most advantageous position. They turn, pirouette, throttle each other; and such is their bitter earnestness, that Reaumur has been enabled to come near enough to observe them with a lens, without causing a separation. After rolling about in the dust, the victor, watching the time when his enemy uncovers his body, by elongating it, in the attempt to sting, thrusts its weapon between the scales, and the next instant its antagonist stretches out his quivering wings, and expires. A bee cannot be killed so suddenly, except by crushing, as by the sting of another bee. Sometimes the strongest insect produces the death of the vanquished by squeezing its chest. After this feat has been done, the victorious bee constantly remains, says Reaumur, near his victim, standing on his four front legs, and rubbing the two posterior ones together. Sometimes the enemy is killed in the hive; then the victor always carries the corpse out of the city, and leaves it. These combats are strictly duels, not more than two being concerned in them; and this is even the case when armies of bees meet in combat.—*History of Insects.*

#### HUNTING-SPIDERS.

THERE is a tribe of hunting-spiders that leap like tigers on their prey, and, what is more extraordinary, have the faculty of doing so sideways. One of these jumped two feet on a humble-bee. They approach the object of their intended attack with the noiseless and imperceptible motion of the shadow of a sun-dial. If the fly move, the spider moves also, backwards, forwards, or sideways, and that with so much precision as to time and distance, that the two insects appear as if bound together by some invisible chain, or actuated by the same spirit. If the fly take wing, and pitch behind the spider, the head of the latter is turned round to meet it so quickly, that the human eye

is deceived, and the spider appears to be motionless. When all these manoeuvres bring the fly within its spring, the leap is made with fearful rapidity, and the prey struck down like lightning. The redeeming trait in these cruel creatures is their affection for their young.—*Family Library.*

#### A WATERLOO SCENE.

THE following melancholy tale was communicated by an old soldier, who had resided in the family of Colonel Granby for many years, and who had followed him to the field of Waterloo, but was accidentally separated from his youthful master at the awful moment of his death:—

“Thank God, ‘tis over;” exclaimed a young officer, as he galloped along the road from Brussels to Waterloo; “my Lucy! we are separated, and, perhaps,—for ever! Should I not survive this, my first effort for glory, oh! Thou Almighty Father, protect my wife.”

“The battle rages in all its fury—the enemy press on and surround one part of the English army—when a young officer, with a tremendous shout of “Death or Victory,” urged his impetuous steed forward, and followed by his gallant troop, made a desperate attack on his assailants, and compelled them to retreat. The fiery Edward was borne along by the tide of conflict into the very midst of his foes. His noble mien attracted the notice of a French officer, who, calling on him to defend himself, galloped forward with ungovernable fury. Dreadful was the conflict that ensued. For some time victory seemed doubtful—at length the French officer made a desperate lunge at the gallant Edward, which the latter parried with the greatest address; and, returning it with more skill, and better success, pierced his adversary’s left side, who, uttering a heart-rending groan, immediately fell from his horse. Edward instantly dismounted to assist his fallen foe, and unfastening the clasps of his helmet, discovered a face pale through loss of blood, and fixed in the agonies of death; he raised his heavy eyes to his generous conqueror, and, with a frenzied shriek, exclaimed, “Can this be Edward Granby! my long forsaken brother!”

“The blood forsook Edward’s cheeks as he replied, ‘Charles, is it thus we meet!’ The dying hero faintly articulated, ‘Indeed we meet—but only to part.’ The life blood gushed fast from his mortal wound—his brother gazed intently on his marble features—his breath had ceased! At this

interesting moment of reunion and final separation, a French soldier, influenced by revenge, approached the wretched Edward, who, stupified with grief and surprise, no longer offered any resistance. In one moment the direful work was done—the spirit of Edward followed that of his brother to the regions of immortality.

“On the evening of the ever memorable 18th of June, I visited the plains of Waterloo. What an awful sight! So many of my countrymen lying exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, and extended on the bare ground, without one friend to soothe or relieve their sufferings. A slight rustling made me turn my head, and I beheld a fair but fragile form stooping and examining the features of the surrounding dead. At last she knelt down by the body of a young officer, and lifting the raven curls that clouded his alabaster forehead, uttered one dreadful shriek, and fell lifeless to the ground. I approached, but all animation was gone—the angelic spirit of the beautiful Lucy had fled to be united to that of her Edward.”—The old soldier here paused, torrents of tears streaming down his sun-burnt visage.

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GIVING TO THE POOR:—RICHARD  
BAXTER'S RULE.

“I NEVER prospered more in my small estate, than when I gave most, and needed least. My own rule hath been—first to contrive to need myself as little as may be, and lay out none on need-nots, but to live frugally on a little. Second, to serve God in my place upon that competency which he allowed me to myself, that what I had myself, might be as good a work for common good, as that which I gave to others; and third, to do all the good I could with all the rest, preferring the most public and durable object, and nearest. And the more I have practised this, the more I have had to do it with; and when I gave almost all, more came in (without any's gift) I scarce knew how, at least unexpected: but when, by improvidence, I have cast myself into necessities of using more upon myself, or upon things in themselves of less importance, I have prospered much less than when I did otherwise. And when I had contented myself to devote that stock which I had gotten to charitable uses after my death, instead of laying out at present, that so I might secure somewhat for myself while I lived, in probability all that is like to be lost; whereas, when I took that present opportunity, and trusted God for the

time to come, I wanted nothing, and lost nothing.”

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SAINT SWITHIN'S DAY, JULY 15.

St. SWITHIN, descended from a Saxon family, was learned and virtuous; he put on the monastic habit in the monastery of Winchester, founded by king Thyneglis. Egbert, king of the West Saxons, afterwards of all England, made him his chaplain, committed to his care the education of his son Ethelwold, and made use of his counsels in the government of the kingdom. St. Swithin continued to direct Ethelwold in ecclesiastical affairs, and was by him promoted to the see of Winchester, where he displayed the genuine virtues of a bishop, particularly humility, and charity to the poor; while to himself he was most austere and abstemious. St. Swithin departed this life July 2, 868. With respect to the popular belief, that if it rain on St. Swithin's day, it will rain during forty days following, it appears to be a tradition adopted under papal superstition, and transmitted to our times.—It is said that Bishop Swithin was by his own desire buried in the churchyard instead of the chancel of the minster; and that, when he was canonized, the monks, not approving of this public cemetery for a saint, determined on removing the body on the 15th of July, but it rained so violently on that, and for forty days afterwards, that the design was abandoned; and these days have since been called the forty days of St. Swithin.

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CELESTIAL PHENOMENA.

In our Number for May last, we stated that the planet Saturn would be in conjunction with the Sun on the 15th of this month; he is consequently too near that luminary to be observed during any part of it; but early in September he may probably be detected by the attentive observer in the eastern hemisphere, a little before sun-rise, forming a small triangle with  $\nu$  and 23 Leonis. He passes  $\nu$  very rapidly, and his approach to and passage by Regulus is an interesting and important feature in his course. He passes 45 minutes to the north of this star on the 30th of September. During October and November he is noticed to recede from it, and on the 12th of December he is stationary a little to the west of 43 Leonis, a star of the sixth magnitude.

The planet Mars is now rapidly approaching his nearest distance from the

earth, and will again present an interesting appearance to the observer, as he attains his greatest brilliancy in the course of the following month. His configurations with the fixed stars are not so attractive as at the last opposition in 1828, the path of the planet being in a barren space under  $\beta$ ,  $\gamma$ , and  $\theta$  Piscium. He is stationary on the 18th, when he forms an equilateral triangle with  $\delta$  and  $\omega$  Piscinni. After this day his motion is very slow, and he is observed to approach a star of the fourth magnitude, which we shall term  $\lambda$  Piscium. On the 17th of September he is about 24 minutes north of this star, and between it and  $\omega$  Piscium. He also forms the summit of an isosceles triangle,  $\gamma$  and  $\theta$  Piscium being the base. On the following day he is seen between  $\lambda$  and  $\theta$  Piscium, and on the 19th is in opposition to the Sun in the 26th degree of Pisces. Being now at his nearest distance from the earth, his appearance, both to the naked eye and to the telescope, is highly interesting. He may now easily be distinguished by his red aspect and superior brilliancy; and, having a more considerable elevation than at his last opposition, he consequently makes a longer stay above the horizon, which will afford the attentive observer a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with the stars among which he passes. On the day of his opposition he is noticed between  $\lambda$  and  $\beta$ , and the former star and  $\gamma$  Piscium. His recess from the former star is the only interesting feature in his course, until the 6th of October, when he is the apex of an isosceles triangle,  $\theta$  and  $\omega$  forming the base. He is stationary on the 19th in the 58th minute of the 20th degree of Pisces, having retrograded 11 degrees and 4 minutes.

### POETRY.

#### WHAT IS FRIENDSHIP.

Is it but as a morning dream,  
A floating vapour, gaudy flower,  
Which now all gay and pleasing seem,  
But fade and vanish in an hour?  
Rather 'tis like yon stately oak,  
By storms or ruder winds beset,  
Firm rooted stands 'midst nature's stroke,  
The forest's pride and glory yet.  
Or like the glittering orb of day—  
A course diurnal he maintains;  
Nor aught obstructs his dazzling way,  
But true and constant e'er remains:  
Tho' oft the intervening clouds,  
His splendours veil, his beams conceal,  
And night obscure his glory shrouds:  
In ceaseless grandeur shines he still.

Where nature with luxuriant hand  
Displays her beauties, oft we find—  
In converse sweet—a youthful band,  
Each heart by friendship firm entwined:

Link'd arm in arm, o'er the gay mead  
And daisied field they wind their way:  
The shady lane and copse they tread,  
Or on the river's margin stray:

From tongue to tongue, from breast to breast,  
The glow of joy each word revives;  
By nature's charms each soul impressed  
Some pure instructions hence derives.

When rude adversity prevails,  
And fortune mutable, appears  
The scale to turn—when grief assails  
The mind, and sorrow sheds her tears;

Then friendship kind, her heavenly form  
Presents, to soothe the drooping heart;  
On wings of love she braves the storm,  
Sweet consolation to impart.

When stern disease invades the breast,  
Writhing with agonizing pain;  
By death's vindictive hand oppressed,  
Exhausted seems frail nature's frame:

She comes—and while her tend'ring hand  
Softly the throbbing temples lave—  
Reminds the soul of that blest land  
The saint may claim beyond the grave.

Nor death itself dissolves those ties  
Of friendship, here the Christian wove;  
A full fruition in the skies  
Shall be enjoyed in perfect love.

Depford.

B. H. C.

#### THE FASHION OF THIS WORLD PASSETH AWAY.

Why beats my fond heart with delight,  
While tracing the splendours of time;  
Why dazzle my eyes at the sight  
Of a perishing world in her prime,  
Since its pleasures and honours unitedly say,  
That the fashion of this world is, passing away?

Ye circles where gaiety dwells,  
What beautifuls forms ye disclose;  
But sure there is something foretells,  
Your beauty will fade like the rose,  
You are mortal, when deck'd in your brightest  
array;

And the fashion of this world is passing away.

Ye towering palaces too,  
Ye thrones of imperial kings;  
Your grandeur must soon be brought low,  
And mingle with far meaner things;  
For the emblems of royalty haste to decay,  
And the kingdoms of this world are passing away.

O! tell me, ye withering wreaths,  
Which encircled the conqueror's brow;  
And tell me, ye rust-eaten sheaths,  
Where's the palm of his victory now;  
His laurels thus faded impressively say,  
That the conqueror's glory has passed away.

Though earthly distinctions thus fade,  
His beauty and fashion decline,  
Though its honours are cast in the shade,  
And the monarch his crown must resign;  
The Christian shall reign in ineffable day,  
When all that's created has passed away.

His pleasures to change are unknown,  
His honours no time can destroy,—  
He too is an heir to a crown,  
And a kingdom of glory on high,  
Though the fashion of this world is passing away,  
Yet the splendours of heaven will never decay.

J. V.

## THE RUINED WELL.

("Oh Time! thou beautifier of the Dead.")—*Egmont*.

WAS ARE the lights that shone of yore,  
Around this haunted spring?—  
To many a lonely heart no more  
Immortal thoughts they bring!  
It was not thus when pilgrims came  
To hymn beneath the night:  
And dimly gleam'd the cenar's fame,  
When stars and streams were bright.

What art thou since five hundred years  
Have o'er thy waters roll'd,  
Since clouds have wept their crystal tears,  
From skies of beaming gold?—  
Thy rills receive the tint of heav'n,  
Which erst illum'd thy shrine;  
And sweetest birds their songs have giv'n  
For music more divine.

Beside thee hath the maiden kept  
Her vigils pale and lone,  
While darkly have her ringlets swept  
The chapel's sculptur'd stone;  
And when the vesper-hymn was sung  
For the warrior's spirit fled,  
With the cross and sword above thee hung,—  
What splendour crown'd the dead!

But a cloud hath fall'n upon thy fame:—  
The woodman laves his brow  
Where shrouded monks and vestals came  
With many a sacred vow;  
And blue gleams thy sainted spring,  
Beneath the sunny tree;  
Then let no heart its sadness bring,  
While nature is with thee.

Deal. REYNOLD AUGUSTINE.

## LINES ON MAY.

DELIGHTFUL season of the year,  
Now all is smiling, blithe, and gay,  
In loose and flowing robes appears  
The roscate goddess, blooming May,  
Her mild approach I hail, and sing  
A welcome to the queen of spring.

Joound the scene, while all around  
The life-inspiring spirit floats,  
Bright gems enamel all the ground,  
Mirth warbles from a thousand throats,  
From nature's shrine my praise shall rise,  
Mixt with the incense of the skies.

How sweet to climb the heath-clad hill,  
Or wander through the verdant bowers,  
To listen to the chiming rill,  
Or call the wreaths of blooming flowers,  
With her whose converse, soft and gay,  
Still sweeter makes the sweetest way.

Or when the zephyr fans the grove,  
Or winter rules the icy scene,  
When all is melody and love,  
Or lost in snow the wide terrene;  
Still, still be mine some feeling breast,  
On which my soul may safely rest.

O friendship, love, whate'er we call  
The pleasing something kindly given,  
The bliss of this terrestrial ball,  
Beam from the fount of light in heaven,  
Around my steps thy radiance throw,  
And cheer the toils I meet below.

J. W.

## THE VILLAGE FUNERAL.

SAY who are you lovely female train,  
That wind up the narrow village lane,  
Bedeck'd in white robes with graceful ease,  
That flutter and stream in the fitful breeze;  
Say are they the mirth-loving joound throng,  
Who court the loud laugh and the bridal song?  
Not so, not so, my child.

The festive hours do they seek to spend,  
And grace the abode of some joyous friend,  
To chase dull care, and distance woe,  
And "trip on the light fantastic toe,"  
In social glee to beguile the day,  
And banish the serious thought away?

Not so, not so, my child.

No, you are the sorrowing virgin band,  
Who bear to death's shadowy silent land  
A duteous daughter whose hour is past,  
A fair blossom nipt by the wintry blast;  
A rose-bud that droop'd in the dewy morn,  
Ere its crimson folds could the stem adorn;

'Tis the scene of death, my child.

But there is a land where no storm shall lower,  
Where no blight shall whither the blooming dower,  
Where the roses without a thorn shall grow,  
Where streams of perennial joy shall flow,  
Where no billow shall break on the peaceful shore  
And sickness decay, and death be o'er;

That land is heaven, my child.

Securely lodg'd in the silent tomb,  
Our sister's remov'd from the evil to come,  
Early hath past to that high abode,  
To behold the glorious vision of God;  
Through the wilds of time, though LONG we roam,  
Heaven ONLY is the Christian's home;

May we enter there, my child.

J. W.

REVIEW.—*The Christian Student, designed to assist Christians in general in acquiring Religious Knowledge, &c. By the Rev. E. Bickersteth. Second edition. 12mo. pp. 671. Seeley. London. 1829.*

AMONG the numerous excellencies which this volume contains, the candid and liberal spirit of its author is not the least conspicuous. As a clergyman of the episcopal church, he avows his partiality towards her articles and homilies; but it is pleasing to observe, that this attachment has not led him to withdraw his brotherly affection from those who view our venerable establishment with a less favourable eye. To their writings and talents he pays many tributes of respect; he is not armed with thunderbolts, nor has he any unholy curses to pour on their heads. His avowal of these truly christian principles may be gathered from the following paragraph:—

"The author desires thankfully and joyfully to acknowledge what is good in other communions that differ from his own. Unhappily divided as is the present state of the church of Christ, it will yet be generally admitted that no particular body of Christians has the main truths exclusively. Much, even as he fears and dislikes the system of the Romanist, against which he would ever protest, there are admirable writers in the Roman church, as well as among Protestants. And in the different denominations of Protestants there are holy and excellent authors, among Churchmen and Dissenters, among Presbyterians and Independents, among Baptists and Quakers, among Wesleyans and Moravians, among Lutherans and Reformed. Let none be rejected that have the spirit of the Bible, because the writers differ in external communion. Though necessarily more acquainted with writers in the established church, as far as his knowledge has extended, he has not been biased, in the lists given, by the denomination of the writer. His object has been to mention the best works with which he was acquainted. He has inserted with equal pleasure, Owen

and Hall, Doddridge and Reveridge, Watts and Hopkins. As the immortal spirits of these holy men, notwithstanding minor differences, are now doubtless together in heaven, so their works, a kind of visible image of their spirits, may well stand in peace and harmony in the same lists, communicating in their respective proportions light and joy to the Christian student."—*Preface*, p. ix.

We must not, however, suppose that the liberality of sentiment expressed by the author in the preceding paragraph, proceeds from any laxity of principle or disregard of truth. To prevent such an inference being drawn from his candour, he strongly argues, in other parts of his book, that it is the duty of every one to contend earnestly, but in the genuine spirit of christianity, for the faith once delivered to the saints. His own words will best express his views:—

"Some are disposed to condemn at once all controversial writings, as prejudicial and unprofitable; but it has pleased God to turn even opposition to his truth to good, and make it instrumental to the advancement of that which it was intended to overthrow.

"The opposition of Job's severe friends, and the discussions between them, furnished the church of God with that ancient book which is called by his name; and the opposition of Judaizers in Galatia stirred up the zealous Paul to write that fervent epistle, of which we now reap the benefit. The enmity of Pagans and Infidels has been the occasion of calling forth the most able defences of Christianity. The corruptions of Popery led to the full statement of Protestant doctrine, and the writings of the Socinians to the clearer development of Evangelical truth.

"There is a stagnant peace, full of infection and death. Vehement contention for truth may be a duty, and consistent with love and the meekness of wisdom. Peaceful minds are apt to condemn not so much those who resist the truth, as those who, by testifying the truth, are the innocent occasion of controversy, and thus first disturb the general quiet. This is not, however, the true peace-making spirit which our Saviour blesses, but the love of carnal ease, and the very opposite to the spirit of the Gospel. Erasmus would have lost that Reformation, which Luther under God accomplished. There is a greater blessing than present quiet, even the maintenance of important truth, and millions will through eternity thank God for the holy boldness, decision, and courage of Luther. Indeed, eager disputes about important religious truths are far better, and far more hopeful, than that total indifference which arises from infidelity."—p. 113.

To the abstract propriety of the preceding observations, every friend of revelation will readily give his assent. It cannot, however, be denied, that the almost unrestrained liberty of controversial debate thus claimed and sanctioned, may easily degenerate into ferocious excesses, which Mr. Bickersteth would blush to defend; and few perhaps can command the prudence not to pass beyond the line which secures liberty in all polemical discussions, and excludes the abuse to which it is invariably liable.

On the manner and spirit in which the scriptures should be examined, in order to learn their fundamental and peculiar truths, the author gives some excellent advice, and

the student who faithfully and diligently follows his directions, will soon become a workman that need not be ashamed. All the subjects introduced, and they are both numerous and varied, are calculated to inform his judgment, and enlighten his understanding, in some branch or other, either immediately or remotely connected with his acquirement of useful religious knowledge. The sentiments advanced by the author on these important topics, are confirmed by an appeal to the writings of others, and much argument is brought before the reader from the sources that are explored.

A considerable portion of this book is occupied with a list of publications necessary to form a respectable library for a student in divinity. These appear to have been selected with care from the works of churchmen and dissenters, and their classification coincides with the subjects on which they treat. To the titles of many volumes thus selected a short note is added, which, in a few words, comprises their character; and so far as we are acquainted with their contents, these brief notices are as impartial as they are terse and expressive. Few persons will be expected to procure at once all the books thus recommended, but as they embrace nearly the whole system of biblical knowledge, the reader will be able to choose from the great variety, and augment his stock as circumstances may hereafter direct.

"Outlines of the history of divinity" communicates much valuable information. This chapter, beginning with the Fathers, passes on to the schoolmen and their contemporaries, to the Reformers and their immediate successors, to the non-conformists, to the divines who flourished at the Restoration, and the eventful period of the Revolution, and finally terminates with a survey of modern writers, many of whom live in the present day. In these historical outlines, and in the reflections made upon them, we find a pleasing concentration of the author's laborious researches. Many valuable publications are briefly but candidly reviewed, and this apparently without any regard to the sect or party to which the writer belonged. It is, however, worthy of observation, that among the authors quoted, by far the greater number are of the Calvinistic school, and it seems to be a point which, in Mr. B.'s estimation, requires neither language to assert, nor argument to prove, that the great truths of christianity may always be found in this quarter. It is not our province to dispute this discovery; but many readers will probably demur at these apparently accidental assumptions, and think,



that while the excellencies which this book contains are allowed, many things may be found in its pages which should be read with caution.

But what partiality soever the author may have manifested towards any peculiarity of theological sentiments, he has not treated those who differ from him with contempt or disrespect. He has held the balance with an even hand, and although he has adjusted much more of Calvinism than he has of Arminianism, he cannot be accused of having used delusive scales or deceitful weights. Every writer has his predilection; and it is probable that few authors, who, differing from him, may find something to censure, would, under similar circumstances, have acted on the whole with greater impartiality.

REVIEW.—*The Holy Bible, according to the Established Version, with the exception of the Substitution of the Original Hebrew Names, in place of the English words Lord and God, and a few Corrections thereby rendered necessary. With Notes. Parts I. and II. 8vo. Westley and Davis. London. 1830.*

THE title prefixed to this work fully explains its nature and design; yet, accustomed as we have been to the terms Lord, God, &c., the places in which the original names supplant these translated substitutes, appear under a somewhat singular aspect.

The author observes, in his preface—

“That it is of the greatest importance, that in all translations of the Bible the Hebrew names should be preserved, by which JEHOVAH ALEHIM, hath thus been pleased to make himself known. In the scripture of the Old Testament, JEHOVAH ALEHIM, the HOLY ONES, are distinguished by distinct names; to wit, ALEH the Father, AL the Son, and RUACH the Holy Ghost, which define what we call the PERSONS, the Greeks HYPOTANAS, and the ancient Jews SEPHIROT, in Jehovah.

“It has been presumed that no one will object to the substitution of the original sacred names; but if there should be one, let him before he decidedly rejects them, put to himself the following questions—Who would think of translating the names of persons? Or, that the translators of the BIBLE would have done so, they having left many hundred names as they found them? Are not the names of persons appellative nouns? Would not the translation of a name, in effect change a name? If my person is known or distinguished from another by my particular name, how shall I be known if called by a foreign one?”

The observations thus quoted from the preface require no comment. They are not more the dictates of learning than the offspring of common sense. Many have regretted that the sacred names should ever have been submitted to a translation, but we are not aware of any regular attempt until the present, to remedy the evil by counteracting the innovation. To many

readers the restoration of the original appellations may appear to render the sacred language unintelligible, but this can only arise from the terms not being familiar to their understandings and their senses. In the word Jehovah no common reader finds any ambiguity; and if the terms *Alehim*, *Aleh*, *Al*, *Ruach*, &c. had been originally incorporated in the translations of the Bible, neither dissonance nor obscurity would have associated with their occurrence.

In a few pages which follow the preface, the author has given the meaning or signification of the sacred names, which have been substituted in this edition in place of the titles LORD and GOD. These elucidations appear to have been made with care, and the import of each word is illustrated by appeals to the passages of scripture in which it occurs. With this guide always before him, the reader will find no difficulty in accommodating his ideas to terms which may at first appear strange and even repulsive.

Of the edition itself, little remains to be said. The common translation is preserved throughout, (with the exceptions above stated) together with the chapters and verses. The matter, however, is divided into paragraphs, either long or short as the subjects seemed to demand. This we conceive to be of no mean importance, for no one acquainted with the sacred writings can for a moment doubt, that many of our verses, and sometimes even chapters, have been formed in the most capricious and arbitrary manner. Considerable portions of our commentaries remedy this deviation from the rules of propriety and common sense, but these are in general too voluminous to meet the wants of readers who most need assistance.

The notes are neither long nor numerous, and in general they are more of a critical, than either of a doctrinal or a practical nature. They are, however, judiciously introduced, and being merely elucidative of words and phrases, they derive no small portion of their value from their brevity.

REVIEW.—*Jacob, or Patriarchal Piety, a Series of Discourses delivered in St. James' Episcopal Chapel, Edinburgh, in 1822. By the Rev. Edward Craig, A. M. 8vo. pp. 311. Nisbet, London.*

THESE twelve discourses contain narrative, and reflection, deduced chiefly from the history of Jacob, as it stands portrayed in the book of Genesis. Isaac, Rebecca, and

Esau bear, indeed, their parts in the historical delineation, and on some occasions, Abraham, and nearly all the relations of the venerable patriarch, are introduced, to illustrate his character, and to furnish an insight into the economy of God.

There can be little doubt, that in early life the conduct of Jacob was exceedingly reprehensible. Fraud and duplicity procured for him the blessing which his brother lost, by the imposition which originated with their mother. The whole is a black affair, which no reasonings can justify, and no apology palliate.

From our acquaintance with the subsequent events which distinguished the life of Jacob, we feel disposed to seize every circumstance in his favour, which either narrative or imagination can supply, to mitigate the severity of censure to which he appears most justly exposed. The conduct of Esau, on the contrary, is examined with equal strictness, but with very different views. Scarcely a circumstance occurs in his history, that is not turned to his disadvantage; to blacken his character is nearly as meritorious as it is to paint and varnish that of Jacob.

Into this common mode of estimating the character of Jacob, and of Esau, the author of these discourses seems to have fallen. He does not, indeed, attempt to exonerate the former wholly from blame; but palliatives are sought for his indefensible behaviour, in circumstances which impartial investigation will not warrant. For the latter no excuse is to be found. Every event and occurrence is interpreted to his disadvantage. "Esau, we are told, appears to have been purely a natural character—a man of the world, and of the flesh—a man of a robust, natural frame, and of strong, ungovernable propensities."

We readily allow, that in after-life Jacob became a reformed and renewed character, but in the early stages of his history, he "was by nature a child of wrath, even as others." By the appointment of God he was selected to inherit the blessing, but this implies no previous moral excellence, and only shews that God is the sovereign disposer of all events. When individual characters are examined, the investigation should be conducted with impartiality, and the conclusion founded on the evidence adduced. Of the pure principles, and exemplary conduct, which afterwards appeared in the character of Jacob, Mr. Craig has availed himself, and on grounds that cannot be disputed, his actions appear, in most respects, every way worthy of esteem and imitation. The reflections founded on the

incidents which occur, are strongly imbued with the spirit of christianity, and the lessons inculcated are closely connected with the sources whence they emanate.

Jacob appears as a monument of divine grace, as a child of promise, and as the founder of the Israelitish family. From these and other similar circumstances, we are properly taught in these discourses, that God gives to none an account of his ways, that the most abandoned are not placed beyond the pale of mercy, and that, in the order of providence, God can make the most unlikely means subservient to the most momentous events. In these views, this volume is both interesting and valuable, and it may be read with much advantage by all, who, tracing the secret workings of Omnipotence, rejoice on finding occasions to

"assert eternal Providence  
And justify the ways of God to man."

REVIEW.—*A Reply to Lord John Russel's Animadversions on Wesleyan Methodism, in his "Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht."*  
By Humphry Sandwith, Esq. 8vo. p. 71.  
Mason, London, 1830.

THE laudable zeal of the author of this refutation is only equalled by his extensive knowledge and dissection of facts. With a judgment matured by habits of investigation, and familiarly conversant with theological criticism, Mr. Sandwith has acquitted himself nobly in this warfare with the honourable historian; and we must acknowledge that, even if Lord Russel's prejudices were insurmountable, yet his admiration must be excited in no minor degree, on finding his censures investigated with so much Christian forbearance.

This is not the first time that Mr. Sandwith (who, we believe, is an eminent surgeon at Bridlington,) has stood forward as the champion of Methodism. Some recent numbers of the Wesleyan Magazine are enriched with a series of papers from his pen; and we are sure that, as an able successor of Mr. Watson, Mr. Sandwith is entitled to the praise of his brethren for having so successfully wielded his polemical weapons in their defence. In animadverting on dishonourable advantages taken of misinterpretations, he calmly compares the statements of each writer with the other, without indulging in the "chartered freedom of critical rebuke;" displaying the monstrosities of inconsistency as they present themselves to him on comparison, he leaves it to the public to condemn; an example which we recommend to his Lordship's

imitation, should he resume his labours as an historian.

The doctrines of Methodism remain essentially the same as established and promulgated by the transcendent Wesley; yet its important acquisition of wealth and numbers has invested it with a stateliness which renders its solemnities and their administration as imposing almost in their aspect as even those of the church. Time was when the founder of Methodism published its tenets at the hazard of existence—when, baring his head before the fiendish multitude, he stood exposed to their murderous missiles, on the market-cross, or in the public field, to proclaim his divine commission. Like his “meek and lowly” Master, he was “no respecter of persons;” and the all but roofless cottage, and the broken chair, were the temple and rostrum from whence the St. Paul of modern christianity often made his fervid appeals. And, verily, we need not be amazed at the prevalence and progress of that creed which was confirmed by its establisher surmounting every opposition—the casualties of “flood and field”—the rigour of the elements, and the hate of mankind. It is a natural reverse of the scene that we now behold in the “solemn temples” of Methodism replete with the adornments of architecture, and recognized by crowded assemblies. So material an enhancement of the weight and value of the opinions of Wesley, has stirred up some polemical enemies of great popularity in rank and letters; and those doctrines, whose peculiarities, half a century ago, were known to, or noticed by, only the vilest of the community, have now found superior antagonists in the coroneted historian, and the courtly poet.

In the assertion of Lord John Russel, that “Methodism was like a quack medicine, soon famous and soon forgotten,” he is ably refuted by Mr. Sandwith. As it would not be well to attempt the detachment of any material part of his almost indivisible web of reasoning, we will merely quote his remarks on the historian’s strictures on “Band-meetings” and “Classes:”—

“It is enough, that our system secures the allegiance of the heart to scriptural principles, and watches over the development of their practical results with a sleepless anxiety. No Christian shereh can do more; few do as much. Nor is it any answer to say, that ‘the bad passions which you dam up in one place will burst out in another.’ Methodism, as an experiment, has been long enough in operation to furnish his Lordship with verifications of his assertion, if any are to be obtained. But these, to be conclusive of its *emptiness*, should be both indisputable, and numerous enough to outweigh the evidence of those examples to which we confidently appeal in proof of its moral efficacy. We have already adverted to the proof

deducible from the personal history of her disciples, who are ‘her epistles known and read of all men.’ We have briefly descanted also on some of the collateral benefits of Methodism, which accompanied Mr. Wesley’s earlier career. And they are still felt and seen after the lapse of nearly a century, which has served only to mature the fruits of that moral harvest of which society at that time presented but the hopeful verdure.”

We are informed through the public prints, that Lord John Russel, in an address to his parliamentary constituents, has publicly disclaimed any intentions of severity towards the Methodists. We should have had more faith in this retraction, had it not been made at such a time, and in such a manner; and we think his Lordship would have served his character more effectually, had he made such announcement through the medium of the press. At the same time we remind his Lordship, omitting fuller explications, that

“A man convinced against his will,  
Is of the same opinion still.”

REVIEW.—*A View of the Court of Chancery.* By the Hon. William Long Wellesley. Ridgway, Piccadilly. 8vo, pp. 90—84. London. 1830.

THE errors and abuses of the Court of Chancery have long proved a cause of complaint, as well as a source of reproach, to the British nation. Every one seems to have a horror—a dread—nay, a mortal antipathy to the name of Chancery. The lawyers who thrive upon the ruin of the suitor form the only exception to the truth of this proposition. Ruin and Chancery suit have long been considered synonymous terms; and the unlucky suitor who once becomes entangled in the meshes of a Chancery net, is looked upon as lost. All hope of escape from the jaws of this devouring monster are futile, and the unhappy victim of an *Equity* Tribunal may consider himself as exceedingly fortunate, if he do not entail the desolation of his own ruin upon his unfortunate offspring; or transmit it, perhaps in the fulness of maturity, as a legacy to his posterity, for ages far beyond the limits of the most boundless calculation!—Such is the frightful picture of a British Court of Equity!

The present volume owes its origin to a Chancery suit—Wellesley v. Duke of Beaufort.—Almost every one is acquainted with the melancholy history and the wrongs of the late lamented, and much injured Mrs. Wellesley—wrong which haunted and pursued her till the termination of her mortal career, depriving society of an amiable member, and her children the victims of the present contention of that parental

affection, and that fostering care, which, had they remained, would have preserved them from, and spared them the humiliating consequences of, the present exposure.

On the death of Mrs. Wellesley the author of the present volume claimed the right of superintending the education of his own children. The Misses Long, sisters of the late Mrs. Wellesley, and aunts to the children, having them under their protection, refused to deliver them over to the paternal authority. The grounds of this refusal were, that the general and moral conduct of the parent, as well as the principles which upon every opportunity be infused into the minds of his children, being highly pernicious and subversive of moral rectitude, wholly unfitted him to be entrusted with the care and superintendence of the education of tender age. In the course of these proceedings, two or three simple questions arose, which may be briefly stated as follows:—Was Mr. Wellesley a fit and proper person to be intrusted with the guardianship of his own children?—for the *abstract* question of his *right* could not be disputed. Then the question resolved itself: If he be a fit and proper person, are there any circumstances to warrant any interference, or to control and reduce his exercise of this right within certain bounds?

The immediate guardianship by himself or under his own roof, appears to have been soon given up by Mr. Wellesley; and nothing could have tended more to re-instate him in public opinion, or could have more effectually convinced the world, that he preserved correct notions of rectitude and moral propriety, than his thus speedily waving his right to the immediate and uncontrolled superintendence of the education of his children. We should be the last to break in upon the privacy of any man, or to drag his domestic failings unnecessarily before the public; we shall therefore merely state, that there were domestic weaknesses of a particular nature, which rendered the paternal roof in this instance a very ineligible shelter, and the abandonment of the claim to the immediate guardianship, a proper and very judicious act on the part of the father.

But Mr. Wellesley having waved his own claim, insisted upon his right to appoint the proper guardian, and disputed the fitness of the Misses Long for this charge. He also claimed the right of a free and unreserved intercourse with his children, an intercourse uninterrupted by the presence of any other person. Such appears to have been the questions for the consideration of the Court of Chancery.

They are plain, simple, abstract questions:—Yet Mr. Wellesley tells us they occupied the court four years; and that this tardy deliberation cost him the enormous sum of twenty thousand pounds, and very possibly his children and the other side an equal, if not a much larger sum!!!—Mr. Wellesley observes, “It is but right I should state that the costs of the *FATERNAL JURISDICTION* of the Court of Chancery have amounted in four years, to 20,000 out of my pocket, and probably a larger sum out of the pockets of my children. The whole of this money has gone into the hands of the lawyers; so that it is no wonder the law should be indisposed to let so profitable a cause out of court in a hurry.”—p. 21.

Now we put it to any man of common understanding, whether these questions could not have been fairly and equitably decided in as many hours as it took the court years, and whether, if the thousands were taken off, a sum would not have been left honestly sufficient to the expenses of adjusting these litigations. Mr. Wellesley himself observes, “It cannot be said, then, that I have had cheap law. Neither can it be alleged that the proceedings of this court have not amounted to a denial of justice. Lord Eldon left me a legacy of *four years’* litigation, to establish a proposition, which in private life would have been decided in the space of *five minutes*, and in a court of common law, before a jury, was actually determined in the course of a morning!”—p. 21.

Now perhaps it may be inquired, why should this court in particular be subject to these inconveniences: or what is there, in the principles or constitution of it, that should render its jurisdiction so liable to abuses. We verily believe it is the system of affidavit evidence. An affidavit is sworn and filed, and then the opposite party are allowed a certain time to examine the allegations, when they put in their answer. The answer consists in counter-affidavits, as they may be termed—either denying in toto, or explaining the allegations. The first party reply by additional affidavits, and so a system of swearing and perjury is thus not only sanctioned, but actually encouraged. Lord Eldon himself seems to have been sensible of this defect in the principles of its jurisdiction. “To show that I am not singular in my view of the defects of affidavit evidence,” says Mr. Wellesley, “whereby I have been so great a sufferer, I will here quote Lord Eldon’s opinion upon the subject, as declared in his judgment upon this very case, of

Wellesley v Beaufort. These are his words:—

'This case is singular in this respect;—this is a case in which affidavit is to be set against affidavit; and in a mode of trial as to where the truth is, it appears that it is very difficult to say that it is a mode of trial that shall not miscarry; but it is the misfortune in this case, that it is one in which individual is opposed to individual in affidavits; and after all, it is utterly impossible to say that that contradiction can originate in *mistake*.'—p. 10.

'We are by no means supporters of those principles, nor of those outrages against morality, of which Mr. Wellesley has been accused, and indeed of which we may say he has been convicted. But he is not now upon his trial, and we must deal with his publication as critics, not as censors of morality. We think he has clearly established the corruptions and defects of the chancery system, and has fully proved the necessity for revision and reform. Indeed this necessity appears to have been at last so obvious, as to have excited the observation of the present chancellor; and we cannot pay his lordship a higher compliment, or bestow a higher eulogium upon his character, than by stating that he has himself brought the subject under the notice of the legislature.

REVIEW.—*The Cabinet Cyclopædia*. By Dr. Lardner, and others. History. England. By the Right Honourable James Mackintosh, M. P. Vol. I. 12mo. p. 382. Longman. London. 1830.

ANOTHER volume of this valuable work has just reached us. It dwells chiefly on the early periods of our national history, and introduces to our notice the leading events which are associated with the lapse of years. The incidents have nothing either new or remarkable to claim our attention, beyond what other similar histories supply, but the language is perspicuous and pleasing, and much extraneous matter is omitted, to make room for that which is interesting. Events and circumstances of doubtful character occupy only a very limited space, but facts of unquestionable authenticity are detailed with a degree of minuteness which corresponds with their importance. Were we to fill several pages with our observations, they would uniformly assimilate with what we have already stated. A few extracts will, therefore, be more satisfactory to the

reader, than any critical analysis, or accumulation of general remarks, which we might offer in favour of this work:—

*Character of Alfred*.—In any age or country such a prince would be a prodigy. Perhaps there is no example of any man who so happily combined the magnanimous with the mild virtues, who joined so much energy in war with so remarkable a cultivation of the useful and beautiful arts of peace; and whose versatile faculties were so happily inserted in their due place and measure as to support and secure each other, and give solidity and strength to the whole character. That such a miracle should occur in a barbarous age and nation; that study should be thus pursued in the midst of civil and foreign wars, by a monarch who suffered almost incessantly from painful maladies; and that it so little encroached on the duties of government as to leave him for ages the popular model for exact and watchful justice, are facts of so extraordinary a nature, that they may well excuse those who have suspected that there are some exaggeration and suppression in the narrative of his reign. But Asser writes with the simplicity of an honest eye-witness. The Saxon Chronicle is a dry and undesigning compend. The Norman historians, who seem to have had his diaries and note-books in their hands, choose him as the glory of the land which was become their own. There is no subject on which unanimous tradition is so nearly sufficient evidence, on the eminence of one man over others of the same condition. The bright image may long be held up before the national mind. This tradition, however paradoxical the assertion may appear, is in the case of Alfred rather supported than weakened by the actions which have sprung from it. Although it be an infirmity of every nation to ascribe their institutions to the contrivance of a man rather than to the slow action of time and circumstances, yet the selection of Alfred by the English people as the founder of all that was dear to them is surely the strongest proof of the deep impression left on the minds of all of his transcendent wisdom and virtue:—Juries, the division of the island into counties and hundreds, the device of frankpledge, the formation of the common or customary law itself, could have been mistakenly attributed to him by nothing less than general reverence. How singular must have been the administration of which the remembrance so long procured for him the character of a lawgiver, to which his few and general enactments so little entitled him!

'Had a stronger light been shed on his time, we should have undoubtedly discovered in him some of those characteristic peculiarities, which, though always defects, and generally faults when they are not vices, yet belong to every human being, and distinguish him from his fellow-men. The disadvantage of being known to posterity by general commendation, instead of discriminating description, is common to Alfred with Marcus Aurelius. The character of both these ornaments of their station and their species seems about to melt into abstraction, and to be not so much portraits of man as models of ideal perfection. Both furnish an useful example that study does not disqualify for administration in peace or for vigour in war, and that scrupulous virtue may be combined with vigorous policy. The lot of Alfred forbade him to rival the accomplishments of the imperial sage. But he was pious without superstition; his humbler knowledge was imparted with more simplicity; his virtue was more natural; he had the glory to be the deliverer as well as the father of his country; and he escaped the unhappiness of suffering his authority to be employed in religious persecution.'—p. 41.

'*First Crusade—Capture of Jerusalem*.—In spite of their misfortunes, Bohemond established himself at Antioch in 1097; and on the 14th day of July, 1099, after a siege of two months, the ancient and holy city of Jerusalem was taken by

assault, with a prodigious slaughter of the garrison. Ten thousand were slain on the site of the temple of Solomon; more were thrown from the tops of houses; many were put to death after resistance had ceased. Terrible as were these excesses, they arose from the boiling passions of an undisciplined multitude, and therefore bore no likeness to the license granted by a civilized commander to obedient soldiers when a city is taken by storm. These passions, composed by the union of all that is kind with all that is fierce, of the basest with the grandest elements of our nature, produced a corresponding but a prodigious variety of deeds. It is hard for a writer or a reader, more separated by opinions, by manners, by situation, than by an interval of eight centuries from the victorious crusaders, to form a faint conception of their state of phrensy, when, sore with wounds, heated by bloody conflicts, and flushed with success, they came to see and handle the ruins of the temple, the holy sepulchre, and all the scenes of sacred story, dear and hallowed in their eyes from infancy; and at the same moment beheld at their mercy the men who had defiled these holy places and spoiled those innocent pilgrims, whose offence was that of worshipping God where he most abundantly had poured out the treasures of his goodness. The gentleness and humility of a religion of forgiveness had on their distempered, yet not, perhaps, depraved hearts, more than the power of the loudest cry of vengeance for long indignities and outrages. What wonder, then, if, maddened by confused emotions, in which, perhaps, rising compunction began to swell, they rushed reeking from slaughter to raise their bloody hands in prayer, and to pour forth tears of contrition and affection prostrate before the shrine of their God! The power of the feelings excited by those places which call up the remembrance of revered men, and their noblest actions and sufferings, never could be greater than it was to the deliverers of Jerusalem; and the subtle links which combined good and bad passions could hardly ever have been stronger."—p. 121.

#### REVIEW.—*Sermons, on several Occasions.*

By the Rev. Henry Moore. A. M. with a brief Memoir of his Life and Christian Experience, from his Birth to the Death of Mr. Wesley, 8vo. pp. 454. Mason, London.

THESE sermons, seven in number, are of an experimental and practical nature, and aim not to amuse the fancy by tropes and figures, or to dazzle the imagination by the brilliancy of words. They are calculated for a widely different meridian, namely, to alarm the conscience, to affect the heart, and to reform the life. The language, however, though not ornamental, is strong and masculine, and possesses that perspicuity of expression, for the want of which nothing can atone. Truth, in its various branches, appears so to have engrossed the author's attention, that to place this in an auspicious light, mere diction and phrases have been deemed matters of minor importance. Several of these discourses are of an occasional character, but no peculiarity of time or circumstance has drawn the author away from the precepts, doctrines, and duties, he intended to inculcate.

About one half of this volume delineates

the life and experience of the author from his birth, about 1750, to the death of Mr. Wesley, in 1791. Independently of the exercises of mind which this sketch imbodyes, it is rendered particularly interesting by the numerous incidents, narratives, anecdotes, and occurrences, which the author was called to observe, and in which he was destined to bear a part during the latter half of the eighteenth century.

Mr. Moore has been, we learn from the introductory paragraph, a regular member of the Wesleyan connexion upwards of fifty years, and during nearly the whole of this period has officiated among this body of Christians as a regular itinerant minister. He is now nearly the oldest preacher in their connexion, but though far advanced in years, his appearance is hale, his health good, his vigour but partially impaired, and he retains his mental faculties almost entire.

From the situation of Mr. Moore during his journey through life, it may be easily inferred, that the circumstances and events which he has recorded, relate almost exclusively to Methodism, its infancy, early struggles, opposition, increase, success, vicissitudes, and present prosperity. Of these, this biographical sketch enters into no lengthened details, but we may easily gather from occasional incidents, the nature and character of the prevailing spirit which distinguished those early days.

Narrow as these confines may appear, they embrace both England and Ireland, at that period remarkable in fertility for the production of persecution, and a harvest of vices which dishonour human nature. To the influence of these, Mr. Moore was sometimes exposed, but his narrative embraces what others saw and heard, as well as what he experienced. We can have no doubt, had the author been so disposed, that he might have enlivened this memoir with a much greater number of anecdotes than he has inserted, but his aim being rather to edify than amuse, they have yielded their place to facts and occurrences more immediately connected with the prosperity of the work of God.

To the guidance of an overruling Providence, this sketch bears ample testimony, without entering into any formal dissertation on the subject. The evidence seems to arise from undesigned occurrences, and on this account it commands a more profound respect. In some instances the operation of natural causes may be deemed sufficient to account for existing phenomena; and in others Mr. Moore may be thought by many to have tintured his views with

visionary ideas. The facts, however, to which these observations refer, are before the world, and from their character, and the evidence by which they are supported, the reader must draw his own conclusions.

But after making all due allowance for some questionable passages, the redeeming qualities are more than sufficient to atone for these aberrations. The sermons are fervid and evangelical, and the memoir contains an interesting survey of God's gracious dealings with the author's soul.

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REVIEW.—*Recognition in the World to Come; or Christian Friendship on Earth perpetuated in Heaven.* By C. R. Muston. A. M. 12mo. pp. 444. Holdsworth. London. 1830.

THE great question discussed in this volume involves a considerable portion of local feeling, in which every individual of the human race is deeply interested. Few persons who follow the mortal remains of their departed friends to the house appointed for all living, but indulge the hope of again meeting and recognizing them in another world, where the friendships formed in this, will be renewed, and perpetuated for ever. It cannot be denied, that these feelings are congenial with the best sympathies of our nature, and all will rejoice on finding the evidence cogent and convincing on which the fact is founded.

The three sources of argument to which Mr. Muston has applied are—prevalence of opinion, the intimations of revelation, and the decisions of rational inquiry.

That this belief prevailed among the ancients, both civilized and savage, will admit of no dispute. The author has furnished many examples, and the reader will be able to augment the number from his own recollection. It is a general assent, amounting almost to universality of testimony.

On this point the language of the sacred writings is by no means so decisive as to place it beyond all possible doubt; but it abounds with intimations on the affirmative side of the question, and lays a foundation for inferences which place the desirable fact on an almost immovable basis. In direct terms it will be exceedingly difficult to find in the bible any positive assertion that we shall know each other in a future state, but the presumptive evidence is strong and varied; and the numerous passages which Mr. Muston has adduced, leave little or no room for reasonable doubt.

On the ground of reason, the probabilities are equally strong and convincing. The

analogy of nature, the physical constitution of man, and the reflective powers of the human mind, all unite their testimony to assure us, that in a disembodied state, as well as when this mortal shall put on immortality, friendships shall be renewed with continued consciousness, and most probably remain for ever.

We cannot, however, presume to infer that all the evidence derived from the above sources will amount to any thing like demonstrative proof. Each furnishes its portion of testimony, and the probability resulting from the whole, if taken in the aggregate, will fall very little short of moral certainty. Whatever has a bearing on the subject verges to the affirmative side of the question, and nothing can be adduced of any weight to militate against the conclusions to which these probabilities lead.

Mr. Muston has investigated the subject with much fairness, and displayed in the inquiry a considerable share of ingenuity; and if the evidence is not absolutely conclusive, the fault lies not in the man, but arises from the obscurity and silence in which the question is involved. For our own parts we feel perfectly satisfied with the strong intimations which reason, scripture, and the general concurrence of opinion, afford, and have no doubt that nothing but an unreasonable demand of evidence will prevent a similar conviction in the minds of others.

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REVIEW.—*Evangelical Biography for Young Persons.* Howard, Newton, Wilson. By Ingram Cobbin, M. A. 24mo. pp. 191. Vol. I. Westley. London. 1830.

THREE such men as Howard, the great philanthropist, Newton, the reclaimed sailor, and Wilson, who carried the first missionaries to the South Seas, can hardly find a parallel in the whole range of christian biography. The incidents which mark their lives place them in a light which nothing can eclipse, and elevate them to an eminence which no fogs can envelop, no clouds can obscure.

Of these three eminent servants of God, it would be scarcely possible to write a biographical sketch that should be devoid of interest. No writer need be at a loss for materials. Their lives abound with incidents of the highest order, on which we look with reverence, without aspiring to the honour of imitation.

Although the more conspicuous of these incidents are not overlooked by Mr. Cobbin, his aim has rather been to mark the economy of God in various results, than to

expatiate on what might be termed their enterprises and exploits. The remarkable events and occurrences of their lives he connects with the overrulings of providence, and the more powerful influence of divine grace operating upon their hearts. To these the attention of the reader is uniformly directed, and occasions are never wanting to place the interpositions of Almighty power and goodness in a commanding and an auspicious light.

The style of this volume is adapted to the capacity of the youthful reader. Sometimes indeed, the illustrations appear unnecessarily familiar; and perhaps the sketches would have been more pleasing, and not less instructive, if the reflections had been confined to the great events which marked the career of these extraordinary men. To almost every circumstance Mr. Cobbin has given a religious turn. His remarks indeed are always judicious in themselves, but it may be doubted whether reiteration has not a tendency to weaken their force. His intentions, however, are at once obvious, and worthy of respect; and his book merits a shelf of honour in every juvenile library.

REVIEW.—*The Anthology, an Annual Reward Book for Midsummer and Christmas, 1830, consisting of Selections adapted to the amusement and instruction of Youth. By the Rev. J. D. Davy, Cambridge. 12mo. pp. 337. Whittaker, London.*

THIS volume is neatly printed, and most delicately put out of hand. With the exception of an attractive frontispiece, it has no engravings, but in all other respects it belongs to the splendid family of Annuals, which regularly bloom about the winter solstice. Perhaps the Anthology has more native vigour working at its root than any of its rivals or associates can boast, since both Christmas and Midsummer are invited to behold its splendour, and enjoy its fragrance.

"On the score of variety, (the editor informs us,) it may be incidentally remarked, that it contains direct extracts (besides numerous references to others) from about eighty authors, and translations from eleven different languages. The age to which the selection has been expressly adapted, is the period between ten and fifteen years."—*Preface*, p. vi.

The numerous articles which this volume contains, the compiler has judiciously classified under general heads, according to their respective characters. Hence, under "Voyages and Travels, including natural history," we find selections from Bruce, Belzoni, Forbes, Lyall, Burchell, Clarke, Heber, and various others, who have visited

distinct portions of the globe, and interested the public with the result of their observations and researches.

The second class comprises tales, apocryphes, and fables, extracted from numerous authors, both English and foreign. With some of these, many readers have been long familiar, others are less generally known, and several have rarely, if ever before assumed an English dress.

The third class consists of moral and eloquent extracts selected from authors of long established celebrity. One of these is from the German, but all besides are of British origin.

The fourth class is poetical. The pieces are numerous, and of varied merit. Of several authors whence they have been extracted, the names are well known in the regions of Parnassus, and this, independently of their intrinsic worth, will furnish them with a passport to respect, if not to admiration.

Taken in the aggregate, its prose and poetry form a pleasing group, which cannot fail to amuse as well as to instruct the youthful reader. The historical extracts are particularly interesting. They introduce us to foreign scenery, habits, and customs, which charm by their novelty, and invest human nature with features of character which occasionally astonish, disgust, and please.

The Anthology is a book of instructive and innocent amusement, in which nothing appears either to offend the eye or taint the heart. Its external appearance is delicately attractive, and its contents derive vivacity and interest from the energy and fidelity with which the incidents, characters, and productions of art and nature, are happily described.

REVIEW.—*A brief Outline of the Evidences of the Christian Religion. By Archibald Alexander, D. D. America. W. 32mo. pp. 192. Whittaker, London, 1830.*

WE cannot give a more correct idea of this little work than by quoting the contents of its chapters, which are as follows:—

"The right Use of Reason in Religion.

"It is impossible to banish all religion from the world; and if it were possible, it would be the greatest calamity which could befall the human race.

"If christianity be rejected, there is no other religion which can be substituted in its place; at least, no other which will answer the purpose for which religion is desirable.



“There is nothing improbable or unreasonable in the idea of a revelation from God; and consequently nothing improbable or unreasonable in such a manifest divine interposition, as may be necessary to establish a revelation.

“Miracles are capable of proof from testimony.

“The miracles of the Gospel are credible.

“The bible contains predictions of events which no human sagacity could have foreseen, and which have been exactly and remarkably accomplished.

“No other religion possesses the same kind and degree of evidence as Christianity; and no other miracles are as well attested as those recorded in the bible.

“The bible contains internal evidence that its origin is divine.”

On the preceding subjects the author reasons with much candour and impartiality. He places what he has to advance in a clear and commanding light, but never loads his conclusions with a weight that the premises will not legitimately bear. Within a narrow compass he has concentrated the essentials of evidence which we sometimes must wade through many volumes to collect. The importance of this book must not be estimated by its magnitude. Sold for two shillings and sixpence, it may easily find its way to many hands which could not reach more voluminous publications. It contains strong evidence, to fortify the mind against the plausible sophistries of infidelity, and he who makes himself master of the arguments it embodies, need not fear the attacks of common assailants. It has already passed through three editions in America, and its fame having stretched across the Atlantic, it is now deservedly circulated on English ground.

REVIEW.—*Life and Character of the late Joseph Cowley.* By John Holland. *Parting Advice to a Youth on Leaving his Sunday-School.* *A Farewell Present to a Female Scholar on going to Service.* *The Teacher's Parting Gift to a Sunday-School Boy.* *A Keepsake for a Female Sunday Scholar.* Sunday School Union Depository. London.

THESE five articles claim kindred with each other, both in appearance and in contents. For parentage, they also all look up to the Sunday-School Union; and their object is the same, namely, to supply the rising generation with useful advice, admonition, and instruction, when the voice of the teacher can no longer be heard.

The instruction and cautions which these tracts contain, relate not only to this life, but to that which will follow. The duties of both worlds are, indeed, so judiciously blended together, that their separation is rendered impossible. Time and eternity are linked together by indissoluble ties; while religion, giving birth to all the moral virtues, and cherishing them to maturity, furnishes an immovable basis, which no physical convulsion of nature, or revolutions in the opinions of theorists, shall ever be able to destroy.

The life and character of the late Joseph Cowley, by Mr. Holland, though essentially biographical, places before our view the genuine picture of a man, whose time and talents were devoted to the interests of Sunday-Schools. His active exertions have erected many living monuments to his memory, and this memorial will instruct survivors by his example.

By whom the other tracts were compiled or written we are not informed, nor is this a matter of any moment. They furnish internal evidence that the task has not been consigned to unskilful hands, nor executed without due attention to the condition of those for whose use they are designed. The topics embraced are numerous and comprehensive, but no observations are extended to an immoderate length. The precepts inculcated are simple but important, and in every sentence they sustain a prominent character. No chain of reasoning is required, to render their propriety apparent, or to make them intelligible to those who read. Their truth and utility are alike perspicuous; and if all who assent to their principles were as ready to reduce them to practice, as to allow their value, the moral world would speedily undergo a favourable revolution.

REVIEW.—*The true Character and probable Results of American Revivals.* *A Discourse delivered at Maberly Chapel, Kingsland, London.* By John Blackburn. 8vo. pp. 48. Holdsworth. London. 1830.

IN our Number for October last, a work much larger, but avowedly on a similar subject, passed under our notice. In that volume, by President Edwards, the cause of revivalism was openly defended, against the sneers of those who rejected it as fanatical and enthusiastic, merely because it was attended with some irregularities. Similar revivals having lately taken place in America, of which confused and indistinct accounts were circulated, Mr. Black-

burn, in the discourse before us, brings forth all the legitimate evidence he was able to collect respecting them, and, at the request of the congregation, the result of his inquiries and reflections, is here presented to the world.

We can readily conceive, that on the occasion and delivery of this discourse, the situation of Mr. Blackburn was peculiarly arduous; and that this was felt by him with no small degree of acuteness, may be inferred from the extreme caution associated with many of his expressions. His belief that the work was of God he most readily avows; but the wild excesses which many under deep awakenings manifested, would seem to be irreconcilable with the ordinary operations of the Holy Spirit on the souls of men. Through these difficulties, Mr. Blackburn contrives to pass with much prudence and ingenuity. The facts themselves he gives in the words of others, and in reflecting on them, he assigns the various effects to distinct causes, but vindicates on scriptural authority, and example, numerous deviations from what falls under our immediate observation, although many serious persons have been disposed to abandon them as defenceless operations of passionate excitement.

Among the means by which Revivals have been produced, Mr. B. enumerates—the preaching of the gospel,—fasting and prayer,—Christian visitation of families,—scriptural instruction of the young,—special meetings for christian advice,—and a faithful exercise of church-discipline. These, however, are but means in the hands of God, to whose agency all that is good, though marvellous in our eyes, must be ascribed.

But although Mr. B. vindicates, explains, apologizes, and defends, in a manner that is creditable to his piety as a christian, and to his understanding as a man, there appears to be a want of tangibility running through the whole discourse. We look with solicitude for something definite on numerous topics, but when it seems to lie within our reach, it flits away and eludes the grasp. Revivalism is a delicate subject, and as Mr. B. has handled it with much delicacy, it would be indelicate in us to extend our observations.

REVIEW.—*The Poetical Cabinet for Youth. A New Edition.* 12mo. pp. 266. White. London.

To copy extracts from the writings of others, is an easy method of book making,

and we happen to live in an age when many, having discovered the art, are fully engaged in trade, and become formidable rivals to each other. The compositions of our celebrated poets will always yield a valuable harvest, both to him who reaps, and to him who gleans. In such an ample field, where none but knaves or blockheads would make a worthless selection, a compiler of what is excellent can hope for but little praise.

This volume contains many beautiful pieces, and, perhaps, not one which any reasonable person would wish to see expunged. The names of their respective authors furnish them all with passports to public attention, and, having already passed the ordeal of examination, exonerate them from paying the tribute which criticism might otherwise exact.

REVIEW.—*Prayer, a Poem, in Four Cantos, by Frederick Edwards.* 8vo. pp. 230. Hurst and Chance, London. 1830.

If pious motives and a good design were a sufficient passport to poetic fame and immortality, the laurel wreath should, in justice, be voted to the author of this volume. These, however, will not shield a writer from public censure, if his composition be deficient in propriety of language and metrical effect; since his piety and good intentions might operate in a field of exertion, not less useful, than the champagne valleys of poesy,—where he would stand aloof from auctorial vanity, and the strictures of reviewers.

"Prayer, a Poem," is a very discursive flight of a very intractable Pegasus, whose path is as difficult to be determined as the windings of the Cretan labyrinth. Leaving regularity of design, however, out of question; we seem to want more power of description, more beauty of pathos, more strength of language, and more felicity of verse, to redeem the character of this metrical essay. It is a composition, in which bad rhymes, broken figures, and feeble expletives, too frequently appear, to the disadvantage of the muse in her more fortunate excursions.

The volume contains also some miscellaneous pieces, among which, lines written on seeing the tomb of Marshal Ney, claim the pre-eminence.

— "How many drink the cup  
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread  
Of misery.                      Thought, fond man,  
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills

That one incessant struggle render life,  
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate;  
Vice in his high career would stand appalled,  
And heedless raubing impulse learn to think:  
The conscious heart of clarity would warm,  
And her wide wish benevolence dilate."

REVIEW.—*The Elegy of Life. A Poem.*  
8vo. pp. 107. Whittaker and Co.  
London. 1830.

THE anonymous author of this poem has certainly taken but a very superficial survey of life. He contemplates it, indeed, under numerous aspects, but rarely deviates from the common topics, on which every writer lays his hands. We cannot, however, deny, that he has found the art to render his subjects interesting. Realities, whether in smiles or tears, rarely fail to appear in the garb of neatness; and if the path, in which the reader is invited to walk, is not strewn with flowers, it is always swept, and nothing of slovenliness is permitted to offend the eye.

The lines throughout this poem, are in general constructed with so much elegance and poetical harmony, that, even when they hold forth no ideas but such as have been long familiar to the reader, they will, perhaps, be perused with pleasure, chiefly for the sake of the euphony which they contain. The following passages may be considered as a fair specimen of the whole.

"Why I have seen reclining in her pride,  
A mother's blossom stationed by her side,  
And I have marked the timid glance that crept,  
A stolen march while observation slept—  
The conscious blush, o'ermantling with its shade  
The dimpled cheek where modest graces played,  
And, half responding to its hidden fires,  
The swelling bosom pregnant with desires—  
And I have wept to think that charms like these  
Must brave the horrors of tumultuous seas.

"How wondrous fair, how complicate is man,  
His soul capacious, and his life a span!  
Who can define the nature of a thought,  
So vast in strength, so exquisitely wrought!  
Yet he who gave intelligence its ray,  
Allures its hopes and energies away!  
The mind, fair specimen of God-like skill!  
With power to act, depending on the will,  
Displays a world of principles and laws,  
Sustained in being by one Great First Cause."—  
p. 45.

London at Midnight, displays many excellent lines, but the scenes are not such as would readily present themselves to a deeply reflecting mind. With the harmonies of verse, the author appears to be well acquainted, and should he cultivate an expansion of thought, render his reflections more profound, and range beyond the beaten tract with equal success, he will be capable of producing something hereafter that will associate his name with immortality.

REVIEW.—*A Tribute to Religion. A Poem in two parts.* 8vo. pp. 96. Chapman. London. 1830.

ALTHOUGH the great mass of our poetical adventurers have been taught both by precept and example that their volumes bring more copies to the shelves of the booksellers, than money into their own pockets, nothing can daunt their courage, or lay an embargo on their pens. This Parnassian mania may continue for a season, but the antidote being also in operation, must in time work a radical cure.

Of this "tribute to religion" the motive and design appear commendable, but beyond this we have made no discoveries to merit exalted praise. Like many other similar poems, it will have admirers among a certain class of readers, but extensive fields do not always yield the most valuable harvests. The verse is frequently rugged and cramped; it wants an easy flow of language; and the ideas are not always sufficiently dignified to compensate for the deficiency.

With the morals inculcated no fault can be justly found, and the reflections arising from given topics are natural and appropriate. Some good lines may also be selected, but for some of these the author is rather indebted to his subject than to his muse. "Devotion" and "Resignation" are inspiring themes, but fervour and energy both of thought and expression are necessary, to place them in a commanding light. To the author's principles and intention we readily pay every tribute of respect, and feel persuaded that his sentiments may prove useful without the fascinating power of versification.

REVIEW.—*The Affectionate African, or the Reward of Perseverance, a Tale for Youth, founded on Facts.* By the Rev. J. Young. 32mo. pp. 84. Holdsworth. London.

WHEN the reader is informed that this little volume conducts us into the regions of slavery, he need not be told that the tale is both afflicting and affecting. For something of this kind the title directs us to prepare, and on such occasions we scarcely know whether fact or expectation concentrates the largest portion of horror.

The scene opens on the coast of Africa; the father of a family is shot by the white men, and his wife and children, whom he lost his life in defending, are seized, consigned to the hold of a slave-ship, and carried to the land of fetters and of groans. From a branch of this family sprang Juba,

the hero of the tale, but we have not time to pursue his narrative. Suffice it to say, that he became rich, serious, and kind to all in distress.

The tale is well told, but the latter part is not so fertile in incidents as the former. A sufficiency is however preserved, to display in Juba a mind capable of cultivation, of braving and surmounting difficulties, and, above all, to illustrate the overruling providence of God, in causing the wickedness of man to become an instrument in the promotion of his gracious designs. In the juvenile library we expect this book will be a favourite with many youthful readers.

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REVIEW.—*The Pulpit*. Vol. XIV. 8vo. pp. 400. *Harding*. London. 1830.

SEVERAL volumes of this work have already passed under our review, and, in every instance, furnished us with occasions to speak strongly in their favour. This volume is not inferior to its predecessors, either in appearance or matter. It may be considered as a religious publication, but without being under the control or influence of any particular sect. Each number contains an epitome of two or three sermons, delivered by popular ministers, both among churchmen and dissenters. The remaining part consists of miscellaneous articles, most of which, though not numerous, are in general interesting.

The *Pulpit* is a periodical of high respectability, and, by publishing the outlines of sermons, taken from the lips of the speakers, pursues a path peculiar to itself. The character of this work is too generally known to require any elaborate analysis, or any new recommendation. The present volume is ornamented with a portrait of the late Bishop Heber.

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REVIEW.—*Sidney Anecdotes*. By Charles and Ambrose Sidney. 18mo. *Sears*. London. 1830.

THE "*Sidney Anecdotes*," a compilation by two fictitious personages, is a work got up after the manner of the *Percy Anecdotes*, to which, however, the present publication is by no means superior. Sholto and Reuben Percy were, we have no doubt, not less shadowy beings than Charles and Ambrose Sidney; but the writers who assumed the former cognomen were persons of extensive reading, and considerable judgment. The *Sidney Anecdotes* have a good deal of *point*, but they are withal very common-place; the *Percy*

*Anecdotes* are occasionally too diffuse, but they generally exhibit energy of language, and novelty of incident.

Part I. contains "*Anecdotes of Folly*;" many of which, though as well known as the giants in Guildhall, can hardly fail to prove entertaining to a large class of readers.

Part II. containing "*Anecdotes of Impiety and Infidelity*," is tolerably respectable throughout, so far as relates to composition, but the interest excited is not strong, and it seems deficient in the charms of novelty.

The small portraits which adorn this work are very similar in character to those of the *Percy Anecdotes*, and the wood-cuts exhibit considerable spirit; but the typographical errors that deface Parts I. and II. ought not to have escaped the notice of the editor and printers.

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#### BRIEF SURVEY OF BOOKS.

1. *A Grammatical Collection of Phrases and Idioms in the French Language, systematically arranged, for the use of the Edinburgh Academy*, by C. P. Buquet, Author of the "*Nouveau Cours de Littérature*," &c. (Simpkin, London,) is a well arranged and masterly exemplification of the peculiarities of expression in the French tongue. Phrases and idioms, which are in truth the very essence of a language, are, too generally, neglected, or at best, very imperfectly stated in elementary treatises. The pupil is frequently confined to the inflections of words, and those general features in which one language assimilates with another; and the consequence of this injudicious plan is, that after a slow and wearying progress through his grammar and exercises, he finds himself unable to comprehend the simplest composition, unless it be one got up with immediate reference to the narrow limits of his previous inquiries and investigation. When a work is laid before us, wherein there is much to admire and little to censure, it may seem invidious to glance too strongly on a casual imperfection. Justice to the public and the author obliges us, however, to say, that the lectional parts ought to be in the mother tongue. For example:—How can the young pupil, ignorant of French, understand that "*Tout adjectif, terminâ au masculin par un e muet, ne change pas de terminaison au féminin*," signifies—"Every adjective, ending the masculine with mute e, does not change its termination for the feminine?" This is certainly not less objectionable than the

antiquated practice of writing explanatory Greek Grammars in Latin. In the latter case the pupil usually takes up the Greek before he can have acquired any adequate knowledge of the Latin; and the author of the present work states, in his preface, that he intends his performance "should supersede the necessity of a grammar."

2. *A Practical Grammar of Music*, by W. Harker, (Longman, London,) appears to be a very methodic exposition of the rules of musical composition, expressed with much brevity and perspicuity. We, however, have a *natural* inability to judge of an euphonic treatise, and candidly confess, that, whilst many persons will be *sharp* enough to appreciate its merits, it has been a flat and unprofitable work to us.

3. *French and English Dialogues*, &c., by J. F. G., (Whittaker, London,) is a useful manual, containing a great variety of phrases and idioms in the French language. It is calculated to store the mind of the pupil with a *copia verborum*; to facilitate his progress through the Grammar; and to lay a solid foundation for a competent knowledge of the Gallic tongue.

4. *Universal Mechanism*, &c. by G. M. Bell, (Simpkin, London,) is a small volume, concentrating the hypotheses and reasonings of many authors, on the subjects of creation, and the phenomena of the natural world. The crude theories in reference to the former, might, in our opinion, have been omitted. The truths of Revelation, and the results of scientific research, are surely sufficient to secure us from the absurd philosophy both of the Stoics and Epicureans; and they ought to deter every prudent Christian from placing much dependence on any physical inquiry that can be made into the process of creation. Analogy, the legitimate basis of human reasoning, being denied, every hypothesis relating to this subject is a random shaft menacing equally the faith we cherish, and the fanciful theories we deny. The evidences of mechanism or Divine contrivance in the varieties of the visible world are stated in a clear, intelligible, and scriptural manner.

5. *The Pulpit*, (several Numbers,) (Harding, London,) is a valuable periodical. It contains many original articles; and others, which are not so, having been selected with care, promise to be useful among various classes of society. It has been long before the public, and preserves a truly respectable character.

6. *Report of the Society for superseding the Necessity of Climbing Boys*, (Bagster, London,) shows that the practice of

employing poor children to climb chimneys is on the decline, and that for the continuance of this barbarous practice there is no necessity. We should rejoice to hear the sound of its departing knell.

7. *Anti-slavery, Monthly Reporter*, (No 60—63, and Supplements, for 1830,) like all their predecessors, drags the monster slavery into light, and justly exposes it to the abhorrence of humanity. It combines fact with colonial law, but no language can furnish epithets of detestation, commensurate with the enormities it unfolds.

8. *The last Days of Mary Mackay*, in an Address to the Children of Roseneath Sabbath-school, by their Minister, (Nisbet, London,) delineates an amiable and pious character with much affectionate feeling, and we doubt not with an equal degree of fidelity. To the children of the school, this must have been an interesting and affecting address. The experience of Mary, which is given with much simplicity, frequently in her own words, shows, in a striking manner, the powerful influence of divine grace on the youthful mind. For a Sunday-school library it is a suitable and valuable book.

9. *A Catechism of Useful Knowledge for the Use of Schools, Original and Selected*, (McPhun, Glasgow,) is not confined to religious subjects, but embraces very many which belong to commerce, the productions of nature, and the arts. It is intended for children, to whom it will impart, within a narrow compass, much useful information.

10. *An Inquiry into the Birth-place, Parentage, Life, and Writings of the Rev. William Gurnall, M.A.* &c. by H. McKeon, (Holdsworth, London,) is not a work of general interest. Of a person who died nearly two hundred years ago, very few will feel anxious to know the birth-place. His writings are of more importance, and these, together with a memoir of his life, and also of the Rev. William Burkitt, the author has introduced in this volume. At the conclusion, we find many things crude, quaint, and curious.

11. *Objections to the Doctrine of Israel's Future Restoration to Palestine, National Pre-eminence*, &c. in Twelve Letters to a Friend, &c. (Holdsworth, London,) will be deemed either formidable, or of no weight, according to the preconceived notions of those into whose hands they may happen to fall. On these obscure and doubtful topics, we feel much hesitation in risking an opinion; but the objections in the volume before us appear to have much force, which the author's opponents will find it needful to counteract.

## INTERMENT OF HIS LATE MAJESTY GEORGE IV. AND PROCLAMATION OF KING WILLIAM.

IN our preceding number, when announcing the death of his late Majesty, we expressed an intention of furnishing in this, an account of the funeral rites connected with his interment, and also of the ceremonies observed on the proclamation of his august successor. During the intervening weeks, however, all the circumstances connected with these nationally momentous events, have been so amply detailed in all the newspapers circulated throughout the kingdom, that excited interest is on the wane; the novelty having subsided with the gratification of curiosity. Little, therefore, can be acceptable from us beyond the mere outline of the processions, leading, in opposite directions, to the melancholy vault, and the splendour of the throne.

Of the numerous and varied particulars, preparatory to the royal funeral, no adequate idea can be communicated within the limits of our pages. From the moment of his late Majesty's death to the night of his interment, all was bustle, activity, and preparation for the approaching event. On the afternoon of Saturday, July 10th, the royal corpse was placed in the state coffin, and conveyed, in the presence of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland and many official characters, to the drawing-room. The machine on which the royal coffin was placed, though somewhat enlarged, was the same on which the remains of his royal Father were conveyed to their final home. It was constructed of wood, moving on castors, and covered with drapery. The computed weight of the machine, coffin, and contents, was estimated at between eleven and twelve hundred.

On the 14th the necessary preparations having been completed, the public were admitted to see the body lying in state. As early as nine o'clock in the morning the barriers were crowded to excess, and many hundreds were excluded at the closing of the doors at four o'clock.

The royal coffin rested on tressels about three feet high, elevated on a platform, and beneath a canopy of purple cloth. The avenues were all lined with horse guards, leaning in silence on their swords. On the coffin was placed the imperial crown of the United Kingdom, and the royal crown of Hanover, and pendent beneath the canopy waved the royal standard of England. The whole apartment was draped with black. On each side the coffin, were three stupendous wax lights in massive silver candle-

sticks richly gilt, and the walls were mournfully decorated with double wax-lights in bell glasses, intermingled with emblazonments of heraldry.

At a late hour on the 14th, a party of artillery, with twelve nine-pounders, arrived from Woolwich, and remained beneath the trees of the noble avenue. About four o'clock on the ensuing morning they commenced firing, and thus continued, once in each minute, during nearly the whole of the day. Much about the same time the bells began to toll, and their mournful sounds knew little or no intermission until all was over.

The multitudes attracted by previous announcement, and by these melancholy indications of the closing scene, it would be in vain to estimate. A continued stream of carriages, horses, and foot, so completely deluged Windsor, that vast numbers could not obtain either refreshments or accommodations, and so dense was the mass at times, that some guards were placed across the streets, to prevent accidents from the unexampled pressure.

The day having thus passed, about eight in the evening, the trumpets and kettledrums gave the signal that the preparations for the movement of the procession had commenced. A band also played the "Dead march in Saul." Twilight having now set in, a flambeau was given to every fifth soldier, on each side the line, at the same time every voice was hushed in silence, and not a human accent was to be heard. A discharge of two rockets announced to those at a distance that the procession was in motion, and gave a signal for the firing of minute guns. These continued until another rocket communicated the intelligence that the ceremony was concluded in St. George's Chapel, and that the remains of His Majesty were lodged in the mausoleum of his royal ancestors.

The whole time of the ceremony was about two hours, but connecting circumstances added much to the period. All, however, was over about twelve o'clock, and during the remaining part of the night, or rather on the Friday morning, the road to London was crowded with vehicles and passengers. Such is the termination of human life! With the exception of artificial parade, the monarch and the peasant submit to the same destiny, retire from life in the same manner, and, though differently interred, meet one common

fate, and find one common grave. Hence, although

"We waded in wealth, or soar in fame,  
Earth's highest station ends in here he lies,  
And dust to dust concludes her noblest song."

By his present Majesty every mark of respect was paid to the remains of his royal brother. He attended as chief mourner in a long purple cloak, with the star of the order of the garter embroidered on it, wearing the collars of the Garter, the Bath, the Thistle, St. Patrick, and the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic order. His Majesty was accompanied by Prince George of Cumberland.

In the metropolis, and in most parts of the kingdom, the day of his late majesty's interment was distinguished by a suspension of labour and the closing of shops. But unhappily, in many places, it was a day of riot and dissipation, very little accordant with the solemnities of the occasion.

Strangely intermingled with the obsequies of one monarch, were the rejoicings for the accession of his royal successor. In London, and in most towns throughout the united kingdom, King William IV. has been proclaimed with every demonstration of loyal attachment. Not a dissenting voice has been heard; and from this auspicious commencement it may be inferred that he has already taken possession of the hearts of his people. Instead of secluding himself from his subjects, wrapped in sullen greatness, he mingles with them, and on every convenient occasion indulges the gaze of their anxious curiosity. Already has trade begun to revive under his auspices. The torpid state of the last seven months has given place to new life in the various departments of fashion, equipage, and dress. In every quarter, both his Majesty and his Royal Consort, are mentioned in terms of loyal affection, and the universal wish appears to be, that he may long live to reign over a people in whose hearts he already sits enthroned.

#### GLEANINGS.

*Spectra of the Brecken, among the Hart's Mountains.*—On a certain ridge, just at sunrise, a gigantic figure of a man had often been observed walking, and extraordinary stories were related of it. About the year 1800 a French philosopher went with a friend to watch the phenomenon; but for many mornings they had paraded on an opposite ridge in vain. At last, however, they discovered the monster, but he was not alone; he had a companion, and singularly, he and his companion sped all the motions and attitudes of the observer and his companion: in fact, the spectres were merely shadows of the observers, formed by the horizontal rays of the rising sun falling on the morning fog which hovered over the valley beyond; but because the shadows were very faint, they were deemed distant, and therefore seemed men walking on the opposite ridge; and because a comparatively small figure seen near, but supposed distant, appears of gigantic dimension, these shadows were accounted giants.—*Dr. Arnet.*

*Discoveries at and near Rome.*—The last number of the *Bulletin des Sciences* contains an account of a letter from M. Visconti, communicated by M. Raoul Rochette to the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres; in which he states, that the statue discovered at Falerii, and supposed to represent Juno, is decidedly a statue of Fortune or Clemency; the only attribute belonging to it being the horn of plenty, which is common to those divinities. M. Visconti mentions the discovery of a half figure of Bacchante, in baked clay, of exquisite workmanship; and two figures of Silenus, intended for fountains, also of good execution. He states, that by a continuation of the researches, it has been proved that the Via Sacra did not pass under the Arch of Titus, and that all the interpretations of the vases of Martial, Ovid, and Horace, which appeared so conclusive on this subject, are erroneous. In the vicinity of the Temple of Peace, a beautiful mosaic pavement has been discovered; and in the ruins of the villa of Cassius at Tivoli, several mosaic pieces have been found; one of which is of hard stone, and of beautiful execution. M. Visconti, in conclusion, alludes to the discoveries of the Etruscan vases, which we have already noticed.—*Literary Gazette.*

*Volatile Oil.*—The following phenomenon is noticed in an American paper (The Louisville Public Advertiser) of March 28:—"A gentleman from Cumberland County informs us, that in boring through rock for salt water, a fountain of petroleum, or volatile oil, was struck, at the depth of 130 feet. When the auger was withdrawn, the oil rushed up 12 or 14 feet above the surface of the earth, and it was believed that about 75 gallons were discharged per minute; forming quite a bold stream from the place to the Cumberland river, into which it discharged. The stream was struck four or five days previous to the departure of our informant, at which time the quantity of petroleum discharged had not perceptibly diminished. Falling into Cumberland river, the volatile oil covered a considerable portion of the surface of the stream for many miles. If ignited, it would present a magnificent, if not an appalling spectacle. British oil, which is extensively used as a medicine, is manufactured of petroleum. We have seen a specimen of this oil—it ignites freely, and produces a flame as brilliant as gas light."—*June 20, 1829.*

*The World Good on the Whole.*—"You ask, if I would agree to live my seventy, or rather seventy-three, years over again? To which I say, Yes. I think with you, that it is a good world on the whole; that it has been framed on a principle of benevolence, and more pleasant that pain dealt out to us. There are, indeed—(who might say nay)—gloomy and hypochondriac minds, inhabitants of diseased bodies, disgusted with the present, and despairing of the future, always counting that the worst is yet to happen, because it may happen. To these I say, How much pain have cost us the evils which have never happened! My temperament is sanguine. I steer my bark with hope in the head, leaving Fear astern. My hopes, indeed, sometimes fail, but not often after the forebodings of the gloomy."—*Memoirs of Thomas Jefferson.*

*Singular Custom.*—We copy the following from a Portsmouth paper:—"The Amphitrite was in dock fifteen months, during which time she has undergone some considerable repair, in the course of which, on shifting the foremost piece of keel, and trimming a new scarp out of the lower part of the stem, one of the workmen's tools came in contact with a nail, which, on examination, was found to be silver, and weighed about two ounces. This frigate was built at Bombay in 1816, by James Tyne Bompas, who, it is understood, has been in the habit of driving a silver nail into the lowest part of the stem of all the ships built by him, and such care is taken in the secreting of the nail, that it rarely falls into the hands of any person afterwards: another, however, was found under similar circumstances to the one mentioned, in the stem of the Asia in March last year, when in dock, making the second within the last two years—the only instances of the kind ever remembered. It appears a hole is bored in the soft part of the stem, about one-third through the piece, and sufficiently large to admit the nail being driven by means of a punch up to the head in the hole; a plug is then driven over the nail, which further secures it in the heart of the wood. There is a superstitious ceremony performed on the occasion, with the strictest privacy, and a great deal of unintelligible enthusiasm is couched under it, relative to the future safety and success of the ship.

*Fountain Tree.*—Navarette tells us of a tree, called the Bajoco, which turns about other trees, with its ends hanging downwards; that travellers cut its nib, and presently a spout of water runs as clear as crystal, enough for six or eight men. It is a joyful, and natural water, and the common relief of the herdsmen on the mountains, when thirsty.—*Account of China.*



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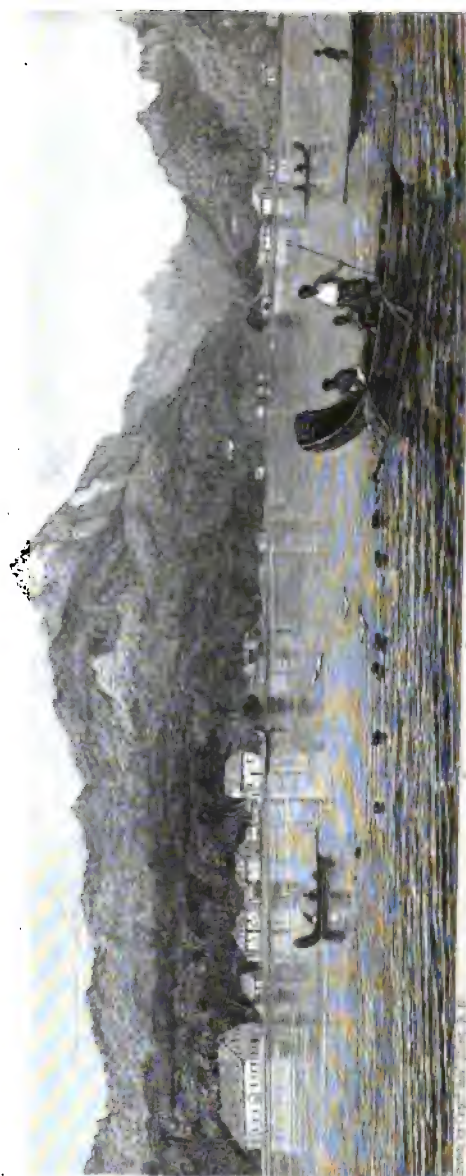
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Engraved by W. Le Petit

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SEPTEMBER.] "PERIODICAL LITERATURE IS THE GERM OF NATIONAL LEARNING."

[1830.

EASTERN PART OF FA-RE HARBOUR IN  
HUAHINE, AN ISLAND IN THE SOUTH  
SEAS.

In our Number 138, for June last, we published a north-east view of this harbour, accompanied with a description of its peculiarities, and also of the district in which it is situated. For the particulars of that account we acknowledged ourselves indebted to the *Polynesian Researches* of Mr. Ellis, a work which has done more to enlarge and correct our acquaintance with the South Sea islands and their interesting inhabitants, than any other which has perhaps ever been published. To the same source we again make our application on the present occasion, having no doubt, that both the plate and the various objects to which it refers, together with the description annexed, will prove highly gratifying to our numerous readers.

It is not, however, either its mountains or valleys, its rocks or its vegetation, its billows or its shores, that confer the highest interest on Huahine. The favourable changes which have taken place in the moral and civil condition of the inhabitants, are subjects of more important moment. They have abandoned idolatry, have embraced Christianity, and turned their attention to the cultivation of the useful arts, in which they have already made an almost unexampled progress. It is therefore pleasing to contemplate the infant efforts of a people emerging from barbarism, and advancing towards a state of civilization and refinement, and to trace the development of intellect displayed in their dress, their manners, and their habitations, as delineated in the following extracts:—

"On our first visit to Raiatea, in January 1819, the servants of Tamatoa, the king of that island, were plastering a house for his residence: it was nearly finished; the outside was completed, and they were at work within. A day or two after our return to Huahine, we were delighted to see one in the district of Fare actually finished. It was smaller than Tamatoa's, and differently shaped, his being oval, and this being nearly square, with high gable-ends. It belonged

to an ingenious and industrious young man, whose name was Navenavehia, and who, although an inferior chief in Huahine, had accompanied Mahine to Eimeo, where he had resided in the family of Mr. George Bicknell, by whom he had been taught in some degree the use of tools, and the art of burning lime. It is not easy, nor is it material, to determine which of these two houses was finished first. They were certainly both in hand at the same time, and the periods of their completion were probably not very remote from each other. A new order of architecture was thus introduced to the nation, and the names of Tamatoa, king of Raiatea, and of Navenavehia, the more humble chief in Huahine, ought not to be forgotten, in connexion with the introduction of a style of building which has since prevailed so extensively among the people, greatly augmenting their social and domestic comforts, changing the appearance of their villages, and improving the beautiful scenery of their islands.

"These two houses were not only the first in the Leeward group, but they were the first of the kind ever erected, for their own abode, by any of the natives of the South Sea Islands.

"The success of these individuals encouraged others, although we found great difficulty in persuading them to persevere in the heavy labour this improvement required, particularly as they were now actively employed in the erection of a spacious chapel, and the frames of our dwellings. It was no easy task for them to build houses of this kind; there were no regular carpenters and masons. Every man had, in the first place, to go to the woods or the mountains, and cut down trees for timber, trim them into posts, &c. and remove them to the spot where his house was to be built, then to erect the frame, with the doorway and windows. This being done, he must again repair to the woods for long branches of hibiscus for rafters, with which he framed the roof.

"The leaves of the pandanus were next gathered and soaked, and sewed on reeds, with which the roof was thatched. This

formerly would have completed his dwelling, but he now had to collect, with great labour, a large pile of firewood, to dig a pit, to dive into the sea for coral rock, to burn it, to mix it with sand so as to form mortar, wattle the walls and partitions of his house, and plaster them with lime. He then had to ascend the mountains again, to cut down trees, which he must either split or saw into boards for flooring his apartments, manufacturing doors, windows, shutters, &c. This was certainly a great addition of labour; and hence many occupy their cottages as soon as they have finished the roof, the walls, and the door—levelling the ground for the floor, and spreading grass over it—occupying one part, while they board or plaster the other.

"In this state we found Navenavehia's house, when we paid him our first visit. We recommended him to persevere in completing it, and, in order to encourage him, promised him a few nails to make doors, and whatever else was wanting. He assured us of his intention to board the floor, and partition off their bed-room; but said, he thought they might as well live in it while he was doing this, and therefore had occupied it as soon as the walls were dry.

"The settlements in the Leeward Islands now began to assume an entirely new aspect. Multitudes flocked from the different districts, to attend the means of instruction in the school, and on the Sabbath. The erection of a house upon the improved plan, regulating its size by the rank or means of the family for whom it was designed, became a kind of test of sincerity in professions of desire to be instructed; for to embrace Christianity, with the precepts which it inculcated, nothing could be more at variance than the habits of indolence and unsightly filthiness of their former habitations.

"Activity was now the order of the day. Frames of buildings were seen rising with astonishing rapidity, in every part of the district; and houses of every size, from the lowly snug little cottage with a single door and window in front, to the large two-storied dwelling of the king or the chief. Buildings, in every stage of their progress, might be seen in a walk through the settlement: sometimes only a heap of spars and timber lay on the spot where the house was to be raised, but at other places the principal posts of the house were erected, others were thatched, and some partially or entirely enclosed with the beautiful white coral-lime plaster. Axes, hatchets, planes, chisels, gimlets, and saws, were, next to

their books, the articles in greatest demand and highest esteem.

"No small portion of our time was occupied in directing and encouraging them in their labours. We had, however, occasion to regret that we were sometimes at as great a loss as the people themselves. They usually formed the walls of their dwellings, either by mortising upright posts into large trees laid on the earth, or planting the posts in the ground about three feet apart. The spaces between the posts, excepting those for doors or windows, were filled with a kind of hurdle-work, or wattling of small rods or sticks, of the tough casuarina. This they plastered with the mortar composed of coral-lime and sand, forming a plain surface, and covering also the posts on the outside, but leaving them projecting within.

"The next object was to make the doors and window-shutters; thus far they had been able to proceed in the erection of their dwellings without nails; but to make doors and shutters without these, brought them at first to a stand. We were glad to furnish the chiefs and others with these most valuable articles, so far as our stock would allow, but it was useless to think of supplying the wants of the entire population; we only regretted that we could not have more ready access to our friends in England, many of whom, we had no doubt, would readily have supplied them with an article easily procured in abundance there, but which was here exceedingly scarce. Nails are still among the most valuable manufactures they can receive. Their invention and perseverance at length overcame the difficulty, and they constructed their doors by fastening together three upright boards, about six feet long, by means of three narrow pieces placed across, one at each end, the other in the middle. These latter were fastened to the long boards by strong wooden pegs. What the pegs wanted in strength, they determined to supply by numbers, and I have seen upwards of fifty or sixty hard pegs driven through one of these cross-pieces into the boards forming the door. In order to prevent their dropping out when the wood shrunk by the heat, they drove small wedges into the ends of the pegs, which frequently kept them secure. In the same manner they fastened most of their floors to the sleepers underneath, using, however, large pegs resembling the trenails in a ship's plank, more than the nails in a house-floor.

"When the door was made, it was necessary to hang it; but only a few of the most highly favoured were, for many years,

able to procure iron hinges. Some substituted tough pieces of fish-skin, pieces of the skin of other animals, or leather procured from the ships; but these soon broke, and many of the natives set to work to make wooden hinges. They were generally large, and, when attached to a light thin door, looked remarkably clumsy: but they were made with great industry and care, and the joints very neatly fitted. A man would sometimes be a fortnight in making a single pair of hinges. After all, they were easily broken, and made a most unpleasant noise every time the door was opened or shut.

"In our walks through the native settlements, we were often amused at the state in which we found the houses occupied by their proprietors. Some appeared with only the walls on the outside plastered, others with both sides plastered; some having their doors and window-shutters fixed, others with a low fence only across the door-way; some with grass spread over the whole floor, while others had a portion boarded sufficiently large to contain their sleeping-mats at night. A few, whose dwellings were completely finished, inhabited them with all the conscious satisfaction attending the enjoyment of what had cost them long and persevering labour. All confessed that the new kind of houses were better than the old: that when the weather was warm, they could have as much air as was agreeable; and when the night was cold and the wind high, or the rain drifting, they had not, as formerly, to rise and move their beds, or secure their clothing from wet, but could sleep on, sheltered from the influence of the elements without.

"This was the state of the settlement in Huahine when visited by Captain Gambier, of H. M. ship *Dauntless*, Captain Elliot, and other naval officers, whom I had the pleasure of meeting there. The account of the settlement given by the former, and the emotions excited in his own mind by his visit, are so interesting, that I think it would be almost unjust to deprive the readers of these pages of the satisfaction his description is adapted to afford.

"In reference to Huahine, and the station now described, though not more forward than others in the same group, Captain Gambier observes: 'At about ten o'clock on the morning of the 20th of January, 1822, the ship being hove-to outside the reef, a party of us proceeded towards the village of Fa-re. After passing the reef of coral which forms the harbour, astonishment and delight, which kept us silent for

some moments, was succeeded by a burst of unqualified approbation at the scene before us. We were in an excellent harbour, upon whose shores industry and comfort were plainly perceptible; for, in every direction, white cottages, precisely English, were seen peeping from amongst the rich foliage, which every where clothes the lowland in these islands. Upon various little elevations, beyond these, were others, which gave extent and animation to the whole. The point on the left in going in, is low, and covered with wood, with several cottages along the shore.\* On the right, the high land of the interior slopes down with gentle gradual descent, and terminates in an elevated point, which juts out into the harbour, forming two little bays. The principal and largest is to the left, viewing them from seaward; in this, and extending up the valley, the village is situated. The other, which is small, has only a few houses—but so quiet, so retired, that it seems the abode of peace and perfect content. Industry flourishes here. The chiefs take a pride in building their own houses, which are now all after the European manner; and think meanly of themselves, if they do not excel the lower classes in the arts necessary for the construction. Their wives also surpass their inferiors in making cloth. The queen and her daughter-in-law, dressed in the English fashion, received us in their neat little cottage.† The furniture of her house was all made on the island, and by the natives, with a little instruction originally from the Missionaries. It consisted of sofas with backs and arms, with (cinet) bottoms, really very well constructed; tables and bedsteads by the same artificers. There were curtains to the windows, made of their white cloth, with dark leaves stained upon it for a border, which gave a cheerful and comfortable air to the rooms. The bed-rooms were up stairs, and were perfectly clean and neat. These comforts they prize exceedingly; and such is the desire for them, that a great many cottages, after the same plan, are rising up every where in the village.

"The sound of industry was music to my ears. Hammers, saws, and adzes were heard in every direction. Houses in frame met the eye in all parts, in different stages of forwardness. Many boats, after our manner, were building, and lime burning for cement and white-washing.

"Upon walking through the village, we

\* This part of Fa-re Harbour is represented in the plate No. 138 of this Magazine.

† See No. 2 in the prefixed plate of "Eastern Part of Fa-re Harbour."

were very much pleased to see that a nice, dry, elevated foot-path or causeway ran through it, which must add to their comfort in wet weather, when going to prayers in their European dresses. As we stopped occasionally to speak to some of the natives standing near their huts, we had frequent opportunities of observing the value they set upon the comforts of our English style of cottage, and other things introduced among them of late. They said they were ashamed to invite us into their huts, but that their other house was building, and then they would be happy to see us there.

"Afterwards I walked out to the point forming the division between the two bays. When I had reached it, I sat down to enjoy the sensations created by the lovely scene before me. I cannot describe it; but it possessed charms independent of the beautiful scenery and rich vegetation. The blessings of Christianity were diffused amongst the fine people who inhabited it; a taste for industrious employment had taken deep root; a praiseworthy emulation to excel in the arts which contribute to their welfare and comfort, had seized upon all, and, in consequence, civilization was advancing with wonderfully rapid strides."

"The point referred to by Captain Gambier, is situated at a short distance to the right of the view of Fa-re, as given in the annexed plate engraved from a sketch taken on the spot by Captain Elliot. It is a delightful spot, and affords an extensive view of the unruffled waters of the bay, and the infant settlement rising on its shores. The figures along the margin refer to the following buildings: No. 1. The chapel; 2. The residence of Mahine, the chief of the island,—this was the first house with an upper room which the natives erected. No. 3. is placed beneath the schools. 4. Marks the site where our dwelling stood, and that of my coadjutor, Mr. Barff; both these were erected at some distance from the shore, and stood on an elevation at the foot of the mountains forming the boundary of the valley.

"Although we always urged the completion of their houses as soon as they could, we were often highly interested in visiting their partially finished dwellings. There is something peculiarly pleasing in watching the process which periodically changes the face of the natural world: the swelling bud—the opening blossom—the expanding leaves—the tiny fruit-formations, as they regularly pass under the eye of the observer, are not less interesting than the

bough bending with full-ripe fruit;—the process which effects the changes marking the progress from birth to maturity in the animal creation, is not less curious;—and at this time we beheld a work advancing which was rapidly transforming the character and habits of a nation, and materially altering even the aspect of the habitable portions of their country. This gave a peculiar interest to the nondescript sort of dwelling, half native hut, and half European cottage, which many of the people at this time inhabited. They marked the steps, and developed the process, by which they were rising from the rude and cheerless degradation of the one, to the elevation and enjoyment of the other. These sensations were often heightened by our beholding in the neighbourhood of these half-finished houses, the lonely and comfortless hut they had abandoned, and the neatly finished cottage in which the inmates enjoyed a degree of comfort, that, to use their own powerful expression, made them sometimes ready to doubt whether they were the same people who had been contented to inhabit their former dwellings, surrounded by pigs and dogs, and swarms of vermin, while the wind blew over them, and the rain beat upon them.

"The greater number of houses, already erected, contain only two or three rooms on one floor, but several of the chiefs have built spacious, and, considering the materials with which they are constructed, substantial habitations, with two stories, and a number of rooms in each, having also some of the windows glazed. Mahine, the king of Huahine, was, we believe, the first native of the South Sea Islands, who finished a house with upper rooms. When done, it was quite a curiosity, or occasion of wonder, among the natives of the Leeward Islands, and multitudes came on purpose to see it. It was built with care, and, considering it as a specimen of native workmanship, was highly creditable to their industry, perseverance, and ingenuity. Many of the natives, especially those who have been native house-builders, are tolerably good carpenters, and handle tools with facility. They have also been taught to saw trees into a number of boards, instead of splitting them into two planks, which was their former practice.

"The timber principally employed in their buildings, is the wood of the bread-fruit; and although they are careful of this valuable tree, it is necessary frequently to urge the duty of planting, in order to ensure a future supply not only of timber but of food, as the large trees are now com-



paratively few, and the population is evidently increasing.

"In the commencement of a new settlement, or the establishment of a town, like that rising around us at the head of Fa-re harbour, we were desirous that it should assume something like a regular form, as it regarded the public buildings and habitations of the chiefs and people. We repeatedly advised the chiefs and others to build their houses and form their public roads in straight lines, and to leave regular and equal distances between the roads and the houses, and also between their respective dwellings. Our endeavours, however, were unavailing. They could perceive nothing that was either desirable or advantageous in a straight road, or regularity in the site, and uniformity in the size or shape, of their dwellings. Every one, therefore, followed his own inclinations. The size of the building was regulated by the number in the family, the rank or the means of its proprietor, and the shape by his fancy. It was oblong or square, with high gable, or circular ends covered with thatch, so that the building resembled an oval more than any other shape.

"The situations selected were either parts of their own ground, or such places as accorded with their taste and habits. Those who were frequently upon the waters, and enjoyed the gentle sea-breezes, or wished to excel their neighbours, built a massy pier or causeway in the sea, and, raising it four or five feet above high-water mark, covered it with smooth flat stones, and then erected their houses upon the spot they had thus recovered from the sea, by which it was on three sides surrounded. The labour required for effecting this, prevented any but chiefs from building in such situations. Others, actually building upon the sand, erected their dwelling upon the upper edge of the beach, within four or five yards of the rising tide.

"The public road, from six to twelve feet wide, which led through the district, extending in a line parallel with the coast, presented all its curvatures. Some of the natives built their houses facing the sea; others, turning their fronts towards the mountains, reared them within five or six feet of the road; while several, of a more retiring disposition, built in the centre of their plantations, or under the embowering shade of a grove of bread-fruit trees, enclosing them within the fence that surrounded their dwelling. Some of the leading chiefs, in order to enjoy a more extensive prospect, and to breathe a purer atmo-

sphere, left the humidity and shade of the lowland and the valley, and built their houses on the sides of the verdant hills that rise immediately behind the bay, and form the connecting link between the rocks around the beach and the high mountains of the interior.

"A settlement thus formed could never possess any approximation to uniformity; and although we had endeavoured to persuade the people to render it more regular, yet it often seemed as if the variety in size and shape among the buildings, and the irregularity of their situation, was in perfect keeping with the wild, untrained luxuriant loveliness, and romantic appearance, of the rocks, the hills, the mountains, the valleys, and every natural object by which the rising settlement was surrounded. The chiefs vied with each other in the size, elevation, or conveniences of their houses: some being, like Pohuetea's and Teritaria's, built upon a pier in the sea; others preparing to attach verandas, by which they could remain cool under a meridian sun; others erected rude covered balconies, in which they might enjoy a more extended prospect, be shaded from the sun, and breathe purer air. The rustic palm-leaf thatch, and beautifully white plastered walls, of all the buildings, whether standing on the sea-beach, on the mountain's side, embowered under the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut grove, or situated in the midst of their plantations, with a walk strewn with fragments of coral and shells leading from the road to the door, appeared in delightful contrast with the thick dark foliage of the trees, the perpetual luxuriance of vegetation, and the variegated blossoms of the native flowers.

"While individuals and families were thus engaged in the erection of their domestic habitations, the people of the island were occupied in raising a spacious and substantial chapel. They commenced it in the beginning of 1819, and completed it early in the following year. It was one hundred feet long, and sixty wide. The sides were fourteen or sixteen feet high, and the centre not less than thirty. The walls were plastered within and without. The roof was covered with paudanus leaves, the windows closed with sliding shutters, and the doors hung with iron hinges of native workmanship. Altogether, the building was finished in a manner highly creditable to their public spirit, skill, and persevering industry. All classes cheerfully united in the work, and the king of the island—assisted by his only son, a youth about seventeen years of age—might be seen

every day directing and encouraging those employed in the different parts of the building, or working themselves with the plane or the chisel, in the midst of their chiefs and subjects.

"The interior of the roof was remarkable for the neatness of its appearance, and the ingenuity of its structure. The long rafters, formed with slender cocoa-nut, casuarina, or hibiscus trees, were perfectly straight, and polished at the upper end. The lower extremities were ornamented with finely-woven variegated matting, or curiously braided cord, stained with brilliant red or black and yellow native colours, ingeniously wound round the polished wood, exhibiting a singularly neat and chequered appearance. The ornament on the rafter terminated in a graceful fringe or bunch of tassels.

"The pulpit, situated at a short distance from the northern end, was hexagonal, and supported by six pillars of the beautiful wood of the pua, *besleria laurifolia* of Parkinson, which resembles, in its grain and colour, the finest satin-wood. The pannels were of rich yellow bread-fruit, and the frame of mero, *thespesia populnea*, a beautiful fine-grained, dark, chesnut-coloured wood. The stairs, reading-desk, and communion table, were all of deep umber-coloured bread-fruit; and the whole, as a specimen of workmanship, was such as the native carpenters were not ashamed of. The floor was boarded with thick sawn planks, or split trees; and, although it exhibited great variety of timber and skill, was by no means contemptible.

"According to ancient usage in the erection of public buildings, the work had been divided among the different chiefs of the islands; these had apportioned their respective allotments among their peasantry or dependants, and thus each party had distinct portions of the wall, the roof, and the floor. The numbers employed rendered these allotments but small, seldom more than three or six feet in length, devolving on one or two families. This, when finished, they considered their own part of the chapel; and near the part of the wall they had built, and the side of the roof they had thatched, they usually fitted up their sittings. The principal chiefs, however, fixed their seats around the pulpit, that they might have every facility of hearing.

"Uniformity was as deficient in the sittings of the chapel, as in the houses of the town, each family fitting up their own according to their inclination or ability. For a considerable extent around the pulpit,

the seats were in the form of low boarded pews neatly finished. Behind them appeared a kind of open, or trellis-work line of pews, which were followed by several rows of benches with backs; and, still more remote from the pulpit, what might be called free or unappropriated sittings, were solid benches or forms, without any support for the back or arms.

"The colour and the kind of wood, used in the interior, was as diversified as the forms in which it was employed; it was, nevertheless, only when empty, that its irregularity and grotesque variety appeared. When well filled with respectably dressed and attentive worshippers, as it generally was on the Sabbath, the difference in the material or structure of the places they occupied, was not easily noticed.

"A remarkably ingenious and durable low fence, called by the natives *anuaa*, was erected round it, and the area within the enclosure was covered with small fragments of white branching coral, called *anaana*, and found on the northern shores of the bay.

"In the month of April, 1820, it was finished, and on the 3d of May I had the pleasure of opening it for divine service."

#### SLAVERY IN BRAZIL.

IN the "Journal do Commercio," and the "Diario," there are always ten or twelve advertisements of "*esceavos fugidos*,"—"run-away slaves." When they abscond, they generally betake themselves to the Corcovado, or contiguous mountains, and here, armed with spears, they attack travellers, and live by plunder. The beautiful road leading along the aqueduct is infested with these fugitives, living in a state of nature, and many robberies have been lately committed there. The police is particularly employed under an officer, called *capitao do mato*, or captain of the woods, hunting them down, and, in a dense thicket, in the chain of hills just behind Rio, a whole colony of these unfortunate beings was lately found in the greatest misery. When brought back, besides the punishment of flogging, they are distinguished by a very extraordinary looking mask. An iron collar is firmly riveted on their necks, from which a long bar projects at nearly right angles, terminated at the other end by a cross, or by a broad curl, so as to resemble a fleur-de-lis. The intent of this is as well to stigmatize them as fugitives or domestics, as also to impede them in their flight, as the iron bar, entangled in the bushes, would soon cause

the collar to strangle them, if they attempted to force their way through the underwood. Sometimes the extremity of the bar is terminated by five fingers; and this implies, that the slave had carried off with him some property; and so was a surripio or thief, as well as a fugidio. The multitudes of slaves seen thus neck-fettered in the streets, is a proof of the numbers who are continually attempting to escape, and also a proof how intolerable is the state of existence in which they find themselves.

Nothing can be more unfounded than to say, they are reconciled and happier in slavery in America, than in freedom in their own country. They seem to have as keen a sense of bondage, and to repine as bitterly at their lot, as any white man in the same state in Africa; indeed, if we might judge from the effects, still more. I have never heard that suicide is common among the unhappy Europeans detained in slavery on the Barbary coast; it is the daily practice in Brazil. Besides the instances I have mentioned elsewhere, the harbour is constantly covered with the bodies of blacks, on whom no marks of violence are found, and who are known to have thrown themselves in, to escape from an insupportable life. This is particularly the case at Boto Fogo, where, several respectable persons have told me, they frequently encountered black bodies when they went to bathe. I have seen them myself left by the tide on the strand, and some lying weltering just under our windows.

But we were all eye-witnesses to a very striking and melancholy fact of this kind. One evening, some policemen were conducting a woman to the calabuoço, along the road leading from Catelé. Just when they came opposite our door, where there was an open descent to the strand, the woman suddenly rushed down the rocks, and cast herself into the sea. The place in which she fell was too shallow to drown her; so, after lying on her face for a moment, she again raised herself, and, rushing forward into deeper water, she sunk and disappeared. The policemen made no attempt to save her; but Mr. Abercrombie ordered some of the blacks of our house to follow her. They immediately did so, brought her up apparently dead, and carried her into our hall, with her head hanging down, and exhibiting the supposed mortal symptom of froth collected on her lips. The negroes who humanely saved her, supposing her dead, threw her down on the bare stones, just as they would be treated themselves; and she lay there, like any other worthless and despised object;

but on examining the poor creature, we had reason to suppose it was still possible to restore suspended animation; a bed was therefore brought, on which she was laid, divested of her wet and tattered garments, and wrapped in a warm blanket. Friction, and other usual means, were then resorted to; and, after being persevered in for some time, she showed symptoms of returning animation. She was seized with convulsions, succeeded by a violent shuddering, then ejected a quantity of water from her stomach, opened her eyes, and muttered some incoherent words, and, at length, fell into a slumber, from which she awoke in a sensible state.

She gave the following account of herself. She was a native of Minas, on the coast of Guinea, where she was one night seized in her hut, dragged on board a slaver, brought to Rio, and sold at the Valongo. She was then baptized at the church of the Candellaria, by the name of Francisca, and brought by her master, a Captain Philips, to his chacara, near Boto Fogo. She was employed in washing, which she willingly performed; but her master treated her with the greatest cruelty and inhumanity; and in proof, she showed her arms and side, which were greatly swelled and inflamed from the effects of blows she had received a few days before. She could endure it no longer, and she fled to the woods. Her master immediately gave sixteen milreis to the capitao do mato; she was pursued and overtaken, and was on her way back to her former state; but she conceived such a horror at again returning, to encounter the brutality she had before experienced, that she determined not to be brought home alive; so in passing along the shore, where there is an opening to the sea among the rocks, just opposite our house, she rushed down, and hoped she had effected her purpose.

She appeared very grateful for the kindness with which she was treated, so different from any thing she had ever experienced in Brazil before, and proposed to do any work with alacrity to which she was put; but when we spoke of her returning to her master, she expressed a degree of horror, both in her looks and manners, that amounted to distraction, and seemed to think she was but little indebted to those who saved her life, if she was again to be given up to that suffering, than which, loss of life was more tolerable.

The next day I went to Boto Fogo, to learn something of her master, and to interest some friends in her behalf, who I knew were very kind and humane. But

a slave, I found, was no legitimate object of compassion, and they, whose deepest sympathies would have been roused for a white European so circumstanced, had not the smallest for a black African. In reply to my statements, I was assailed with stories of the wickedness and worthlessness of the race in particular to which she belonged. I inquired, if they were addicted to theft, and other immoralities; it was admitted they were not, but they were notorious for a practice equally dishonest, that of cheating their masters, who had paid their money for them, by daring to kill themselves, when life was no longer tolerable. I further learned, that her master could come and claim her, as he would his horse or mule; that she could be sent to the calabouço, to be first punished for her dishonest attempt on her own life, and then restored to him, to be dealt with as he pleased.

In effect, her master in a day or two did come and claim her, and his claim could no more be resisted, than if he had demanded any other article of his property. Her arm and side were still greatly inflamed, but she had no alternative, and was obliged to go away with a stern fellow sent for her. All that could be done, was done by his excellency Lord Strangford. When a slave flies and returns, or is brought back, he endeavours to procure the interference of some one, who becomes his padrinho, or sponsor, and intercedes for his forgiveness. If the person consents, he is always sure the fugitive will be forgiven; for it is considered a high offence to refuse. This kind office Lord Strangford undertook, and secured the poor creature from present punishment; but this could be no protection against future cruelty, which, no doubt, will end in determined suicide.

This horror at slavery is carried to such an extent, that they not only kill themselves but their children, to escape it. Negresses are known to be remarkably fond mothers, and all I have seen confirms the observations of others; yet this very affection often impels them to commit infanticide. Many of them, particularly the Minas slaves, have the strongest repugnance to have children, and practise means to extinguish life before the infant is born, and provide, as they say, against the affliction of bringing slaves into the world. Is it not a frightful state, which thus counteracts the first impressions of nature, eradicates the maternal feelings from the human breast, and causes the mother to become the murderer of her unborn offspring!

The yearning after liberty is the strongest

feeling of a negro's mind. It is usual with people at their death, to emancipate their slaves, particularly ecclesiastics, as if to make an atonement for having kept them in that state, as long as they could hold them in their grasp. Slaves who had expected this, and have had their hopes frustrated, sink rapidly under the effects of a bitter disappointment, and die of broken hearts. An incident of this kind occurred at St. José, a few days before my arrival. An ecclesiastic in the Minas Geraes died, and all his slaves were emancipated by his will. It is requisite, however, to pay a certain duty on such manumission, and as no provision had been made in the will for this, it was necessary to sell one or two of the slaves to pay for the rest. One of them was brought to St. José, where he sunk rapidly under the feeling of disappointed hope. He refused to take any sustenance, and it was necessary to have his mouth held forcibly open by other blacks, while it was poured down his throat; but he persisted in his determination to emancipate himself, as he said, and in a short time he succeeded. He was buried, as well as I remember, the day before we arrived.

But this irrepressible horror at a state of slavery, is the parent sometimes of the greatest crimes; and when negroes expect a testamentary freedom, they anticipate the time by the premature death of the testator; and thus a humane and benevolent intention is often the cause of the death of the intended benefactor, and becomes a frequent incentive to poison and assassination. I knew a man in the Organ Mountains, who displayed a most frightful picture of the effects of slavery in the different relations of life. The man's name was Felice, a gamelleiro, or one who undertakes to cut down woods, to convert the timber into gamellas, and sell them through the country. He was a mulatto, the son of a white man by a negro slave. You will suppose that his bondage ceased at his birth, and that the offspring of a white man could not be the bondsman of his parent. No such thing; he was liable to the condition of his mother, and the father kept his own son a slave, to sell him, or dispose of him as he would a mule; being ill, however, and near to die, he made his will, left his child his freedom, and apprised him of it. After some time he recovered, and, having some dispute with his son, he threatened that he would alter his will, and that he should be sold with the rest of his stock. This, his boy determined to prevent, assassinated his father in a wood, got possession of the will, demanded his freedom, and obtained

it. This circumstance was perfectly well known to every body in the neighbourhood, but no process was instituted against him, and I saw him every day driving his mules, loaded with gamellas, and not chargeable, as I could hear, with any other delinquency, except the horrible one of having murdered his father to obtain his freedom.

The circumstance that particularly struck me in Brazil was, the interminable period to which the offspring of a slave is doomed to bondage, from generation to generation. It is a taint in the blood, which no length of time, no change of relationship, no alteration of colour, can obliterate. Hence it is that you see people of all hues in a state of bondage, from jet black to a pure white. On the ecclesiastical estates, every precaution is taken to preserve the original colour; and when, from an intermixture of white blood, the complexion of the children is becoming too light, they endeavour to restore its darkness, by obliging the fair slaves to intermarry with those who are darker than themselves; the good fathers being alarmed at keeping, in a state of slavery, human faces as fair as their own.

I one day stopped with a friend, at the house of a man on the road to Tijuca, to obtain some refreshment. In the garden, at the back of his venda, we saw some young negroes playing about, and among the rest, a very pretty white boy. He had a soft fair face, light curling hair, blue eyes, and a skin as light as that of an European. Attracted by the very engaging little fellow, I caressed him, and inquired of the man of the house, if he was his son. He said not; but that he was the son of a Englishman, and his slave, and he mentioned the name of his father. Shocked, and incredulous, I denied the possibility of his father's knowing the child was in bondage; but I was then informed, that the father not only knew it in this instance, but that, in other cases, he was known to sell his own white child along with its mother!

Oh, my friend; here is a picture of slavery! Here is the story of Mr. Thomas Inkle actually revived, and a European, in the nineteenth century, selling a mother, with whom he had lived as with a wife, and enhancing her value, by selling his own son along with her.

If, then, we put out of the question the injury inflicted on others, and merely consider the deterioration of feeling and principle with which it operates on ourselves, ought it not to be a sufficient, and, indeed, unanswerable argument, against the permission of slavery?

The exemplary manner in which the paternal duties are performed at home, may mark people as the most fond and affectionate of parents; but let them once go abroad, and come within the contagion of slavery, and it seems to alter the very nature of the man; and the father has sold, and still sells, the mother and his children, with as little compunction as he would a sow and her litter of pigs; and he often disposes of them together.

This deterioration of feeling is conspicuous in many ways among the Brazilians. They are naturally a people of a humane and good-natured disposition, and much indisposed to cruelty, or severity of any kind. Indeed, the manner in which many of them treat their slaves, is a proof of this, as it is really gentle and considerate; but the natural tendency to cruelty and oppression in the human heart, is continually evolved by the impunity and uncontrolled license in which they are exercised. I never walked through the streets of Rio, when some house did not present to me the semblance of a bridewell, where the moans and cries of the sufferers, and the sound of whips and scourges within, announced to me that corporal punishment was being inflicted. Whenever I remarked this to a friend, I was always answered that the refractory nature of the slave rendered it necessary, and no house could be properly conducted unless it was practised. But this is certainly not the case; and the chastisement is applied in the very wantonness of barbarity, and would not, and dared not, be inflicted on the humblest wretch in society, if he was not a slave, and so put out of the pale of pity.

Immediately joining our house was one occupied by a mechanic, from which the most dismal cries and groans constantly proceeded. I entered the shop one day, and found it was occupied by a saddler, who had two negro boys working at his business. He was a tawny, cadaverous-looking man, with a dark aspect; and he had cut from his leather a scourge like a Russian knout, which he held in his hand, and was in the act of exercising on one of the naked children in an inner room; and this was the cause of the moans and cries we heard every day, and almost all day long.

In the rear of our house was another, occupied by some women of bad character, who kept, as usual, several negro slaves. I was awake early one morning by dismal cries, and, looking out of the window, I saw in the back yard of the house, a black girl, of about fourteen years old; before her

stood her mistress, a white woman, with a stick in her hand. She was undressed except her petticoat and chemise, which had fallen down, and left her shoulders and bosom bare. Her hair was streaming behind, and every fierce and malevolent passion was depicted in her face. She, too, like my hostess at Governo, was the very representation of a fury. She was striking the poor girl, whom she had driven up into a corner, where she was on her knees appealing for mercy. She showed her none, but continued to strike her on the head, and thrust the stick into her face, till she was herself exhausted, and her poor victim covered with blood. This scene was renewed every morning, and the cries and moans of the poor suffering blacks announced that they were enduring the penalty of slavery, in being the objects on which the irritable and malevolent passions of the whites are allowed to vent themselves with impunity; nor could I help deeply deploring that state of society, in which the vilest characters of the community are allowed an almost uncontrolled power of life and death, over their innocent, and far more estimable fellow-creatures.

You will allege, perhaps, that chastisement in this way may be often quite necessary, though it be sometimes abused, and carried to an excess; but what will you say, when I tell you, that they frequently perish under this infliction of evil passion, and negroes every day are sacrificed, not so much as delinquents punished for offences, as victims offered up to the revenge or malice of their masters. A Portuguese merchant was pointed out to me, at the Alfandega, as a remarkable example of this. He had ill used a black so as greatly to exasperate him; and, as he was not his master, the slave was not in the same personal awe of him, and he struck him in the face in a violent fit of passion. The merchant said little about it at the time, but the inexplicable insult of receiving a blow from a negro slave rankled in his heart. He sometime after applied to his master to sell him, but as he was a good negro, for whom he felt a regard, he declined, till he was offered a considerable sum, which he thought it not prudent to refuse. The money was immediately paid, and the slave transferred; but the moment his new master obtained possession of him, he sent him to the calabouço, or place where slaves are punished. Here he obtained an order, as is usual, from the intendant of the police, for three or four hundred lashes, or as many as he might think ne-

cessary; and he had him flogged every day with such severity, that he gradually sunk under the punishment, and the merchant never thought his affront expiated, till he saw his dead body sent in a mat to the burying ground of the Misericordia.

Sometimes the gratification of these passions is too sweet to be trusted to other hands, so they take it into their own, and of this several stories were told me; I shall mention one:—A family was about to remove to the country, and the master ordered one of the slaves to prepare the carriage. The slave, as often happens, had some attachment which he did not wish to leave, and neglected the orders; and, when they were repeated in a more peremptory manner, he took an axe, and in a sudden fit of frenzy or despair, attempted to cut his master down. He was seized and disarmed, but he was not sent to the calabouço, where, it was said, his punishment would not be sufficiently severe; so he was tied up in a cellar in the house, where his master every day inflicted the chastisement with his own hands, and never took him down till he was dead. This was universally known, and mentioned to me as rather a more salutary and effectual way of domestic punishment, than sending to the calabouço. The master suffered nothing in public estimation, and was never called to any account for the murder.

The wretched slave often anticipates the result by inflicting death upon himself in an extraordinary manner. They have a method of burying their tongues in their throat, in such a way as to produce suffocation. A friend of mine was passing through the carioca, when a slave was tied up and flogged. After a few lashes, he hung his head, apparently lifeless, and when taken down, he was actually dead, and his tongue found wedged in the oesophagus, so as completely to close the trachea.

While this tremendous power is permitted to the master, the laws of the country are frequently a dead letter with respect to the slaves, who violate them, and commit real crimes, with impunity; they rob, and poison, and assassinate, without any possibility of bringing them to condign punishment, when it is not the master's pleasure or interest to do so.—Men, notoriously guilty of these crimes, are too valuable a property to be offered up to public justice, which would allow the master no compensation for the loss; they are, therefore, protected, or at the

utmost sold to another, if he does not wish to keep them any longer himself.

At St. José, as I stated to you, I knew a gentleman who had lost his family, and narrowly escaped himself, from poison administered by a slave, and he only sold her to another.

At Boto Fogo, a notorious murder was committed, and the perpetrators are still at large. Some time before our arrival, races were established on the strand; and the sailor of an English ship, who resided at Praya Grande, on the other side of the bay, hired a boat with four negroes, brought over provisions, and pitched a tent on the strand, where he sold his refreshments to some profit. When he was returning in the evening, the negroes conceived the idea of robbing him, and seizing the money he had made. One of them, who was steering, purposely turned the boat out of her course, and when the sailor attempted to rectify the fault, he struck him on the head with the tiller, knocked him senseless, and threw him overboard. They then threw the furniture over likewise, and proposed to return to their master with the boat empty, and say the sailor had remained behind in his tent. The man's wife was also on board; so, to prevent her from making a discovery, they threw her out after the furniture. She clung to some article, floated, and was providentially taken up by a passing boat.

When she reported the circumstance, proceedings were immediately commenced against the murderers, by colonel Cunningham, on behalf of the widow, and they were apprehended. After the suit was protracted for a year by various delays, he was at length called on to produce the body of the sailor, as indispensable evidence that he had been murdered at all. This could not be done; the process was stopped, and the negroes were liberated. It was well known that the proprietor of one of them, a stout athletic man, and so a valuable slave, had applied to the jury, before whom cognizance of the fact was taken, gave him 500 milreis to protract, and finally to put an end to the process. The master was only considered as protecting his property.—*Walsh's Notices of Brazil*, vol. ii. p. 343—361.

DIVINE AGENCY CONSTANTLY NECESSARY  
TO PRESERVE THE ELLIPTICAL MOTION  
OF THE PLANETS, ASSERTED AND DE-  
FENDED.

TRUTH, as it respects the Creator's works, needs neither disguise nor secrecy. It may

therefore seem remarkable that my opponent, whose letter is in the Imperial Magazine of 1829, col. 884, should sign only "J. S. Manchester."

There are certainly many streets in that large town, in every one of which many persons may be found whose names begin with these initials, so that the writer remains unknown to the public. What his reasons were for acting thus, every reader is left to form his own judgment.

In my former letters, I showed that an equality of the centrifugal and centripetal forces must necessarily produce a circular motion of the planets. To this Mr. J. S. replies, by way of opposition, in the following manner.

"I say, that in no part of the orbit can the body be diverted from elliptical to circular motion. For this purpose, as I shall avoid mathematical investigations, I shall premise the four following propositions, referring to the works where the demonstrations are given.

"1. That the planets move in ellipses.

"2. That all curvilinear motion is caused by the joint action of two forces, the deflective and the original motive force; the former in the direction of the centre, and the latter in that of the tangent to the curve.

"3. That in circular motion, the motive force must be at right angles to the deflective. (For prop. 2 and 3 see dynamics in any mechanical work.)

"4. That the velocity in any part of a curve, is equal to that which would be generated by an uniformly accelerated motion over one-fourth of the local chord of curvature to that part; (see Robison's Mechanical Philosophy, or Carr's Principia, p. 107) and as, in the circle, the focal chord is the diameter, hence the velocity required for circular motion is that which would be acquired by the aforesaid motion over one-half the radius. I shall now proceed to render each of these propositions apparent."

It must be admitted, that considerable pains have been taken in making this collection, and forming the arrangement here exhibited.

But, notwithstanding all the high authorities thus brought forward, I maintain that the third proposition is quite erroneous.

Mr. J. S. strenuously contends, that there can never be any circular motion unless the two forces act in right angles to one another. I argue, that in many cases there is a circular motion when these forces act obliquely to one another. Now, for

the proofs of what I advance, I will not send the reader to consult other authors, or pore over different volumes; but direct his attention to plain well-known matter of fact.

When a ship rides south of her anchor, if the wind blows suddenly and strongly from the north-east, she will necessarily and gradually pass round to the south-west, supposing there be no obstacle to prevent her: and in so doing she must move in a circular arch, the centre of which will be the spot where the anchor rests.

When a tree falls in consequence of being nearly cut through at the root, every part of it will form a circular arch in its descent, so that if a mark had been made in the tree, at the height of about twenty feet, that mark would form a circular arch of twenty feet radius; and so for any other part that might be noted at any particular height from the root.

From these instances, I argue thus—According to the second proposition of Mr. J. S., whenever a body moves in a curve, the motion must be caused by the joint action of two forces, the deflective, and the original motive force; the former in the direction of the centre, and the latter in that of the tangent to the curve.

But the ship, in passing from south to south-west of her anchor, and the tree in falling to the earth, move in a curve. Therefore, according to the second proposition of Mr. J. S. the motion of the ship, and the motion of the falling tree, must be caused by the joint action of two forces, the deflective, and the original motive force, the former in the direction of the centre, and the latter in that of the tangent to the curve.

Now, with respect to the ship, according to the second proposition, the deflective force acting in the direction of the centre, must be that force which extends through the cable and anchor, and thereby keeps the ship within a certain distance from the point where the anchor rests; while the wind must be considered as the original motive force, acting in the direction of the tangent to the curve.

And in regard to the falling tree, the deflective force acting in the direction of the centre, must be that force which extends through the tree, and thus reaches from the top to the root; and, as it is the weight of the tree, or its gravitation towards the centre of the earth, that causes its motion downwards, that weight or gravitation must be considered the original motive force acting in the direction of the tangent to the curve.

But it is very evident that in these cases, the motive force and the deflective one never act in right angles to one another.

The wind blowing from the north-east cannot possibly be at right angles with a line drawn from the ship to the anchor, which bore north from the ship. When the ship rode south of her anchor, the north-east wind must have formed an oblique angle with a line drawn from her to the point where the anchor rested; and the obliquity of that angle must necessarily increase as long as the motion occasioned by the oblique junction of the two forces, continued.

Again, the weight of the falling tree, or its gravitation towards the centre of the earth, being its original motive force, can never act in right angles to a line drawn from the top to the root; which must always be the direction of the deflective force.

When the circular motion of the falling tree begins, the acute angle between the two forces is very small; but it will continue to increase at every degree of descent, until the tree comes to the ground: when the two forces will, indeed, form a rectangle; but then the motion immediately ceases.

Here, then, is a circular motion, while the two forces act obliquely to one another; and they never come into right angles while the motion continues.

Thus, plain matter of fact evidently demonstrates, that the rectangle of the two forces is not essential to circular motion; seeing that there is circular motion in these two cases, where the said forces act obliquely, and never form a rectangle, to each other.

Many other instances might be produced, to prove that circular motion is often caused by an oblique junction of the two forces.\* This sufficiently shows the fallacy of Mr. J. S.'s third proposition.

Mr. J. S. proceeds to the figure drawn by him to represent the orbit of a planet, where he argues that there cannot be a circular motion in such a part of the orbit, because the two forces act obliquely to one another. But this is arguing from a false proposition; and, consequently, it must produce a false conclusion. It has been already shewn that a circular motion may be caused by the said forces acting ob-

\* Should it be objected that the motions here mentioned are of short duration, or should it be urged that an oblique junction of the two forces will generate a rectangular one, I hope to pay proper attention to the investigation of the subject.



liques to one another. This fully demonstrates that there are parts in the orbit where the body may be diverted from an elliptical to a circular motion; which completely refutes all that my opponent has advanced to the contrary.

The consequence is, that an equality of the centrifugal and centripetal forces must necessarily divert the planet from an elliptical to a circular motion, unless prevented by a superior power.\*

In the Imperial Magazine of 1829, col. 430, I shewed, by referring to some experiments on the whirling table, that the planets, by changing their positions, must, upon the principles of gravity, utterly derange the whole system. So that, if the Deity should leave them to be solely governed by the laws impressed on them in the beginning, their order must necessarily come to an end; because, the planets would inevitably disturb one another's motions by their mutual attractions, when several of them are in the same quarter of the heavens, as is often the case; and then, as they attract the sun more towards that quarter than when they are in a manner dispersed equally round him, if he was not made to describe a portion of a larger circle round the common centre of gravity, the balance would then be immediately destroyed; and, as it could never restore itself again, the whole system would fall together, and finally unite in a mass at the sun. Respecting this, Mr. J. S. says,

"The second argument of Mr. Jenkins is taken from the disturbances of the planets, occasioned by their mutual attraction. That the mutual attraction of matter must have considerable effect upon all the orbits of the planets, is agreed on all sides," &c.

It is very easy to see here an endeavour to evade the arguments I have used, without any attempt to meet them.

He says, "In some parts of their orbits the motion is retarded, the path less incurvated, and the body drawn more from the sun."

But the question is, Will an assemblage of planets, in one quarter of the heavens, destroy the balance by drawing the sun towards that quarter?

Is this the case, or is it not?

This point is carefully avoided. He says, "In other points, the motion is accelerated, the orbit more incurvated, and the body drawn nearer the sun; whilst in Venus and Mars the orbits are turned and looped, presenting a very curious kind of motion."

But the question is, Can the balance, after it is once lost, be ever restored by any assemblage of planets in any particular quarter of the heavens?

Is this restoration possible, without the interference of an intelligent agent, or is it not?

This matter is cautiously left untouched. He says, "In the inferior planets, these irregularities are nearly opposite; that is, the retardations and accelerations nearly compensate each other in the course of a revolution, and the overplus shews itself in the retreat of the line of the apses."

But the question is, Will the irrecoverable loss of the balance cause the whole system to fall together, and finally form one mass at the sun?

Would this be the consequence, or would it not? A perfect silence is observed upon this head.

I wish to bring these questions under discussion; but my opponent endeavours to evade them. I want them to be examined upon the principles of gravity; he strives to divert the attention another way. All that he has advanced concerning the orbits of Venus and Mars being turned and looped, and presenting a very curious kind of motion, &c. is perfectly irrelevant to the matter in hand, and, consequently proves nothing to the purpose.

Mr. J. S. says, "According to Mr. Jenkins' idea, the Deity counterbalances the effects of these disturbances; but we find he does not; the irregularities take place, and the effects accumulate," &c.

This is an evident mistatement of the case: for I never maintained that the Divine agency prevented all irregularities, so called, in the planet's motions; but I maintain, that the regulating hand of Deity prevents that utter confusion and disorder which would inevitably take place in the system, if the Divine agency were once withdrawn.

I also maintain, that to deny the Divine agency in governing planetary motion, because certain irregularities are found in that motion, is like denying the Divine agency in governing the world, because certain irregularities are found in the world. The power and prosperity of the wicked, their perverting judgment, and the righteous suffering under the oppressor's yoke, are some of the irregularities which have often been observed and complained of. But notwithstanding all this, it is very certain that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and that he putteth down one, and setteth up another. And so extensively and minutely is the agency of Deity exerted

\* See Imperial Magazine of 1828, col. 912.

over all creatures, that without him a sparrow cannot fall to the earth.

It is moreover very evident, that man is subject to irregularities of a physical nature; and that these irregularities accumulate as age increases, until they finally terminate in the dissolution of the body. Yet the Divine agency is constantly exerted in the preservation and continuance of human life during the period of its existence. For in him (God) we live, and move, and have our being.

From which it is plain, that the Divine agency is not exerted for the purpose of totally preventing all irregularities from taking place, but certainly with a design to check their progress, limit their extent, and prevent that immediate ruin which would otherwise ensue.

If the Divine agency were withdrawn from the government of the world, justice would be speedily driven from the earth. If the Divine agency were withdrawn from man, he could no longer move or live.

If the Divine agency were withdrawn from the heavenly bodies, the elliptical motion of the planets would quickly become circular; and even that would soon cease, in consequence of their falling together, and forming a mass at the sun.

Mr. J. S. says, "If observations agree with theory, and these observations are correct, the theory must be so too; but time has stamped correctness upon the observations, and hence it follows, that time will stamp, and has stamped, correctness upon the theory also."

I answer, It has already been shewn, that according to the theory the planets could not continue to move in elliptical orbits; but observations fully demonstrate, that they do continue to move in elliptical orbits; therefore, the observations evidently disagree with the theory.

If, therefore, observations disagree with the theory, and these observations are correct, the theory must be incorrect; but time has stamped correctness upon the observations, and hence it follows, that time will stamp, and has stamped, incorrectness upon the theory.

Mr. J. S. has started another objection, which ought not to be passed over without notice, because it may possibly raise prejudice in the minds of some persons. He says, "That a planet should require twice in one revolution the Divine aid, (for the centripetal and centrifugal forces are equal twice in a revolution,) would betray such a want of skill, and such deficiency in the original, as we cannot attribute to an omniscient and omnipotent Being."

Had any arguments been offered in order to support what is here advanced, I would have examined them with due attention; but as nothing of the kind has been attempted, the whole must be accounted as nothing more than bare assertions. These assertions, however, plainly suggest, that my sentiments tend to eclipse the Creator's glory, by imputing imperfection to his works. Therefore, to repel every sinister insinuation of the kind, I observe, that Divine revelation expressly assures us, that He who made the worlds upholdeth all things by the word of his power. Hence it is evident, that the Divine agency is constantly exerted in holding up, or supporting, all that the Divine agent at first created.

And as all the works of Deity are constantly supported by him, it is evident they all need his constant support.

From this it must follow, that the planets require the Divine aid, not only twice in each revolution, but even every moment of their existence. Thus it is plain, that the scriptures of truth attribute to the omniscient and omnipotent Creator, the formation of worlds which constantly require the Divine aid.

Now, whether this betrays any want of skill, and any deficiency in the original, according to Mr. J. S.'s assertions; or whether he has betrayed a want of skill, and a deficiency, in making these assertions without offering any proof, your numerous readers will be at full liberty to judge.

WILLIAM JENKIN.

*Mylor, near Falmouth.*

#### ON READING : NO. IX.

(Continued from Col. 708.)

"A BROTHER offended is harder to be won than a strong city; and their contentions are like the bars of a castle," Prov. xviii. 19. Whether St. Matt. xviii. 7. "Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!" illustrates the quotation from Solomon, or not, seeing a greater than Solomon uttered it, every attention ought to be paid to the latter, as well as to the former. A brother of equal standing meets our views of the first offender, as well as of the first offended: but the latter offender is an elder, and the offended a younger brother; for the last is called a little one in the context, in comparison of him that offends.

It is always awful to contemplate the quarrels of brethren: no association of ideas exceeds in horror the unnatural circumstances preceding, and the unnatural act of

fratricide. Had Cain been the murderer of a man whose consanguinity was unapparent, however he might have been distinguished as an audacious sinner, the horrible ideas attached to the shedding of a brother's blood would not, as an execration to the earth, have held him up to the abhorrence of all future ages. If Joseph had been the first-born of Jacob's sons, and his younger brethren had conspired together in order to his ruin, half the pathos of this affecting tragedy would have been lost, through the absence of that exclamation in the speech of Reuben, "The child is not; and I, whither shall I go?" But the idea of a tender youth suffering beneath the unnatural and combined force of elder brethren, calls into action all the sympathies of the soul.

✓ Volumes upon volumes have been filled, and are filling, with circumstantial details of the quarrels among brethren, and reasonings upon them; not merely brethren according to the flesh, but spiritual brethren—men who worshipped together beneath the same roof, who responded in concert, Amen, to the same minister, who held the same creed, and who, when met, had delightful and blessed experience that Jesus Christ was in the midst, to bless them together; men who held sweet communion in the cup of blessing, and in the breaking of bread, and in the fellowship of His sufferings who died to redeem their souls, being made conformable unto His death. Age after age has swelled these volumes, and the present generation has already meted out to men its full quota of these mighty munitions of war. This is a living proof that man is the same frail and corrupt mortal throughout all his generations, and a loud call to every man, in every age, who professes faith in Christ Jesus, and associates himself with His church, in the words of inspiration, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall. For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this; Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another."

✕ The family of Adam, the first man in the old world, the family of Noah, the patriarch of the new world, the family of Abraham, the father of the faithful, as well as those of Isaac and Jacob, the patriarchs of the chosen seed, were all afflicted by contentions. Brother against brother, being the offenders and offended, awfully broke the peace of these families. Many are the horrifying catastrophes recorded in the sacred volume, induced by contentions

among brethren, at the head of which stands the family of Gideon—that saviour, under Jehovah, of Israel, whose sons, threescore and ten persons, were slain upon one stone, to satiate the bloody ambition of their brother, Abimelech. Alas! Israel shewed no kindness to the house of this their saviour, but, on the contrary, suffered this very murderer to become their king, as this people in after ages preferred a murderer to the Prince of life. It would require a volume to enumerate the instances on record there, of contention, not only between brothers of the same family, but brethren in the Lord; and all these narratives are so characteristic and instructive, that it would minister to the church of Christ, if they were selected, commented upon, and furnished to the church, as warnings of the effects and retributive punishment on such contentions to succeeding ages.

How different are these narratives to the publications of men in general, which record similar events! In the spirit of truth, and in the wisdom of inspiration, these are impartial relations of facts, and deductions from them fraught with instruction, in love, calculated to minister, even to the most pious of mankind, in every subsequent age of time: while the others, vindictive and acrimonious, impute, rather than prove, rail, rather than advise, criminate and recriminate, rather than bear and forbear, and in place of love, do despite unto all, who are non-conformists to themselves. Alas for man! wherever he works, in his own spirit, all his works are, like himself, depraved; and were it not for that standard of divine truth, firmly seated upon the rock of inspiration, and preserved from age to age—the Bible—truth would cease from the earth.

Many are the mortals who are well calculated to fill certain offices, but ill calculated to fill others. Every man is, and ever will be, as long as the present constitution of things continues, more or less partial to himself; this renders him unfit to become a judge in his own cause, for whenever he assumes this office, he is in danger of passing a partial sentence. A minister of the gospel is in peculiar danger from this quarter. Considering, very properly, his call to be of God, his office that of a minister or representative of Jesus Christ—the King of kings, and Lord of lords—and the people, whether elders or juniors, to be all his children, there is a certain authority really vested in him. Now the danger is here, that being under a strong temptation, from the power vested in him, to exceed

his authority, he should, in place of the meekness of wisdom, suffer authoritative words and actions to escape him; and this, if in meekness and love he does not continually possess his soul in peace, will frequently be the case.

An elder, also, having in all things pre-eminence in the church, is in danger from precisely the same quarter as the minister. Suppose the minister and elder to be authoritative in the same church, and as a little leaven leavens the whole lump, one of these becoming imperious, is likely to produce the same spirit in the other, and eventually in all around them; what is the probable consequence of such a temperature in a church? Not the spirit of forbearance, of unity, of devotion, of love to God and man, but something the reverse of all these, the desire of rule of domination; and these will break forth into acts: then arise the voices of Babel, soon follow its confusions, and quickly in the rear its dispersions. Away! away! becomes the watchword: they divide—into two churches, did you say? Happy would it be for these, if this were always the case. What is, then, this division? Frequently into two contending parties. The main article in their creed often is, in such cases, perplex and vex; they bandy about this doctrine or deed, hurl it at each other, run for a scribe, write, print, publish, criminate, recriminate, push forth pamphlet against pamphlet, volume against volume, recruit for warriors, fill up their ranks, and then manoeuvre and fight like holy furies. Two churches militant may, perhaps, do such acts against the common enemy; but can they be churches of Christ, who act thus with each other? I leave my readers to their own answers, while I humbly warn them against reading their publications. The very spirit of such works is diametrically opposite to the spirit of the gospel—that spirit breathes love and peace to the whole human race; these breathe slaughter and death to their former brethren; and this spirit is awfully infectious—it disorders the reader ere he is aware. The day will come, sooner or later, when each of these warriors will become a wonder to himself; and he will in effect exclaim, “I knew not what spirit I was of!” Then, having come to themselves, they will mourn; and, happily, may they find peace in Him whom they have outraged, and enjoy His salvation!

Supposing a man, by long deductions from premises of his own, capable of proving that certain men whom he opposed acted wrong, do these deductions

prove that *he* acted right? No. Another train of reasonings is requisite on that head; because it may happen, and, alas, often does, that all the parties in such affrays act more or less improperly; and similar deductions from other men's premises might throw the balance of wrong upon his head. But is it a question for a Christian, Who did the greatest wrong? Is it not a crime for a Christian to do wrong at all? And can he be borne out in his wrong, because, amidst a mighty struggle, others achieved more than himself? The very idea of such comparative innocence is revolting: we cannot entertain the question, much less decide upon it—the measure of guilt must be left with Him who knoweth all things, and will faithfully award it to all men.

But what, it may be asked, what has happened in our day to call forth voluminous publications of the description denounced in this article? If we ask the Kirk of Scotland, it will point us to the Burghers and the Antiburghers, the Seceders, and others which have arisen therein; if the Church of England, it will name a vast body of dissenters, divided into Independents, Baptists, and Methodists; and if we ask these, they will name the subdivisions of General, Particular, Wesleyan, Whitfieldian, Methodists of the New Connexion, Primitive Methodists, Independent Methodists, Wesleyan Protestant Methodists, &c. &c. as so many leading bodies in these wars of words. The smaller bodies, who can enumerate? They are like the stars for multitude; the history of individual churches evinces this to every man acquainted with what has transpired around him during only a life of medium length. Take an instance.

I recollect, after an absence of a few years, visiting a provincial town of some note, when, mutual greetings done, an old friend informed me, in a doleful voice, he had an awful event to relate, which grieved him to the heart: it was as follows. You know our chapel, and Mr. —, our minister. O yes, very well. Could you suppose it possible? Mr. —, a minister from —, who occasionally visited and preached to us, has caused a new chapel to be built at the opposite end of the town, and nearly, if not full, one half of our members have left us, and are gone with him. It grieves me to the soul to think of it: I have printed pamphlet after pamphlet to shew them the impiety of their proceedings, in thus dividing brethren; but they have printed as many, if not more, than myself, and others have printed, also, on

both sides; but it is all to no purpose; they have finished their chapel, and there he preaches, and there they go to hear him, and have left Mr. ——— to himself. Left him to himself! What, has he no hearers? Hearers! yes, as many as ever—our chapel is as full every time he preaches as possible, and multitudes have joined our cause; so that we are as numerous as before the division took place, and our finances are every whit as prosperous as when you were last in ———. Then, I suppose Mr. ———, at his new chapel, is disappointed, and repents his temerity, having only a small congregation, and slender means of support. O no, his chapel is filled also; and I am grieved to say, he is most ably supported by many who formerly contributed to us. Oh, then I suppose, according to your creed, he preaches erroneous doctrine. No such thing—he preaches precisely the same doctrine he did in our chapel, and the same as Mr. ———. Then, what can be the matter, that you have published all these books, and yet continue to wail in this doleful manner? The matter! what, cannot you see? Is there not matter enough? Have not all these people left our church, and divided against us? Console yourself, my dear sir, I replied, you have two chapels and two midisters in place of one, a congregation at each end of your town, and double the number of praying Christians you had before. Rejoice in the increase of Zion, cease your opposition, give to each the right hand of fellowship, and, in place of moaning, joy in the Lord together with all your hearts.—But, no; the breach was made; and every effort on my part to restore long-lost harmony was in vain. This little incident (and many, very similar in character, may be found) most strikingly exemplifies the inspired proverb, that “a brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city; and their contentions are like the bars of a castle.”

How fared the little ones in this war of men? Were they not, while the mighty leaders were mounted on their great war-horses, amidst the curveting, prancing, and careering of this warfare, wofully trampled upon, grievously wounded and offended? Who is careful to answer in this matter? Alas, many of the master-spirits in these skirmishes heed little about this matter! Would they did care about it! they would then be more fearful of offending; and amidst that fear, the churches would have peace.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON SIR H. DAVY'S SEVENTH LECTURE ON ELECTRO-CHEMISTRY, DUBLIN, 1810.

Of chemical changes, five experiments were exhibited. First, chalk and diluted acid effervesced in a glass, and became a new matter, of a bitter taste. Secondly, by ignited charcoal in a large bottle of oxygen, the air became carbonic acid gas, which was proved by the infusion of clear lime-water into the water on which the gas was, and the lime was precipitated. Thirdly, two vessels, with stop-cocks, one of oxygen, the other of nitric acid gas, being mixed, the union was a bright brown colour. Fourthly, nitric acid and spirit of wine, in a bottle with a long tube, soon rose in an inflammable vapour, which burned with great violence at the top of the tube. Fifthly, a solution of lime in an acid mixed with a solution of potash, became a solid mass.

Electrical attraction is similar to chemical attraction.

Quicklime touching the crystals of oxalic or other acid, evinced, by the electrometer, that the quicklime is positive, and the acid negative.

All bodies that do not unite are found to be in opposite states of electricity. As an effect of electricity on chemistry, it was shewn that hydrogen and nitrogen, mixed in a bottle, and held to a taper, exploded like a pistol; it does the same with the electric spark. A brass cannon, charged with inflammable air, and corked, explodes with the electric spark. Two parts oxygen, and one part nitrogen, make nitric acid by the electric spark, through a tube.

Cavendish endeavoured to obtain oxygen from water by the electric spark: he obtained a small quantity with difficulty. Priestley applied electricity as a fire in the decomposition of liquors, without effect; he could not turn beer sour with it.

The electric spark passing through a glass tube containing common air, divides it into nitrogen and oxygen. Cavendish performed this first, though Lavoisier had the name of the discovery; but he was informed of Cavendish's acquirement by Sir Charles Blagden, the English ambassador at Paris.

The lecturer decomposed water by the electric spark in a beer glass; the hydrogen ascended into an inverted wine glass.

The Voltaic plates give hydrogen at the copper, and oxygen at the zinc end. Acids were positive, and alkalies negative.

In a tube of neutral salt in solution, the

acid came in the positive, and the alkali in the negative end.

In a solution of metals the acid is positive, the metal negative.

Paper stained yellow with turmeric, grows brown with alkali.

Litmus blue paper turns pink with acid.

On the electrometer lay a piece of litmus paper on the positive end, and a piece of turmeric paper on the negative, connected by tow with a glass, having in it a solution of Glauber's salts, which is composed of sulphuric acid and soda, an *alkaline* salt.

The connexion being made with the Volta plates, the electricity conveys the acid to the litmus paper by the positive wire, and the alkali to the turmeric paper by the negative wire, changing their colours, as before mentioned, in chemical tests, thus proving the identity of electric and chemic union.

Again, sulphate of soda, connected with two small cones of platina by asbestos, gives acid to the one, and alkali to the other. The two cones were connected with the positive and negative electricity. When sulphate of lime was diluted in the same manner, acid was found on one side and alkali on the other, by the test papers. And so great is the electric affinity of lime (alkaline) to the negative side, that its alkali will pass through sulphur, and not be changed in the passage. This was performed. The turmeric and litmus papers were placed contrariwise, so that the acid electricity had to pass through the alkaline in its way to the litmus paper; and the turmeric paper was visited by the alkaline stain, after it had passed through the acid.

The general cause is, that the electric power is of the same nature, and rules it by having been made in this case stronger for the positive wire. Electrifying the acid made it too powerfully attached to the electric influence of its own state, to be neutralized by the opposite, and the negative wire made the alkali too powerful to unite with the acid while it was so attached. Metals which are positive to other bodies, are negative to electricity, because the positive electricity finds in metals a comparative predominancy of negative.

*There is a perfect correspondence between electric and chemical attractions.* The great changes that take place on the surface of the globe are illustrated by their united agency. Basaltes is an oxide of lime and iron. The atmosphere, which is predominantly negative, acts on its surface to decompose the alkaline ingredients; so

of granite rocks. The porcelain clay made of granite, contains no acid; hence its durability. The wear of surface in stones or minerals, attributed to time, is performed by the alkaline nature of the air.

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OBSERVATIONS ON THE CONSUMPTION OF  
ARDENT SPIRITS, AND ON THE ESTABLISHMENT OF TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

THERE are few vices to which mankind are addicted, attended with more pernicious consequences than drunkenness. It is the bane of health, of morals, and of domestic comfort, and is perhaps the most prolific source of individual and family misery, that is in full operation among the human race.

In America, drunkenness prevailed to such a degree, that some genuine patriots, and friends to their fellow-creatures, formed an association to adopt measures for arresting its progress. With this view, they solicited the friends of temperance to rally round them, and establish societies, which all were invited to join, who wished to discountenance by their example the use of ardent spirits. The attempt has been crowned with unexampled success. From America the fame of these societies has been wafted across the Atlantic, and in Scotland has found many warm advocates and able friends.

The address by the chairman at the first public meeting of the Glasgow Temperance Society, places the vice of drunkenness in an awful light. It nobly aims to stem the torrent of intemperance, which, amidst other evils of fearful magnitude, is at this moment desolating the country, by demoralizing its inhabitants, and shortening the period of human life. It informs us, that "In Great Britain there are 25,000,000 gallons of ardent spirits consumed annually, and in Scotland alone there are 5,000,000 gallons of whiskey consumed yearly, which, taking our adult population, amounts to upwards of five gallons a year to each individual." This habitual and prevalent practice of intemperance is ably pointed out as the source of crime, and as the polluted fountain whence a considerable portion of those miseries flow, of which mankind complain. The speaker recommends a total abstinence from ardent spirits, even to those who know how to use the intoxicating poison with moderation, that indulgence may not beget habit, and that example may operate where precepts fail. We are glad to find that Temperance Societies are engrossing a due share of pub-

lic attention, and gaining ground in various parts.

On this interesting and important subject, the speech of Mr. William Collins, of Glasgow, at the first public meeting of the Edinburgh Association for the suppression of intemperance, deserves particular notice. It is a spirited appeal to the judgments and sympathies of all who have the welfare of their country and of its inhabitants at heart, rather than to habitual drunkards, who have already become the victims of intemperance. The reason why the appeal is thus made may be found in the following passage: "Of the many who drink, many will become drunkards; and while temperate men continue their present practices, the evil can never be brought to a termination. For while these societies were reforming a solitary drunkard, there would be furnished from among temperate men fifty to supply his place. Temperate men, by continuing to drink, are filling up the ranks of intemperance, from which the host of drunkards will be drawn; and while one and another become the victims in succession, intemperance will still be perpetuated in our country."

"In America there are 1015 Temperance Societies, containing upwards of 100,000 members. These societies last year reclaimed 700 drunkards; but in the same year 30,000 perished by drinking. If these societies had done nothing but reclaimed drunkards, death would have done more to terminate drunkenness than Temperance Societies, for while they only reclaimed 700, death carried off 30,000. What then was the mighty good which Temperance Societies achieved in America? It was not the reformation of 700 drunkards, it was the arresting of 100,000 temperate men in their progress to intemperance."

Most of the objections which may be urged against Temperance Societies, Mr. Collins has anticipated, and met by fair and manly replies. We are not aware that any vow is required, or any fine exacted from the members. Ardent spirit is the only article prohibited, and an engagement to abstain from it is the only condition required. America has had the honour of setting the example to her drunken mother. Scotland and Ireland are now acting on the principles so nobly brought into operation, and efforts are making to confer on besotted England the blessings which habitual temperance cannot fail to ensure. Temperance Societies have been recently formed in Manchester and Liverpool, where they are now in effective operation.

To the preceding remarks we beg to subjoin the following observations on the pernicious effects of ardent spirits from "A Lecture on Drink," by Dr. Epps:—

"Whisky, brandy, rum, hollands, gin, spirits of wine, are comprehended under the name 'ardent spirits.' To these, except when used medicinally, every well-wisher to his fellow-creatures must have a decided dislike. They have been the nourisher of every vice—the destroyer of every virtue; they merely excite, without strengthening; they inflame, without preserving the warmth of excitement; they elevate, but not for a continuance; they produce a war of passion, without the peace of benevolence as a consequence.

"Brandy is a good medicine. Many dyspeptics, whose food does not digest, very often experience considerable relief from the use of brandy and water in small quantities. Brandy, too, is a good stimulant in cases of typhus fever, when the powers of the system are almost exhausted—acting here even better than wine. Rum is also useful medicinally. Gin is still more useful. The juniper berry, to which gin owes its peculiar flavour, is a diuretic, acting upon the kidneys, and promoting the discharge of urine. Hence the practice, among persons afflicted with gravel, of taking gin; a practice which, though attended with benefit when followed up with moderation, becomes a vice when the affection of the kidneys becomes on excuse for an affection for the gin.

"In favour of whisky, the drunkard mentions that the Highlanders, who, it is imagined, live on whisky, are hardy, brave, and chivalric. This is not the fact; it is only within the last few years that whisky has been at all a common drink in the Highlands. As one fact, to show how little whisky was used in the Highlands, even so late as the year 1793, General Stewart states as a fact, that a man lived on the Garth estate, who had the appellation of 'Donald Whisky,' as characteristic of the circumstance, that he was a distiller, and sometimes a smuggler, of that spirit. General Stewart further states, that, until the legal distillation of whisky was prohibited in the Highlands, it was never drunk at gentlemen's tables; and that it was not till towards the middle of the last century, that spirits of any kind were drunk so much as *ale*, which was then the general beverage. In further proof of this, General Stewart brings forward the testimony of Mr. Stewart, of Crossmount, who died in 1791, in the 104th year of his age, and who preserved his sound judgment and accurate

mind to the last hour, and who used to say, that in his youth strong frothing ale from the cask was the common beverage at convivial meetings. In addition, it may be remarked, that a 'whisky-house' is a term unknown in Gaelic. Public-houses, or taverns, are called *Tai leanne*, or ale-houses.

"Another very striking proof that General Stewart brings forward, is the following interesting fact, in relation to the sobriety of the early Highland corps:—"During the American war, the usual allowance of spirits was served out to the soldiers of the other regiments *daily*, as they could not be trusted with more, lest the whole should be drunk at once. It was otherwise with the soldiers of the 42d Regiment, who were served with a proportionate allowance every fourth day, in the same manner as the officers, with liberty to use the liquor at their own discretion—an indulgence never abused; and it was continued during the whole six campaigns."

"There are men in the world who glory in their power of taking an immense quantity of spirits; who, in the language of Divine inspiration, are said to be 'strong to drink strong drink.' These men advocate a very injurious proposition, which they urge as their defence, namely, that 'drink' (referring to spirituous liquors, &c.) 'if poison, is a very slow one;' and the enunciation of this sentence of deluded intellect, is accompanied with the disgusting chorus of a horse-laugh. But after having attained the meridian of life, the collection of water in the cavity of the chest from a diseased heart, or in the cavity of the abdomen from diseased liver, tells them, when for their recovery it is too late, that spirits drank, except for medicinal purposes, form one of the highways to death."

#### MR. R——D'S EXTRAORDINARY DREAM.

(From a Note to the new Edition of "the Antiquary.")

THE legend of Mrs. Grizel Oldbuck was partly taken from an extraordinary story which happened about seventy years since, in the south of Scotland, so peculiar in its circumstances that it merits being mentioned in this place.

Mr. R——d, of Bowland, a gentleman of landed property in the vale of Gala, was prosecuted for a very considerable sum, the accumulated arrears of tiend, (or tithe,) for which he was said to be indebted to a noble family, the titulars (lay impropiators of the tithes.) Mr. R——d was strongly impressed with the belief that his father had, by a form of process peculiar to the

law of Scotland, purchased these lands from the titular; and, therefore, that the present prosecution was groundless. But, after an industrious search among his father's papers, an investigation of the public records, and a careful inquiry among all persons who had transacted law business for his father, no evidence could be recovered to support his defence. The period was now near at hand when he conceived the loss of his lawsuit to be inevitable, and he had formed his determination to ride to Edinburgh next day, and make the best bargain he could in the way of compromise. He even went to bed with this resolution, and, with all the circumstances of the case floating upon his mind, had a dream to the following purpose.

His father, who had been many years dead, appeared to him, he thought, and asked him why he was disturbed in his mind? In dreams men are not surprised at such apparitions. Mr. R——d thought he informed his father of the cause of his distress, adding, that the payment of a considerable sum of money was the more unpleasant to him, because he had a strong consciousness that it was not due, though he was unable to acquire any evidence in support of his belief. "You are right, my son," replied the paternal shade; "I did acquire right to these tiends, for payment of which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are in the hands of Mr ——, a writer, (or attorney,) who is now retired from professional business, and resides at Inveresk, near Edinburgh. He was a person whom I employed on that occasion for a particular reason; but who never on any other occasion transacted business on my account. It is very possible," pursued the vision, "that Mr. —— may have forgotten a matter which is now of a very old date; but you may call it to his recollection by this token, that when I came to pay his account, there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and that we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern."

Mr. R——d awoke in the morning with all the words of the vision imprinted on his mind, and thought it worth while to ride across the country to Inveresk, instead of going straight to Edinburgh. When he came there, he waited on the gentleman mentioned in the dream, a very old man; without saying any thing of the vision, he inquired whether he remembered having conducted such a matter for his deceased father? The old gentleman could not at first bring the circumstance to his recollec-



tion, but on mention of the Portugal piece of gold, the whole returned upon his memory; he made an immediate search for the papers, and recovered them; so that Mr. R——d carried to Edinburgh the documents necessary to gain the cause which he was on the verge of losing.

The author has often heard this story told by persons who had the best access to know the facts, were not likely themselves to be deceived, and were certainly incapable of deception. He cannot therefore refuse to give it credit, however extraordinary the circumstances may appear. The circumstantial character of the information given in the dream, takes it out of the general class of impressions of the kind which are occasioned by the fortuitous coincidence of actual events with our sleeping thoughts. On the other hand, few will suppose that the laws of nature were suspended, and a special communication from the dead to the living permitted, for the purpose of saving Mr. R——d a certain number of hundred pounds. The author's theory is, that the dream was only the recapitulation of information which Mr. R——d had really received from his father while in life, but which at first he merely recalled as a general impression that the claim was settled. It is not uncommon for persons to recover, during sleep, the thread of ideas which they have lost during their waking hours.

It may be added, that this remarkable circumstance was attended with bad consequences to Mr. R——d, whose health and spirits were afterwards impaired by the attention which he thought himself obliged to pay to the visions of the night.

#### OBSERVATIONS ON PREFACES.

"A turnpike gate does not more certainly precede a town, than a preface precedes a modern book: and though both traveller and reader would often be willing to dispense with them, they generally obtrude a tax both on his patience and his pocket."—*Preface to a Satire on Bristol*, 1794.

THERE are but few of my readers who will be disposed to object to the general pertinency of the passage just presented to their notice, and with which I have thought fit to usher in my observations on this subject. It contains a manifest truism; and coincides, I have little doubt, with the ideas entertained by most individuals.

That there is no part of books so much neglected, so seldom perused, by the bulk of readers, as prefaces, requires no argument to prove: and were I to inquire of those individuals who are in the constant

practice of improving their time by reading, whether they make themselves familiar with the prefaces to the books they read, I believe two-thirds of the number, to say no more, would reply negatively. "I hate prefaces (says Mr. Brooke, the author of that admirable and instructive work, the *Fool of Quality*;) I never read them. They stand like pales about a park: I generally overleap them, if I am told there is anything within worth seeing."

Now, this is precisely the general feature of the case. The reader first overlooks these literary pales, and his curiosity and attention being raised by what is enclosed, he has no patience to come in at the proper entrance, but, bounding over, begins, without delay, to feast his mind on all that is presented before him. To compel a person to read a preface, is like making a hungry traveller wait while his meal is being dressed; both are dissatisfied at being unable to gratify their wishes. Even those who read these heralds of an author, are mostly in so great a hurry, as to forget what they contain as soon as they arrive at the conclusion.

Authors themselves, I believe, are far from being delighted with the task of writing prefaces, since it involves not a little difficulty to render them at all delectable; hence arises the primary cause of their being neglected. They are for the most part trite, dull, and unsavoury; and therefore to expect any one to partake of a meagre dish, when he has a banquet before him, is as unkind as it is unreasonable.

I am by no means of opinion, that prefaces should be entirely discarded; for did they reach to the standard they ought, they might, and, notwithstanding the aversion which exists to them, it is probable they would be read both with profit and delight. I am also apt to think, that an author is at a greater loss, and finds himself in more real difficulty, when he comes to write his preface, (if he desires to write a good one,) than he has been in composing the whole of the work to which it is prefixed. Be this as it may, it is certain that most authors, however excellent their productions in other respects, want the ability to produce popular and suitable prefaces. But custom compels almost every writer to say something, and it is too frequently the case, that he gets up whatever first occurs, let it be good or bad.

"Custom (says the Rev. Mr. Jay) seems to have rendered it almost necessary for an author never to appear before the public without a preface, in which something, if not concerning himself, at least concerning

his work, is looked for as a respect due to his readers." But (without depreciating Mr. J.'s opinion) if I mistake not, readers in general would esteem it a mark of greater respect, and fraught with more compliment, were the author to omit it altogether, without imposing on them a task with which few are enamoured.

A preface is of utility, as it enables an author to communicate any particular and important information to his readers, which, though bearing upon the work it precedes, would be incongruous if annexed to, or conjoined with it. Directions or suggestions for the better understanding or relishing it, are suitable to be contained in a preface; and the nature and design of the work may likewise be well introduced. But some prefaces are so saturated with apologies, compliments, appeals for mitigated criticism, public approbation, and with directions for judging the work according to the *author's ideas*, that the reader can pretty well anticipate the sage observations with which his author will treat him.

Now, for this extraneous matter there can be little or no occasion. True criticism does not require to be informed how to judge; and spurious criticism is too opinitated and partial to receive admonition. Merit does not want to bribe the public mind; and though it sometimes happens that it is crushed and deplumed, yet in the majority of instances it is influential in propitiating the discerning part of men.

1. *Prefaces should be as brief as possible.* Nothing more frequently militates against their being read, than their immoderate length. An author should remember, that he is putting into requisition one of the quickest and most sensitive powers of the mind;—that his guest is desirous of entering in, and partaking of the repast which he has provided for him, and therefore should not be detained at the door with unnecessary salutations and ceremonies. To produce a short preface is the least a writer can do, to atone for writing one at all, and to prevent his labour being rendered inefficient by being passed over unread.

2. *Prefaces should be novel and entertaining.* Horace furnishes us with a rule, which, though applied by him to a different subject, is of universal application:

" ————— Dulcia sunt  
Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunto."  
*De Arte Poetica*, l. 106.

Vividness of sentiment, and neatness of style, tend much to quicken and enliven the reader, who, when he discovers the preface to be novel and out of the ordinary course, receives a very favourable impres-

sion of the work itself; and not a few individuals have been tempted from this circumstance to peruse books which they would not otherwise have read. But only let dullness characterize your preface, and the volume will be charged with the sins of the introduction. There is no class of writings that require more novelty and spirit, and that can do with less of solidity, than prefaces; their object being to attract and captivate, rather than to improve.

3. *Prefaces should also be, in general, specimens of the work they precede.* They should illustrate and be in accordance with the nature and tenor of the latter, and should give the reader correct ideas of what he may expect from the following parts of the volume. A lively or satirical production should have a preface calculated to prepare the reader for the entertainment which will follow, but it would be absurd to place a similar preface before a volume of a serious or religious nature; and yet a preface which would be in accordance with the latter, may be rendered equally interesting, and descriptive of its character and tendency.

4. *Prefaces should be the vehicles of truth.* Some authors are too apt to admit into their prefaces extravagant hyperboles, and expressions which infringe on truth. This is a breach of moral rectitude; and by their representations being too highly coloured, or strained beyond what truth will permit, they disappoint and offend the reader. A preface should always be within rather than beyond the line; and if the reader finds that your performance rather exceeds than falls short of your statements, his approbation will be much more effectually secured.

One of the ancient fathers, who, for the elegance of his latinity has obtained the appellation of the Christian Cicero, says, "*Seipsa veritas illustraret suo lumine*," (Lactantius de Vita beata, c. 7.) "Truth will always illustrate itself by its own light,"—an aphorism as correct as it is beautiful. A tale is never so alluring as when told in truth. Real merit will mostly be particular in this respect, and it is generally to the inferior and less-talented part of the fraternity of authors we are to look for this defailance.

Let a preface, then, be characterized by these four simple rules, and an author need not be under any apprehension that it will be passed over unnoticed, or noticed only with contempt and disapprobation. There is certainly among authors of genius an improvement with regard to the subject in question; but it is still a serious fault in the

literature of our age. Were our prefaces but what they ought to be, they would be pilots to guide us safely and pleasantly into the channels of knowledge through which we have to sail.

Dedications, though a different *species*, belong to the same *genus* as prefaces; and similar faults are often, and too justly, attributed to them. Instead of the artless dictations of truth and esteem, we find a long tissue of fulsome and parasitical adulation, which takes its rise from the inspirations of self-interest alone. Several of the rules for prefaces are applicable to dedications; and if many of these truly fanciful offsprings of an author's brain were fashioned in conformity thereto, they would then produce the desired effect, and be equally honourable to the inscriber and to the person inscribed.

Bristol.

J. S. B. Junr.

#### MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT—SHARKS.

EXTRACT from the log-book of an emigrant proceeding to the Swan River, dated Cape of Good Hope, December 10, 1829:—"October 14th, in nine degrees, fell in with a shoal of sharks, which played round the vessel, to the annoyance of the sailors, who are rather superstitious, and consider such visitors as ominous of evil, and which proved too true. At mid-day all the gentlemen were busily employed (it being a dead calm) in baiting hooks to catch sharks, and one of them soon took the bait. Lamentable result! A general shout of victory was given, and the line was let run astern. The fish was full 18 feet in length, and in floundering to disentangle itself, caused so much sport, that several passengers, eager and headstrong, crowded into the captain's boat, which hung suspended by the quarter-davits over the stern of the ship. Suddenly they all got to the head of the boat to see the shark hauled under the stern of the vessel, struggling with the line. In a moment the quarter-davit on the starboard side of the vessel broke off, and let one end of the boat down, precipitating every soul in it into the sea among the sharks. Here was a scene of horror and confusion! The captain was in the midships when it happened. I was busily employed at my tents, under the tuition of the boatswain, but, like the rest, when the shark was caught, left my occupation to witness the sport, but Providence guided me to a point of safety. I got over the ship's side, and placed myself in the mizzen chains. The boatswain slung himself by a

rope, and lowered himself to the surface of the water, with the harpoon in his hand, ready to strike the fish, at the very instant the accident happened. Young Williams followed me, but not satisfied with the view, he hastily climbed up the side of the poop cabin, and was the last that jumped into this unlucky boat, and made up the number of twelve persons struggling in the water among these fish of prey. Our captain was almost beside himself when he jumped up on the poop. There was no time for thought—all hands commenced throwing out ropes, loose spars, oars, and every buoyant article, that we could lay hands on, for them to cling to. Fortunately it was a dead calm, or every soul must have perished; our vessel only drifted by the little current of the sea. I saved one lad by throwing over a knife-board, which the cabin-boy had been using; my man Hibberd threw over an Indian mat. Master Shaw, a young gentleman, about 13, got upon it, and was three miles astern of us before we could reach him with the boat; which was instantly manned and launched. I saved Mr. Earl's footman, who could swim, but was so exhausted from fear of the sharks, that he was sinking, when I dragged the line the shark was attached to, across his face, and he had the presence of mind to put the cord between his teeth, when I hauled him within reach of a rope with a loop, which he contrived to get one of his legs through, and thus clinging, three or four of us hauled him safe up. Mr. Peter Shadwell was also most actively employed; he has been in the East India Company's service, is a brother of the Vice-Chancellor of England; a pleasant companion of mine—in short, after half an hour's exertion, all were saved but two. I lament to say Williams was one of the unfortunates. I saw him sink, to rise no more. He had hold of an oar, but lost his balance—he slipped it, and actually flung his arms round the captured shark (which was now pulled up to the surface of the water) to save himself—but when he found out what he had hold of he was horror-struck, called me by name, and added, "Oh my God, my God, witness my end!" and down he sank, and disappeared for ever. Also a fine healthy country boy, whom my friend Lukin had taken out as an apprentice, with another brother, from the parish of Dover; the surviving brother suffered much more than I can describe. Thus two lives were lost, to answer the confirmation of the sailors' omen, that sharks always prognosticate signs of death, or evil to the ship—thus it proved. This, indeed, was a tragic day.

The fish, line, and all, drifted away, and we all returned thanks to God for allowing us to save the other ten.

#### SUBSTANCE OF A LETTER,

From the Native Chinese Christian, Leangafa, to the Committee of the Bible Society, transmitted by the Rev. Dr. Morrison.—China, Dec. 14, 1839.

To all the venerable persons who manage the affairs of the Society for the distribution of the sacred Scriptures, a respectful letter is hereby addressed, wishing them a golden tranquility.

I happily have received the favour of a gift of the holy book, from your honourable nation's society. The gift is of the highest importance; and I regret that I cannot repair in person to thank you for your goodness. I can only keep my heart with diligence, deny myself, and exert my utmost strength to propagate the gospel, advising and instructing my fellow-countrymen here. Perhaps we may obtain the transforming influences of the Holy Spirit, to turn them to the Lord and Saviour, according to the intention of all your venerable sirs.

The Most High God compassionated, from ancient times to the present, all nations; and sent the Saviour to this earth, to proclaim fully the wonderful mystery of redemption, and the divine will contained in the true gospel. At the time of Jesus's advent, the holy apostles scattered the gospel among many nations; but although, up to this time, many followed and believed the principles of the gospel, none have equalled your honourable nation in discriminating the correct principles of the universal church, and maintaining a strict adherence to the sacred truths of the Bible; not adding so much as a fibre of private interpretation, calculated to delude others.

Besides, in your country, those who preserve a constant and ardent love to the Saviour, and would widely extend the gospel, are not few. Hence the many societies in your country to assist in disseminating the gospel among all nations, by which means it is at present made known to many people, to convert them, and turn them to God. Although success depends on the converting grace of the Holy Spirit, still it is the work of your honourable country's society to distribute the holy book.

Previously to conversion I was deaf and blind; but having obtained the holy book to read, and having to be thankful for the instruction of the two venerable teachers, Milne and Morrison, I became acquainted with the great grace of God in compas-

sionately sending the Saviour, and with the worth of the soul; and so was led to repentance, reformation, and faith; and to trust in our Lord and Saviour, looking up for the salvation of my soul.

If left without the holy book, how should I have known the grace of God and the immediate worth of the soul? Hence, the work of the society for distributing the holy book, and of the other societies to assist, is indeed a great benefit to the people of all nations in the world!

I apprehend that it will not be possible, during the days we remain in this world, that we shall ever meet and see each other. We can only hope that, by a reliance on the merits of our Saviour, we shall meet in the world to come, in the heavenly mansions, and enjoy everlasting bliss, exulting, and together praising the love and grace of God, to infinite ages.

Reverently I present this on the right hand of the venerable Committee of the Bible Society.

#### INFORMATION RESPECTING A CHILD LOST ON AN ISLAND IN THE INDIAN SEAS, ANXIOUSLY REQUIRED.

*The following very singular advertisement appeared in the North Briton newspaper, April 24th, 1830.*

"In the year 1816, while a party were upon one of the islands in the Straits of Sundy, a lady, and a female child about three years of age, had separated from the company, and were attacked by three Malays. At the instant, a young man, supposed to be a seaman, and having on a jacket with the East India Company's buttons, (it having been found on the island when the search was made,) came to their assistance: he had a small gun. The lady recollects one Malay being shot, and she saw another carrying off the child, which has not since been heard of. The present advertisement is, if possible, to ascertain whether the child was carried off by the Malays, or by the young gentleman before alluded to. The latter seems probable, as two Malays were found dead; but no traces or information respecting the young gentleman could be obtained. What has since transpired is as under, and if any further information can be communicated to the editors of the Courant, Scotsman, and North Briton; or inserted in those papers, ample remuneration may be depended upon.

"The young gentleman appeared to be about 17 years of age, with excessively fair hair hanging in ringlets down his back. A

boat was seen in the Straits, English built: in the pocket of his jacket was found part of a letter, beginning, "Dear nephew," and dated "Edinburgh, Jan. 1816," and the initials W. M. G. sewed inside the collar. Part of the child's dress, much stained with blood, was also found. By information received from the natives, it would appear that it must be the same person known to them by the strange cognomen of the "Pretty Devil;" he was about five feet seven inches high, light blue eyes, and slender made.

"If this gentleman, or any other person can throw any light on this subject, an ample remuneration may be expected. Should Divine Providence have spared the life of the child, so that she may be restored to the bosom of her affectionate parents, they are willing to settle an annuity, if required, upon the restorer, or on any other individual who can give satisfactory information."

#### BREAKING UPON THE WHEEL.

ANGELO, in the second volume of his *Reminiscences*, furnishes the following description of the punishment of *breaking upon the wheel*, of which he was a spectator:—

"In the place Dauphin, close to the Pont Neuf, at Paris, I saw two men broke upon the wheel. This shocking sight took place about nine in the evening. It was in the month of September, 1775, and, being dark, each of the soldiers placed round the *échafaud* (scaffold), about eight feet from the ground, had a flambeau in his hand. Having secured a place at one of the windows on the first floor, and facing the stage, I had a full view of the frightful ceremony. There were two. They were previously to stop before the *Notre Dame*, on their way from the *chatelet* (prison), where one of them, who had murdered his father, was to have his right hand cut off. After the son had ascended the stage (his wrist in a bag) in his shirt, and a label on the breast, written "parricide," the other followed. As the latter was the accomplice only, he suffered first; the other was purposely left to see the tortures inflicted. There were two planks laid crosswise, like a St. Andrew's cross, placed flat on the ground. The *bourreau*, well-dressed, with his *couteau de chasse* by his side, after placing him on his back, with his arms and legs extended, stood over him with an iron bar, rather longer than a poker, and gave him two blows on each arm, the same on the thighs and legs, finishing with the *coup de*

*grace* on his breast, when he soon after expired. His shrieks at each stroke were dreadful, diminishing from the first, as if modulating the tones of an octave. As the executioner gave the two last, the groans, though scarcely audible, made every one shudder.

"Now came the other's turn, and he was not spared with the *coup de grace*. This last ceremony was the same as the former, except the finishing stroke. At the corner of the stage was placed a pole, about four feet, and on it was the fore-wheel of a coach; when he was removed from the cross, his back was placed on the centre, and his broken arms and legs were twisted round the spokes; a friar, sitting on a high stool, received his head on his lap, at the same time holding the crucifix before him. During this latter ceremony he must have been senseless, from the excruciating tortures he had suffered. After some time had elapsed, on his recovering, he called out for something to drink, and still, during the space of an hour, was heard *a boire, a boire!* At last some water was given him. At eleven, I left the place, but his groans, and the horrid spectacle I had beheld, haunted me the remainder of the night. I was told the next morning, when I returned to the place of execution, that, as his feverish agonies had increased, his impatience was such, that on being refused water, he began to vent curses on his father and mother, when (it is supposed) the priest put an end to his wicked imprecations, by throttling him with his finger and thumb. A few embers only were remaining in the place, where he had been previously burnt, according to the sentence passed upon him. He was a fine tall handsome young man, about 25, and was considered the first rough-rider in Paris. He had quarrelled with his father about his mistress, who had led him into dissipation; and his parents refusing him money, he prevailed on his friend to assist him in the assassination."

#### A COVERING PARTY.

Two evenings after, I was ordered on a covering party, that is, a body of men who are to protect those about to cast up entrenchments, raise batteries, carry gabions, fascines, or any other work connected with the service. At dusk we moved from our camp, in the utmost silence, and arriving in the vicinity of St. Christoval, we lay down flat beneath a rising ground, a little in rear of the place where entrenchments were about to be cast up. Then, with a slow and silent pace, came an engineer heading the

working party, with picks, spades, and shovels; these were followed by others, carrying gabions, which they laid down in rows a little in advance of where we were crouched. The engineer now pointed out the intended works, afterwards called the grand battery, and the massive picks struck the ground; but never shall I forget the terrific noises that followed the breaking of that ground. For a time our ears and senses were alike astounded by the conflicting peals of the artillery and musketry, which, bursting at once on the stillness of the night, gave such an appalling shock to us who were inactive spectators, as the oldest veterans had never experienced in their numerous conflicts. Occasionally the atmosphere was partially illuminated by the comet-like fuses of the bombs in their passage towards us; in a few instances they burst in the air within view, thus affording us a momentary respite from the dread of their effects. In the mean time gabions continued to be brought up from the rear, and placed close to each other, six deep. Their carriage was truly a perilous service; the men were without shelter of any kind, and, as they advanced with their unwieldy burdens, many were killed or wounded under the eyes of their comrades. Every minute we heard from the works going forward the cries of "I'm wounded!" while the men who remained still unhurt, toiled on with a furious assiduity, in order to get under cover. The shot continued to fly over us with a fearful noise, and, owing either to the distance they had come, different degrees of velocity, or causes to us unknown, they seemed to emit a variety of sounds, some of which at another time might have been called musical. In this state of awful inactivity we lay listening till near daylight, and though the firing of the artillery of the garrison continued without intermission, yet some of us dropped into a kind of sleep, from which many were destined never again to wake in this world.

At day-break a large shell alighted on the brow of the hillock above where we lay, and giving a few rapid rolls towards us, burst between the legs of a serjeant, tearing off his thigh, and killing or wounding seven others. On the noise of this explosion I started up, and the first object that met my half-opened eyes was a German soldier, whose knapsack was on fire, shouting lustily to get it off his back. It appeared that the fusee of the shell having caught his cartridge-box, it blew up, setting his knapsack in a blaze, and in his terror and confusion, he was unable of himself to get rid of his fiery burden. During this

day the enemy slackened their fire, and as the workers were by this time nearly sheltered, little loss was for a time sustained. The chief annoyance was their shells. Wherever a group of us sought shelter, shells were almost certain of falling immediately after, and although their near approach was announced by the smoke of their fusee, and a kind of whistling noise, we were kept in a state of perpetual agitation to elude them. In several instances I observed the shells, after their fall, roll about, sometimes like enormous foot-balls, and, passing over the bodies of several who had fallen flat, explode without doing the least injury. At twilight the party we had been anxiously expecting from the camp for our relief appeared; on which the enemy opened a most tremendous fire of grape and musketry, and, though they came into the trenches at *double-quick*, several were killed and wounded. We retired in a like hasty manner, and also suffered some loss.—*Narrative of a Private Soldier: Siege of Badajos.*

#### SOUTH AMERICAN FERRY-BOATS.

THE boats were constructed in a much shorter time than I require to describe them, although their description may be given in a few words, thus:—Take a dried bullock's hide, pinch up each of the four corners, put a stitch with a thorn to keep those corners together, and your boat is made. For use, place it upon the water, bottom downwards; then, to prevent its natural tendency to turn bottom *upwards*, put one foot immediately in the centre, and let the other follow with the most delicate caution; thus, standing breathless in the middle, you are now to shrink downwards, contracting your body precisely in the same manner in which, probably in your childhood, you have *pressed a friar into a snuff-box*. This position, however inconvenient, serves to conceal a considerable share of timidity from your companions, though not from the spectators, who line the banks of the river, indulging in loud wild laughter. When crouched down in the bottom, sundry articles are handed in, and ingeniously deposited round you, until the *balsa* sinks to about an inch, or perhaps an inch and a half, from the water's-edge; it is then sufficiently laden. A naked peon now plunges into the stream. 'Mercy on us!' is the natural exclamation; for the first impression from the shock is, that yourself and all your property are going to the bottom; but you are instantly relieved from this very pro-

bable conjecture, by the peone's taking hold of one of the corners of the balsa, (which projects like that of a cocked hat,) and asking you—' *Està V. bien?* ' 'Are you comfortable?' To this question you reply by a nod of the head, for the use of the tongue is lost; but even if words were at command, you may not wish to commit yourself by expressions diametrically opposed to feelings and symptoms; or, you may wish it to be imagined, as is sometimes practised in perilous situations, that your profound silence indicates indifference of danger, or may pass for coolness and presence of mind. Silence also conveys an idea of gravity, and of resignation to your fate, which, indeed, is no more than becoming, when you feel persuaded that nothing short of a miracle can prolong your existence beyond a quarter of an hour. The nod being given, a peone on the shore imparts a gentle impulse to your tottering bark, while the peone in the water, keeping hold of the corner with one hand, strikes out with the other, and swims away with you to the opposite bank. The moment you touch it, so great is your joyful surprise at arriving perfectly safe, that all the perils of your voyage are forgotten, and you soon find out (as is often the case in life) that your imagination had represented dangers and difficulties, where, with a little caution, there existed neither the one nor the other.

—*Temple's Travels in Peru.*

#### MARRIAGE OF AN ENGLISHMAN IN NEW ZEALAND.

It happened one day, while we were all assembled at a feast in our village, that Aimy called me to him, in the presence of several more chiefs, and, having told them of my activity in shooting and fishing, concluded by saying, that he wished to make me a chief, if I would give my consent. This I readily did: upon which my hair was immediately cut with an oyster-shell in the front, in the same manner as the chiefs have theirs cut; and several of the chiefs made me a present of some mats, and promised to send me some pigs the next day. I now put on a mat covered with red ochre and oil, such as was worn by the other chiefs; and my head and face were also anointed with the same composition by a chief's daughter, who was entirely a stranger to me. I received, at the same time, a handsome stone mery, which I afterwards always carried with me.

Aimy now advised me to take two or three wives, it being the custom for the

chiefs to have as many as they think proper; and I consented to have two. About sixty women were then brought up before me, none of whom, however, pleased me, and I refused to have any of them; on which Aimy told me that I was tabooed for three days, at the expiration of which time he would take me with him to his brother's camp, where I should find plenty of women that would please me. Accordingly we went to his brother's at the time appointed, when several women were brought up before us; but, having cast my eyes upon Aimy's two daughters, who had followed us, and were sitting on the grass, I went up to the eldest, and said that I would choose her. On this she immediately screamed, and ran away; but two of the natives, having thrown off their mats, pursued her, and soon brought her back, when, by the direction of Aimy, I went and took hold of her hand. The two natives then let her go, and she walked quietly with me to her father, but hung down her head and continued laughing. Aimy now called his other daughter to him, who also came laughing; and he then advised me to take them both. I then turned to them, and asked them if they were willing to go with me, when they both answered, *I pea*, or *I pair*, which signifies, Yes, I believe so. On this, Aimy told them they were tabooed to me, and directed us all three to go home together, which we did, followed by several of the natives.

We had not been many minutes at our own village, when Aimy, and his brother also, arrived; and in the evening a great feast was given to the people by Aimy. During the greater part of the night, the women kept dancing a dance which is called *Kane-Kane*, and is seldom performed, except when large parties are met together. While dancing it, they stood all in a row, several of them holding muskets over their heads; and their movements were accompanied by the singing of several of the men, for they have no kind of music in this country. My eldest wife's name was Eshou, and that of my youngest Epecka. They were both handsome, mild, and good-tempered. I was now always obliged to eat with them in the open air, as they would not eat under the roof of my house, that being contrary to the customs of their country. When away for any length of time, I used to take Epecka along with me, and leave Eshou at home. The chiefs' wives in New Zealand are never jealous of each other, but live together in great harmony, the only dis-

tion among them being, that the oldest is always considered the head wife. No other ceremony takes place on occasion of a marriage, except what I have mentioned.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

#### BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE BURMESE.

MR. FOX, late Missionary at Ceylon, has communicated the following particulars concerning Burmah and Budhism :

"The Burman empire is, in its original extent, one of the oldest empires in Asia. That it was in existence as an empire about seventeen centuries ago, I think they have histories which cannot well be questioned ; and other Indian histories, in their enumeration of the cities in the known world, particularly mention Ava.

"According to their own account, and the accounts of the Singhalese, the Burman emperor was the first distinguished character, who countenanced the doctrines of Budhu ; and at Ava the principal relics of Budhu, (so supposed,) are enclosed in a magnificent mausoleum, near which stands the principal temple, dedicated to Budhu. From the policy of the Budhuist monarch, strangers have generally been prevented from passing into the interior of these countries ; and from this cause, little has been known of the Burman empire for centuries, except from Budhuist priests of other countries, who have received their education there, and authority to perform the highest offices of the Budhuist priesthood. It is supposed, that a century ago the empire was still confined within its ancient limits, and that the first effort to enlarge it, was by attacking the Siamese : all other conquests fall within the present century. It is hard to conceive, from what principle they could make so many unprovoked attacks on the Company's territories. I have been told, that the emperor's prime ministers flatter his "omnipotence," (for this is one of his titles) in high terms, telling him that such is his power, that he has only to will it, and Fort St. George and Fort William, (Madras and Calcutta,) will be overturned at once. But as these insults, which have been borne with unusual patience, have all fallen out since the English subdued the Budhuist kingdom of Kandy ; and there has, to my knowledge, been much recent communication between them, I greatly question if the conduct of the Burman emperor has not been the result of revenge and fanaticism ; since any failure in Budhism at this time must be considered ominous, as the reign of their present

Budhu, according to their own accounts, is drawing near to a close.

"Their system is a system of pure atheism—virtue and vice, from a necessity of nature, produce their own reward. They admit no God the Creator, no God the Judge, no God the righteous Rewarder. From anecdotes which I have heard from Mr. Chater, the Baptist Missionary, who resided some years at Rangoon, and from George Nadoris, and Benjamin Parks, our converts in Ceylon, who resided at Ava, the character of Budhism in the Burman empire, and in Ceylon, is the same :—it palliates every vice, and feeds a principle of selfishness to a degree unknown in the worst parts of the least favoured Christian country : it cherishes no social feeling, it has no bond but the ties of self-interest ; it inculcates, at least produces, no higher humanity than that practised by the priest and Levite, (Luke x. 31, 32.) The will of the king is law.

"The cruelties of the Burman monarch exercised on his subjects, are similar to those formerly practised by the monster of Kandy. The king of Kandy impaled alive ; his Burman majesty crucifies. The ancient language of the country is the Magudha, or Pali ; a language confessedly so ancient, that among the Indian literati, there are as strong controversies on the claim of the Sangscrit, and Pali, to antiquity, as there have been in Europe, for the antiquity of the Hebrew and Arabic languages : and though it is a controversy which can never be terminated, the arguments for the Magudha are very strong. The Singhalese profess to have come originally from the country a little south-east of the Burman empire, viz. from Sincapore, or Singhapoora, the lion's city, and they call themselves Singha-le, from the lion's blood ; some say, because one of their kings sprung from a lion, perhaps a famous warrior, but more probably because the emblem of their monarch was a lion."

#### APHORISMS, &c.

AN APHORISM is a maxim or general rule ; a brief sentence comprehending much matter in a few words. In language strong, pointed, and vigorous, ideas should be as numerous as expressions, leaving no room for useless or unimportant words.

A harsh man can sometimes smile, and a kind man can sometimes frown ; the former is the transient sunshine of winter, the latter is the evanescent gloominess of summer.

Times of public commotion are those in which the talents and virtues of humble life



are called into publicity; and often have the workshop and the loom furnished characters for the future historian, and proved that the true nobility of mankind are not always adorned with a riband, nor pointed out to vulgar gaze by the glittering of a star.]

There is a word in the vocabulary more bitter, more direful in its import, than all the rest. If poverty, disgrace, bodily pain, alighted love, or perjured friendship, is our unhappy fate, we may kneel, and bless Heaven for its beneficent influence, if we are not tortured with the anguish of *Remorse*.

The satisfaction derived from revenge endures but for a moment; but that which is the offspring of clemency is eternal.

Of what advantage is a cultivated mind, or improved taste, if it does not render us more independent of the casualties of life?

Those who have only experienced affluence can judge but incorrectly of themselves or others: the rich and powerful live in a perpetual masquerade, in which all about them wear borrowed characters: and the estimation they are held in is only discovered when they can no longer give hopes or fears.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom, he that thinks himself the happiest man really is so, but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.

Sensibility would be a good Porteress, if she had but one hand—but with her *right* she opens the door to Pleasure, with her left to Pain.

*Dionisius* strove to be the best poet; *Caligula*, to be the best orator; *Nero*, the best fiddler, of their times—but they were the worst emperors.

Heat is the instrument, and anger the whetstone of fortitude.

Pride hath two steps; the lowest, *blood*—the highest, *envy*.

In common life, reason and conscience have only the appetites and passions to encounter; but in higher stations they must oppose artifice and adulation.

Suffering is no duty, but where it is necessary to avoid guilt or to do good.

Many men lose by desire, but are crowned by content.

As oft as we do good, we offer sacrifice.

When the punishment is disproportioned to the offence, abhorrence of the crime is absorbed in compassion for the criminal; and when expediency is pleaded for the severity, instead of justice, the force of the example disappears, and the moral principle loses much of its efficacy.

That man employeth his thoughts well, who useth them rather to testify his virtue, than to nourish his displeasure.

Yielding to immoral pleasures corrupts the mind; living to animal and trifling ones, debases it: and both, in their degree, disqualify it for its genuine good, and consign it over to wretchedness.

Where the peoples' affection is secured, the traitor's purpose is prevented.

Beauty is the true glass of divine virtue, and suspicion the mirror in which we see our own noted dangers.

A man of no resolution, or of weak resolution, says an old drama, will be won with a nut, and lost by an apple.

True wisdom teacheth us both to do well and to speak well.

They who are hasty in adopting new projects, ought to be reminded, that in all novelty there is hazard, and in all experiments there is a risk of disappointment—for no man can reason so accurately from the past, as to be certain of a future result.

To play the scoffing fool well, is a sign of some wit, but no wisdom.

We seldom value rightly, what we have never known the misery of wanting.

Society is the true sphere of human virtue.

Sterne has well expressed the too common spirit of detraction—"Does a man from real conviction of heart forsake his vices? The position is not to be allowed—no—his vices have forsaken him!"

To fly from covetousness is to gain a kingdom.

It is not death that destroyeth the soul, but a bad life.

Pomps and honours are bitter mockeries to the troubled mind.

Experience, that touchstone of truth, abundantly convinces us, that all parts of nature are in correspondence with, and dependent on, each other for the exercise of their functions, and the accomplishment of their destination; and that the final term in which the various uses of the parts which compose our world centre, is visibly *man*.

Corrupt company is more infectious than corrupt air.

There is no security in evil society, where the bad are often made worse, the good seldom better.

The bitterest fruit of distress is the bread of another's baking; but if it must be eaten in base company, fortune has done her worst.

He is my friend that succoureth me—not he that pitieth me.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;  
But do not dull thy pain with entertainment  
Of each new-hatch'd, unedged comrade.

## CELESTIAL PHENOMENA.

On the 4th of this month the noble planet Jupiter is stationary, and may be noticed as the apex of an isosceles triangle  $\phi$  and  $w$  Sagittarii being the base. He now commences a direct motion, and his configurations with the stars in Sagittarius will interest the observer as he passes to the south of his tract during February, March, and April last. He slowly recedes from 26 Sagittarii, and on the 17th is observed between  $\phi$  and 29 Sagittarii, and in a line with 30 and 33 of the same constellation. On the 25th he is noticed between  $\phi$  and the former star, and on the 29th between  $\phi$  and 33. His passage under  $\gamma$  Sagittarii is now interesting. On the 1st of October he is seen in a line with 29 and 30, and between the latter star and  $w$ . On the 6th he is noticed in a line with  $\gamma$  and  $\xi$  2 Sagittarii, and between the former star  $\phi$ . On the 8th he is between  $\nu$  and  $w$ , and  $r$  and 30; he is also noticed in a line with  $\nu$  and 33. On the 11th he is in a line with  $\nu$  and 29, and between the former star and  $r$ . On the 13th he is seen between  $\xi$  1 and 2, and  $w$  Sagittarii. On the 16th he is observed in a line with  $\nu$  and 30, on the 19th with  $\xi$  1 and 2, and between  $\nu$  and  $\psi$  and  $o$  and  $\phi$ . On the 22d he is seen between  $w$  and  $o$  Sagittarii and forms a cross with  $r$ ,  $\psi$ , and  $w$ . On the 24th he is seen in a line with 29 and 33, on the 26th between  $\psi$  and 33, and  $\pi$  and  $w$ ; and on the following day between  $o$  and  $r$ . He now directs his course between the former star and  $\psi$ , passing them on the 1st of November. On the 3d he is observed in a line with  $o$  and  $\xi$  1, and on the following day with the former star and  $\xi$  2. On the 7th he passes between  $\pi$  and  $\psi$ ; on the 10th between  $r$  and  $d$ ; and on the following day he is seen in a line with  $\rho$  1 and 2 Sagittarii. On the 13th, between  $\psi$  and  $d$ , and  $r$  and  $\rho$  2; and on the 15th between  $\psi$  and  $\rho$  2. After this day he approaches 50, and passes between it and  $\pi$  3 Sagittarii on the 24th.

On the 2d of this month, at 49 minutes 47 seconds past 8 in the evening, the moon enters the earth's shadow, which will continue to deprive her of the sun's light until 47 minutes 51 seconds past 9, when total darkness commences. At 28 minutes 2 seconds past 11, the moon begins to emerge from the shadow, and at 26 minutes 6 seconds past midnight, she is again wholly enlightened. At the beginning of the eclipse, the star  $\lambda$  Aquarii is observed a short distance to the east of

her, and at 24 minutes 24 seconds past 9, it is distant from her only 10 minutes. Mars will be seen some distance to the east of the moon.

## POELOCK.

## BOSWORTH FIELD.

RELUCTANT from his eastern bed  
The blood-red sun rose, as in pain,  
And mournfully his lustre shed  
On Boswell's wild and brathy plain;  
Where high encamp'd, a gallant band  
Waited their leaders' stern command,  
When fiercely, in the deadly strife,  
Kinsman should aim at kinsman's life.\*

Instinctive Nature seeming caught  
A knowledge of impending dread;  
No murmuring bee the heath-bell sought;  
Away the screaming curlew fled;—  
The shepherds, from the heathery waste  
Drove forth their wandering flocks in haste;  
The neighbouring rustics hied away,  
Far from their homes in dire dismay.

For now the trumpet's shrilly sound  
Awoke the warlike brave to arms;  
Their movements shook the swampy ground,  
And oped the scene of war's alarms:  
Ten thousand lances brightly glare,  
And banners sweep aloft in air,  
Unnumber'd plumed helmets wave  
Above the wearers' waiting grave!

The fiery war-steeds proudly prance  
Beneath a countless range of spears;  
And sword and bowmen there advance,—  
For yonder Richmond's host appears;  
Their banners, in the morn-gale spread,  
Display Lancaster's rose of red;  
That rose, which ere the fall of night,  
Shall triumph o'er York's boasted white!

Richard, undaunted, stern, and proud,  
Beheld the scene with fearless brow;  
The red sun bursting from a cloud,  
Gleam'd on his bright, but blood-won crown,—  
That crown, for which, alas! was spilt  
Blood sinless, innocent, free from guilt—  
That crown which blood alone can clasp,  
And snatch from his ambitious grasp!

They charge!—and, like the dreadful sweep  
Of a dark equinoctial tide,  
When night-storms lash the furious deep,  
Burns the fierce fray on every side:  
Plumed helms are cleft, and blades are broke,  
And halberds deal the deadly stroke  
And shiver'd lance, and shining shield,  
Bestrew the well-contested field.

The feathery arrows lightly shed  
A darting shadow as they pass;  
But where they fall is havoc spread  
Among Lancaster's close-wedg'd mass;  
While these with ardent vigour pour  
Among their foes an equal shower,  
And dubious stands th' opposing strife,  
Amid the boundless wreck of life.

Again they mix in closer fight,  
The flashing steel gleams round and round,  
And every stroke, with giant might,  
Brings a stout warrior to the ground;  
And eye to eye, and hand to hand,  
Is raised the fiercely-flaming brand:  
Brothers with brothers there contend,  
And sire with son, and friend with friend!

\* The battle of Bosworth Field was fought on Monday, August 14th, 1485, and terminated the contentions between the houses of York and Lancaster.

Unshaken as the ocean-rock,  
 Awhile the tyrant's phalanx stood,  
 While 'mid the devastating shock  
 Flow'd o'er the field a tide of blood:  
 Richard, at length, in sad dismay,  
 Beheld his wavering troops give way,  
 And with a voice which rage had bound,  
 He thus bespoke his vassals round.

"Avant! what! ye who have so long,  
 On many a glorious foughten field,  
 Like the stern forest-oak, been strong,  
 At last to yon raw vagrants yield!—  
 Nay, by Saint Paul! this blade shall yet  
 With traitor Stanley's blood be wet:  
 I swear again by this true steel,  
 Victory or death my doom shall seal!

"Brandot! e'en by this hand is gone!  
 His standard bur'd among the dust!—  
 Why cower ye back?—what! would ye shun  
 In victory's hour my sacred trust!  
 Catesby and Ratcliffe, (hearts of steel,)  
 On Richmond still their terrors deal:  
 Tho' Norfolk lies among the slain,  
 Charge, ye vile cowards! charge again!"

Again the battle rages keen,  
 Again the rallied troops advance;  
 Again in furious broil are seen,  
 Death-dealing sword and darting lance:  
 Soldiers and nobles 'mid the fray,  
 A countless host, are swept away,  
 Like harvest-field, in pride array'd,  
 Beneath the mower's sweeping blade.

'Tis vain. Serene amid the strife,  
 Richmond cheers on his valliant band;—  
 Amid the sacrifice of life,  
 He cheers them on with heart and hand:  
 Stern ruin does their foes appal—  
 Behold the white-rose'd banner fall!  
 The flower of York—the tyrant's pride,  
 Are fallen, or flee on every side!

Forward! brave Richmond! forward now,  
 Hark the glad trumpet of victory sounding!  
 Thy shatter'd clans, with helmetless brow,  
 The shout of triumph are resounding!  
 Richard is down among the slain,  
 He bites the earth in rage and pain;  
 That crown which fate compels to yield,  
 Is left upon the death-strewn field.

Victorious Richmond! unto thee  
 Of right that royal crown belongs—  
 Wear it! 'tis nobly won!—and free—  
 Avenger of the people's wrongs!  
 To the seventh Henry homage bring—  
 A choral shout proclaims him King!  
 Indissolubly now unite  
 The red rose and the blooming white!

THOS. CROSSLEY.

Near Halifax, July 22nd, 1830.

### HEAVEN.

HEAVEN is the pilgrim's home,  
 The end of all his toils—  
 Where tears of grief can never come,  
 But pleasure always smiles,  
 The couch on which he may recline,  
 And say, "Eternal rest is mine."

Heaven is the port of peace,  
 Where tempests never roar,  
 Only the soft refreshing breeze,  
 And shipwrecks are no more;  
 Oh! blow propitious heavenly gale,  
 That to this port my bark may sail!

Heaven is the Father's house,  
 Where all the children meet,  
 And grace a shoreless ocean flows,  
 And purest virtues meet;  
 Where love and harmony abound,  
 And discord is a stranger sound.  
 Heaven is the Saviour's smile,  
 And, Oh! how sweet it is  
 For while we tarry here awhile,  
 It turns our woe to bliss:  
 And if so dear to us on earth,  
 In Heaven, what tongue can tell its worth!  
 Heaven is the Christian's home,  
 His everlasting rest!  
 Where sin and sorrow never come  
 To rankle in his breast;  
 But as eternal ages roll,  
 Fresh raptures wind around his soul!  
 Heaven is the sure reward,  
 Which Jesus died to gain,  
 And Satan, though he struggle hard  
 To rob thee—tries in vain.  
 Fear not! for God and truth combine  
 To guard thy lot. Such bliss be mine!

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

### HOPE—A PARODY.

WHAT is it soothes our various woes  
 And o'er sorrows wrinkled brows,  
 Joy's celestial halo throws:

'Tis Hope, gentle Hope.

What is it chases death's thick gloom,  
 And on the cypress of the tomb,  
 Hangs garlands of unwithering bloom:

'Tis Hope—heaven-born Hope.

The Hope of earthly promise born,  
 Falls like the shaken dew of morn,  
 Fades like the early blossom torn:

'False Hope, fatal Hope.

The Hope that truths divine supply,  
 Support in life, and when we die  
 Is full of immortality:

Sweet Hope, blessed Hope.

### THE POET'S SOUL.

"——The haven for a soul,  
 Where the storms of genius roll;  
 It often lights him to his doom,  
 A halo round an early tomb."

R. MONTGOMERY.

When destroying tempests rear,  
 Wild storms rage, and cataracts pour;  
 Where blue lightnings glare and flash,  
 Mountains tremble—thunders crash,  
 Threatening death from pole to pole,  
 Is pictur'd forth the Poet's Soul.

Where the vernal breath of May,  
 Midst bloom of flow'rs redolent play—  
 Where the silvery spring-brook flows,  
 Soothing nature to repose;  
 Where life's sparkling joy-streams roll,  
 Is pictur'd forth the Poet's Soul.

Where rage flashes in the eye,  
 Where the soul lives in a sigh,  
 Where revenge or hatred glows,  
 Breathing death on friends and foes;  
 Where love and pity bear control,  
 Is pictur'd forth the Poet's Soul.

Calm and tempest, love and ire,  
 Cooling streams, destroying fire;  
 Beauty's charms and symmetry,  
 Loathsome, loath'd deformity;  
 Order's wreath, and ruin's scroll,  
 Picture forth the Poet's Soul.

† Sir Wm. Brandon, standard-bearer to the Earl of Richmond, said to have fallen by the hand of Richard.

Things in heaven, and things in hell—  
What earth contains, in ocean dwell;  
Things unheard, unselt, unseen,  
Which are not now, nor e'er have been:  
Nature's birth, and nature's goal,  
Picture forth the Poet's Soul.

Burslem.

Yours.

REVIEW.—*The Book of the Priesthood, an Argument, in Three Parts. By Thomas Stratten Sunderland. 8vo. pp. 328. Holdsworth. London. 1830.*

THE design of this book is to prove that the Christian ministry is not a priesthood, and that the assumption of this latter character is an imposition upon those communities that have been taught to support it, and to incorporate this branch of the Levitical institution with the Christian system. The three parts of Mr. Sunderland's argument are stated as follows—

"The Christian ministry not a priesthood: Christ the only, but all-sufficient Priest of the Christian church: the Levitical terms employed in the New Testament, which do not apply exclusively to Christ, belong equally to all true Christians."

The first section in the first part, bears with peculiar force upon the manufactured doctors of the Romish church, who endeavour to sustain a title for which in scripture they have no authority. We must not, however, imagine that this is the only professing Christian establishment to which his argument will apply. Priest and priesthood, under the Christian dispensation, wherever the terms occur, fall under his attack, and those by whom they have been introduced receive from his pen, a degree of castigation to which he thinks the advocates of intruders at all times entitled. In his concluding paragraph he thus argues.

"As Christianity is the last dispensation, and the best, so it is the most comprehensive in its character, and permanent in its duration. It is designed and adapted, and was prophetically promised, and has been authoritatively instituted, for the whole race of mankind, and the whole duration of the world in which they dwell. Now, under such a dispensation, intended for the world, involving the destinies of the unnumbered millions of its coming generations, embodying for their enjoyment the clearest light which God ever intends to vouchsafe to men upon earth,—if, under such a dispensation, salvation were to be obtained through the medium of the official rites of an earthly priesthood, might not we expect that the authority and ritual of that priesthood, would, at least, be equally clear with the authority and ritual of the Jewish priesthood? Would not the immensely expanding, the infinitely multiplying interests involved in the one case, warrant us to expect, if it were possible, prescriptions even more explicit, sanctions even more incontrovertible, than the other? But what are the facts of the respective cases? Why, when we open the Old Testament—the priesthood, under its proper designation, and in some or other of its branches or engagements, lives and moves before us in almost every page; while one entire book, and a

considerable portion of others, are occupied by the arrangement of its services. If, however, we open the New Testament, and search through it from beginning to end, we shall find respecting the institution of an earthly priesthood for the Christian church—not a word; the title of priest applied to designate any minister of the Christian religion—not once; reference to priestly rites as discharged by one man for others—not once. That the writers of the New Testament employ no Levitical terms in their numerous references to the office and work of the Christian ministry, will appear the more remarkable, when it is remembered, that they had themselves been educated in the bosom of the Jewish church, that their earliest associations were connected with the work of its priesthood—and that, on almost every other subject, Levitical analogies evidently presented themselves with spontaneous exuberance to their minds, and are most freely and beautifully recorded by their pens. It was only when writing upon that subject, in illustration of which, if modern ideas be correct, these analogies might have been employed with most propriety and effect, that they carefully abstain from their use;—or rather, the current of their thoughts in reference to the Christian ministry flowed in channels so different from those which have been subsequently opened, that they never occurred in this connexion to their minds."—p. 17 to 18.

Among the various readers into whose hands this volume may fall, few will suspect the author of being partial to church establishments. Their alliance with the state he views as hostile to their prosperity; wealth, and secular power, paralyzing all the energies of their members, and rendering them little better than a splendid but lifeless mass.

"Those," he argues, "would prove themselves the best friends of the episcopal church, who would endeavour to extricate her from that alliance, and withdraw her from those endowments, which secularize her spirit, fetter her liberty, and weaken her moral strength. Episcopacy maintains itself in Scotland amid the indignant recollections and inveterate prejudices of the people, and under the discountenance of the authorities in the state. In republican America, an ungenial climate, where, like every other religious system, it is unfettered and uncontaminated by political interference, it is said to flourish and increase. It is only in England, its native soil and friendly atmosphere, where wealth, learning, antiquity, the deeply-rooted prejudices of hereditary rank and royalty, are on its side, where it lifts its mitred heads in courts and parliaments, that it withers and decays."—p. 302.

The author does not attempt to deny the provision made in the New Testament for the appointment of a Christian ministry, nor to doubt the legitimacy of such as give evidence of their credentials. But this establishment, he contends, bears no resemblance to the priestly office, and gives no sanction to the adoption of the name. The characters and offices he argues are essentially different, being founded on other principles, and belonging to quite another dispensation.

On all these topics, both negatively and positively, he has made out a strong case, having fortified his propositions with numerous arguments and authorities, derived from different sources. His language is

perspicuous, and no spirit of acrimony has been indulged. On the ultimate conclusion of his aggregate reasoning, various opinions will be entertained. Some will applaud what others will condemn, and easily discover acuteness and vigour, where readers of opposite views will perceive nothing but dulness and a deficiency of talent.

Without espousing the cause of either party, we think the book to be well written, and worthy the attention of all Christian communities. It places the important subject of Christian priesthood in such a commanding light, that, while multitudes will rally round the author's standard, those who dissent from his principles will hardly presume to treat his reasonings with contempt.

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REVIEW.—*Military Reminiscences, extracted from a Journal of nearly Forty Years' active Service in the East Indies. By Colonel James Welsh, of the Madras Establishment. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 368—347. Smith and Co. London. 1830.*

FROM time immemorial the nations of Europe have boasted an acquaintance with India, and through various mediums sustained an intercourse with its merchants and its shores. The knowledge, however, thus acquired of these distant regions, was both superficial and scanty, and many ages elapsed before the horizon became so extended as to lay any portion of the interior open to our view.

It was not until Vasco de Gama braved the stormy spirit of the Cape, that the eastern ocean was rendered accessible to the navigators of the west; but the maritime communication having been once discovered, their ships soon found a passage to the Oriental harbours.

Periods of a more recent date having given to Great Britain extensive possessions in India, missionaries, merchants, travellers, and military adventurers, have repaired thither in vast numbers, from whom, in their varied departments, information has been transmitted of so much importance, as to place these territories among the most interesting sections of the globe.

On several occasions, we have of late years been favoured with journals, researches, historical notices, and pictures of India, each possessing merit in its immediate sphere of operation, and all deriving their value from these sources of intelligence, the fountains of which appear to be almost inexhaustible.

Scarcely one, however, that has fallen under our observation is, on the whole, more interesting than the work before us. It contains the recollections of an intelligent British officer, who has been engaged in active service nearly forty years in these sultry climes, and imbibes events, appearances, and occurrences, as they arose to his notice, in his marches, travels, and engagements, during the momentous periods to which they refer.

The work, as may naturally be supposed, is of a mixed character; but the variety which it embraces more than compensates for any want of consecutive order which may be discovered. The following extracts, which will convey some idea of its intrinsic merits, can hardly fail to prove highly gratifying to numerous readers. His first impression on reaching India, he thus describes:—

“To attempt a description of my first impressions on entering the river Hooghly, in 1790, after being nearly six months at sea, would be perfectly futile; since all that one has ever heard, or read, or conceived of India, falls infinitely short of the reality; and so lively, so novel, so animated, and so interesting, is the picture which presents itself, that the effect has a much greater resemblance to enchantment, than to fact. The stranger sees a fine majestic river, navigable for some hundred miles inland, covered with vessels of every form and size, and belonging to people of every nation;—its banks overspread to the very water's edge, with every tint of verdure which the eye has ever beheld;—while the native Bengalees in their country boats, crowding round the ship with animals, fowls, and fish, as novel as themselves, and talking a jargon perfectly unintelligible; with their diminutive limbs and shrivelled countenances, present to the astonished European's imagination a race of beings seemingly intended by nature to complete the link between man, the image of his Maker, and the tribe of apes and monkeys. This first impression would, indeed, induce a belief, that all the natives of India are so miserable and decrepit, as scarcely to deserve the appellation of human beings; but on arriving at Calcutta the delusion vanishes, and men of all sizes, with countenances of the most varied hues and expressions, and limbs of the most perfect symmetry and elegance, are to be met with in far greater numbers than the former, who appear limited to a very narrow space; whilst, on advancing still farther northward, they generally improve still more in stature, as well as intellect.”

“The approach to Calcutta, denominated Garden Reach, in addition to its native beauties, is for some miles enlivened by the appearance of lovely gardens and country seats; the largest ships passing within cannon-shot of the ramparts of Fort William; an irregular hexagon of considerable extent, and perhaps the cleanest and most beautiful fortification in the world. A fine broad walk by the river side, leads to the town, which, however, opening on the sight, before reaching the fort, discovers a picture of grandeur not easily described; while every thing the stranger meets with on landing, differs so widely from all that he has been accustomed to in Europe, that the mind is lost in surprise; a surprise not a little increased, on finding that here no European uses his own legs, but that all ranks and ages must bend to the custom of the place, and be carried.”

“I pass over his first meetings with and greetings from relations and friends, as also the sumptuous and gratifying meal which is set before him; and if he have had the good fortune to arrive between the months of February and Novem-

ber, convey him at once into his bed-room, where it is ten to one if he get a wink of sleep for several hours. For want of air he is forced to open his mosquito curtains, and then comes on the painful reality. No longer enchanted, he now finds himself, while panting for breath, assailed by myriads of mosquitos as large as bees, white, while they draw blood in every direction, regale his ears with a delightful concert. He struggles till exhausted nature can hold out no longer, when falling into a troubled sleep, with the enemy ranging without control over every part of his face, neck, hands, &c., they leave him towards morning, a mass of pimples; his clothes covered with blood, and, if not extremely fortunate, his eyes closed up into the bargain."—Vol. I. p. 2—4.

From these scenes and peculiarities, over which human power and ingenuity have only a very limited control, Mr. Welsh conducts us to camps and fortresses, to hostile armies and battles, and exhibits many melancholy specimens of the miseries of war. Speaking of Trichinopoly, a place famous in eastern history, he observes, as follows, on its means of defence :

"On the summit of the rock is the palace of the Nabob of the Carnatic, to whom, in days of yore, the whole country belonged, and in which some of his relations always resided. The ditch of this place contains alligators; and they are to be met with not only in the adjacent river, but in every tank in the neighbourhood. I must add, that I never met with these amphibious monsters in the ditch of any other place of consequence in the country."—Vol. I. p. 18.

On one occasion during the Poligar war, the English were placed in extreme jeopardy, but providentially preserved from the impending danger, without knowing at that time the peril of their situation. The following statement by Mr. Welsh shows on what precarious incidents the destinies of nations, and the fates of armies, depend :—

"On the 2d of February, 1801, while our force was cantoned at Shangarnacolle, about thirty miles to the eastward, and the whole of the remaining community, about twenty ladies and gentlemen, were dining at Major Macanlay's garden-house at Pallamcottah, a number of Poligar prisoners, confined in the fort, made their escape by overpowering their own guard, and the one at the first gate, whom they disarmed. As men of consequence and state-prisoners, they had been hitherto kept in irons, and very strictly guarded; but the small-pox having recently broken out among them, their chains had been removed a few days before. This evening, a number of their adherents in disguise, and with concealed weapons, had entered the fort, and, at a preconcerted signal, forced the prison-gate, while the prisoners attacked the two sentries in front. A few of the guard were wounded, and the whole instantly disarmed; when the prisoners, seizing the muskets of their *ci-devant* guards, headed their adherents, and, rushing on the gate-guard, succeeded in overpowering them; when passing through the gates they made such good use of their heels, that before morning they had arrived at Panjallumcorchy, a distance of thirty miles; having surprised and disarmed nearly one hundred men at different stages on the road, and in one place an entire company under a native officer. In their haste to secure a safe retreat, they however let slip the fairest opportunity they ever could have enjoyed of crippling our force; for the party, assembled at our commandant's, included the civilians of the station, all the staff-officers, and several others of the force; the house was protected by a Nalgue's guard only,

and not above a mile out of their route; and there we must all have perished unprepared and unresisting, since they were several hundreds strong, even before they left the place. Unaware of the extent of the mischief, small parties were sent out, as soon as they could be collected, to overtake the fugitives; and lucky it was for them, that they returned unsuccessful. Indeed, all the sepoyas then in Pallamcottah, would have been inadequate for that purpose."—Vol. I. p. 52.

Although custom has taught us to apply the epithets savage and barbarian, to nearly all the nations of the East, the following facts will convince us, that to acts of humanity, forbearance, and generosity, we have no right to lay an exclusive claim.

"Having no opponents out of our camp, the enemy made good use of their time, and seized on Tutuccoyn, where a young subaltern commanded with a company of sepoyas. Unfortunately, he was unacquainted with any native language; and, while he was defending the fort on one side, the native officer under him capitulated, and admitted the enemy on the other. In proof, however, of the noble spirit of these untutored savages, they treated the officer with the utmost kindness; and, without exacting any promise from him, permitted his embarkation in a fishing-boat for an English settlement. The sepoyas they merely disarmed, and set at liberty; and searching the town for ammunition, &c. came upon a Mr. Raggott, an Englishman, who was master-attendant, and carried him off prisoner. His wife immediately followed them unmolested into the fort, where the *Cat*, as he was always called, had taken up his head-quarters; and, petitioning for her husband's life, he was instantly set at liberty, and his property restored. The Dutch they considered as neutral, and not a man of them was ever molested in any way.

"This was the infamous Catabornia Nalg, who had lately been confined in irons, and treated with every indignity; upon whose head a price was set, and who was on no condition to receive any quarter, if found in arms."—Vol. I. p. 57.

The following, is a melancholy picture, painted in a few words.

"Michael Egan, one of the first to reach the top of the breach the first day, fell pierced through the body, and we all thought him dead. When the retreat was sounded, and a rush, not the most creditable, was made in the opposite direction, I was employed in supporting, or rather carrying off, a wounded grenadier of the 74th. On looking behind me, I saw poor Egan rise from the ground, and run a few yards, pursued by pikemen. The first impulse might have left me by his side, but ere I could reach the spot, he was piked through and through, and fell, to rise no more in this world. His mangled body was wept over next morning, not only by his brother-officers, but by every native officer and sepoy of the corps."—Vol. I. p. 78.

Of native heroism, the following is a remarkable instance.

"Mortally wounded, he (an Ettepour chief) desired that his body might immediately be carried to Major Macanlay, who was at the time surrounded by his English officers. The old man, who was placed upright in a chair, then said, with a firm voice, 'I have come to show the English how a Poligar can die.' He twisted his whiskers with both hands, as he spoke, and in that attitude expired."—Vol. I. p. 79.

That the distance between the throne and the gallows is exceedingly short, is fully evinced in the following paragraph.

"The Cheema Mardoo was the ostensible sovereign of large extensive and fertile country, and his general residence was at Shuvel. Though of a dark complexion, he was a portly, handsome, and affable man, of the kindest manners, and most easy access; and, though ruling over a people to whom his nod was law, he lived in an open palace, without a single guard. Indeed, when I visited him in February, 1799, every man, who chose to come in, had free ingress and egress, while every voice called down the blessing of the Almighty upon the father of his people. From a merely casual visit, when passing through his country, he became my friend, and, during my continuance at Madura, never failed to send me presents of fine rice and fruits; particularly a large rough-skinned orange, remarkably sweet, which I have never met with, in such perfection, in any other part of India. Yet this very man, I was afterwards destined, by the fortune of war, to chase like a wild beast, to see badly wounded, and captured as common peons; then lingering with a fractured thigh in prison; and, lastly, to behold him, with his gallant brother, and no less gallant son, surrounded by their principal adherents, hanging in chains upon a common gibbet."—Vol. i. p. 130.

The high opinion the natives entertain of English valour and ingenuity, may be inferred from the following incidents.

"Gokliah, a Mahrattah chief residing in our camp with a body of horse, wrote thus to his friends at Poonah:—These English are a strange people, and their general is a wonderful man. They came here in the morning, looked at the Pettah wall, walked over it, killed all the garrison, and returned home to breakfast; what can withstand them? A Bengalee, upon being questioned respecting an English gentleman, who had recently erected a windmill, exclaimed:—What kind of man this Englishman? Catch horse! and make work! Catch bullock, and make work! and catch wind, and make work!"—Vol. i. p. 164-8.

If war can boast no other advantage, it certainly provides food for birds of prey, which, following the hostile armies, gorge themselves on the carcasses of the slain.

"The battle of Assaye had collected all the birds of prey in the country, a few following the army, and the rest taking possession of the inheritance left them by their kindest benefactor, man, on the field of battle. I killed one on the march, an adjutant, which I termed by its attention in following us, to be anticipating a feast on the road. From the tips of its wings this bird measured ten feet across, and was exactly similar to those so cherished at Calcutta and Fort William as public scavengers."—Vol. i. p. 183.

The difficulties attendant on travelling in some parts of India, may be inferred from the following circumstance.

"At daylight we again proceeded through teak and banian forests, up and down hills, through valleys covered with high grass and tall reeds. Being anxious to take some bearings from a rising ground in our neighbourhood, I endeavoured to force my way through the grass and reeds, but could not effect it, and was very glad to find my road back again. To ascertain the height of the grass, I held up my gun at arm's length, and could then perceive it some feet above the muzzle. The teak-trees were also extremely large, and fit for the finest timber; and, on the whole, we were so incommoded by wood the whole way, that I could not help drawing a comparison between these wilds and the country round Poonah, where I used to pay one rupee for a mere handful of straw for my camels, and good firewood was worth nearly its weight in silver."—Vol. i. p. 230.

Of the tigers in India, many accounts have been published, and all concur in representing these beasts of prey as the most dangerous and formidable that infest the forests and jungles of the East. One of this feline race Mr. Welsh thus describes.

"The inhabitants of the village informing us that there was a very large royal tiger in a neighbouring jungle, that he had alone killed ten men, many bullocks, &c. and that his relations were also extremely troublesome, I determined to form a party of volunteer sportsmen, and attack him or them next morning. We accordingly actually reached his den by sunrise, and by great good luck found it empty, with the exception of some well-picked bones. A panther which we roused, escaped by passing right between two parties, headed by Captain Pepper and myself, so that neither could fire at him, and we returned home unsuccessful. Not so, however, a party of peons, who had sunk a pit for the monster, and piquetted a sheep at the foot of a sharp iron wedge fixed in the centre, on which, in pouncing on his prey, he transfixed himself, and they came and shot him in that defenceless position, bringing him home in triumph, carried on bamboos, with tomatoes and collyery horns, attended by all the inhabitants. A glimpse of him was sufficient to satisfy me that it was just as well we did not fall in with this sovereign of the eastern woods, in his rude state, as his dimensions, then carefully taken, will prove to my readers. The circumference of his head, under the jaw, was two feet nine inches; the length of his body, from head to tail, six feet four inches; his height, to the top of the fore shoulder, four feet; the circumference of his body, four feet; and though I have seen much larger tigers, I never saw one so clumsily made; his paw, on the stretch, actually covering a table-plate."—Vol. i. p. 261.

#### Fatal effects of poisonous vegetation.

"On the margin of the lake, between us and the water, grew some most luxuriant and tempting-looking grass, in which many of the natives allowed their cattle to graze; and our horse-keepers also permitted the grass-cutters to give it to the horses, instead of going to a distance, and cutting the roots of the delicate pasture on which they are generally fed. The consequence of which was, that, in one night every horse in our camp was taken ill, and, out of twenty with the corps, about sixteen died; and the head man of the village, instead of warning us beforehand, very coolly told me, that one of our regiments of cavalry, going the same route, had lost ten times as many, for the grass was all poisonous near the tank. One word would have saved all, but he had not the sense or the humanity to utter it. I wrote a complaint to the resident at Mysore, and was informed, that he was disgraced for this misconduct; but the past was without remedy."—Vol. i. p. 262.

As a stupendous work of art, the colossal statue, described in the annexed paragraph, merits particular notice:—

"Estimated as a military post only, Nungydeo must ever rank high, from its being almost inaccessible; though all wonder at the preceding sight was speedily lost in our surprise, when, after ascending several neat stair-cases, we suddenly came upon a large stone building, above which we then first discovered a finely formed image, carved out of one solid stone, about seventy feet high, and representing a young man with wreaths of laurel winding from his ankles to his shoulders, every leaf of which was so exquisitely laboured as to bear the closest examination. We were able to contrast the size of this extraordinary colossus with men, monkeys, and vultures, two of the latter being perched upon its head, and the upper part

being seven times the height of a middle-sized man, who stood on the top of the building, with his legs and thighs of the statue below. That it was cut out of the solid rock cannot admit of a doubt; for no power on earth could have moved so massive a column to place it there on the top of a steep and slippery mountain, so steep, indeed, that we could not even see this statue till we had ascended close to it. The legs and thighs are cut out in proportion to the rest, but are attached to a large fragment of the rock behind them, artfully covered by the building, of which it forms the back wall. I never in my life beheld so great a curiosity, every feature being most admirably finished. From the nose inclining to aquiline, and the upper lip being very prominent and pouting, the profile shows it to the greatest advantage; and every part, from top to toe, is smooth and highly-polished. I could hardly conceive how the hand of man, and that particularly of a race by no means either intelligent or educated, could have accomplished such a work of labour, and that, too, on the summit of a sterile rock. No person on the spot seemed either to know or care when, or how, or by whom it was made; and, though I have given it the usual appellation, the Brahmins call it *Gometraus* and *Gomethés*; and at a distance it appeared to be a stone pillar."—Vol. I. p. 264.

The jungles in India are scarcely more dangerous to travellers, than are the rivers to those who attempt to ford them. The former are infested with tigers; and in the latter, alligators lurk unseen, as may be gathered from the following incident:—

"At a short distance from the village, we had crossed a small nullah, in some parts dry, where our horse-keepers returned to water the horses, when one of them, belonging to a native officer, was suddenly seized under water, and began to disappear. Some of the sepoys, who were washing their clothes there, having rushed in and pulled the animal out, to their utter astonishment, they discovered that their opponent was a large alligator, when they set up a shout, as much of amazement as of terror, and the monster quitted his hold, and disappeared. It may naturally be supposed, to whatever part he had retreated, he was then left in the sole and undisputed possession of the spot: but the sepoys coming to my tent, and informing us of the occurrence, Captain Pepper and myself sallied forth in spite of the heat, and were equally amazed, when we found that it was at the part where all the corps had crossed over in the morning; the water being about two feet deep, but gradually increasing down to the right, where the breadth was much less. We watched our wary opponent for some minutes, when, shewing his horrid mouth above water, I put a ball through his head; the distance being so inconsiderable, that it would have been more astonishing to miss than to hit such an object. We afterwards saw two or three others, but, warned by the sound of my gun, they were too cunning to be caught on the surface. I could not help returning grateful thanks to the Almighty, for this providential escape of the corps, when perfectly unaware of the smallest danger."—Vol. I. p. 272.

Having extended our extracts and observations to a much greater length than was originally intended, we must for the present take our leave of this interesting work. Several other passages had been marked for selection, but beyond those already given, our limits will not permit us to pass. Hitherto we have confined our remarks and quotations to the first volume, and the specimens transferred to our pages, cannot fail to communicate to the reader a just

and favourable idea of its character. The valuable contents of the second volume we have reserved for our ensuing number.

REVIEW.—*Dialogues on Popery*. By Jacob Stanley. 12mo. pp. 276. Mason, London. 1830.

THE topics discussed in these dialogues are "Purgatory and Indulgences—Transubstantiation—Angel, Saint, and Image worship—Confession and Absolution—Antiquity—Supremacy—Succession—Unity—Infallibility—and rule of Faith." The names of the disputants are of course fictitious, but as the scene is laid in Ireland, "the strong hold of popery," we have Paul and Murphy, John and Patrick, Peter and O'Brien, with others belonging to the same nomenclature.

It scarcely need be said, that in these dialogues one of the contending parties defends popery from the attacks of the other, and, as a natural consequence, that both "summon all their reason to the field," and imbody, in their respective speeches, all that is deemed needful to subserve the cause espoused.

It cannot be denied, that the dialogue form of disputation is always favourable to the sentiments of an author, as it furnishes him with an opportunity of introducing or suppressing, of strengthening or weakening, and of diversifying with light or shade, whatever may be most convenient for his purpose. It does not however, follow, that of this favourable position, the writers of dialogues always take an advantage. Unfairness, before the tribunal of the public, soon detected and exposed, would furnish the artful sophist with less reason for triumph than for repentance.

Of the preceding charges Mr. Stanley need not be under any apprehension, unless it be from those who, unable to meet his arguments, may have recourse to censure, to shield themselves from the edge of his sword. With the fundamental principles of popery, the sophistry and jesuitical arts with which it has been and still is defended, and with the authority on which its arrogant pretensions rest, he appears to have made himself intimately acquainted. Its vulnerable parts rarely escape his scrutiny, and those to whose lot the defence may fall, cannot but tremble for the fate of a citadel, exposed to the formidable battering-rams of such an invading foe.

Popery, in its modern dress, bears but little resemblance to its real character. The complexion of the times has employed



ingenuity to hide its cloven foot; and beneath a specious garment of dazzling liberality, its actual deformity lies concealed. From these abodes of convenient retirement, the author has dragged the monster into view; and the vizard being removed, and light thrown on parts previously enveloped in well-contrived obscurity, we tremble at its hideous aspect, and, half petrified with horror, ask, how an object so detestable could ever claim kindred with Christianity, much less assume her spotless name.

From the enactments of councils, the authorities of bulls, and the avowal of convocations, admitted by all the advocates of popery to be legitimate, Mr. Stanley has adduced a frightful mass of evidence to prove that popery in former ages was essentially intolerant; and from these decrees, remaining still unrepealed, he has fairly inferred, that popery is immutably the same, and only waits a favourable opportunity to project its fangs, and inflict a mortal wound upon the whole christian world.

On the papal side of the question discussed in these dialogues, the substance of every leading argument urged by the infallible church, is brought fairly before the reader; an investigation follows, and the subject is dismissed with a satisfactory reply. The passages of scripture which have been impressed into the service of Romish delusion, examined with becoming candour, and found to refuse their sanction to the dogmas of this antichristian hierarchy, are rescued from the unholy task they had been called on to perform. On the ground of reason, Protestantism claims an empire exclusively its own. To this, in all its leading characteristics, popery can make no pretensions. At the name of its dogmas, reason revolts, and feels indignant when any claim of alliance is offered.

To the energy of reasoning, and the force of argument, which the advocate for Protestantism employs, he has added a peculiar vein of humour, which attaches triumph to victory, and associates dishonour with defeat. The concessions which are ironically made, the questions which are sarcastically pressed, and the perplexity involved in the replies, render the work at once entertaining to heretics, and provoking to all the sons of holy mother church.

We have not room to admit quotations, otherwise we could select many specimens in which satirical argument would appear to great advantage. In page 102, the papal advocate calls the Virgin Mary, "Mother of God." On this his antagonist

asks, whether "God or his Mother is the oldest?" The attempts to answer this question are truly diverting, as well as contemptible. The reader may easily conceive, that a writer, who, like the author, has scripture, reason, and satire at command, would make wicked work with such an unmanageable interrogation.

It is fortunate for Mr. Stanley that he did not live in the days of Queen Mary, since, with crimes less flagrant than those of which he has now been guilty, he would have found a gibbet or a stake. At present his antagonists in this country may frown, but they cannot bite; nevertheless, should he visit Ireland with the character he deserves, we fear he may yet be roughly handled.

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REVIEW.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia. By Dr. Lardner, &c. Outlines of History. 12mo. pp. 461. Longman and Co. London. 1830.*

THE character of this work is so well established, that little more need be said than that the present volume is equal to its predecessors. It enters on the general outline of history, and beginning with the earth, its physical changes, and the primitive condition of man, proceeds with the early history of the species; as, in the various grades of formation, and intellect, they appear scattered over the surface of the globe.

Referring to the primitive ancestors of the human race, the author observes as follows.

"No tribe has ever yet been found to civilize itself; instruction and improvement always come to it from abroad, and experience would rather lead to the inference, that the savage is a degeneration from the civilized life. In the very earliest history, that of the Bible, we find the pastoral and agricultural life co-existing almost from the commencement of the world. At all periods we find man possessed of the useful and necessary arts, the master of flocks and herds, the employer of the spade, the plough, and the sickle. It is in vain we seek for commencement,—all is progress."—p. 6.

Of the Chinese, their customs and policy, the author thus speaks.

"The Chinese empire occupies an extent of surface equal to that of Europe, containing within it every variety of soil and climate, and natural production; thus rendering it in itself perfectly independent of all foreign aid. In its social institutions, it has presented through all periods a model of the primitive form of government, the patriarchal, and an exemplification of the evil of continuing it beyond its just and proper period. In China all is at a stand-still; succeeding ages add not to the knowledge of those that have gone before; no one must presume to be wiser than his fathers: around the Son of Heaven, as they designate their emperor, assemble the learned of the land as his council; so in the provinces the learned in their several degrees around the governor; and laws and rules are passed from the highest down to the lowest, to be by them given to the people. Every, even the most minute, circumstance of

common life, is regulated by law. It matters not, for example, what may be the wealth of an individual; he must wear the dress, and build his house, after the mode prescribed by ancient regulations. In China every thing bears the stamp of antiquity: immovableness seems to be the characteristic of the nation; every implement retains its primitive rude form; every invention has stopped at the first step."—p. 8.

The wandering tribes of Arabs, who, from time immemorial, have traversed the desert, and who still preserve the same mode of life, the author thus describes.

"From the earliest dawn of history the Arabs have led the nomadic life, to which the nature of their country has destined them. The numerous tribes, under the government of their sheikhs and emirs, roam the desert apart—now in friendship, now in hostility. The camel and the horse are their companions and support. The strangers who penetrate their wilds have always been regarded as lawful prizes. Under the various names of Edomites, Ishmaelites, Midianites, &c. we find their tribes in friendly or hostile relations with the nation of Israel, with whom many of them acknowledged a kindred. Their religious worship was chiefly directed to the heavenly bodies."—p. 17.

The whole volume is replete with interest; but, having given these brief specimens, we must take our leave.

REVIEW.—*The Modern Newgate Calendar, or Newgate and York Castle in the Nineteenth Century*. By Leman Thomas Rede, Esq. Parts 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Bennett, London, 1830.

IN our number for February last, we noticed the first and second parts of this very interesting work, which confers credit on its author, while it records the dishonour of human nature. These parts sustain the same character as the preceding. They contain a brief sketch of the lives of the criminals, the crimes for which they took their trials, or were convicted and suffered, furnish an outline of the evidence, and conclude with suitable reflections suggested by the enormity or peculiarity of the occasion. In no one instance are these memorials, records, or observations, carried to an immoderate length. A sufficiency is preserved to render the whole intelligible; but this being done, the subject is dismissed, to give place to another.

The history of crime is at all times a prolific, but an unpleasant subject, yet when properly surveyed, it may be rendered highly beneficial to the community. Idleness, dissolute habits, drunkenness, living beyond an honestly acquired income, neglect of religious duties, disregarding the sabbath, and associating with wicked companions, we generally find at the commencement of a career of infamy; and to one or more of these courses may be traced the miserable exit of those unhappy victims

of violated law, whose deaths are recorded. With an eye to these seeds of iniquity, this work may be considered as peculiarly valuable. It holds out an awful warning to the young and profligate, and communicates instruction both by precept and melancholy example.

It must not, however, be supposed, that this work contains no trials but for murder, arson, highway-robbery, and other capital offences. It traverses the calendar, and selects from the motley mass whatever is singular, and most likely to command public attention. Among these is the trial of Henry Hunt, Esq. relative to the bloody affair near Manchester, in 1819. This is much longer than any other, and although at present it has lost a considerable portion of its original interest, it still lives in the recollection of many, and will be transmitted to posterity in a great variety of colouring.

In his observation on this ever memorable affair, the author has delivered his opinion without fear or equivocation. He characterizes the treatment which Mr. Hunt received when imprisoned, as a species of persecution which rendered confinement irksome, and turned restraint into torture.

"They could not touch his life, but they resolved to imbitter it; and since the days of Baron Trenck, we question if any prisoner has had greater right to complain of the tyranny of his jailer than Henry Hunt."

Several trials for riots, for the destruction of mills, and the breaking of machinery, occupy a portion of these pages. The offenders stand charged with crimes involving different degrees of turpitude, but the trials are faithfully epitomized, and the observations on them are made with honourable impartiality.

REVIEW.—*A Collection of Hymns adapted to Congregational Worship*. By William Urwick. 12mo. pp. 440. Nisbet, London.

WITH some exceptions in favour of a few original compositions, this work is avowedly a compilation, selected from the writings of Watts, Doddridge, Browne, Steele, Swaine, the Olney hymns, and others well known in the regions of hymnology. Altogether, the compiler informs us, that upwards of a hundred volumes, from the commencement of the last century downwards, have been consulted, and the result of this examination is, the appearance of the present work.

In looking through its various pages, we find nothing either in merit or defect to distinguish this compilation from others assuming a similar character. The compe-

sitions are highly respectable, and the names of their respective authors will furnish a guarantee for the evangelical principles they inculcate. These have already passed the ordeal of criticism, and have nothing either to hope or fear from modern animadversions.

In classification, these hymns stand as follows: "Praise to God—To the Lord Jesus Christ—Redemption—Christian ordinances—Particular occasions—The people of God—The world to come." Many of these are founded either upon some particular passages of scripture, or the doctrines and duties inculcated in them. To these passages and subjects an extended reference is made in a copious index, and in others to the first line in every hymn, and also to the first line of every verse. This latter plan, though of recent origin, is not without its use, but it tends to swell the book, and, as a natural consequence, to enhance its price.

We cannot, however, complain that this volume comes to the reader with an exorbitant charge. Three shillings and sixpence for upwards of four hundred and fifty pages, can never be suspected of aiming at imposition. It is neatly put out of hand, has a decent aspect, and appears to be correctly printed. But what is of still far greater moment, the hymns are in general adapted for congregational singing, without infringing upon the peculiarities of creeds adopted by liberally-minded Christians of different denominations.

REVIEW.—*A Comprehensive Grammar of Sacred Geography and History, with Maps, Views, Costumes, &c.* By Wm. Pinnock, 12mo. pp. 342. Poole and Edwards, London.

THIS book comprises much useful information within a narrow compass. It professes to be designed for the use of schools, and for these it is admirably adapted; but we shrewdly suspect, that many who have passed their noviciate, may find within its pages some valuable lessons, which have either escaped their memories, or which they had forgotten to learn.

As a grammar of sacred geography and history, this volume contains many simple facts, with which the mind of every pupil ought to be stored. Mr. Pinnock has given to them all the condensation that perspicuity would allow, and has been so far successful that nothing is retained to encumber the memory with unnecessary matter.

In every chapter, each subject forms a distinct paragraph, which, being num-

bered, the pupil is assisted, when at the conclusion he is called upon to answer questions founded on what he has read. This method, which has long been in use, is calculated to strengthen the recollection and to improve the understanding.

Although the greater part of this work is exclusively confined to the geographical and historical facts contained in the Old and New Testament, the authenticity of the sacred books is not passed over in silence, and with this, chronology and incident are closely interwoven. At the conclusion, biographical sketches, accompanied with miniature portraits of Origen, Eusebius, Jerom, Bede, Wickliffe, Huss, Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, and Grotius, are also given. Several other plates and maps appear in the work. These are neatly executed, and increase the interest of the subjects to which they apply, by illustrating them through the medium of visible representation. With an almost inexhaustible fund of materials, all pressing for admission into his pages, we need not wonder that for every chapter and paragraph Mr. Pinnock should find something new. As an author or compiler, his principal merit lies in extracting the essence, and excluding all extraneous matter. To this he seems to have directed his attention, and we congratulate him on the success which has crowned his persevering efforts.

REVIEW.—*A Manual of the Economy of the Human Body in Health and Disease, &c. &c. for the use of general readers.* 12mo. pp. 431. Whittaker and Co. London. 1830.

NOT having studied the healing art in the school of Esculapius, we readily acknowledge our incompetence to decide on the scientific merits of this volume. In this respect, several things which appear plausible to us, may be censured as erroneous by gentlemen of the medical profession, while paragraphs which excite our suspicion might be extolled as happy efforts of genius, enlarging the empire of knowledge, by luminous sparklings of scientific originality.

We are informed, however, in the title-page, that this book is intended "for the use of general readers," from which we cannot but infer, that its contents may be estimated by the dictates of common sense, and on this ground we presume to take our stand.

The work commences with a brief analysis of the bodily structure, and then proceeds to state what may be deemed neces-

sary in respect of food, rest, exercise, clothing, &c. in order to preserve its health. The more prevalent diseases to which the body is liable, next engross the author's attention. Of these, the indications and attendant circumstances, follow in order, together with directions respecting conduct and medicine, the influence of climate, and the variations which youth and age, in general, render necessary.

It is only, however, in common cases, that the author advises any person to become his own apothecary, surgeon, or physician. On all occasions involving either doubt or difficulty, he uniformly recommends an application to some professional individual, who, from study and practice, has rendered himself worthy of the confidence his character implies.

In the domestic circle, where slight complaints are of daily occurrence, and in villages and hamlets standing remote from medical men, this book will be found exceedingly useful. In some respects it bears a resemblance to Dr. Buchan's Domestic Medicine, but we have no conception that it is calculated to supersede this valuable work. Constructed on a diminished scale, it occupies a less extensive field than that in which the renowned Scottish physician has ranged, but it is characterized by caution, modesty, and wholesome advice, in reference both to disease and its treatment. The language is also divested of many technicalities, which are intelligible only to professional men. But what is of equal, if not of superior importance, it furnishes rules for the preservation of health, the neglect of which is the fruitful source of numerous maladies under which human nature both writhes and groans.

REVIEW.—*Album Verses, with a few others.* By Charles Lamb. *Moxton.* London. 1830.

THIS volume, though not voluminous, exhibits a great variety of compositions possessing very different degrees of merit. Some indeed are rather poor, others middling, and some highly respectable. To the author they can bring no considerable portion of additional fame, but we admire the motive which could induce him to prefer friendship to literary reputation, and the interests of a young bookseller to pecuniary remuneration. The work is neatly and correctly printed, and not unworthy the elegance of New Bond-street, whence it entered the world. If Mr. Lamb had exercised but a small portion of his discriminating powers, he might have rendered his articles as

respectable as the type is fair and beautiful. Several pieces are every way worthy of his justly-acquired fame, and we should have been glad if none had been introduced to throw a weight into the opposite scale.

REVIEW.—*The Drama brought to the Test of Scripture, and found wanting.* 12mo. pp. 131. *Hamilton and Co.* London. 1830.

THIS little volume contains many wholesome strictures on that description of public amusements which, of all others, is most liable to abuse; but the author can scarcely be said to have used sufficient discrimination in the application of his censures. Dramatic literature, it will be confessed, has been greatly misdirected in a variety of instances; and scenic performances have, in all ages, been too generally subversive of good morals. The fact, however, affords no legitimate argument against the drama and theatrical performances,—it would prove too much, and therefore prove nothing. If the misapplication of a thing were admitted as conclusive evidence of evil tendency and utter worthlessness in the thing itself, nearly every human institution, whether political, moral, or religious, would be overthrown. Monarchy might be abolished, because kings are too apt to abuse sovereign power; senates might be annihilated on the ground of corruption; wholesome laws might be repealed, because chicanery occasionally distorts and wrests them to a bad purpose; outward decorum of manners might be dispensed with, on the ground that it frequently throws a veil over a vicious heart; nay, even religion itself might be rejected, because it is too often made the strong-hold of hypocritical knavery.

We do not wish to appear in a prominent light, either as advocates or opposers of the drama; but whilst, as public censors, it is our duty to extenuate nothing, we also hope to avoid setting down aught in malice. The consequences of that sweeping sentence, which many well-intentioned persons pronounce against dramatic composition, are not always duly considered. If the drama be exceptionable *in se*, all dialogue writings, and those literary works also which delineate the character and pursuits of man, are likewise to be condemned as unprofitable or injurious. Teaching by example, a very ancient and universally recognized mode of instruction, must then be discontinued, and literature confined exclusively to *preceptive* composition.

It has not been left to the writer of this review to prove, that a faithful delineation of human passions and interests, either in the narrative or dialogue style, where the action progresses true to nature, is a noble vehicle of instruction. In the earliest times, fables and similitudes were used by public teachers, as calculated to convey the intended lesson with truth and certainty into the minds of those who heard them. The drama differs from fable, as a whole from its part: its design being more comprehensive, and its arrangement more strictly natural. If dramatic composition is then only a mode of teaching by example, why should its legitimate tendency be changed, or utility diminished, by its adaptation to actual representation?

The author of the present volume will, however, put in his rejoinder, that dramatic writings are for the most part impure, and theatrical spectacles demoralizing, in their effect. Granted; they are so. But the abuse of a thing, as already observed, is no argument against the thing itself. If the drama were subjected to stricter scrutiny, and the management of the stage vested in disinterested authority; if every violation of morality and decency were rendered a penal offence, and visited with salutary punishment,—these impurities would soon be purged away.

The stage, in its present condition, will certainly not bear the test of scripture. It wants much correction in nearly all its departments; but whether after a rigorous purification it might not be made a valuable coadjutor in morality, is a question which the author of the present volume has not solved. He has, however, called the attention of the public to the baneful consequences resulting from a gross mismanagement of the stage; and his authorities are too respectable to be slighted. It remains, then, with the censors and governors of theatres, either to reform altogether the evil tendency of the drama, or, by a continued disregard of decency and good morals, to render it detestable to the public at large.

*REVIEW.—Essays on various Religious Subjects. By William Sleigh. 12mo. pp. 386. Mason. London.*

THESE essays bring home the practical bearing and influence of our holy religion to the lives and experience of its genuine professors. They enter into the minutiae of all moral economy, leaving few subjects within the reach of common occurrence wholly untouched. The author has armed himself at every point, and hunted the

professing Christian through all the variations of his actions and pursuits, leaving him no nook of concealment in which to indulge any passion, appetite, or inclination, that is not sanctioned by the word of God. On perusing what he has written, many, we have no doubt, will exclaim, "These are hard sayings, who can bear them?"

But, while the salutary restrictions here enforced will impose on multitudes of professors a galling yoke, the author will find a goodly number, who will not think his restraints are either too severe, or unsanctioned by the word of God. Very many will, however, suspect that he has amplified prohibitions to a greater extent than he has stated injunctions, or, under given circumstances, inculcated what should be done. His sixteenth essay, on nonconformity to the world, is almost exclusively composed of negatives, "Thou shalt not," runs through nearly every paragraph. We do not complain that, for all his prohibitory cautions, he is not armed with ample scripture authority, but we conceive it would have been a valuable addition to his work, if he had furnished affirmative rules with greater precision, and more in detail.

We readily admit, that on such themes we require line upon line, and precept upon precept, and no true delegate of Heaven can act up to the spirit of his commission, unless he follows iniquity into all its retreats. This duty Mr. Sleigh, in the essay before us, has fearlessly accomplished. His appeals to the sacred oracles are both numerous and appropriate; nor are we aware that he has made an inference without adequate authority. Many, however, we imagine, on viewing his animadversions, will be ready to inquire, "Who then can be saved?" and, "What church contains members to whom none of his strictures will apply?" We can only answer that, "the things impossible to men are possible to God;" and that, "according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost."

*REVIEW.—An Essay on Evil-speaking with an Appendix. By William Shuttleworth. 12mo. pp. 126. Holdsworth. London. 1830.*

MANY generations have passed away since the tongue was discovered to be an unruly member, and we have our fears, that the lapse of time has made very little improvement in its character. Were the human

tongue as voluble in praise as it is lavish in censure, its healing balm might, in some degree, compensate, for the corrosions of its malignity. But, unfortunately, its instinctive propensities inclining to detraction, the influence of every counteracting energy becomes needful, to arrest its progress, and avert the consequences of its indiscretion.

Among these antidotes, the essay on evil-speaking, now under review, is entitled to a most respectful notice. It places the character and fatal tendency of this prevailing vice in an awful light, and so numerous are its branches and ramifications, that few, we fear, can plead, "Not guilty," to each individual charge.

Evil-speaking—

"—Is a monster of such frightful mien,  
That to be hated needs but to be seen;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

But, unhappily, the consequences and issues to which it tends, being but partially perceived, are disregarded, otherwise its hideous aspect might prove salutary to multitudes, by whom it is sometimes unconsciously cherished.

To meet this moral pestilence, the author has had recourse to the authority of scripture, to the opinions and judgments of the learned, the wise, and the good, in all ages, and in various parts, and incorporated the result of his researches with his own observations and reflections. From the whole he has made out a strong case to expose this spirit of detraction in all its native deformity, and even to extract an antidote from its forbidding features.

On some nice and delicate points it may be difficult to lay down rules to which justice and prudence shall, on all occasions, compel us to adhere, but on general grounds the discharge of duty is enveloped in no obscurity. In an essay like this before us, it would be hazardous in the author to make any exceptions in favour of particular cases, lest they should be wrested to abrogate the general rules. His artillery is directed against evil-speaking; and so far, secure in a fortress, he may bid defiance to all assailants. The only questions of difficulty refer to the limits and boundaries within which the epidemic is confined, and to which the definition of the terms may be applied.

Leaving, however, such points as are of dubious import, an ample field, in which no mistake can occur, lies open to the reader's view. Let the flagrant evils which are exposed, be avoided, and cases of doubtful features will neither be formidable

in character, nor terrific in numbers. The progress of this destructive vice, the essay now under inspection, is well calculated to arrest. On subjects, where but one opinion can prevail, its reasonings and authorities are decidedly conclusive. The author has faced this dishonour of human nature with manly fortitude, and a christian spirit; and on all who are more solicitous to be governed by the dictates of reason, and the sanctions of scripture, than by the vicious propensities of their nature, this essay can hardly fail to have a commanding and salutary influence.

REVIEW.—*The Christian's Manual; or the Desire of the Soul turned to God, containing Extracts from the Writings of the Rev. William Law, M.A.* 12mo. pp. 274. Simpkin, London.

THE celebrated divine, from whose works the articles in this volume are extracted, was born in 1686, and died in 1761. Some of his writings still retain the exalted reputation which they acquired on their first appearance, but the author, either soaring or sinking into mysticism, tarnished in no small degree the lustre of his fame.

The works of Mr. Law, which furnish the materials of the present volume, are, "A practical Treatise on Christian Perfection;" "The Spirit of Prayer, or the Soul rising out of the Vanity of Time into the Riches of Eternity;" and his writings on "The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper." The first of these treatises has always been held in high esteem, though some, whom the title has offended, have both opposed and misrepresented the author's views, which he thus states without any ambiguity.

"If the writers upon Christian perfection have fancied to themselves some peculiar degrees of piety, or extraordinary devotions, which they call by that name, they have not done religion much service, by making Christian perfection to consist in any thing, but the right performance of our necessary duties."

"Now, as perfection is here placed in the right performance of our necessary duties, in the exercise of such holy tempers as are equally necessary, and equally practicable, in all states of life, as this is the highest degree of Christian perfection, so, it is to be observed, that it is also the lowest degree of holiness which the gospel alloweth. So that though no order of men can pretend to go higher, yet none of us can have any security in resting in any state of piety that is lower."—p. 2

"The Spirit of Prayer" contains some admirable observations, displaying in a very powerful manner the fervour of that sacred influence which it recommends. When compared with that holy energy which the soul of the author breathes, forms appear dull and void of life, and language

seems too poor to express the hallowed ardour of the spirit.

On "The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper," Mr. Law's views are somewhat peculiar, but all his arguments tend to prove, that the outward rite is nothing without the indwelling power, that the elements are only figurative and symbolical, and that no other sense of their import can be inferred from any expression in the sacred oracles. The writings of the Rev. William Law will never cease to have admirers, in what form soever they appear.

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REVIEW.—*Pinnock's Catechism of the Geography of the British Empire, in Question and Answer.* 12mo. pp. 398. Whittaker. London. 1830.

No man ought to travel into foreign parts until he had made himself acquainted with every thing remarkable in his own country. England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, furnish great variety to the naturalist, the geographer, the politician, and the moral philosopher. The productions, the boundaries, the government, the institutions of this important portion of the globe, derive from its high commercial character a degree of interest which its contracted limits could not otherwise command; and every native, ignorant of the general outline of its arts, sciences, and trade, may be justly charged with a culpable deficiency in useful knowledge.

Mr. Pinnock, after giving a general description of the climate, soil, and principal productions of the island at large, descends to the examination of each county, and points out the leading peculiarities for which it is distinguished. Some few of these statements are rather antiquated in point of fact, the changes introduced, in modern years, having imparted to several towns and districts an altered character, and another aspect. But, due allowance being made for these variations, his book is calculated to convey to the youthful mind a large and diversified assortment of valuable information. The questions proposed are adapted to elicit answers from the pupil, which nothing but previous reading and attention can furnish, but with a moderate share of diligence this knowledge may be easily acquired.

From the islands which give to our empire the appellation of "The United Kingdom," Mr. Pinnock conducts us to its foreign possessions in various parts of the world, pursuing the same method, in the same successful manner. His book, which

is elegantly put out of hand, contains several useful maps, and many neatly executed wood-cuts. To the literature of our schools it will prove a valuable acquisition.

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REVIEW.—*Robert Montgomery and his Reviewers, &c.* By Edward Clarkson. 12mo. pp. 164. Ridgway. London. 1830.

THIS publication is intended to disprove the censures which certain critics have dared to bestow on the author of the "Omnipresence of the Deity." The simple fact, that this poem has passed through ten editions, in a comparatively short time, is, we think, a sufficient proof of its merit, and furnishes an obvious reason why both should be exposed to formidable attacks. *Puffery* alone could not have sold these successive impressions; though we allow it might have given an impulse to the sale, before the innate worth of the poem was discovered.

Mr. Montgomery, it appears, is viewed as "a rhyming blockhead," by one party, and "a faultless monster," by another. Truth lies between these wide extremes; but the youthful poet has little to fear from the voice of calumny, or the shafts of detraction. In Mr. Clarkson he has found a warm and an able friend, who as readily and fearlessly places the elevated flights of his muse in an auspicious light, as others, envious of his fame, have been to search for defects, and blacken them with defamation.

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#### BRIEF SURVEY OF BOOKS.

1. *Counsels to Servants, &c., by John Morison*, (Westley, London,) contains extracts from a larger work of this author, which we reviewed in our Number for July. In that larger work, advice to servants formed but a portion of the whole, but the counsels then given, being intrinsically excellent, are worthy of the transplantation they have now received. The appendix contains extracts from accredited writers, whose judgments and reasonings are entitled to much attention. This little book, which enters fully into the domestic circle, is both neat and valuable.

2. *Agatha and Eveline, or Traits of Character, designed for the Instruction of Young Ladies*, by Eliza Vincent Stinton, (Whittaker, London,) is a neat little tale, pretty much loaded with words, and

adorned with sentimental trifles. Its moral character is highly respectable, and to many youthful readers it will furnish a few hours of innocent amusement.

3. *The Principles and Rules of English Grammar, Abridged and Versified, &c.*, by R. Tobitt, (Bennett, London,) will amuse children by the jingle at the end of the lines, which may, perhaps, impress the import of what they read more deeply on the memory. Grammar is at all times a bad subject for poetry. The muse can never soar gracefully with such heavy fetters on her legs. We do not imagine that Mr. Tobitt has been successful in every line, but we really admire that he has been fortunate in so many. A rhyming grammar is always more intelligible to a person already acquainted with its principles, than to persons who read to acquire a knowledge of its simple elements.

4. *Early Piety rewarded, a Discourse on the Death of a Sunday Scholar*, by the Rev. Joshua Fielden, (Stephens, London,) contains plain truths delivered in a familiar strain, and with a degree of fervour suited to the solemnity of the occasion.

5. *Letters to the Committee of the Reformation Society, &c.*, (Nisbet, London,) have a controversial aspect, and a controversial spirit. The author supposes that the society attaches itself too closely to the Church of England, making its articles rather than the Bible the standard of its principles. This charge is not altogether unfounded, and it would be well if the committee were to take the hints which these letters contain.

6. *Address of Earl Stanhope, President of the Medico-Botanical Society, for the Anniversary Meeting, 1830*, (Wilson, London,) is at once copious and appropriate. It shows that this department of science excites considerable interest both at home and abroad, and that of late it has been cultivated with great success;—that many beneficial effects have already resulted from its discoveries, and that, from the ardour with which its investigations have been pursued, more important advantages may be still expected.

7. *A Letter to the Moderator of the Presbytery of London, concerning the Sinless Humanity of Christ*, by the Rev. James Millar, (Stewart, London,) is a sensible, well-written article. It gives, within a narrow compass, the early opinions of the churches on this important subject, and also adverts to the wild and romantic notions which many heretics entertained. The dreams of Mr. Irving seem to have given this pamphlet birth. It clearly

establishes the fact, that Christ lived and died without sin, but whether he was so far impeccable as to be incapable of sinning, is a question left undecided.

8. *A Sketch of the History of the Indian Press, during the last Ten Years, with a Biographical Account of Mr. James Silk Buckingham*, by Sanford Arnot, (Low, London,) is intended to place Mr. Buckingham's complaints and claims in a more than questionable light. A general opinion has long prevailed, that Mr. Buckingham, while in India, was a deeply injured man. This pamphlet is intended to remove that impression from the public mind, and establish the reverse. With the general question much local feeling is evidently blended, which can be interesting only to the parties concerned. It must, however, be admitted, that Mr. Arnot has brought forward many formidable documents, which Mr. Buckingham is bound to notice, or to sink beneath their weight.

9. *Tracts of Years, or the Several Seasons, a Poem*, (Bennett, London,) unites some strong thoughts and commanding ideas with very bad poetry. If the author had made prose his vehicle instead of verse, he would have produced a respectable little volume. As matters now stand, his broken-winged muse is an encumbrance, distorting the features of what it is unable to render buoyant by its vigour.

10. *Thoughts on Education, an Address delivered to the Friends of Llandaff-House Academy, Cambridge*, (Simpkin, London,) at the end of a short preface, bears the name of W. Johnson, who keeps an academy in Regent-street. In this address the author analyzes the various branches of education, weighs their comparative merits, and, with a comprehensive glance, ranges through the whole routine of school-exercises, duties, and discipline. His observations appear judicious and appropriate; and although nothing essentially new may be exhibited to the reader's notice in the materials, the arrangement and consecutive order in which they are here displayed, have a strong claim to his attention and regard.

11. *Alfred the Great, a Drama, in Five Acts*, (Longman, London,) although it does not make him Alfred the Little, adds nothing to his stature. The plot, though somewhat obscure, has few incidents, and those which appear are not sufficiently striking to excite any fervid emotions. Happily, the name of Alfred is a strong citadel, and from this it may derive patronage and support.



12. *The Female Missionary Advocate, a Poem*, by Mrs. Maddocks, (Holdsworth, London,) contains some very respectable poetry, on an interesting subject. The author, it appears, is a poor woman, but this can only be viewed in a pecuniary sense, for she is rich in intellect, and her poem evinces a more than common share of poetical vigour. We cannot better express our opinion, than by quoting from the preface the following passage, written by a person whose name does not appear. "For originality of conception, piety of spirit, and smoothness of diction, this production is entitled to rank high, even in this day of gifted poets. Its tendency is of the most useful character; and the friends of missions will be wanting equally to themselves and their cause, if they do not give it the most extensive circulation."

13. *The Voice of Humanity for the Communication and Discussion of Subjects relative to the conduct of Man towards the inferior Animal Creation*, (Nisbet, London,) is the first number of a periodical to be published quarterly, on this brutal subject. Independently of the reasonings which this number contains, the instances of inhumanity which it adduces from various places are sufficiently horrible to disgrace the character of a tiger. It excites intense interest, and promises to be a powerful advocate in the cause of humanity. It appears to be in able hands, and we wish it the extensive circulation it deserves.

14. *Miscellaneous Pieces in Verse, Moral and Religious*, by Richard Manley, Southmolton, Devon, have more merit than pretensions. The author tells us, in his preface, that he is poor and uneducated, but he seems to possess mental vigour, that will lift him up in spite of adverse fortune. Most of his pieces are creditable to his talents, and honourable to his muse. Should he live to pursue his career, and publish with caution, he will one day be better known than he is at present.

15. *Astriel, a Poem*, (Warr, London,) displays a respectable proportion of genius and poetic imagination. A German soldier, wounded in the field of battle, lies gasping for life. He is visited by Astriel, an inhabitant of another sphere, through whose timely aid he recovers. The warrior relates his adventures, and Astriel declares his character, and adverts to his distant abode. The soldier, on learning this, proposes several abstruse questions, as

"And what are dreams? Upon what plan  
Lives, thinks, and wills the soul of man?"

To these questions the replies are of a

very questionable character, directing him to—

"Leave whims and visions to the madman's head."

The narrative is followed out to a decent conclusion. The versification is respectable, and fancy balances her wings in a region of creditable elevation.

16. *The Dying Hours of a Young Villager, a true Narrative*, by Field Flowers, B.A. (Jackson, Louth,) is a pleasing tract adapted to the capacity of children, among whom it is likely to be useful.

17. *A Discourse preached on the occasion of the Demise of George the Fourth*, by John Morison, (Westley, London,) contains more truth, and less of what the Irish call *blarney*, than might be expected on the occasion. We are not very partial to funeral sermons for kings, since, with most sects and denominations, but a small portion of religion is required to send either soldiers expiring on the field of battle, or monarchs dying in their palaces, to heaven. Mr. Morison has, however, steered tolerably clear of these palliative and adulatory rocks, having chiefly directed his observations to the public character of the deceased king, and expatiated on his official excellences, which almost instinctively mature themselves into virtues. The profligacy of the court he does not hesitate to arraign, and the profanation of the sabbath in high life, does not escape his animadversions. We shall be glad to find every funeral discourse delivered on this mournful occasion, as free from flattery, and as strictly adhering to truth without acrimonious censure, as this, to which we now bid adieu.

18. *A Funeral Discourse on the Death of the Rev. William Orme*, by Joseph Fletcher, A.M., to which is prefixed, an *Address at the Interment*, by Dr. Winter, (Westley, London,) has no occasion to conceal facts, or to give an artificial colouring to truth. A pious and talented minister, cut down in the midst of his usefulness, is at all times a solemn event, furnishing occasion for many useful observations and reflections. To these the well-known abilities of Mr. Fletcher are fully competent, and in the present instance he has displayed them to great advantage. Of the deceased minister, whose death he commemorates, he places the character in an auspicious light; but we feel satisfied, from what we knew of Mr. Orme, that no assertions are made in his favour, which will not bear the most rigid examination. Mr. Fletcher gives an epitome of his life, adverts to his peculiarity of talent, sums up his moral, minist-

terial, and intellectual worth, with fidelity and impartiality, and concludes with reflections, that may be as useful to the living as they are honourable to the dead, and creditable to himself.

19. *Birt's New Juvenile Orrery, or Transparent Solar System, with a Key to the same*, (Westley, London,) is a neat little astronomical curiosity. By holding the orrery against the light, all the bodies belonging to our solar system are distinctly seen through variously coloured paper, according to their respective magnitudes, and distances from the sun. The Key gives an explanation to the whole. To the youthful mind the spectacle cannot fail to communicate both instruction and delight.

20. *A Dialogue on Friendly Societies*, by James Wright, (Westley, London,) enters fully into the nature and constitutions of these friendly associations. The author seems to have paid particular attention to them, and indefatigably aims to rectify their defects, and reform their abuses.

21. *The Appeal, a Didactic Poem, containing twelve Cantos on the awful State of the Heathen*, by Samuel Bromley, (Simpkin, London,) appears before us in an imperfect state. Enough, however, is communicated to furnish an idea of the work when completed. The verse is respectable; but we think the author would have done better for himself, and for the cause he wishes to serve, if he had given his arguments and reasonings in plain prose.

22. *Remarks on the Actual State of the University of Cambridge*, (Tilt, London,) place this venerable Institution in no very enviable light. Of the private manners of the younger members of the University he draws a frightful picture, though he allows it is not of universal application. A reform, he contends, is absolutely necessary, to preserve it from disgrace, and the more serious charge of being worse than useless. Like many other observers, the Author sees and deplores the evils which prevail; but we fear that the remedies proposed would be but partially efficacious.

#### NEGROES MUST NOT PRAY.

A LETTER from the West Indies, dated June 15, 1830, and published in the Weekly Free Press, and the Liverpool Mercury, contains a statement which furnishes the following disgusting extract.

"A few days ago, a member in one of our churches was publicly flogged with a cart whip, and afterwards worked in chains, simply, and for nothing else, but praying to his God in a place of public worship,

and that, too, after his owner had given him full permission to attend his chapel; but this would not serve him. There is a law here, that no slave, or free person of colour, shall be allowed to preach, and the magistrate who presided on the occasion would insist upon it that preaching and praying were the same; and, consequently, as no slave is allowed to speak a word about his God, he must be flogged, and flogged he was; and then, with a chain about his neck, worked in the public streets, as an example to other transgressors who might be so wicked as to cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'"

#### GLEANINGS.

*Watercresses.*—A dangerous plant grows mixed with watercresses. When not in flower, it so much resembles the latter as not easily to be distinguished, except by a botanist. Watercresses are of a deeper green, and sometimes spotted with brown, and the extremities of the leaves are more brown, and especially the last leaves, which are in pairs larger than the others, and undulated at the edges. The dangerous plant, or water-parasit, as it is called, is of a uniform green; the ends of its leaves are longer and narrower, conical at the extremities, and toothed at the edges.—*Arcaea of Science.*

*Suttees.*—Forty thousand widows have been burnt in India since Dr. Carey first set his feet upon its shores, a little more than thirty years since! This appalling fact was stated at the annual meeting of the General Baptist Association, by the Rev. W. Pickar, ing, of Nottingham, Eng.

*Wells of Salt and of Fire in China.*—A French Missionary, M. Imbert, has forwarded to Europe a description of certain wells of salt and fire, at Ou-Tong-Kiao Kiatingfoo, and at Ise-Lienoumou or Reoued. The wells are perforations about 5 or 6 inches diameter, extending to the depth of six fathoms, in some cases, as 3000 feet, ordinarily from 15 to 1800, in some cases; from which, in the one case, water is drawn by means of a hollow bamboo and the labour of oxen, which yields from one-fifth to one-fourth of its weight of salt, and, in the other, an inflammable gas is discharged in large quantities, which serves to boil the pans in which the salt is prepared, as well as to supply the means of illumination. The method by which these wells or cylinders are made in the rock is by attaching a steel bar, which moving up and down in a stone cylinder, pounds the rock beneath, and the perforation so made being properly moistened, the pulverized rock, in the shape of mud, lodges between the steel head, and is, when necessary, drawn out and rejected. At least three years are required to make one of these wells, though sometimes, when the rock is good, the workmen can perforate two feet in twenty-four hours.

*Singular Occurrence.*—On Saturday, the 30th of February, 1830, Mrs. Ann Watson, of West Butterwick, widow, of the age of eighty-six years, was accidentally burnt to death; and, at the request of her friends, she was interred in the General Baptist burying-ground, in the same grave as, twenty-eight years ago, received the remains of the late Mr. Robert Clark, farmer, of the Yousters, near Butterwick. Mr. Clark, it will perhaps be remembered, after visiting Stockwith fair, was missing, and was supposed to have been murdered; and two persons, who are now living, were apprehended on suspicion of having murdered and robbed him. Nothing was proved against them, and they were, consequently, acquitted. At the expiration of three weeks, however, the body of Mr. Clark was found at the distance of ten miles from the place where he met his fate, entangled in a ship's cable; and it was in so advanced a state of decomposition that, after securing his pocket-book, containing two pound notes and seven shillings in silver, the body was interred without stripping off the clothes. On opening the grave to receive the remains of Mrs. Watson, after the lapse of twenty-eight years, thirteen guineas, the price of a cow which he had sold at Stockwith fair, were discovered, which had been secreted in some part of his dress, a fact which establishes the innocence of the persons who have hitherto been held on suspicion.—*Stamford Champion.*

*Singular Effects of Attraction.*—In the "Edinburgh Journal of Sciences" we find a very interesting

paper, by Dr. Hancock, on the motions that result from merely mixing a few drops of alcohol with a small phial of laurel oil. To exhibit this singular phenomenon, which seems to bear some analogy to the motions of the planetary orbs, the drops of alcohol should be introduced at different intervals of time. A revolving or circular motion instantly commences in the oil, carrying the alcoholic globules through a series of mutual attractions and repulsions, which will last for many days. The round bodies, which seem to move with perfect freedom through the fluid, turn in a small eccentric curve at each extremity of their course, peeling each other rapidly without touching. In the course of the experiment, Dr. Hancock observed particles of fluid to separate in large globular portions—these commenced a similar revolution, and smaller ones quitted their course, and revolved about the larger, whilst the latter still pursued their gyrations after the manner of primary planets and their secondaries.

**Carrier Pigeons.**—Three thousand pigeons are kept by stock-jobbers at Amsterdam, to convey the accounts of the variations in Stock between that place and Paris. They are despatched three times a day, and arrive next morning. They are transported in baskets to Paris by servants who travel continually to and fro, to keep the number complete.—*French Paper.*

**Loss of Weight in Cooking Meat.**—We recommend to all our economical friends the result of a thrifty housekeeper's experience in this matter, and congratulate the lovers of old English roast beef, that they may gratify their laudable predilection, and save many an honest penny at one and the same meal:—*elbs. of Beef by boiling loss 1lb.—by roasting, 1 lb. 5os.—by baking, 1lb. 3os.—4 lbs. of Mutton by boiling loss 14 os.—by roasting, 1 lb. 6os.—by baking, 1 lb. 4os.* We will only add, that the devotees to boiled mutton and turnips are evidently first-rate economists!

**Dutch Sorrows.**—Grief and interest appear in Holland to walk arm-in-arm together. We extract the following public notice from a Dutch Journal:—"After a short illness, my wife died yesterday morning, leaving me with three infant children. In the hope that her pure soul is with God, I beg to inform my customers, that my stores will continue to be as well furnished and attended to as formerly, having confided them to the direction of my principal clerk, a man extremely intelligent, and as well versed in business as the deceased herself."

**Another Elephant's Tooth found in Scotland.**—Geologists are aware that two elephants' tusks were found some years ago in the neighbourhood of Kilmarnock, and also that another was discovered in digging the Union Canal. We find a third locality has just been found near Paisley, where a tusk and a grinder have been found in that neighbourhood, imbedded in a tenacious clay a few feet above the sandstone of a quarry. The clay is of considerable thickness, and is mixed with rolled stones, mostly limestone, though no rock of that substance occurs within seven miles of the place.

**French News.**—A Paris paper says, an ivory-turner is London, in sawing in two the tooth of an elephant, found in the centre of it a diamond, for which he has been offered 13,000*l.* sterling.

**Duelling.**—The "Stamford Mercury" relates the circumstance of a duel between two chimney-sweepers—one of the pistols and one of the gentlemen went off, the other lost his hand by the bursting of his piece.

**Longevity.**—Mrs. Twiddy, of Snailwell, in Cambridgeshire, is in her 108th year; her eldest son is 84, and his younger brother 74. She has a perfect recollection of Sir Isaac Newton.

**The Duke of Saxe, and Copies of the Bible.**—As some of our readers may possibly be unacquainted with the piousness of the Royal Duke for collecting Bibles, we state from our own knowledge, that the library of the noble bibliophile now contains a copy of almost every edition of the sacred Scriptures which ever emanated from the erudite penman or the press of any country, at any era, amounting to above 4,000 volumes! This immense and valuable collection, it is surmised, the Duke intends to bequeath to Trinity College, Cambridge, to which his attachment is well known. His Royal Highness has the reputation of being an accomplished Hebraist; and it is even hinted that a new version of the Pentateuch may, at no distant period, be expected from his hand.

**The Cock that warned Peter.**—I was surprised one morning at a very extraordinary sound which proceeded from a yard not far from our house, which I discovered was the crowing of a cock. It was a creature of an extraordinary figure, immensely tall, almost all legs and thighs, with a very small body, and when he erected himself to crow, was as long as

a crane: but he was particularly distinguished by his song. At the conclusion of his crow, when other cocks ceased their note, he prolonged it into a very diurnal croak, which had a monitory sound. One of our Brazilian servants then informed me that it was the breed of a cock that crowed to Peter, and that this lengthened and dreary note was intended as an additional warning and reproach to him: for what he had done!—*Dr. Wale's Notices of Brazil.*

**South American Condor.**—In the course of the day I had the opportunity of shooting a condor; it was so satiated with its repast on the carcass of a horse, as to suffer me to approach within pistol-shot before it extended its enormous wings to take flight, which was to me the signal to fire, and having loaded with an ample charge of pellets, my aim proved effectual and fatal.—What a formidable monster did I behold in the ravin beneath me, screaming and flapping the last convulsive struggles of life. It may be difficult to believe, that the most gigantic animal which inhabits the earth or the ocean can be equalled in size by a tenant of the air; and those persons who have never seen a larger bird than our mountain eagle, will probably read with astonishment of a species of that same bird, in the southern hemisphere, being so large and strong as to seize an ox with its talons, and to lift it into the air, whence it lets it fall to the ground, in order to kill it, and to prey upon the carcass. But this astonishment must in a great degree subside, when the dimensions of the bird are taken into consideration, and which, incredible as they may appear, I now insert, *verbatim*, from a note taken down with my own hand. "When the wings are spread, they measure 16 paces (40 feet) in extent, from point to point; the feathers are 8 paces (20 feet) in length, and the quill penins 8 inches in circumference. It is said to have powers sufficient to carry off a live rhinoceros.—*Temple's Travels in Peru.*

**English Poverty.**—From a Parliamentary Return, it appears that the gold watch-cases stamped at Goldsmith's Hall, in the last year, amounted to 9,136. The silver watch-cases, stamped in the same year, amounted to 55,991.

**Meteoric Stones.**—In the night of the 14th of August, 1820, some meteoric stones fell near Deal, New Jersey, in the United States. The fall was preceded by a luminous meteor, which first rose like a rocket, then described a curve, and burst. There were twelve or thirteen explosions, like discharges of musketry, and accompanied with scintillations. The surface of the stones that have been gathered is black, smooth, and irregular. Their interior is light gray, and full of metallic particles.—*Annales de Chimie*

**Peace-making Gander.**—A professional gentleman of this town stated in our hearing, the other day, the following rather remarkable fact. Some years ago, while riding past Clarencefield, on a clear moonlight night, his attention was directed to Mr. Burnle's straw-yard, in which two bullocks, pugacious natives of the western highlands, were engaged in settling some deadly feud. Such was the ire and prowess of the brutes, that their foreheads were converted into a kind of battering-rams; and every time they reared a little and again met, the crash was loud and terrific. The fierceness of the combat induced the traveller to pull up his steed; and his surprise was changed to absolute wonderment, when he observed a gander leave his nest, wave his pinions in the air, and then dash between the horns of the belligerents, which he succeeded in separating in the twinkling of an eye. A movement so singular and unexpected, cowed the combatants most effectually; in an instant they retreated in different directions, and, so long as our informant remained on the spot, evinced no disposition to renew hostilities. The gander, on the other hand, seemed quite proud of the exploit he had performed; and resumed, "with stately steps and slow," his place among the bonny lady-geese, who one and all proved, by their kindly cackling, how much they admired his dexterity as a tilter in an arena, which, in their innocent eyes, had all the attractions of a second "Ashby de la Zouch."—*Dumfries Courier.*

**Increase of Peers.**—The House of Peers, at the death of Charles II. consisted of 176 members; at the death of King William, of 202; of George II. of Queen Anne, of 209; at the death of George I. of 216; at that of George II. of 229; and at that of George III. of 380.

**An unexpected Proposal.**—A young lady came over from a great distance "to be cured;" and when I asked the nature of her complaint, she replied, "As to that matter, I believe there is not a single complaint under the sun which I have not got." Here was a fine catalogue of disorders! I asked if she were married or single? "Single," was the answer. I then told her that so many complaints as she seemed to have could only be cured by a husband! At

which observation she was exceedingly enamoured but her anger terminated in a proposal to marry me I never was more surprised in my life, and looked quite stupid.—*Hardy's Travels in Mexico.*

**Porter.**—Dr. Aah says, that porter obtained the name from being much drank by porters in the City of London. It came into fashion about the year 1730. The malt liquors previously in use were "ale," "beer," and "two penny," and it was customary to call for a pint of "half-and-half," viz. half ale and half beer; half ale and half two penny; or half beer and half two penny. In course of time it also became the practice to ask for a pint of "three-thirds," meaning a third of ale, beer, and two penny, and thus the publican was obliged to go to three casks for a single pint.—To avoid this trouble and waste, a brewer of the name of Harwood conceived the idea of making a liquor which would partake of the united flavours of ale, beer, and two penny, which he called *entire*, meaning that it was drawn from one cask or butt. Being a hearty, nourishing liquor, it was very suitable for porters or other hard-working people; hence it obtained the name of porter. Some years ago, a Winchester quart of old sound porter would yield near six ounces of good proof spirits; but the beer of the present day will not yield four ounces of the same spirit. Whether this deficiency be attributable to the avarice of the brewer, the roguery of the publican, or the quality of the malt, is not very pertinent to the subject; but the reduction of its strength ought to be balanced by its genuineness.

**Influence of the Will on the Judgment.**—The will is one of the principal sources of belief; not that it produces belief, but that things appear true or false to us according to the way they are looked at. The will, which inclines to one thing more than another, turns away the mind from considering the qualities of that which it does not approve; and thus the whole mind, led by the will or inclination, limits its observations to what it approves, and thus forming its judgment on what it sees, it incessantly regulates its belief by the inclinations of the will, i. e. by its own preferences.—*Paracel.*

**The Olive.**—The tree which produces this favourite of the desert is supposed to be indigenous in Syria; it is said to have been carried from Phœcia to Marseilles, from which it spread over the shores of the Mediterranean. It is extensively cultivated in the South of France, in Spain, Portugal, and Italy. The olives of the Val d'Arno, which furnish the well-known Florence oil, are accounted the best. The olive-tree is one of the hard-wooded kind, of very slow growth, and of great duration. It can bear very considerable cold, if the weather be dry; but a few degrees below the freezing point, if accompanied with snow, is fatal to it.

**Remarkable Hank of Silk.**—A hank of silk, produced by a single worm, lately reeled in the presence of several gentlemen, in Bolton, was 365 yards in length, and on being weighed, was found to be of the texture of 1600 hanks in the lb. A single pound of this silk would reach 716 miles. The worm was only seven days in spinning the hank, consequently it produced at the rate of 52 yards per day.

**Singular Mode of Preserving the Dead.**—The practice is, to immerse the body of the dead in quick-lime; and when the flesh is consumed by its causticity, the bones are collected, scraped, and cleaned, and deposited together in a box, with a lock and key, which is then closed, and the key delivered to the family. These cases have no resemblance to coffins. They are of different shapes; and with their ornamented exterior, the smaller ones rather resemble a lady's dressing-box. The bones are deposited in dry receptacles made in the walls of the cloisters, or other parts of the church, and on an annual festival are brought out, and the living friends come with their keys and inspect them.—*Walsh's Notices of Brazil.*

**Nervous Affections.**—An impression made on one part of the body will produce a nervous affection elsewhere, at a distance from the original seat of the disease, and where no such obvious indication of the fact presents itself. A disease in the liver produces a pain in the right shoulder; a disease in the heart produces a pain in the back. The late Dr. Wollaston was accustomed to relate the following:—He ate some ice-cream after dinner, which his stomach seemed to be incapable of digesting. Some time afterwards, when he had left the dinner-table to go to the drawing-room, he found himself lame from a violent pain in one ankle. Suddenly he became sick; the ice-cream was ejected from the stomach, and this was followed by an instantaneous relief of the pain of the foot.—*From a Lecture by Mr. Brodie.*

**Scandinavian Owls.**—These owls, Dr. Møllerberg assured me, will sometimes destroy dogs. Indeed, he himself once knew an instance of the kind. He stated another circumstance, showing the ferocity of these birds, which came under his immediate notice. Two men were in the forest for the purpose of gathering berries, when one of the owls, happening to approach near to the nest of the owl, she pounced upon him whilst he was in the act of stooping, and, fixing her talons on his back, wounded him very severely. His companion, however, was fortunately near at hand, when, catching up a stick, he lost no time in destroying the furious bird. These owls set unfrequently engage in combat with the eagle himself, and they often come off victorious. These powerful and voracious birds occasionally kill the fawns of the stag, roebuck, and reindeer. The largest of the birds common to the Scandinavian forests, such as the osprey, often become their prey. The hooting of these owls may often be heard during the night-time in the northern forests: the sound, which is a most melancholy one, and which has given rise to many superstitions, is audible at a long distance.—*Loyd's Field Sports.*

**Scripture Names.**—It is probable that the proper names of men, mountains, valleys, rivers, &c. were originally given in allusion to some circumstance, event, or prophecy, relative to them, and thus the name conveyed a brief history of the thing, or a record by artificial memory. The names of the Patriarchs in the Hebrew language exhibit a wonderful prophecy of the redemption of mankind by the promised Messiah, as appears by the following explanation:—*Adam, Man—Seth, Set or placed—Enos, In misery—Cainan, Lamentable—Mahalalel, Blessed God—Jared, Shall come down—Enoch, Teaching—Methuselah, That his death will send—Lamech, To humble smitten man—Noah, Consolation.*

## Literary Notices.

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THE  
**Imperial Magazine;**  
 OR, COMPENDIUM OF  
**RELIGIOUS, MORAL, & PHILOSOPHICAL KNOWLEDGE.**

OCTOBER.]

"PERIODICAL LITERATURE IS THE GERM OF NATIONAL LEARNING."

[1830.

MEMOIR OF JOHN MACKIE, M.D.

(With a Portrait.)

"Nulla est, quæ pulchriora laborum præmia  
 Cultoribus persolvit, quam medica sapientia."  
*Boerhaave.*

THE most prominent characters on the great theatre of human life, are those who, having united talents with enterprise, have been eager in the pursuit of knowledge, wealth, honours, or power. To them, undoubtedly, the first place is due in the page of biography, especially when their abilities have been exerted for the benefit of their country; yet it is frequently advantageous, as well as pleasant, to trace the lives of the modest and unassuming, if possessed, in any eminent degree, of genius, learning, or virtue.

The subject of this memoir was born in the year 1748, at Dunfermline, in Fife, where his family, which is very ancient, has held a respectable rank ever since the beginning of the fourteenth century.\* Having received the rudiments of his education at the High-school of the above town, he was placed under the care of Dr. Stedman, author of *Lælius* and *Hortensia*; and when this eminent individual removed to Edinburgh, young Mackie accompanied him thither, and became a member of that university. Here he was distinguished for his application, his frank and graceful address, and that honourable deportment, which has given a lustre to his character through every period of his life.

At an early age he succeeded in his connexion, his friend, Dr. Moubay, at Huntingdon, where he enjoyed the patronage of Lord Sandwich, and became known to the leading characters of the day; Captain Cook,† Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, Omai, Sir Hugh Palliser, Lord Rodney, Bishop Tomline, Horne Tooke, Antisejanus Scott, Howard the philanthropist, &c. Indeed, it would be difficult to name a person, whose intercourse, in the line of his profession only, has given occasion to an equal number of private friendships.

\* Donald Mc Kie, or Mc Kay, the immediate ancestor of this branch of the family, was the third son of Neil, eighth Baron of Faru, in Strathnaver, Sutherland, brother to Angus, the ancestor of Lord Reay.

In the year 1792, Dr. Mackie removed to Southampton, where his wife's\* family had long been settled, and though the practice to which he succeeded was comparatively small, he very soon enlarged the sphere of his utility, and found himself placed, by his talents, manners, and acquirements, at the head of the medical department of this county. Yet, although taking the lead in a profession, where animosities are often carried to a lamentable height, no one of the rivals, it was believed, was ever known to speak, or to think of him, with any feeling approaching to personal hostility.

At Broadlands, the seat of Viscount Palmerston, where he was not only the physician, but the friend of the family, he had an opportunity of forming an intimate acquaintance with Sir Henry Englefield, Sir Charles Blagden, Count Rumford, Lord Malmesbury, Lord Minto, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, and the most marked of the French emigrants, who were always most kindly received in that hospitable mansion.

On a calm retrospection of departed years, Dr. Mackie is accustomed to represent this as the most delightful period of his life; and it is remarkable, that in a consultation which he held in London with Dr. Baillie, on casually complimenting him on the pre-eminence to which he had attained, Dr. Baillie, in a most impressive manner, replied as follows:—"Dr. Mackie, you are the object of my envy; you have a full practice in the country; you are actively employed, without being harassed; you enjoy pure air, the society of friends, and intervals of leisure, which I can scarcely ever command; and you talk of retiring from business in a few years, whilst I feel that I shall die in harness." The melancholy anticipation of this excellent man was realized by his death, at the age of sixty-five.

To the remark of the great moralist,

\* This lady, to whose rare virtues and abilities it is impossible to do justice in the small compass of a note, and who may be said to have been the first to give to her fair countrywomen a picture of Madame de Sevigne in an English dress, was the daughter of the Rev. John des Champs, Rector of Pillesden, Dorset, and niece of Anthony Chamier, Esq., M.P. Under Secretary of State during Lord Barrington's administration.

that "it seldom happens that a man's business is his pleasure," Dr. Mackie formed a striking exception. No man ever took greater delight in any pursuit than he did in the exercise of his profession. To it he uniformly devoted all his powers, bodily and mental; but, at the age of sixty-six, after a laborious practice of more than forty years, he began to feel a wish to retire from its arduous duties, and the Continent being just opened by the conclusion of the war, he resolved to gratify a passion for foreign travel, in which he had never been able to indulge. Accompanied by his family, he visited France, Holland, Germany, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and Italy. In the last mentioned country, he resided two winters, and trod with devotion her classic ground, observing her customs, conversing with her learned men, and admiring the immortal remains of ancient art. His reputation amongst his countrymen followed him every where on the Continent. On one occasion, he was sent for express from Rome to Naples to visit an English lady of rank, the accomplished daughter of the renowned premier Lord North, and was consulted by several foreigners of distinction; amongst others, by Madame de Stael, for her second husband, Monsieur de Rocca, and by the ex-king of Holland, Louis Buonaparte, who, on his refusing any pecuniary remuneration for his attendance, presented him with two fine views of Tivoli, by Granet, an artist since well known to the British public by his "Interior of a Convent at Rome," purchased for George the Fourth.

Since his return from the Continent, where he passed the greater part of ten years, Dr. Mackie has resided at Chichester, in the midst of a quiet social circle, suited to his habits and age. A polished suavity of manner, a temper unusually cheerful, and a mind richly stored with anecdote, render him a most attractive and agreeable companion. His memory is as clear, as his hand-writing is strong and beautiful. His figure is extremely venerable and striking, whilst the mildness and dignity of his countenance irresistibly impress the spectator with the conviction that wisdom and virtue have been the companions of his life.

Whilst on his travels, Dr. Mackie printed, for private distribution only, an elegant essay, entitled, "A New Theory of Man," and during the course of his successful practice, published several cases in the periodical works, one of which, on Tetanus, was immediately transferred to the pages of the Encyclopædia: but it is to be

regretted that he has never been prevailed on to give to the world some observations on regimen, a subject so interesting at the present moment, and to which he has always been known to pay particular attention.

#### INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY IN EFFECTING THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

(From Dr. Townley's *More Nevochim.*)

ON the subject of slavery, it is pleasing to mark the influence of Christianity in repressing its cruelties, and gradually inducing its entire abolition. The following historical observations and extracts will elucidate the progress of emancipation from slavery, and exhibit the powerful, but ultimately successful, struggle of the gospel with the barbarous and idolatrous prejudices of the inhabitants of the northern countries of Europe.

At an early period slave-markets were regularly established in various parts of Europe, especially at Rome, Bristol, and other places; but when the Christian religion was at length received by the different nations of this part of the world, it totally changed the ancient trade. On one side, the precepts of Christianity were spread among barbarians, and the doctrine of equal rights, to which nature and a future life entitle all human beings, without the least exception, made the slave-trade gradually to cease. On the other hand, the importation of slaves, and all traffic of this nature, were severely prohibited. "There is no council held," says Hildebrand, in his '*Historia Conciliorum*,' "where the abolition of the slave-trade has not been a serious object." Besides, a doctrine was established by the clergy, that eternal salvation would be the surest reward for the emancipation of slaves; nay, the Christian priests and confessors obliged their penitents, who had no slaves in their possession, to buy some, and manumit them in the presence of the people assembled in the church. The Norwegian law, called "*Gulethings Law*," says, "The slave shall be brought into the church, and the Holy Bible laid on his head, which being done, he shall be free." The priests themselves set good examples; they purchased slaves, particularly youths of a good and promising appearance, received them into orders, and thus made them entirely free.

St. Bonifacius tells us, that the newly converted Germans sold their slaves to their infidel neighbours for human sacrifices, which, at length, was stopped by Gregory the Second, who made the offender guilty of a capital offence. Charloman ordered

the synod of Leptin, in the year 743, that a man who sold his slave to an infidel should be infamous, and excommunicated in the same manner as a murderer, if the slave, thus sold, was intended to fall a victim to the gods: and in Norway, it was absolutely forbidden to sell a slave out of the kingdom, unless he had committed an enormous crime. With a view to promote the abolition of this savage custom, which proved to be fatal to persons of the most exquisite beauty and the most exalted character, it was enacted, that the ceremonies of emancipation among the Christians should resemble the form of the heathen sacrifices, and engage in the same way the imagination both of Christians and heathens. By this means the slaves obtained a chance of liberty; and were often brought to the church, placed on the altar, and symbolically sacrificed to the true God.

The national assemblies of the heathens commenced with the bloody worship, and the Christians passed a law, that on such occasions a slave should be made free, and the expense of the feast at which he obtained his liberty defrayed by the public. The ancient Norwegian law, before the year 1222, (part 1, c. 3,) says, "We shall manumit a slave in our annual assembly at Gula; each member shall emancipate his slave by turn, and the whole assembly shall pay six ounces of silver, in order to defray the expenses of the feast of liberty. Whoever neglects to procure a slave in his turn, shall be fined in twelve ounces of silver to the bishop, and the assembly shall be obliged to buy a slave at their own expense, for the above mentioned purpose."

The liberty of a man's selling into slavery his own children, was restrained to certain rules. They began by enacting, that the child which was sold for a slave, should recover its liberty by paying the sixth part of the purchase-money to the master. And it was further ordered, that no such slave should be exported out of his native country.

At length the duration of this kind of slavery was reduced to the certain term of seven years, or, as the Icelandic law, called *Geagas*, which prevailed from the year 928 till the year 1267, more equitably ordered it, till the purchase-money and expenses made on the slave were re-imbursed.

It is difficult to fix the certain era when the emancipation of slaves was universally introduced in Europe; for though Boden points out the year 1250, in his book, *De Republica*, yet we know that slavery lasted much longer in some

countries. The abolition of the slave-trade was a very serious object of the legislative power, through more than four centuries, for we find no council of the middle age without one canon at least relative to this business.

The civil government gave every support they could afford to such pious and benevolent endeavours of the church; and both agreed, that the undertaking could only be accomplished by slow degrees. The steps adopted for this purpose were on one side to forbid the exportation of slaves, to throw the slave-trade into the hands of Christians, who ought to know their common duties, and to make some regulations concerning a humane treatment of the slaves. On the other hand, laws were passed that opposed the home-traffic, and rendered it as difficult as possible.

In the year 779, Charles the Great passed a law that no slave should be exported out of his dominions; and in the council at Rheims, it was enacted, that the slave-trade should only be carried on by Christians, and that a man who sold his slaves either to a Jew or a heathen, should be excommunicated, and that the contract should be void. Kidnapping was, however, very frequent among the Christians, particularly in Nordalbingia, (the present dukedoms of Schleswick and Holstein,) who used to force those Christians who had fled to them from their heathen neighbours, to re-enter the slavery, and suffer themselves to be re-sold to their former masters; till at length, St. Anshar, archbishop of Hamburg, prevailed on them to abolish this disgraceful custom, and to issue a law, "that whoever should be accused of kidnapping, should clear himself by the judgment of God, (so the ordeal was then called,) and should be excluded from the rights of producing witnesses, or taking the oath prescribed by common law;" a law which bordered very near upon that of the Jews, (Exod. xxi.) "And he that stealeth a man, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death." What Charles the Great and the synods, in different parts of Germany, France, and Italy, had enacted, with respect to the slave-trade, was followed by other princes.

For Canute the Great, king of England, passed a law, "That no Christian should be sold for exportation." This same law had been enacted before, viz. in the synod of Enham, in the year 1009, "*Ne Christiani et innocentes extra Patriam vendantur.*"

By such means the foreign slave-trade decreased, and could only be carried on by

fraudulent means, and by a description of persons who were carefully watched by the bishops, whom a synod had authorized to inquire throughout their respective dioceses, "whether slaves were exported; whether a Christian were ever sold to a Jew or heathen; or, whether a Jew dealt in slaves who professed to be Christians?" The famous market at Bristol, where the slaves were imported from all parts of England, and there sold to Irish merchants, who continued to buy slaves from England during the reign of King John, was much depressed and diminished by St. Wulfstan, whose example was imitated by the second synod of London, which enacted, "Nequis illud nefarium negotium, quod hactenus in Anglia solebant homines sicut bruta animalia venundari, deinceps ullatenus facere præsumat."

In Norway, few steps were taken towards the abolition of the slave-trade before the year 1270. The law, which, till that time, guided all civil business, was passed by King Hacon, who began his reign in the year 1222, and died in the year 1263. In this law much is spoken of the slaves, who seem to have been happier in Norway than in any another part of Europe; for the slave could obtain his liberty by a prescription of twenty years, and the law guarded his life against the master, who, for having killed his slave, was liable to be punished as a murderer. The slave who destroyed his infant child, was considered as one of the greatest offenders; but as they had no capital punishments in Norway at that time, the punishment was being sold for exportation. The slave had some property accruing from his own industry, when not employed in his master's service; a property which sometimes enabled a skilful slave to recover his liberty. Snorro Sturleson, in *Historia Rer. Norvegicar.* Havn., 1777, vol. ii. in the life of King Oluf, remarks, that, the king, dissatisfied with some great men in the county of Thundhem, which then laboured under scarcity, forbade the inhabitants of the southern parts of Norway, to give even the least relief to their brethren in the north. A near relation of the famous Einar Thambaskielfer came to him, and asked for corn; Einar, having fully explained the impropriety of complying with desires contrary to the proclamation of their royal master, said, "My slaves, for whose actions I am by no means legally bound, possess corn in plenty, it is their property, and they can dispose of it according to their own pleasure." The slaves in Denmark appear to have enjoyed the same privilege. The master of a slave

could not refuse him his liberty, when offered the purchase-money: nay, it was sufficient if half the sum was delivered. The manumission prescribed in the same law, (Frostathing's Law of Hacon Haconson, part i.) is, particularly curious:—"If a slave takes land and settles, then shall he give an entertainment, called the *Feast of Liberty*, the expenses of which shall be nine bushels of malt and a ram. A free-born man shall cut off the head of the ram, and the master shall unlock the collar<sup>a</sup> surrounding the slave's neck. If the master refuses to grant the slave to give the feast of liberty, then shall the slave request it before two witnesses, and in their presence invite his master with five friends of his. The slave then shall prepare the entertainment, and let the uppermost seat be ready to receive his master and mistress. Thus the slave shall recover his liberty, which recovery he shall prove by those who were present at the feast, against all attempts which his master may pursue for the future." Such was the state of the law in Norway when it was totally abolished, in the year 1270, by King Magnus, called the "Reformer of the Law."

During the existence of slavery in Denmark, it much resembled the Roman; and it is uncertain how or when the Danish slaves were emancipated. In Sweden, the state of slavery fell and rose in the same degree as it did among her neighbours. In Upland, the servitude was abrogated by King Byrger, in the year 1295, and King Eric Magnusen spread the blessing of liberty over the rest of that kingdom in the year 1335, for the purpose, as he said, of following God, who has rescued the whole of mankind from slavery.

From these extracts and observations it appears, that slavery is an evil characterizing nations in a state of barbarism, and must serve to convince us that Europe would never have attempted, much less have effected, the happy alterations which have taken place within her own limits and dominion, had she not first received the humane doctrines of Christianity.

#### SLAVERY IN JAMAICA.

We have many times had occasion to notice the Anti-Slavery Reporter, as uni-

<sup>a</sup> In the museum of the Antiquarian Society at Edinburgh, is a metal collar, constructed with a ring for receiving a padlock, with the following inscription:—"Alexander Stewart found guilty of death, for theft at Perth, the 5th of December, 1701, and gifted by the Justiciary as a perpetual servant to Sir John Erskine, of Alva."—This collar was found in the grave of the deceased, in the burial ground at Alva.



formly espousing the cause of the injured Africans, inveighing against oppression, and advocating the dictates of humanity. Many instances have occurred, in which we might have quoted a variety of interesting passages from its pages, but hitherto our observations have been confined to a general delineation of its character. The two following facts, which we copy from No. 65 of this work, for August, 1830, will tend to place slavery in Jamaica, and the Anti-Slavery Reporter in England, in their proper light.

"The first of these two cases is that of a slave, named Henry Williams, belonging to an estate called the Rural Retreat. The owner of the estate is a lady residing in Scotland, to whom it has lately descended by inheritance. Her attorney is a magistrate of Jamaica. The late owner of this estate had placed unlimited confidence in Henry Williams, and had been in the habit of employing him under his own direction, as sole manager of the property. Having thus been a favourite with his deceased master, he was in very respectable circumstances, and his conduct is said to have uniformly been such, that he had never, during that master's lifetime, been subjected to corporal punishment. He had for years been a member of the Methodist Society, and had given such evidence both of intelligence and piety, that in March, 1829, he was appointed the leader of a class. The attorney hearing of this appointment, expressed his displeasure. 'I hear,' he said, 'you are become a great preacher at the Methodist chapel, but if ever you go there again, I will send you to Rodney Hall workhouse.'<sup>a</sup> Henry replied, that he was no preacher, but that he had attended the chapel for years, and had received much good there, and had there learned his duty to God and to his master. The attorney charged him also with the crime of drawing his fellow-slaves to the chapel, and thus ruining both them and himself. Henry admitted the fact of his trying to induce others to go thither. He had himself, he said, been benefited by his attendance, and he thought he could not do better than advise his fellow-slaves to attend too; and, but for that, he felt confident that they would not have minded their business as they were now doing. On the following day the attorney visited the estate, and

having summoned the whole gang before him, threatened them with severe punishment if they went again to the chapel. On this, a female slave, a sister of Henry Williams, happened to heave a deep sigh. The attorney said, 'Who is that groaning?' and, perceiving who it was, ordered her to be laid down on her stomach on the ground, and caused to be inflicted upon her a severe flogging.

"From the estate the attorney went to the house of the Rev. G. W. Bridges, which is near it, probably to consult with his Rector on the means of checking this unhappy tendency to frequent the Methodist chapel. The next day, Henry Williams having to pass that way, Mr. Bridges called him, and inquired his reasons for preferring the Methodist chapel to the church. Henry frankly told him his reasons. They were, generally, that he derived more spiritual benefit from going to the chapel than to the church. Mr. Bridges then told them, that unless he came to church himself, and brought his fellow-slaves with him, he was assured by the attorney that he must prepare for the consequences with which he had been threatened. On the succeeding Sunday, Henry Williams, having received the orders of the attorney to attend at church with all the people, was himself present during the service. After service, the attorney asked him where the rest of the people were. Henry replied, that the people had told him, that Sunday was their own, and that some of them had gone to the Methodist chapel, and others had gone in other directions, (probably to their grounds or to market,) but that he himself, though resolved not to relinquish the chapel, had come to church, to shew how desirous he was to obey the orders that had been given him. The attorney then told him he should be sent to Rodney Hall workhouse. Thither, in a day or two, he was accordingly sent, and though perfectly ready to go without constraint, he was lashed round like a felon, his arms being fastened with ropes. This took place about the beginning of July, 1829. In the workhouse at Rodney Hall, he was put in chains, and repeatedly flogged, and so severe was the punishment inflicted upon him, that, after a time, he became so ill, that the superintendent deemed it necessary to remove from him the chains with which he was loaded, and to place him in the hospital, where his death was expected. The attorney, it seems, was much displeased with this lenity, alleging, that the sickness of Henry Williams was feigned, and signified his intention

<sup>a</sup> This workhouse is situated in St. Thomas in the Vale, and is a sort of receptacle for notorious delinquents. Slaves deemed deserving of extraordinary punishment, are said to be often sent to this seat of darkness and misery, because of the peculiar severity with which they are there treated.

of removing him to a still more distant workhouse. His poor wife endeavoured to induce a gentleman to intercede for her nearly murdered husband, who had been thus literally brought to death's door for no other offence than that of attending the Methodist chapel; but in vain. At length, however, the circumstances of the case were brought to the knowledge of the Editor of the newspaper called the 'Watchman and Jamaica Free Press,' who animadverted upon it in an able article with such just and pointed severity, that the guilty party appears to have caught the alarm, and Henry Williams was soon after released from the workhouse, and reconveyed to the Rural Retreat. By this time, however, he had been so cut up with the severe floggings he had received, that his life was despaired of; and the last account of him, dated in November last, was, that for several weeks he had been 'confined to his bed, and obliged to lie on his stomach, day and night, his back being a mass of corruption.' Whether he has survived this atrocious act of barbarity, is still a matter of uncertainty.

The second case will occupy a shorter space.

"A slave of the name of George, belonging to a lady in Jamaica, who is favourable to missionary exertions, and who herself occasionally attends the Methodist chapel, had been for several years distinguished as a person of excellent character, even among white persons in the neighbourhood. He was guilty, however, of the same crime with Henry Williams. He was a zealous and regular attendant on the ministrations of the Methodists. Shortly before the time that Henry Williams was sent to Rodney Hall workhouse, this slave had also become obnoxious to the Rev. G. W. Bridges, and in passing that gentleman's residence, was stopped by him, and ordered to be laid down and flogged. The order was executed, and George was flogged with such severity, that it was with difficulty that he afterwards walked to his home, which was about a mile distant. The mistress of George, indignant at this treatment, sent him, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to leave home, to the custos, with a letter complaining of the conduct of Mr. Bridges: on this the custos wrote to Mr. Bridges, and appointed a day for inquiring into his conduct. But before the appointed day arrived, a friend of the Rev. gentleman succeeded in compromising the matter with George, by paying him a small sum of money, as a satisfaction for the injury he had received. This happen-

ed not long before the period when the same rev. gentleman was cited, as stated in our last number, p. 326, before a special vestry, for cruelly maltreating one of his female slaves, a mulatto."

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ON THE FEMALE CHARACTER, WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE POWERS OF THE MIND.

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"The superior advantages of boys' education are, perhaps, the sole reason of their superiority. Learning is equally attainable, and, I think, equally valuable, for the satisfaction arising from it, to a woman as a man." KNOX.

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WHEN we contemplate the history of the female character, we cannot avoid being struck with the fact, that it has been its lot to have met with a very uncertain reception from the other sex. We find from classical authority, that even among the nations of civilized Greece and Rome, the female was far from receiving that meed of estimation which she might justly claim; and however superior may have been her station and rank in society, the unhappy female who dwells in savage and uncivilized countries, is still far below her just and merited grade: and in no point is this degradation more remarkable than as it respects the powers of the mind. To a certain extent, the female has been ever valued; but that extent has always been made subservient to the will and pleasure of the other sex. As a creature conducive to the temporal advantage, or necessary to gratify the pleasure, of man, the female has been generally regarded; but viewed as a being pre-eminently calculated as a companion, to cheer, to solace, to enliven, and to advise—as the possessor of a mind to edify and delight by her intellectual treasures—how has the female character been neglected, despised, and undervalued!

Yet, how variously soever the female character may have been estimated in different ages and countries, it cannot be denied, that it has stood forth with a promineny peculiarly its own. Shall we not find that in great and illustrious events, which have been connected with the welfare and fate of nations, females have frequently been conspicuous, not merely as accidentally causing the scale to preponderate, but as displaying exalted powers of mind? We can turn over no page of history, but we shall find some trace of woman; and let it be decided by matter of fact, whether we do not discover the female *mind* in many of its recorded transactions. It will not be only as an individual branch of animal creation, but as a being possessing in a pre-eminent degree rich endowments of intellectual

energy, that woman will appear in the annals of human kind.

While on the one hand we shall discover that by female instrumentality the most atrocious deeds have been committed, and the most determined hostility excited; thereby proving *furens quid femina possit*;—yet on the other hand it has more frequently happened, that, by an uncommon penetration and sagacity of thought, she has foreseen important mutations, and has at times almost glanced at unwonted contingencies. By the exquisite sensibilities of her bosom, she has tamed the rage of stern and undaunted warriors; by the winning softness of her manners, and the endearing amiableness of her mind, she has won over the hardened and misanthropic wretch, or melted the reckless monster into lamblike meekness. Could we ask the men who lived in by-gone ages, whether, with all their neglect and contempt of female powers, they were not greatly influenced, and greatly benefited by them; should we not find that almost all would be forced to testify, however reluctantly, in the affirmative?

We, who happily live in an age and nation where the female is exalted to her full degree of promineny in society, and to the full display of her influence, can be at no loss to discover the cause of her moral degradation. It has been frequently declared that we are indebted to Christianity for the proper estimation of the female sex, and that, owing to a want of this system, the nations of antiquity, and those of the present day where woman is still enthralled in ignorance and debased by servitude, underrate and still condemn this amiable part of human kind. It is indeed the heavenly influence of Christianity which has taught man how to estimate the other branch of his race; it has shown him that she possesses a rational soul, and intellectual powers of no mean capacity; that she is calculated to be a constant blessing and advantage to him in all circumstances of his life—to delight him by her enlivening fancy—to advise him by her wise counsel—and to solace him by her sympathizing soul. While it distinctly recognizes the dependence of woman as the “weaker vessel” upon her more powerful companion, and enjoins due submission on her part; it fully establishes her allotted sphere, and affords abundant scope for the sway of her mind. Education, following upon the footsteps of her divine predecessor, has invited the female race to a participation of her inestimable blessings;—and enriching by her solid information, instructing by her judicious advice, and adorning by her elegant accomplishments,

has succeeded in placing her lovely pupils upon a distinguished eminence in the social and public stations. Thus, fitted by her natural powers, and improved by her useful acquirements, the female is now qualified for every path of life in which she may be called to walk. As a companion, she now adorns the most valuable society; as a relative, she discharges her duties with affectionate assiduity; and as a Christian, she shines with modest and undimmed lustre, as a faithful and becoming attendant upon the Sun of righteousness.

The value and influence of woman can be proved from the most ordinary occurrences of life. Let us merely glance at a party of the other sex in which conversation may be supposed to flag, or a want of inclination to prevent its full tide of interest—what will be the result, if female company be introduced into the circle? Immediately some congenial topic is excited; declining interest is revived; the feelings are aroused, and, in a short period, the delights of society are found to be “the feast of reason and the flow of soul.” Such a case is neither far-fetched nor uncommon: it may be met with in our daily intercourse with each other; in the social circle, or in the more public assembly.

Much indeed has this fact been ridiculed, and the effects of female society have been jocularly traced to the inquietude of woman’s tongue; often has its loquacity been the subject of the witling’s lash, and the satirist’s acumen. It cannot be denied that very often a woman may use her tongue with more profuseness than propriety, and sometimes deluge us with a torrent of declamation; yet ought we not to esteem the use of the tongue in woman a blessing rather than a misfortune? And is there not somewhat of ill-nature and ingratitude in repaying her who has been conducive to an evening’s entertainment, even though it be with a profusion of talk, with the shafts of ridicule, and the flashes of wit?

The paths of literature invite us to inspect the displays of female mind which are therein exhibited. The question need not now be asked: “what can woman do in the literary circle?” Her influence there is now placed beyond a doubt; her value estimated as it ought to be. Indeed, to such a degree has female talent been exerted, that instead of “what *can* woman do?” it may with more propriety be asked—“what *ought* she to do?”—for certainly there is a question depending upon the great fact; and it is no unnatural interrogatory—“how far ought a woman to carry her literary researches and labours, consistently with the

other duties which more peculiarly and appropriately belong to her? It cannot be disputed that no female is justified in poring over the stores of learning, to the neglect of other more apparent duties, and in intermeddling with those subjects which seem not exactly consistent with correct notions of female character.

It has sometimes been objected that men are insensible to the value of a female mind imbued with extensive knowledge, and well versed in literature; but the objection is now, I think, almost exploded, or if it retain any force, only so, in cases such as those to which I have above alluded. In some instances we may have to complain with Old Thrifty in the *Spectator*, of our female virtuosos departing out of their proper sphere, and "whilst they should have been considering the proper ingredients for a sack-posset," bringing forward "a dispute concerning the magnetic virtue of the loadstone, or perhaps the pressure of the atmosphere." (*Spectator*, No. 242.) Still, notwithstanding all the candour which has been manifested toward female learning, and the favourable impressions made by a lady of talent, it must be acknowledged, that "a blue-stocking beauty is a gentleman's aversion."

"That learning belongs not to the female character, and that the female mind is not capable of a degree of improvement equal to that of the other sex, are narrow and unphilosophical prejudices. The past and present times exhibit most honourable instances of female learning and genius." (*Knox's Essays*, No. 142.) In the deeper and more exalted departments of classical knowledge, the name of Dacier stands high, while that of Elizabeth Carter cannot be forgotten. Fortunate might the Grecian sage think himself, could he look through the vista of past ages, in having his ethical maxims arrayed in an English garb, by so fair a hand. The genius of Mrs. More has reached too high a pitch of glory to be passed over in silence. Her numerous works testify the extent and importance of her knowledge, and how well qualified are her talents to do justice to any subject which she might undertake. In the region of elegant literature we have a host of fair authoresses who have adorned their country and themselves. Who has not heard of the "moral tales of an Edgeworth; the popular romances of a Radcliffe; and the useful labours of a Smith and a Barbauld? To tell each favourite name would swell a long catalogue of fair ones more appropriate for the counter of a bibliopolist than for the pages of a brief essay.

But who that loves the muse can fail to give his meed of praise to the female lyre? Who that has heard the nervous touches which resound from the lyre of Hemans, will venture to accuse the Nine of partiality in the distribution of their favours to the other sex alone? And let us not forget to notice one prominent trait which invariably marks the progress of female genius. All its labours are directed, as is fitting, to the promotion of the sacred cause of virtue, truth, and religion. To quote the language of one of the eminent ladies above referred to:—"Let such women as are disposed to be vain of their comparative petty attainments, look up with admiration to those two contemporary shining examples, the venerable Elizabeth Carter, and the blooming Elizabeth Smith. *In them* let our young ladies contemplate profound and various learning chastened by true Christian humility. *In them* let them venerate acquisitions which would have been distinguished in an university, meekly softened and beautifully shaded by the gentle exertion of every domestic virtue, the unaffected exercise of every feminine employment." (*More's Cœlebs*, v. 2, p. 245.)

Who will then deny to the female mind the blessings of education, and the acquisitions of knowledge? While there should ever be a due regard to providential circumstances of life, and no woman is warranted to neglect a greater duty for a minor one, it must be allowed that the lady of taste and knowledge has a far greater advantage than the lady who is without them; and in every point of view is calculated to confer a greater blessing on her friends and connexions. If a woman be ignorant, she will lose many delights herself, and deprive others of many. "I do not mean (to cite again the language of Mrs. More) that *learning* is absolutely necessary, but a man of taste who has an ignorant wife, cannot in her company think his own thoughts, nor speak his own language; his thoughts he will suppress, his language he will debase, the one from hopelessness, the other from compassion. He must be continually lowering and dilating his meaning, in order to make himself intelligible. This he will do for the woman he loves, but in doing so he will not be happy. She who cannot be entertained by his conversation, will not be convinced by his reasoning, and at length he will find out, that it is less trouble to lower his own standard to hers, than to exhaust himself in the vain attempt to raise hers to his own." (*Cœlebs*, v. 2, p. 234.)

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## DISSERTATION ON COURAGE.

COURAGE, which supposes peril, may be generally defined as "that virtue or quality of the mind which faces danger without terror, and bears up against opposition without shrinking." Courage is either *bodily* or *mental*. Bodily courage relates to corporeal danger: and as the fear thence arising is aptly enough called bodily fear, so its absence may, with equal significance, be termed bodily courage.

Mental courage relates to those dangers which threaten a man's character or reputation, such as ridicule, reproach, contempt, and disgrace. Few persons can approach their superiors in wealth, station, or learning, without some degree of timidity: but a man who is content to appear and be thought just what he really is, will not cringe before his superiors.

This kind of timidity may therefore generally be traced to a dread of having our defects and inferiority exposed. In a word, the parent of mental cowardice is *pride*.

When I say that courage implies the absence of fear, I do not mean that it is a merely passive or negative quality; for it has both a positive and an active existence. Neither do I mean that it implies the entire absence of fear; for that were unnatural, if it were even possible. Fear is a natural passion, and answers important purposes; it is the province of courage, not to destroy, but to restrain and qualify it.

Courage is further distinguishable into *animal* and *moral*, *natural* and *educational*; these distinctions are created by the causes or principles whence it originates.

*Animal* courage is produced by the effervescence of animal passions; it is the offspring of excitement. When one particular passion is strongly excited, it is always observed to displace or diminish the influence of others. A man who is strongly under the influence of love, anger, avarice, or ambition, will often exhibit great boldness; he will brave dangers, and encounter difficulties, which in his sober moments he would tremble to contemplate. Passion communicates an impulse and infuses a warmth which counteract the chilling stupefying influence of fear. It is animal courage that hardens the pugilist against the blows and bruises inflicted by his antagonist. It is this same animal—perhaps I ought to call it *devilish*—courage that excites the duelist to offer or accept a challenge, and then, for the sake of punctuality and good breeding, to expose his body to the pistol-shot of a murderer, as well as to make an effort to commit murder himself. The

courage of soldiers, of lovers, of misers, is often little else but the effervescence of animal excitement: fear is displaced by an absorbing pursuit or a strong passion. Even *curiosity* is sometimes stronger than fear; for curiosity has often been known to lead men into scenes and situations highly unpleasant and hazardous. Nay, even fear often neutralizes itself; a man will boldly face one danger, for fear of a greater. But though animal courage is often reckless and daring, it is generally blind and fitful. When it is based on principle, and balanced by prudence, it is highly useful; but in every other case it is mischievous.

*Moral* courage is originated and sustained by conviction, or a sense of duty to our fellow-creatures, or from zeal in the support of truth and justice; nay, even the courage which springs from anxiety for our own real welfare is entitled to the same honourable distinction. But the noblest, strongest, and most proper species of moral courage is that which piety inspires, or which arises from the convictions and impressions of religion.

Religious courage is the strongest, and of the most invincible character: its materials are too firm to be shattered by any violent concussion, and too durable to be worn away by any continuation of opposition. Ambition, emulation, or affection may prompt to deeds of astonishing valour and daring, but these affections are often as inconstant as they are reckless. Piety is the only *unfailing* support of courage; piety alone can sustain the soul under every variety of trials. These remarks might be substantiated by thousands of examples; I will, however, only state, that there have been females, young in years, and possessing a full share of the timidity common to the sex—females distinguished in rank, and with those nice sensibilities, and that delicate habit of body, which are the usual attendants on elevated station—females who have been disciplined by no hardships and exposed to no dangers—who have embraced Christianity in defiance of the threats of parents, the frowns of brothers and sisters, the scoffs of companions, and the cold contempt of many whom they once highly esteemed, and who, rather than renounce it, have suffered themselves to be torn from their families, dragged before merciless judges, immured in dungeons, racked, tortured, and put to an ignominious, lingering, and excruciating death; and in all this scene of suffering and ignominy, they have evinced unshaken firmness, they have betrayed no symptoms of shame or timidity, and this courage has not been exemplified

once, or a few times, but in thousands of instances.

Now, this is moral courage of the highest order, and of the purest kind; it has nothing to do with the passions; it is neither the result of nature nor habit, but springs from religious impressions, or faith in the announcements of scripture, and the realities of eternity. Those persons had a lively conviction of the infinite worth of the soul, and of their accountableness to God; a firm belief in the divinity and mediatorial character of Christ, together with a happy experience of the power of his grace in changing their hearts and lives; and thus they "endured as seeing him that is invisible." And with such principles, deeply rooted, we need not wonder at their heroic deeds. Religious views and feelings, when permitted to have their full influence on the mind, possess an amazing force, and have an infinite superiority to every other. Faith in God elevates the soul above the atmosphere of care, disappointment, and distraction.

"His hand the good man fastens on the skies,  
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl."

Religious courage I call the most proper and characteristic; for it is perfectly distinct from every other kind, and perfectly independent of any other cause for its existence. It demands not any peculiarity of physical temperament, nor any process of discipline, but wherever the "perfect love" of God is experienced, then all "fear is cast out;" for "the spirit of power" is inseparable from "the spirit of love and of a sound mind." Fear, "the strong man armed, is bound and cast out by one stronger than he," namely, "faith working by love."

Other sorts of courage are often little else but the wildness of ambition, the madness of rage, the infatuation of love, the stupidity of ignorance, the insensibility of habit, or the recklessness of thoughtless indifference; but of religious courage, rational conviction is the sinew of its strength, and divine love and immortal hopes the life-blood of its animation. It is characterized by prudence. It does not rush into danger without necessity;—to do this is temerity. It is modest. It does not boast of its prowess, or affect to regard danger with contemptuous defiance; for that, besides being supremely ridiculous, is generally an indication of latent cowardice. It does not qualify itself to meet danger, by shutting its eyes to its extent and consequences; for that is desperation, worthy only of despair; yet it is to be feared, that the courage of many of your belligerent heroes may be resolved into this blind stupidity. An indi-

vidual who exposes his life without any preparation to meet his Judge, is not an hero, but a madman. But the man who is born of God, and renewed in the spirit of his mind, and justified through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, has nothing to fear; he is guided by infallible wisdom, protected by omnipotent power, and befriended by unbounded and unfailing goodness.

Piety not only furnishes an antidote to *bodily* fear, by its confidence in the arm of Omnipotent Goodness, and its cheering hope of heaven, but the dispositions it inspires furnish the most effectual antidote to *intellectual* fear. For instance, to lose temper in debate, is a misery, and an humiliation which every person dreads, and the dread of this induces some people often to acquiesce or remain silent, when they ought to manifest a decided opposition; but the Christian, possessing that love which "nothing can offend," which "is not easily provoked," which "beareth all things," is free from these apprehensions. Again, the mortification of having our ignorance or inferiority exposed, and made the subject of ridicule and reprehension, renders it painful for some people to come in contact with their superiors, or to discharge any public duty; but the *humility* which every true christian possesses, provides a complete antidote to this kind of fear. A pious man does not even desire to have credit for more than his real value, and the applause of mortals he has learned to regard with indifference. Piety also eradicates sloth, and the excessive love of self-indulgence, which are kindred vices to cowardice; it imparts vigour, activity, and self-control, which are the very elements of courage.

Courage is likewise distinguishable into *natural* and *educational*. But before I proceed further, I must observe, that these several distinctions of the virtue under consideration, are seldom, if ever, seen to exist in a purely separate state; that the courage of no man is wholly animal, or purely moral, entirely natural, or completely the result of education and habit. Courage is generally the result of these several principles in various degrees of combination: in some cases, they may be nearly in a state of equilibrium; in many there is a preponderance, and in some a striking preponderance, of one of these principles or causes. Accordingly, some people appear to be *naturally* bold; that is, their boldness appears to be merely owing to some peculiarity in their physical constitution. Perhaps this peculiarity may be in the mind itself; for, that human souls are cast in

different moulds, and are possessed of susceptibilities and powers various in kind and degree, is a thing by no means unreasonable to be believed. Much, however, of what is called *natural* courage is to be attributed to firmness of nerve, and strength of passion, which are properties of the body rather than the mind, or perhaps of both united.

But courage is sometimes the offspring of education and habit; always perhaps in some measure, and often almost wholly so. Thus many a hardy sailor and veteran warrior, whose adamant hearts are almost invulnerable to fear, were, in their' outset, but just able to support the sense of danger which preyed upon their spirits. Mental courage, too, is often the result of education. Public characters who have met with much opposition, and who have themselves often been the opponents of others; who have frequently had occasion to assail the principles and measures of others, while their own have frequently been the objects of assault, are generally found to have acquired an inflexibility of spirit which defies opposition, and can scarcely feel the stings of reproach.

To account for the influence of experience in exciting courage, we may observe, that ignorance generally magnifies danger: the misty medium through which it looks represents what is great, prodigious; and what is sublime, terrible; and thus it generates fear, and the optics of fear have the same kind of microscopic quality as those of ignorance. But experience does not always strengthen courage by shewing the real danger to be less than the apparent; because sometimes danger is *concealed*, rather than magnified, by ignorance. We can therefore often account for this mental phenomenon in no other way than by saying—what in fact, is only a verbal variation of what has already been said, namely—that long exposure to danger always blunts the sense of danger, and that *habit* will reconcile a man to the most unpleasant and painful condition. We may observe, in further proof of this power of habit, that men are generally seen to be most courageous with regard to those dangers with which they are most familiar. Some have far more *bodily* courage than *mental*: this one might suppose to be the case with duelists. Admiral Blake had doubtless much personal bravery, and yet it is said, that he was always timid in the presence of females. As a contrast to him, we might find thousands who experience no embarrassment in their intercourse with women, who would almost die with bodily fear, if their persons were exposed to the

artillery of an hostile army. It has been observed of the late Napoleon Buonaparte, that he betrayed a timidity and a sense of danger in certain civil tumults in which he was concerned, which was quite inconsistent with his military boldness.

We shall see persons comparatively uneducated, address large assemblies extempore, without betraying any symptoms of fear, while many a learned divine, who has been accustomed to read sermons, would tremble at the bare idea of standing before an audience without his notes. Many public speakers, who are manful enough on ordinary occasions, if called to address a strange assembly, one of a different order of intellect and opinions to that before which they had been accustomed to appear, would feel the equilibrium of their minds greatly disturbed. Even the circumstance of being in a strange place or situation will often produce a disagreeable effect on the mind of a public speaker.

Boldness in public speaking is usually termed *confidence*; and when this confidence is the result of habit or exercise, it is a very different thing from courage. Courage, we have affirmed, always supposes danger: but the confidence of a practised speaker is a persuasion that his abilities are equal to the task assigned him; hence it is rather the easy self-possession of perfect safety, than a magnanimous defiance of opposition and peril. It requires less courage in the hoary statesman to discourse on a difficult subject before the collected wisdom of the empire, than for the stripling to try his doubtful powers before half-a-dozen children.

Confidence generally grows with the growth of the intellect, and the improvement of the talents: but this is not always the case; for sometimes it runs before, and sometimes it lags behind. It is not uncommon for men of extraordinary abilities to be very diffident, and still less uncommon for men of diminutive talents to be very confident, if not impudent. Reasons might be assigned for the former case; the reason of the latter is obvious. People of a weak judgment judge erroneously of their own powers, and self-love always influences them to mistake on their own side.

Rainton.

W. ROBINSON.

ON READING : NO. X.

(Continued from Col. 817.)

SCIENCE is opposed to irregularity in writing, as well as in thinking, upon any of the subjects on which a writer employs his talents and his time; and, no doubt, scien-

tific works are valuable, yea, much more so than loose and desultory productions; because they arrange the several parts of the subject treated of into due order, and thus present a whole to their readers, instead of a crude mass, consisting of disjointed parts. But we may sacrifice too much to science, especially when it is occupied upon creation; because every man of piety holds that the Creator ought never to be lost sight of in treating of His works; but men of mere science, in general leave Him out of their volumes, even when they treat upon the effects of his creative energy. God is not in all their thoughts, therefore, like the heathens of old, and the infidels of the present age, they plod on, scientifically accounting for every thing from natural causes; erect nature into a god, or rather into many gods, and leave Him, "the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is holy; who at once dwells in the high and holy place, and with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit," to His own dwellings. We cannot, however, consent to quit the presence of the Infinite when we turn to His works; for He is every where and in all things—the very soul of the universe and of universal existence: in Him we live and move and have our being, and before Him we bow—"God the Lord, He that created the heavens, and stretched them out; He that spread forth the earth, and that which cometh out of it; He that giveth breath unto the people upon it, and spirit to them that walk therein. I am the Lord; that is My name: and My glory will I not give to another." Thus He exclaims; and woe unto him that attempts to rob God.

In proportion as a writer excludes the Creator from his works, he frequently manifests a loftiness and pride which ill becomes a created and dependent being; and this lofty conceit of his own abilities often carries him out of himself, and betrays him into weaknesses which a humble spirit would have saved him from. Those simple fanatics who read of God and love His name, such a man affects to despise; but those persons, simple as they are, have discernment enough to see this proud spirit, and piety enough deeply to deplore its existence. Had we no works which treat upon the sciences save books of this description, the necessity of the case would lie upon us; and we must either remain ignorant or become learned, under the hazard of becoming proud, and forgetting the Fountain of wisdom, amidst such reading: but no such necessity exists: for there are authors in abundance, and they are increasing, who write well upon scientific subjects, and

maintain due reverence for Him who created and who governs all things. It may be accounted a merit by some men, that they can treat upon any subject at large, and reason upon and demonstrate, according to their views, all the mysteries of what they call nature, leaving the Creator out of the question; but I am far from thinking there is any merit in such an attempt, and we see daily, in the failure of these attempts, that there is no extraordinary merit in such works.

We frequently read, even in scientific works, that the earth was originally a mass of heterogeneous matter; and that the arrangement and stratified order now existing therein have arisen out of fortuitous circumstances, operating thereon, during the progression of ages. Hence, they account for this and that phenomenon in the earth's crust and upon the earth's surface, by courses of conjectural deductions from premises there surveyed, and boldly assert that these inferences are correct statements, in many instances, where it may be demonstrated that these phenomena are by no means new, but in the exact order of creation.

That the great Elohim created the matter of this sphere, and arranged the matter thus created, in the beauty of order and perfection of use, for man, and subjected this matter, thus ordered, to certain laws, the volume of inspiration clearly reveals to us: which volume, as it reveals facts prior to, as well as coeval with the existence of man, is the fountain of wisdom to him: seeing he could not know what was transacted ere he yet was, or while he began to be. That the same Being still governs this matter by laws created when it was created, which laws are to continue until time shall be no more, this volume also reveals to us; and the experience of ages confirms the fact. Why then do we entertain the effect, and shut out the Cause? If a man invents a time-piece which, in accuracy of going, or uniformity of motion in every temperature, and of course every clime, is rendered correct by counteracting members within its movements, against all irregular motion from expansion and contraction by heat and cold, dense and rare, how is this man celebrated, and justly too, throughout the earth! Why not, in conformity with this, award the Creator His meed of praise, when the workmanship of his hands passes in review before us? The beauty, the order, the uniformity, as well as the extended force of these laws, by which dead matter is directed throughout its operations to certain effects, admirable under contemplation, and highly beneficial to man in their uses, excite in the



bosoms of those who possess a spirit tuned to His praise, emotions of gratitude, admiration, and awe, which on every new discovery of His wisdom and power, approach the sublime. Why, therefore, should men be doomed to banishment from these sublime sensations, amidst the dungeons of conjecture and inference, where darkness itself often becomes palpable, and, at best, mere twilight mitigates the gloom of midnight? I see no reason for such a course; and therefore advise every man to reject those mere scientific works, which virtually shut out the great First Cause, by ascribing effects to second causes, while they are due to Him; and to read only such as place Him upon the throne of creation and providence, and acknowledge God in all His works. To me it is astonishing, that a man, who is himself the workmanship of His hands, should ignorantly or wilfully, in treating of man or the works of God around, above, and below him, exclude his own Creator from the glory and honour which common gratitude and filial feeling would, if suffered to speak out, spontaneously render Him.

I know no work in the English language which contains more matter of fact, as to geology, than Mr. Robert Bakewell's *Introduction to Geology*. He has evidently studied this sphere, and he has put down, without prejudice or partiality, a transcript of its parts, in the very order in which they lie in the crust and upon the surface of the earth, faithfully and correctly. Allowance being made for the field of action, which embraces the whole sphere—a (mighty undertaking for a single man!) and for the imperfection of the English language, as to technical terms sufficiently expressive in geology, the cultivation of that science being yet in its infancy in our island—he has achieved much; and ought neither to lose his meed of praise, nor his reward from the sale of his work. Yet it would scarcely be possible to name a volume wherein the lamentable error of leaving out the great First Cause, and ascribing to inefficient causes evident effects, is more conspicuous. Indeed, the author himself laments that the fashion of this age presents so formidable a barrier between him and the Creator, that he cannot overleap the bounds; and evidently, amidst a thousand trammels, which he all but confesses, he flounders through a volume, fraught with truth, beset and clogged by conjecture after conjecture; some in accordance with, and others at variance each to each, without establishing even a probable system, as to cause and effect. If a man so well prepared with a thorough knowledge of his subject as Mr. Bakewell

is, thus flounders in uncertainty as to cause and effect in geology, what becomes of the assumptions and speculations of mere closet geologists, who quietly travel throughout the whole earth, and describe it as they pass along, without once quitting their own fire-sides?

These remarks are equally as applicable to other sciences as to geology; and no pious man can follow an author with delight, who, while he scientifically holds up truth, either in full face or profile, in all her loveliness, denies her heavenly origin, and demeans her down to a mere offspring of the earth. Hence, mere works of science are dry, dull, and uninteresting; save to the student, who must, at all events, plod through them, in order to acquire the learning contained therein; whereas, were they fraught with the wisdom of the skies, they would be sought after, as pleasing recreations, by hundreds who now neglect them.

Man, whose father is God, and whose home is eternity, when thoroughly alive to his origin and end, cannot be lulled to sleep by the notes of science. Amidst his banishment from his Father's house and his wanderings in this desert, he courts incessantly a glimpse of his home; and the smile of his heavenly Father, who is ever around him, has a value to which earth itself, with all its riches, cannot even aspire, much less reach; he loves, therefore, to hear of these realities; and when he takes up a book which professes to treat of the works of God, and finds his heavenly Father excluded from all notice therein, he lays it down, disappointed and chagrined, and peradventure takes it up no more. It is in his knowledge of and attention to science, that civilized man appears to such advantage over savage man—his knowledge enables him to amuse himself with useful, rather than with hurtful things. The cultivation of the fine arts arises out of the cultivation of the sciences, and these minister a gratification to the mind, superior to the rude, boisterous, and mischievous gratifications of savages; thus we have an approach to the perfection of order in the civilization of a nation. But the order induced by mere civilization is not a perfect order; vice is a disorder, and often a terrible disorder—a power within a power, reigning in the very heart of civilized society, which, if not continually kept down, endangers the existence of society itself.

No civilized society can, therefore, any more than savage society, be perfect, if vice is dominant within it. It is true, that vice in civilized societies has less the appearance of danger in it than in savage society; because, in the first there is a portion of order

attached thereto, which disarms it of that fury and violence which threaten momentarily to upturn the last, and reduce a tribe to a chaos. Yet vice is vice, and the best means of counteracting vicious habits ought to be studied by every man who wishes well to, and labours for the perfection of, a civilized community. God is the perfection of order, and all His acts are order and peace: God is also perfect—good and holy, as well as wise: no evil exists in Him; no evil can, therefore, proceed from Him. God is also strong—He is omnipotent; evil cannot therefore disturb, much less hurt Him. But, in the enjoyment of this perfection, God is not indifferent to the imperfections and consequent wants of His creatures; on the contrary, He takes a lively interest in the happiness of all His hands have made, and an active part in every thing which pertains thereto. God is, therefore, absolutely needful in every civilized community, in order to the counteraction and destruction of vicious propensities, and to the establishment and crowning of wisdom and order therein.

If science itself cannot achieve perfection out of God, or without Him, then it is madness in science to shut God out: it thereby endangers its very existence; for there is not potency in science sufficient to subdue evil; and evil dominant within science must accomplish its destruction. The wisdom of science ought to teach it a knowledge of its own weakness, and lead it to the strong for strength; but, alas, this wisdom is not in man. "The world" by wisdom knew not God; it pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe:" and it eventually will be by such means that science will be wrested from the hands of those who now proudly wield it, as an arm of strength to shut out the name of God from their displays of His works.

As pious readers increase, the demand for scientific works, wherein the Creator and Governor of all things has His due place, will increase also; and pious men will be found to write them. Yea, the men who write for fame and gain will then, feeling the loss of popularity and consequent loss of pence, fall into the stream, and introduce Deity, in their clumsy manner, unsparingly. In their clumsy manner! Yes, "these think that God is altogether such an one as themselves," and treat of Him accordingly; whereas the pious Christian, who knows God as a God of love, notes His name, and treats of His glorious works with lowly reverence and with godly fear at all times, and thus consecrates, rather than desecrates, the living God, with men.

(To be continued.)

# LAKE ERIE, OR, THE INDIAN MOTHER.

By the Rev. J. Young.

A mother! oh! who like a mother can feel?  
Oh! who like a mother can love?  
No pen can its bliss or its anguish reveal,  
Nor the tongue of a seraph above.

AFTER a night of wind and tempest that threatened to destroy those fragile habitations of man which here and there dotted that part of the United States which forms a line of demarcation between them and the British possessions,—day dawned, and with a brightness not always known even in the sunny regions of the south. The regent of day, like some paragon of beauty emerging from a dark veil covering, broke forth from the misty exhalations which rose from the celebrated Lake Erie, and illumined with a dazzling brilliancy that extensive sheet of unruffled water.

The storm which had recently been experienced, had been accompanied with those fearful consequences which not unfrequently take place here, when the wind blows strongly from one point of the compass. A dangerous and destructive surf, enveloped in a mist, of so dense a quality, that no object could be distinguished at a greater distance than ten yards from the shore, had proved fatal to more than one of those trading vessels which are here called *batteaux*, while many a son and father, whose return was anxiously looked for by parents, wives, and children, were swept away from time, having perished in the cold embraces of the troubled waters.

The Lake,—in consequence of its remarkable shallows,—it being, on an average, not more than from fifteen to eighteen fathoms deep, although it is upwards of two hundred and seventy miles long, and between sixty and seventy broad,—had been boisterously rough. The bold and ragged points of land, towards its western extremity, had been washed by the "white-crested" surf; the crashing of vessels had been heard, and the thrilling shrieks of agony rising from the bruised and drowning men, had mingled with the yelling blast in wildest uproar; but now all was calm and quiet.

"The moon was up again, the dewy morn,  
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,  
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,  
And living as if earth contained no tomb,  
And glowing into day."

A stillness, as if it had never been broken up, reigned; a placid smoothness rested on the bosom of Lake Erie, as if it had never been ruffled.

Along the beach, a few broken frag-

ments of the recently wrecked boats were still seen, while a vast quantity of dead fish, and curious shells, lay scattered at various distances from the edge of the waters, as the Lake had heaved with more or less fury. The bold eagle, the crow, and the sea-gull, with a number of other aquatic birds, of various kinds, had alighted on these shores of devastation, and were ravenously devouring every thing of a digestible kind which the waves had not swallowed up.

Solitude appeared to reign here with almost undisputed and universal authority;—a dreary loneliness existed, of an appalling nature, at which, with a species of instructive disapprobation, the mind seemed to shudder. Cowper has assisted us to conceive of it, in his celebrated description of Juan Fernandez.

"O solitude! what are the charms  
That sages have seen in thy face?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
Than reign in this horrible place.  
I am out of humanity's reach,  
I must finish my journey alone;  
Never hear the sweet music of speech,  
I start at the sound of my own."

The foot of a human being has, perhaps, never yet trod some of the wide-extended shores, and mazy forests, which border the Lake Erie. A solitary cottage may, indeed, occasionally be descried, but very unfrequently; and, at various periods, a few members of some scattered and predatory tribes of Indians may be seen, winding their way among the matted herbage of the country, or issuing, in search of prey, from the rude projections of shattered rocks and sand-banks, which form partial barriers to the waters of the Lake.

Notwithstanding the loneliness of the place, and the almost total desertion of it by mankind, there are, during the warm season especially, many objects of importance, curiosity, and beauty, which irresistibly lead the pious observer to adore the "Architect Divine," and feel the contemplation leading the soul,

"Through nature, up to nature's God."

Trees of astonishing magnitude and of luxuriant foliage, give a richness and sublimity to the land scenery, while innumerable shrubs and wild flowers adorn the vicinity of the Lake. Occasionally, fruit is seen growing naturally on the lofty, and, in some places perpendicular, banks, over which the wild grape frequently hangs in tempting clusters.

Towards the end of the day, which I have already referred to, repeated indica-

tions were given that the tempest, which had raged with such destructive force on the preceding night, was again reviving its energies; like an infuriated giant shaking off the trammels of sleep, to rush forth to renewed and greater acts of violence. The sun ceased to emit its splendid and inspiring beams, or but occasionally darted forth its speary rays from behind the heavy clouds which were fast collecting, and rolling between it and the earth. Loud gusts of wind roared fearfully at intervals, or broke in pitiful blasts, ruffling afresh the recently placid surface of Erie;—when, lo! two solitary beings were seen traversing the shores of the Lake—a woman, and her infant son; like another Hagar and Ishmael, when they turned away from the door of Abraham,—they journeyed on alone.

Nature has, in most cases, made up what art has not furnished, in those countries where all the ease and convenience of polished society are not known. *There*, native hardihood braces the nerves, and renders robust the constitution of the inhabitants; and even the delicate nature of the female constitution loses much of the feminine imbecility; and the fear of danger, which would crush beneath its influence the ladies of England and France, is, by the intrepid and dauntless females of wilder regions, scarcely known. In the present case, the statements which I have made were proved to be correct. The lovely female who now travelled the margin of Erie, was by birth an Indian, one of those hardy race of beings,

Whose birth-place is a forest's shade,  
A mountain's base, or lonely glade,  
A desert, or a dell;—  
And early train'd to bend the bow,  
They smile at fear—nor terror know,  
With wild beasts rove or dwell.

The tribe to which she belonged lay encamped some distance beyond a dark wood, which rose like a speck on the vision in the distance; thither with her beloved boy, a lad of about seven years of age, she journeyed. She heeded not the portentous gusts of wind which swept along the waters of the Lake; for she had often before heard them, and they had died quietly away. The partial eclipse of the sun's rays she did not regard, its heat was thereby rendered less oppressive. She grasped firmly the little hand of her child, and listening with all the fond feelings of a mother to his inquisitive converse, or joining with him in one of their native songs, rendered the place vocal with gladness; and so beguiling the length and dreariness of the way, pushed onwards.

On one of the mountain heights which

rose above their heads, several branches of large wild grapes hung temptingly. They looked as if placed there to invite the passing traveller, whose thirst might have been excited by heat or by fatigue. The eye of young Onedia was attracted, and with all the importunity of nature's eloquence, such as strong desire after enjoyment alone could have given birth to, he requested Chia, his mother, to procure him some. This was a task of no small magnitude, but Onedia saw not the difficulty, nor once thought of the danger, which stood in the way of obtaining the object of his wishes.

With whatever degree of impropriety Onedia may be charged, for pressing so earnestly as he did his request, his was not an uncommon case; older and better instructed individuals have been equally unyielding in their desires; personal gratification has absorbed every other emotion, although the things they have petitioned for, when possessed, formed no greater equality with the danger incurred, or loss sustained, than the Indian boy's did. Even David proved his weakness, by yielding to a desire which he felt to gratify his appetite, although at the exposure of the lives of some as valiant men as his army possessed, when he longed for a draught of water, and exclaimed, "O that one would give me drink of the water of the well at Bethlehem, that is at the gate!" 1 Chron. xi. 17.

Like a fond but inconsiderate mother, anxiously desirous to gratify the wish of her son, Chia sought for, and soon discovered, a way by which she might ascend to the top of the mount, and procure the desired fruit. A deep excavation, or ravine, which the recent dashing waves had formed, made a tolerably easy passage; and having charged Onedia to remain where he was, she sprang up the bank like a bounding Morse deer, regardless of the trembling fragments which occasionally gave way beneath her feet, and threatened to precipitate her into a fearful abyss. She gained the heights, and hastened to procure some of the clustering grapes which had been the object of her enterprise.

The point of land upon which Chia had obtained a standing, presented a dark wood, closely skirting the edge of the eminence which overhung the Lake. Amidst the branches of some of the trees, the tendrils of the vines had wound themselves most fantastically, and presented naturally all the charms of a rich vineyard. Allured by the beauty of the scenery, as well as urged by a strong desire to obtain some of the

finest of the fruit, she wandered further into the wood than she intended, and before she was aware of it found herself at a considerable distance from the edge of the precipice, surrounded by the beautiful flowers and foliage of the magnificent aloe and laurel magnolia, and, from the large-leaved vines, which depended in airy festoons from their branches, was plucking some of the largest grapes.

The wind, which had only at fitful periods before been heard, now became more continued, and the waters of Erie heaved tumultuously. The Lake became dark and gloomy, while occasionally a frothy snow-white crest danced on the surface of the waters. Onedia had amused himself with gathering shells, which the late storm had thrown up, and, in his pursuit after which, he had strolled some distance from the spot on which his mother had left him. The wind continued to gain strength—it blew heavily—the waters of the lake rose rapidly; and when his attention was roused from the object of his search, by the dashing of the waters, he found all the attempts he could make, to regain the station he had left, would be in vain. Alarmed for his safety, and fearing the anger of his mother, he struggled hard to gain the spot where he had received her command,—and where, had he continued, all would have been safe. His danger became every moment more and more evident; he called with all his might to his mother, and the wind and waves hoarsely answered to his voice;—again he shouted for help, and his cries caught the ears of Chia, who was hastening back to him with her treasure. The voice of her son gave wings to her speed, and rushing towards the precipice, whence the cry seemed to proceed, she saw him wrestling with the waves, and striving hard, but in vain, to climb the almost perpendicular bank, which rose fifty feet above him, now rendered slippery by the dashing spray. The Lake looked like a devouring animal, to the soul-smitten mother, rushing forward to seize and destroy her beloved child. Now she saw him ascend a few yards, and then, the crumbling earth gave way, and he was thrown back to the waters below.

Awhile the mother gazed in wild agony, almost amounting to positive madness. She saw her boy on the point of perishing,—beheld his hand stretched out for help—she saw his imploring eye turned upwards toward her—she heard his piteous cries for assistance,—but she had not the power to render it him. She clasped her hands in frenzy, and rent the air, and made the

woods echo with her cries, and was on the point of plunging headlong down the steep, and perishing with him, when she beheld him borne a short distance by the surf to where a large tree lay, which had recently fallen into the Lake. A thrill of hope for the moment shot through her soul, as she saw him seize hold of one of its branches, and, with the agility of a squirrel, climb to its highest point, where he sat beside a limb, almost beyond the reach of the rising billows. With indescribable emotion she continued to gaze upon him, undetermined what course to pursue, whether to remain near her boy, to whom she painfully felt she could render no assistance, or whether to rush through the wood, and strive to find the camp of her companions, and procure the required aid.

The shades of night were now fast gathering—the wind howled dreadfully—and the angry Lake continued to swell. To find her way through the gloom which hung heavily around, she knew would be impossible, and she therefore determined to remain in her present position until the moon arose,—the objects before her gradually faded from her view, yet still she kept her strained eye turned to the point where her beloved Onedia was.

Overcome at length with agitation and intense feeling, she sunk down upon the earth, and endured the killing suspense of an hour's watching, which appeared to her fevered brain an age, until the moon arose. Its light was only partial; heavy clouds rolled around, and intercepted its beams, giving an uncertain view of such things as in any degree became visible. During the long, long hour, she at last heard that her son was alive; but now his voice could no longer be recognized. The slanting light of the moon's pale rays fell upon the tree, but Onedia was no longer to be seen—his seat was vacant—the loved form after which Chia wildly gazed was not met by her searching vision. The distracting conviction pressed upon her, that he was lost! Despair seized her—she rolled on the turf, and called upon him with maniacal frenzy—when again the faint voice of her son met her quick ear;—the cry of “mother” reached her as he called upon her to help him. She sprang from the earth, looked wildly round, and beheld at a short distance from her, her child, struggling to gain the top of the bank. He raised his little hand for her aid—she rushed forward to save him—already had their hands met, when the earth gave way beneath her feet, and the mother and the son were dashed down

the steep, and perished together in the water of Lake Erie.

Brigg.

NOTES ON SIR H. DAVY'S EIGHTH LECTURE  
ON ELECTRO-CHEMISTRY, DUBLIN, NOVEMBER, 1810.

SILVER is not affected by water; but if you put it in the Voltaic circle and in water, it rapidly decomposes in a white cloud. The lecturer argued, that electricity effected a chemical change—that by heightening the positive state of the silver, the water was enabled to act as a solvent. On the contrary, copper, which dissolves in sulphuric acid, will, on being made highly negative, refuse to act with that acid.

A bar of copper being put into the former solution of silver, after lying undissolved in sulphuric acid, the acid on it precipitated the silver, and the bar was silvered, because the copper was charged negatively. In this manner it would be easy to take dissolved copper from the acid by silver.

Potass and sulphuric acid in their junction cause great heat and effervescence: when the charcoal points of the Voltaic conductors join by their surfaces, they become hot: when they join only at a point, they are not hot, but emit a splendid light. Hence he argued, that heat and light are generated in proportion as there is a diffusion or concentration of combustion.

Copper is positive; sulphur negative. A plate of copper, and a cake of sulphur, make no heat or light, though the electrometer shews a charge; but filings of copper mixed with sulphur, and heated in a retort by a lamp, become luminous as soon as the sulphur melts. Oil of turpentine and aquafortis produce heat and light by their mixture. This should be carefully done under a chimney, in a small quantity, two yards at least from the person who unites them.

Oxymuriate of potass and sugar, makes a chemical action. The vapour is mephitic, but on adding sulphuric acid to the mixture, it blazes with an odoriferous vapour, which corrects the former bad smell.

That heat and light do not proceed from the absorption of oxygen, appears from the sulphur and copper in a shut retort, the neck of which was turned down into water. Sir H. Davy, therefore, *supersedes Lavoisier's system*, and says, COMBUSTION is generated in the equilibrium of electricity.

Acids contain oxygen, which goes to the positive side of the platina plate, between the conductors, and the base of the acid goes to the negative.

*Experiment.* Acid of phosphorus soon shews a white scum, drawing towards the negative, which burns, being phosphorus renovated. The oxygen goes to the positive, and it is not inflammable.

Phosphorus, in a small retort standing by the neck in a glass vessel, wherein oxygen is generated, becomes gaseous, emitting unequalled splendour: the air left is acid, as proved by wet litmus paper.

*The Metals.* Metallic oxids, phosphorus, and ammonia, are negative; alkalies were concluded to contain inflammable matter, for the same reason. This suspicion was the origin of Sir H. Davy's discovery. At first he tried a strong solution of potass. It was in vain; it devolved oxygen and nitrogen: next he fused potass, and on the negative charge it appeared inflammable; but as it is a non-conductor when cold and dry, he moistened it with water, and on platina, made negative, *he saw some globes of metal* on the negative side, some of which burned away; others remained, and, being put into water, reproduced potass after combustion.

One hundred pair of plates in ten minutes made a peppercorn size of potassium. The turmeric paper proves the recombination of potass, which is not only made in water, but in air, by strong heat.

Sodium requires so much water to make it a conductor, that it loses much by becoming soda the moment after it becomes metal. Sodium swims on water till it effervesces without combustion, and sinks into soda. On the 6th of October, 1807, Sir H. Davy made his potass and sulphur of barytes so heavy, that mineralogists thought it metallic. Lavoisier improved this idea, in supposing lime and other earths were metallic oxids. This led Sir H. Davy from potass and soda to strontites, lime, magnesia, &c. in which he employed an iron wire, and made an alloy of iron, and the metal of these earths, which he could afterwards separate in their reproduction to earth. He tried an amalgam of the earth and mercury, which led Swedish chemists to attempt it, and succeeded in making metal of earth.

Place a globule of mercury in a hole of paste of earth, and the conductor soon makes the mercury take up some of the earth. The mercury is then sublimed from it in a retort with naphtha, and as soon as the naphtha passes over, seal the retort, and place it in 600° Fahrenheit; the remainder of the mercury rises in clouds, leaving behind the metal of the earth. These earths are metallized by the conductor in

a moist paste, with a continual light, but they recombine the earth as fast as they form the metal. Fifty pair of plates will do it.

From these experiments, Sir H. Davy divides ALL chemical bodies, according to their states at the time, into *positive* and *negative* relatively, which in chemistry are always found to unite.

Potassium and sodium may be useful portable forms of pure alkali.

#### A DISCOURSE ON THE THEORY OF THE PLANETARY SYSTEM.

(By Thomas Cooke, Draycoth, near Derby.)

VARIOUS reasons, from time to time, have been assigned, to account for the cause of the planetary motions. Des Cartes supposed that the universe was filled with an ethereal fluid, and that the planets were whirled about the sun in vortices. This system gave way to the doctrines of Sir Isaac Newton, and observations continually prove that the speculations of this great man were correct; but as he only treated of the effects, without explaining the cause, the system of nature cannot yet be considered as completely discovered.

Whether the universe is, or is not, filled with a fluid medium, has much divided the opinions of philosophers. There are two things that tend to throw some light on this subject. The first is, that the fixed stars are suns; that their number, as far as our limited faculties can discover, is incalculable, and that these suns are continually diffusing through space, a medium which produces the sensation of light, or otherwise creating activity in an elastic medium which fills all space, and produces that sensation, by causing vibrations or impressions on this fluid. Hence it is clear, that space is filled with a fluid substance, and we know not but this fluid may be essential to the phenomena of attraction.

Secondly, it is a well-known axiom, and certainly true, that matter cannot act upon matter when it does not touch it, and when there is no medium between; but that the planets do act upon one another is certainly true, from the observations of the best astronomers. Hence there must be a medium, to cause this action. And as elasticity seems to be essentially necessary to such a medium, we may rationally and fearlessly assert, that the universe is filled with a subtle elastic fluid, by which the planets, &c. are moved.

It has been clearly demonstrated by Sir Isaac Newton, that all matter has a tendency to other portions of matter, and that

this tendency or gravitation is inherent in every individual particle. Now, if two bodies be placed at a distance in space, surrounded by the elastic medium before mentioned, it will cause a pressure on each of them in proportion to the elasticity of the medium; but this pressure can make no alteration of the medium, its elasticity causing its density to be the same at all distances from the bodies; hence they could have no tendency to each other. I believe it might also be demonstrated, that no theory can account for the universal tendency of matter, but by a continual current of the elastic fluid, flowing from all directions to the bodies, which current can be no ways affected but by allowing the bodies continually to absorb the fluid. I shall, therefore, admit, that all matter, in proportion to its quantity or density, continually absorbs the fluid of the universe; and by this absorption is caused that universal property of matter, termed attraction.

Now, if two bodies, of equal magnitude and diversity, *A* and *B*, be placed at a convenient distance in this fluid medium, each absorbing the fluid, the current thereof will bring them together with an equal velocity. If the body *B* be less than *A*, then, evidently, the body *A* will have a greater velocity toward *A*, than *A* has toward *B*; and if *B* be a corpuscle, it will be carried to *A*, while *A* remains fixed, or nearly so.

And since this current from all directions tends towards the centre of the planetary spheres; and as the quantity of the flowing fluid increases at any distance from the centre above the surface, in proportion to the surface of the sphere whose radius is that distance, the flowing power of the fluid must decrease as the surfaces of the spheres increase, which is as the square of the distance. For if we put  $x$  = the diameter of any planet, and  $p = 3.1416$ ; then  $p \times x \times x = p x^2$ , the surface of the planet; and, at the distance  $x$  from the centre, the surface of the sphere is  $4 p x^2$ ; the diminished force of the fluid; and if the distance

be  $\frac{x}{2}$ , the surface of the sphere is  $9 p x^2$ ; the diminished force at the distance of thrice the radius; and if from these expressions we take the common quantity, we have 1, 4, 9, for the diminution of the force of the fluid, at the distance of 1, 2, and 3 times the radius from the centre. And this is the same as Sir Isaac Newton has demonstrated of the principle of attraction.

That the force will continue to decrease as the square of the distance, is evident, from the consideration that the numeral

co-efficients, expressing the distance, will in every case be squared, while the quantity  $p x^2$  remains unaltered.

In order to comprehend the nature of absorption more clearly, it will be necessary to suppose the universe to be diminished. Therefore, instead of the sun's diameter being nearly 900,000 miles, suppose it to be 1 inch, and the distance of the nearest fixed star cannot be less than 19,400,000,000,000 miles, according to astronomical observations; but as the sun's diameter is taken a little too great, it will be as well to take the round number, 20,000,000,000,000, for the distance of the stars; then by proportion, as  $900,000 \times 1,760 \times 36 : 20,000,000,000,000 :: 1 : 350.7$  miles, the proportional distance of the stars; and if we take half this distance for the radius, or the whole for the diameter of the spherical space belonging to the diminished sun or sphere, whose diameter is 1 inch, it will give us an idea of the greatness of the portion of space allotted to so small a quantity of matter, and of the probability of absorption.

It is certain, that this spherical space may be divided into any given number of parts; admit, then, that the number of parts is such, that the magnitude of each may not be greater than a common mite; also, any given quantity of matter may be divided into as many equal parts as the spherical space. Therefore, suppose that, in every division of this space, a particle of this divided matter is placed; and suppose that each of these particles, instead of being spherical, is made long, after the manner of hairs or fibres, each being longer than the diameter of its space, and of an elastic nature; by means of which, they will form a united whole; or an elastic fluid filling the space.

Let  $n$  = the number of years since the creation of the world, and  $p$  = the number of parts into which the sphere, whose diameter is 1 inch, or solidity 5236, may be divided, such that one of them may not sensibly augment the sphere if added to it. Also let  $x$  be the given quantity of matter to be converted into the elastic fluid; and let it be of such a magnitude, that  $n x = \frac{5236}{p}$ , or  $x = \frac{5236}{n p}$ ; now, admit that a quantity of matter, equal to that of the whole sphere or diminished sun, is, after the manner before mentioned, converted into a fluid medium, and diffused over its proper space; then it is evident that a quantity of fluid, equal to that made of the quantity of matter represented by  $x$ , may have been absorbed every year since

the creation, and yet the sun will not sensibly be augmented. And as general terms are used for the number of years, and number of parts of the sun, it follows that those terms may be made equal to any given numbers greater, to any extent, and yet be capable of answering the same end.

I do not say that the small particles which compose this fluid are exactly of the size and figure above mentioned. I should suppose them infinitely smaller. What I have said on this subject, is more to explain the possibility of the doctrine of absorption, than to shew the way in which it is performed. These are the secret things of God, too deep for the art of man fully to comprehend. We must be content to skim over the surface of things; we have not organs sufficient to discover the size and figure of the small particles which compose either solids or fluids; we have not sufficient data to build our reasoning upon. It is, therefore, very probable that these things will never be completely evolved; if any thing ever should be found out relating to them, it is my opinion that chemistry must do it.

If we admit the Newtonian hypothesis, that light is emitted from the sun, we know not but it may by assimilation be converted into this fluid; and thus the loss made by absorption might be supplied. It may also be observed, that there is no more improbability in admitting, that the sun absorbs the fluid of the universe without increasing (sensibly) its bulk, than there is in admitting, that it continually emits particles of matter, without diminishing it.

The doctrine of absorption is no way foreign to the system of nature. Newton supposes, that all the particles of light falling on any body are absorbed, except those that give the colour; yet we see that there is no sensible increase of quantity.

There are many things in chemistry that tend to favour the subject of absorption. Lime absorbs carbonic acid from the atmosphere; oxygen, absorbed by bodies in a state of combustion, converts them to acids; and the metallic oxides are found to be heavier than the metals from which they were produced. Many other things of this nature might be mentioned, all of which serve to prove, that the opinion I have advanced is no ways contrary to, or inconsistent with, the operations of nature.

What the cause of absorption is, we know not; but in the things before mentioned, we have demonstrative evidence of its truth; hence we may infer, that if matter, under a certain circumstance, is capable

of absorbing a fluid, it may be capable of doing the same under other circumstances. And the discoveries made in the present age, by Dr. Priestley and Sir H. Davy, tend to confirm this opinion.

It we admit, that space is replete with this subtle elastic fluid, so much so as to be capable of penetrating through the densest masses of matter with the greatest ease; and that an infinite number of great bodies, which we call fixed stars, situated at such distances, that they may be out of the sphere of each other's flowing force; then, according to the foregoing principles, there will be a continual current of the elastic fluid, flowing from all directions toward the centre of each; and the power of the force occasioned by this current will be in proportion to the density and real magnitude of the stars.

It is well known that the fixed star, which we call the sun, continually revolves on its axis, and makes a revolution in the course of twenty-five days and fourteen hours. Now, it is evident that this rotary motion of the sun will cause a whirling motion in the fluid. And if several bodies, much smaller than the sun, be placed at such distances from each other, as to be remote from each other's flowing force, and at such a distance from the sun, that his flowing force may not be so great as to carry them down to him, and being placed over his equator, or near thereto; they will be continually whirled round him at their respective distances. In this way, I suppose the primary planets, Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, the Asteroids, Jupiter, Saturn, and the Georgium Sidus, to make their revolutions round the sun.

To illustrate this, take a small ball, made of wood or any other substance, run a wire through its poles; get a small basin of water, place one end of the wire or axis in the water, and let it rest on the bottom of the basin, and let the ball be so placed that it may be just covered by the surface of the water; also put into the water some particles of saw-dust, filings of wood, or other light substances: then hold the axis steady with one hand, and with the other whirl it round as fast as you can, and the small particles, &c. will make revolutions round the ball, just as the planets do round the sun.

When we consider the amazing velocity of the planets in their orbits, compared with that of the surface of the sun, when revolving on his axis; one would at first sight be ready to think that his motion could not communicate so great a velocity to them; and, indeed, it could not, since,



according to the law of John Kepler, who discovered that the squares of the periodical times of the planets, are as the cubes of their mean distances from the sun. Hence, their velocities must decrease the farther they are from the sun; and the velocity of Mercury in its orbit is many times that of the sun; yet, evidently, according to the foregoing rule, it ought to be less. But, from the appearance, termed the zodiacal light, it is very evident that the sun is surrounded by a dense atmosphere, which extends to a great distance from him; for this light extends farther than the orbit of Venus. Now, this dense and extensive atmosphere, like mighty oars, will dash upon the fluid of the universe, and whirl it with a much greater velocity than could be effected by the sun alone; and though the velocities of the planets decrease the farther they are from the sun, yet it is sufficiently evident, that the force by which they are moved must increase to a great distance from the sun; for it must be considered, that the sun and its atmosphere revolve together as one body. Hence, at the distance of one radius from the surface, the force will be twice as great; at twice that distance it will be three times as great as at the surface; and it will probably continue to increase in this way to as many distances of the radius, until the atmosphere gets too rare to carry on in this proportion. Therefore, it is clear that the sun, together with its atmosphere, is quite sufficient to give motion to the planets of the solar system.

I have hitherto only mentioned the motion of the planets as caused by the action of one force, which would cause them to revolve about the sun in circular orbits; but if we consider that they have a tendency toward the sun, it is obvious that the union of these two forces will cause them to make their revolutions in elliptical orbits, having the sun in one of their foci.

This would be the way that the orbits of the planets would be generated, provided that the increments were taken infinitely little, in which case the number of points of the curve would be infinite, and the lines uniting them, would be the diagonals of rectangular parallelograms; for though it must be observed that the whirling force would generate a circular curve, yet if this be diminished *sine limite*, it will coincide with the tangent; hence the increments would be rectilinear.

What is said of the orbits of the planets, may be said of the satellites, or moons attending them also. By the foregoing observations, every planet has a current of the elastic fluid of the universe continually

flowing toward its centre, as well as the sun; and as they have a rotary, or diurnal motion about their axis, it follows, that they must have both a flowing and a whirling force. Hence, if any number of smaller bodies or planets be placed at proper distances from one of the primary planets, and from one another, and over its equator, or near thereto, they will be whirled round it, in orbits of an elliptical figure, in the same manner as the primary planets make revolutions round the sun, and will be carried along with it as it proceeds in its orbit. In this way, I suppose the moon to be whirled round the earth; the four satellites, or moons of Jupiter, to be whirled round Jupiter; the seven moons of Saturn, and the six moons of the Georgium Sidus, to be whirled about them, and to be carried along with them as they make their revolutions round the sun.

If other bodies, much smaller than the sun, be placed at an immense distance from him, so that they may be further from being over his equator than the planets are; in this situation the whirling force of the sun will be much less than if they were placed over his equator. Hence, the flowing force will cause them to descend toward the centre of the sun with an amazing velocity, while the other force will cause them to describe curves of an elliptical figure, having the sun in one of their foci; and, on account of the great disproportion between the two forces, the orbits will be much more eccentric than those of the planets. In this way, I suppose those wonderful bodies, which we call comets, to perform their revolutions round the sun.

The reader may illustrate the motions of the comets by a diagram; in which it must be observed, that the increments generated by the whirling force, must be taken much less than those of the planets. It may also be observed, that the variation will be in proportion to the cosine of the distance from the sun's equator; but as the flowing force continually tends toward the centre of the sun, this rule will vary as it descends toward the sun. And if a comet revolves about the sun's equator, it must either be projected perpendicularly toward the sun, from the higher apsis; or in a tangent from the lower apsis.

My reasons for adopting the above theory, are, 1. All the planets make their revolutions in one direction, from west to east. 2d. They move the same way as the sun does. 3d. They revolve in the plane of his equator, or nearly so. 4th. The satellites perform their revolutions

round their primaries in one direction; and not far from the plane of their equators. 5th. They all perform their revolutions in the same way as their primaries revolve on their axes, as far as we are able to discover. 6th. Comets make their revolutions in various directions out of the zodiac. 7th. It is much more consistent to the general simplicity of nature; and it is far more probable, that the sun whirls round the planets, than that the planets whirl the sun on his axis, according to the Newtonian hypothesis.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### THE STAMFORD ANNUAL BULL-RUNNING, (LINCOLNSHIRE.)

IN our last number, col. 873, we briefly noticed a periodical, entitled "The Voice of Humanity," the first part of which had then just made its appearance. Among the various instances of inhumanity which it records, the following exposure of "The Stamford Annual Bull-running," will be sufficient to furnish an idea of the character it may be expected to support.

"Tradition says that, in the reign of King John, anno 1215, Earl Warren, as he was standing on his castle walls, in Stamford, and looking on the meadow, saw two bulls fighting. A butcher, to whom one of the bulls belonged, happening to come into the meadow just at that instant with a large mastiff, set the dog on his own bull, and drove him into the town, which he no sooner entered than all the dogs, both great and small, followed him. The bull, being now rendered furious by the noise of the people and the fierceness of the dogs, ran over every one that chanced to be in his way. This brought other butchers and more people together, who made such a clamour, that it reached the Earl in his castle, who mounted his steed, and rode to learn the occasion of it,—when he was so much delighted with the tumult the bull made, that he gave the meadow in which he saw him fighting as a common to the town butchers, to feed their cattle after the first grass is eaten, on condition that they should find a mad bull to continue the sport annually, on that very day, which was just six weeks before Christmas-day; and the meadow is still called Castle Meadow.

"From this incident originated an annual custom, which has degenerated into a degree of barbarous cruelty never contemplated by the founder; yet it has existed for more than six hundred years!

"The butchers, at their charge, having, the night before, procured the wildest bull

they can get, put him into a stable, or barn, and the next morning proclamation is made by the bellman, throughout the town, that no one, on pain of imprisonment, shall offer any violence to strangers; that no persons are to have *any iron on their clubs or staves*, when they pursue the bull (which is disregarded and violated every year); but, as the town is a great thoroughfare, and it being term time, a guard is appointed to let passengers pass through it without hurt or molestation. When the proclamation is over, and the shops and gates are all shut, the bull is turned out of the stable, and then all the dogs in the town, with men, women, and children, of all sorts and sizes, run promiscuously after him, spattering dirt, with their clubs, on each other's faces, that one would think them (as the historian observes) *so many furies started out of hell*.

"On these occasions the influx from neighbouring villages of the "baser sort" is immense. All the horse-jobbers, hostlers, cads, butchers, pig-jobbers, and men of these classes, are thus brought together. The riot, uproar, drunkenness, blasphemy, and brutality, which follow, beggar all description. At the *tolling of a bell*, the animal, which has been kept up in the dark for some time, is turned out; and, if not sufficiently ferocious, they goad it to madness by means of nails and spikes, fastened to the end of sticks. Sometimes they lacerate its flesh, and pour in spirits, to render the poor beast furious. When the bull has happened to be of a meek and quiet disposition (and in that respect greatly superior to the human brutes which surround him) the *bullards have sawn off his horns, cut off his tail, fired a train of gunpowder along his back, and poured aqua fortis on his wounds!* After running the hapless victim of their cruelty through the town, the object of the rabble is, by a concentrated effort, to throw him over the bridge into the foaming Welland below! This, if accomplished before twelve o'clock, entitles them to another victim. A man on one occasion jumped in after it, and, seizing it by the tail, swore he would follow it if it went to hell. In an extraordinary manner he relinquished his grasp, and sunk to rise no more! Sometimes, after running the poor beast till it falls from exhaustion, they will rip open its bowels while yet alive, and a struggle takes place which shall obtain the heart, which is seized, and carried away in triumph! Others, with large knives, cut up the poor animal, hide and all, and bearing away pieces of the flesh to public houses, roast them and eat them. What cannibals! what

a disgrace to the Christian land in which we live!

"The following description of *only a part* of this scene, witnessed on the 13th of *last* November, will be found in a sermon preached by the Rev. T. WINKS, on the Sunday following:—

"I went to the house of a friend, who resides in the street in which the animal is kept. The street was closed at all its avenues with waggons, in which were numbers of men, women, and children. The doors and windows of the houses were either closed or strongly barricaded; the windows and tops of the houses, where accessible, were also crowded with people; as were the walls, haystacks, hovels, &c. The street was thronged with men and boys: I was surprised and disgusted to observe several women amongst the crowd. Aged men also, hardly able to walk, were to be seen moving towards this scene of riot, anxious to witness a repetition of such exploits as they, when young, had often performed. The crowd was greatest around the hovel, or stable, in which the bull was confined. Several times it was announced that the animal was coming; at length it was turned out. It ran by the house in which I stood, closely followed by hundreds of men and boys, who surrounded it on all sides with uplifted sticks, and caps, and hats, shouting and yelling. *It appeared rather timid than wild, and seemed anxious to escape from the crowd, and avoid the people rather than disturb them.* Some connoisseurs remarked, as it went by the first time, "Good for nothing! Not worth two-pence!" and so on. They thus pursued it up and down the streets for about half an hour, during which time they did much to vex, and cause it to be mischievous: they threw buckets of water in its face; they held their caps and hats before it, and brought out dogs to attack it; all these expedients however would not vex the poor beast so as to make it riotous. A strife now took place whether it should be let out of the barriers of the street into the town, or be put up for a season. But I cannot and will not attempt to describe the scene which followed; the violent gestures, the oaths, the blows upon the poor animal, the contentions, were dreadful, and resembled more a scene amongst the savages of New Zealand, than amongst the inhabitants of a respectable town in England.

"At length the party who were for confining the animal prevailed, and it was put into its prison-house for a season, while its tormentors went to refresh themselves. I now walked through the streets, and looked in at the public houses, which were crowded

to excess with customers of both sexes and all ages. Ere the sport began I noticed several evidently intoxicated; but now the pale faces, and staggering steps, and mad shouts of numbers, gave too certain note that a scene of dreadful and lawless riot would ensue. I felt concerned for my personal safety, and hastened from these scenes of vice and mischief. About an hour afterward, being seated at dinner in the house of a friend on the other side of the river, we were aroused by the shouts of numbers rushing by and crying, "It's in the river! It's in the river!" I put on my hat and went out. The bull was swimming down the river, its head only appearing above the water; on either side of the river were hundreds, perhaps thousands, of men, women, and children, hallooing and shouting. I presently discovered that they were afraid the animal would escape from them down the river. Two or three boats pushed off in pursuit; others met it in the stream, and they ultimately succeeded in forcing it out of the water. Fatigued with swimming and shivering with cold, it seemed incapable of resistance, much less of mischief. The multitude, regardless of its exhausted condition, drove it before them past the house in which I stood; and here the scene of mad uproar was such as I cannot describe; the shouts, the blows, the violence of the mob, were truly horrific! They hurried the poor creature up to the bridge, and in a few minutes we heard that it was in the water *again*. They now drew a line of coal boats across the river, and thus prevented its escape. As the poor animal came swimming down the river, it seemed *anxious to escape* from the crowds that lined its banks; but the line of boats obstructed its progress, when several respectably dressed men met it in a small boat, and drove it by beating it about the head with an oar, towards land; it moaned most piteously. I felt at this moment the full force of the lamentation of the amiable Cowper,—

"There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart!"

Yes, I am not ashamed to own that I felt for the poor creature, when I heard its piteous moans, and witnessed its ineffectual attempts to escape from its tormentors: I felt ashamed too for my fellow-creatures, that they should employ their superior sagacity to torment a dumb animal, and thus out-do the very brutes in savage barbarity; for it is seldom we hear of one brute torturing another for mere sport.

"Again it was driven to land: and now their sport was over; for, lame, and trembling, and exhausted, it could scarcely walk;

so they led it by the horns through a few streets of the town, giving three shouts at the houses of those inhabitants who favoured the custom. On rising the hill near to St. Mary's Church, they met one of the Cambridge coaches going out; a wheel was locked, and horse-keepers were at the heads of the horses; but it was with some difficulty and danger the coach made its way through the mob. The poor worn-out animal was now conducted into its prison again: it was designed, I am told, to bring it forth again in the evening, by torch-light, as they did on the last occasion of this kind; but the poor creature was almost too feeble to move, and I am informed that they shot it this morning. The things I have now stated, I saw; and in the words of my text I exclaim, "I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved."

#### DON PEDRO, THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

(From Dr. Walsh's Notices of Brazil in 1828-9.)

THE church of Da Gloria, close by our house, was that to which Don Pedro was particularly attached, from a sincere and deep feeling, I was told, for the memory of his wife. Every Saturday, at nine in the morning, as regular as the movement of a clock, he passed our door, driving four miles in a phaeton, and attended by a troop of horse with a trumpeter. I frequently followed in my morning walk over the hill. The Emperor always stopped his phaeton at the bottom, and walked up, leaning on his chamberlain, and dressed generally in plain clothes. A few respectable people of the neighbourhood formed the congregation on this occasion; and when he went in, they followed him; he knelt on a carpet laid on the steps of the altar, and they knelt behind him. I have observed him during the continuance of the service, and he seemed serious and sincere, frequently crossing himself with much devotion. When it was over they rose, and he walked out among the crowd, as a simple individual of the congregation. He was generally accosted in the portico by some person, with whom he entered into familiar conversation: and on one occasion, a droll, forward fellow, of the lower ranks, told him some story with the ease and familiarity he would to a common acquaintance, at which the Emperor laughed heartily, and every one about him joined, as if they were not in the smallest degree restrained by his presence. On his way down he generally had a group about him joking in the same way, and his whole progress was totally divested of any seeming dislike to the *profanum vul-*

*gus*, or a wish to repel them, but was on the extreme of familiarity. When he again entered his carriage he drove off with velocity, followed by his guards at a gallop, and was soon lost amidst clouds of dust and sand. I had, however, an opportunity of a more intimate knowledge of him by a personal interview. \* \* \* \*

Pedro, like his great namesake of Russia, is a good mechanic, and the specimens of his handy workmanship will hereafter be preserved and exhibited in a national museum to posterity, as the remains of this second Peter, and founder of a great empire in the new, as the other was in the old world. While yet a child, an ivory ship was presented to him by Col. Cunningham, a gift from Sir Sidney Smith. It had been broken in the carriage, and required some ingenuity to put it again together. He called for his box of tools, and soon repaired it in all its parts, with the skill of a shipwright, and the dexterity of a carpenter. His apartment is a workshop, in which is a lathe and a bench, and here he has constructed sundry articles. Over the lathe is a tablet on the ceiling, I believe of his own device and execution. It represents a telescope, an ear-trumpet, and a padlock, implying by these emblems that all who enter the palace should see, hear, and say nothing. The Emperor's habits are very active and very temperate. He rises every morning before day, and, not sleeping himself, is not disposed to let others sleep. He usually begins, therefore, with discharging his fowling-piece about the palace, till all the family are up. He breakfasts at seven o'clock, and continues engaged in business, or amusement, till twelve, when he again goes to bed, and remains till half-past one; he then rises, and dresses for dinner. He is never seen in soiled linen or dirty clothes. He dines with his family at two, makes a temperate meal, and seldom exceeds a glass of wine, and then amuses himself with his children, of whose society he is very fond. He is strict and severe, but an affectionate father, and they at once love and fear him. At nine he retires to bed. His education was early neglected, and he has never redeemed the lost time. He still, however, retains some classical recollections, and occasionally takes up a Latin book, particularly the  *breviary*, which he reads generally in that language. He wished to acquire a knowledge of English, and to that end he commenced, along with his children, a course of reading with the Rev. Mr. Tilbury, an Englishman who has taken orders in the Catholic church. After having made some progress, he laid it aside, and began

to learn French, in which he sometimes converses. He has an English groom, from whom also he unfortunately learned some English. This fellow, I am informed, is greatly addicted to swearing and indecent language, and the Emperor, and even the late Empress, adopted some of his phraseology, without being aware of its import. In his domestic expenses he is exceedingly frugal. The careless profusion of his father, and the total derangement of the finances, had involved the country in such difficulties, that he found it necessary to set an example of frugality in his own person, by limiting himself to a certain expenditure.

#### MEDICAL TESTIMONY IN FAVOUR OF RELIGION.

SIR HENRY HALFORD, the President of the College of Physicians, at a late meeting of the members read a paper on "brain fever," or rather a remarkable physiological indication connected with it, which is noticed by Aretæus,—namely, the frequent return to a sound and even vigorous state of intellect, which will follow the ravings of disease, and precede the approach of death: in the course of which the President, desirous of pointing out a connexion supposed by the ancients to exist between the close of life and the prophetic spirit, was led to refer—as most probably originating such a notion—to the divinely inspired predictions which marked the end of Jacob's life, and to the promise of the Saviour, which both the patriarch, and the prophet Isaiah, have so clearly developed.

In doing this, the illustrious President (who had for his hearers the Duke of Wellington, Lords Westmoreland and Stanhope, and some of the first characters in the state) took occasion to make a distinct recognition of his own entire belief in the divine inspiration of the scriptures; and it is not a little gratifying to find, that, at a period when the principles of infidelity are so sedulously diffused, and especially when it has been imputed to science, (perhaps not altogether without cause), that she has too often subverted the purposes of scepticism, such a confession should have been boldly made by our chief medical professor, to the credit of his own personal religion, and to the confusion of those who are "rejecting the counsel of God against themselves."

It may be very true that others of the same profession would, under similar circumstances, have been as ready to have given "a reason for the hope that was in them," but, however this may be, it is worthy of record, that there is at least one of

the modern school of medicine who is walking in the steps of the illustrious Boerhaave, who, in his Latin commentary on his own life, declares his full persuasion that "the Holy Scriptures are our best instructors in the way of salvation; and, when joined with obedience to Christ's examples and precepts, afford the highest tranquillity to the mind." Such a man as the present medical president needs no eulogy; but the public requires, at the present eventful crisis, such men in the chairs of philosophy and science.

#### CURIOUS PARTICULARS RESPECTING THE HORSES OF CANADA.

(From Brown's Anecdotes of Horses, lately published.)

"THE winter travelling in Canada is sometimes very expeditious. It is surprising with what speed a good Canadian horse will go when drawing a cabriolet over the ice, instances having occurred of their travelling ninety miles, in one of these vehicles, in twelve hours; but when this occurs, the roads must be very smooth and hard. The shoes of their horses are never roughened, as in this country, by turning up the ends of them, but by inserting two or more steel screws, which can be removed or renewed at pleasure. The horses of Canada are very hardy animals; their best pace is a trot; they are accustomed to much bad usage and hard work, and are the most willing creatures in the world, for they never refuse the draught. They are brought from the country into Quebec, in the coldest weather, and left standing in the open air, without any covering, for hours together, while their owners are transacting their business, or drinking, and they seem not to be any the worse for it. In the winter, the Canadian horse, like all other quadrupeds of that country, acquires an increased quantity of fur to protect him from the cold, and the currycomb is never used. When the horses have been heated by fast driving, in a cold day, they appear to have a sort of icicle at every hair, and icicles two or three inches in length are often suspended from their noses.

"Travelling on Lake Champlain is at all times dangerous; it is very common for sledge, horses, and men, to fall through the ice, where the water is some hundred feet deep; and there is no warning of danger till the horses drop in, pulling the sledge after them: luckily, the weak places are of no great extent; the traveller extricates himself from the sledge as soon as possible; and he finds the ice strong enough to support him, though it will not bear the weight of the horses. The pulling of them out is

done in a manner perfectly unique: the horses are strangled, to save their lives. When the horses fall through—for there are always two in these sledges—their struggles only tend to injure and sink them; but, as they have always round their neck a rope with a running noose, the moment the ice breaks, the driver and the passengers get out, and, catching hold of the rope, pull it with all their force, which in a very few minutes strangles the horse; and no sooner does this happen than they rise in the water, float on one side, and are drawn out on strong ice, where the noose of the rope being loosened, respiration returns, and in a short time the horses are on their feet, and as much alive as ever. This operation has been known to be performed two or three times a day on the same horses. The Canadians tell you, that horses which are often on the lake get so accustomed to being hanged, that they think nothing at all of it. But though the case is very common, the attempt does not always succeed; for it sometimes happens, that both sledge and horses go to the bottom, if they cannot be extricated in time.

“Another remarkable fact in regard to the Canadian horses is their fondness for fish. The fish thus eaten, except in size, resemble a cod, and are from four to nine inches long; the English call them *tommy cod*. The manner of catching them is by cutting holes in the ice, and putting down either nets or lines. Over this hole a temporary house is built, large enough to contain half-a-dozen people, and a stove to keep them warm. They who cannot afford deals to build a house, substitute large pieces of ice, with which they form a defence against the weather. Midnight is the best time for fishing; and a strong light is placed near the hole, which attracts the attention of the fish, and brings them round it in large quantities. There are a number of these houses on the river St. Charles, which have a strange appearance in a dark night, especially those made of ice.”

#### SNUFF-TAKING.

EVERY inveterate snuff-taker takes, at a moderate computation, one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes one minute and a half. One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten. One day out of every ten amounts to thirty-six days and a half in a

year. Hence if we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it. The expense of snuff, snuff-boxes, and handkerchiefs, will be the subject of a second essay, in which it will appear that this luxury encroaches as much on the income of the snuff-taker, as it does on his time; and that by a proper application of the time and money thus lost to the public, a fund might be constituted for the discharge of the national debt.

Preston Brook.

L. S.

#### ON SMOKING.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,—I hate smoking, and I wish you would use your influence to abolish it. Were a certain great author's style of conversation and of writing now in vogue, I would say to our modern Bardolphs, who carry the admiral's light in their mouths instead of in the nose—"Sir, no man has a right to smoke; he who smokes destroys the fundamental principle of all human society:—Sir, men could never congregate for social enjoyment but upon a primary principle, that no man has a right to disturb the personal comfort of his neighbour. Now, Sir, he who pollutes the atmosphere by the circumgiratory ignition of the convolved lamina of either an oriental or occidental shrub, emitting spiral fumigations which inspire the respirable essence, and send out moliculæ to taint our habiliments for many hours, invades the primary rights of his fellow-men, and saps the very foundations of social existence. Every individual has an inalienable right to pure respirations of the atmospheric element, and he who invades that right for his selfish enjoyment, I pronounce a savage. I should as soon think of admitting such a man into my drawing-room, as a Whig, or a Nonconformist."

Without such an anathema, smoking has long been on the wane. In the House of Commons there is but one room in which smoking is permitted by the "*lex parlamentaria non scripta*." Years ago this Platonic lobby used to be crowded, and to send forth its villanous compound of unsavoury smells, but for five years there has scarcely been a cigar in the room. Last session I did not see one; though I must confess that there have been a few vain attempts this year to revive "the good old times." For this reformation, society owes to the shop-boys and clerks of London a debt of gratitude as large and as

perpetual as the national debt of England. As soon as the Sunday-clad apprentices, and the evening-released clerks of all descriptions, became *recherche* in cigars, not all the laws of the universe could have retained smoking in favour with persons of fashion. It is a vile annoyance to the fair, and —

"banishes for hours,  
The sex whose presence civilizes ours."

The last man "in decent society," who made it an habitual practice to smoke, was Lord —, and his reputation was stabbed to death by the *bon-mot* of Lady —, who protected him in the practice by observing, "What a pity it would be to deprive such a good sort of a man of the only enlightened thing that ever approached him!"—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ANTI-FUMO.

#### SIR HUMPHRY DAVY'S CHEMICAL APPARATUS.

"THE apparatus essential to the modern chemical philosopher is much less bulky and expensive than that used by the ancients. An air-pump, an electrical machine, a voltaic battery, (all of which may be upon a small scale,) a blow-pipe apparatus, a bellows and forge, a mercurial and water gas apparatus, cups and basins of platinum and glass, and the common reagents of chemistry, are what are required. All the implements absolutely necessary may be carried in a small trunk, and some of the best and most refined researches of modern chemists have been made by means of an apparatus which might with ease be contained in a small travelling carriage, and the expense of which is only a few pounds. The facility with which chemical inquiries are carried on, and the simplicity of the apparatus, offer additional reasons to those I have already given, for the pursuit of this science. It is not injurious to health; the modern chemist is not like the ancient one, who passed the greater part of his time exposed to the heat and smoke of a furnace, and the unwholesome vapours of acids and alkalis, and other menstria, of which, for a single experiment, he consumed several pounds. His processes may be carried on in the drawing-room, and some of them are no less beautiful in appearance than satisfactory in their results. It was said by an author, belonging to the last century, of alchemy, 'that its beginning was deceit, its progress labour, and its end beggary;' it may be said of modern chemistry, that its beginning is pleasure, its progress knowledge, and its objects truth and utility. I

have spoken of the scientific attainments necessary for the chemical philosopher; I will say a few words of the intellectual qualities necessary for discovery, or for the advancement of the science. Amongst them patience, industry, and neatness in manipulation; and accuracy and minuteness in observing and, registering the phenomena they present, are essential."—Sir Humphry Davy's *Last Days of a Philosopher*.

#### CELESTIAL PHENOMENON FOR OCTOBER.

ON the 19th of this month, the planet Mars commences a direct motion, but there will be nothing very interesting in his course until the 5th of the ensuing month, when he will be again observed, as the apex of an isosceles triangle of which  $\theta$  and  $w$  Piscium are the base; he is in a similar position but farther south on the 6th of the present month. On the 8th of November he is observed between  $\beta$  and  $\Delta$  Piscium, but much farther from the latter star than at his opposition, when he was in a similar position. He is noticed between  $\gamma$  and the same star on the 10th. On the 13th he forms the summit of an isosceles triangle  $\gamma$  and  $\theta$  being the base. On the 15th he is observed between  $\theta$  and  $\Delta$ , and on the 22nd between the latter star and  $w$  Piscium. During the month of December the approach of this planet to the stars in the belt of the Fishes, is an interesting feature in his course. On the 7th he is noticed as the apex of an isosceles triangle,  $\delta$  and  $w$  forming the base. The next interesting configuration takes place on the 14th, when the planet  $\delta$  and  $e$  Piscium, form an isosceles triangle,  $\delta$  being the apex. On the following day Mars crosses the ecliptic in his ascending node; and on the 16th he forms an isosceles triangle with  $\delta$  and  $\epsilon$  Piscium, the former star being the summit. On the 20th he again forms an isosceles triangle with  $\delta$  and  $e$ , the planet and  $\delta$  being the base. On the 22nd he again forms the base of an isosceles triangle with  $\delta$ ,  $\epsilon$  being in this case the summit. On the following day he is observed between  $w$  and  $e$ . On the 25th he forms isosceles triangles with  $\epsilon$ ,  $\zeta$ , and  $e$  Piscium,  $\epsilon$  being the summit of each. On the 29th the planet forms the base of another isosceles triangle with  $e$ ,  $\zeta$  being the summit; he also passes between  $\epsilon$  and  $e$  on this day. On the 30th he is observed as the apex of an isosceles triangle,  $\zeta$  and  $e$  forming the base. On the 31st he is observed in a line with  $\delta$  and  $w$  Piscium, and between the former star and  $\zeta$ .

## POEKS.

## STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

ETHERIAL shade!—what visions strange  
Burst on thy new-born sight,  
Unconscious of the mighty change  
From darkness into light.

Born to the world, upborne to heaven,  
Ere thy first cry began;  
Thy stay in fleeting hours but seven,  
In the abodes of man.

Few were thy hours, compared with those  
Methuselah enjoy'd,  
Yet mayst thou find as sweet repose,  
Of pleasures know no void.

Escap'd from pain, escap'd from woe,  
Ere pain or woe was known;  
And now surpassing saints below,  
In wisdom all thine own.

Shall spirit freed from mortal clay,  
An infant of few hours,  
Attune at once the heavenly lay,  
With patriarchal powers?

Or shall that new ethereal flame,  
Of but a moment's light,  
In immortality the same,  
Shine less divinely bright?

Our lengthened years expand the mind,  
And organs of the soul;  
But now thy dust is left behind,  
What shall thy powers control?

This mortal *stamen* holds the date  
Of life, as on a page;  
But must a spirit's powers await  
The culture of an age?

If earthly years must circumscribe  
The bounds of future good,  
Who shall contrast the *present tribe*  
With *saints before the flood*?

This knowledge is above our reach,  
Beyond our powers to scan;  
Futurity alone must teach  
This mystery to man.

To know how spirit thinks or flies,  
An immaterial flame;  
Or in the regions of the skies,  
Knows every cherub's name.

Our knowledge grows with length of time,  
Yet life is like a tale,  
And when we reach another clime,  
What shall our years avail?

They form no part of human life,  
Where time has ceas'd to reign;  
Cut off in the tumultuous strife,  
Which ends all mortal pain.

There is the stream of ages past  
Lost in the shoreless sea,  
Of that which must for ever last,  
Changeless eternally!

Still may the saints who bravely fight  
Some higher raptures know,  
Who bring from darkness into light  
The captives of our foe.

Yet these have failings to lament,  
And disobedience too,  
And idle words and time mispent,  
And errors not a few.

Dread day of overwhelming gloom,  
What terror and surprise  
Must usher in our final doom,  
If all our follies rise!

If the most holy scarcely find  
Their entrance into heaven,—  
What thousands must be left behind,  
Whose sins are unforgiven!

And they perchance may wish in vain,  
Their lives had pass'd like thine;  
And envy e'en a martyr's chain,  
To share thy bliss divine.

Ethereal shade! from sorrow free,  
Shall we thy exit weep?  
Who ne'er can know till blest like thee,  
Such wisdom—vast and deep.

Orlinby.

(SOMEONE HEARING.)

## THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

FARE thee well, O must I leave thee,  
Dearest Thirza, whom I love;  
Yet let not our parting grieve thee,  
Soon our souls shall meet above.

Hark! a heavenly sound, inviting  
Me to join the glorious throng,  
Seraph's softer strains recting,  
Bid me chant the sacred song.

Oh! what brilliant beams descending  
Captivate my ravish'd eyes,  
Now my mortal race is ending,  
Jesus calls me to the skies.

Swift on eagle's pinions soaring,  
Mounts my spirit with delight,  
Canaan's boundless shores exploring,  
Regions of eternal light.

Splendid joys are now unfolding  
Joys unknown to finite sense;  
Heavenly hosts amaz'd beholding,  
Hail their King's omnipotence.

Saints and angels too are greeting,  
Sounds of rapture fill the skies,  
Jesus smiles, delightful meeting!  
Thou art mine, my child, he cries.

Take thy crown, and reign for ever,  
Range in peace this blissful shore,  
Nought my saints and me shall sever,  
Firmly join'd for evermore.

ALFRED WINCHESTER.

## AN ENGLISHMAN CONFINED IN THE INQUISITION.

WHAT tongue can half my poignant anguish tell,  
Consign'd in endless misery to mourn,  
Horrid groanings echo through my cell,  
From pining objects, wretched and forlorn.

I wake at morn, but, ah! no joy for me,  
In this drear spot a ray has never shone,  
My eyes, alas, no cheering objects see,  
Grief and despair remain for me alone.

Perchance I murmur at my weighty woes,  
And crave the tyrant to assuage my grief;  
'Tis then with ten-fold force he adds his blows,  
Augmenting sorrow, rather than relief.

A scanty draught to stay my raging thirst,  
The taunting monster brings with grudging care,  
My heart rejoices, yet keen lashes first  
Sting my poor flesh, inflicting many a scar.

How small a portion forms my daily share!  
I linger here, depriv'd of food, I faint,  
Yet no kind heart or sympathetic ear  
Eases my woe, or lists to my complaint.

Britannia's sons may sail from pole to pole,  
Or round the spacious world undaunted roam;  
The Jew and Turk through various nations stroll,  
And in each kingdom find a tranquil home.

The eagle waves her plumes toward the sky,  
Or at her fancy roves from rock to tree;  
The numerous feather'd tribes at pleasure fly,  
Exulting with the joys of liberty.



Excluded from the world with all its sweets,  
I weep o'er former hours of peace and love,  
The woodland shades, the valley's cool retreats,  
My native cottage in the fragrant grove.

I chide the pang that tells of pleasures gone,  
Hope still would flutter at the thoughts of home,  
But ah! those happy hours shall ne'er return,  
This horrid dungeon seals my final doom.

I think of home, and heave the bitterest sigh,  
That e'er ascended from a mortal breast;  
What! leave Lavinia, partner of my joy,  
Of all my fondest offspring disposess'd?

Relentless murderers, thus to pierce my veins,  
My precious life-drops leave my wounded heart,  
My deating breath in gradual motion wanes,  
And death shall soon my soul and body part.

Yet, Heaven be prais'd, my hope is still secure,  
Christ is my Saviour and perpetual friend,  
His love shall through eternity endure,  
Where weeping cease, and cruel tortures end.

ALCO. WINCHESTER.

REVIEW.—*Military Reminiscences extracted from a Journal of nearly Forty Years' active Service in the East Indies. By Colonel James Welsh, of the Madras establishment. 2 Vols. 8vo. pp. 368-347. Smith & Co. London. 1830.*

Is our preceding number, we spoke of this work in general terms, and also gave several extracts from the first volume. Some of these were in the direct line of the author's profession, but others were on common topics, such as might present themselves to every traveller visiting these interesting regions. On all occasions Mr. Welsh appears to have been on the alert, to notice passing events, and to enter on his journal whatever presented an aspect either new or strange. From these varied accumulations he has compiled a work of more than ordinary merit, and has thrown into its statements and details a portion of life that can rarely fail to attract the notice, and secure the attention, of his readers.

Of this valuable work we now turn to the second volume, suspending our further observations, to make room for extracts, which will place Mr. Welsh as an author, and his work as a publication, in a more pleasing light than any critical eulogiums could confer. To many readers, we doubt not, these specimens of the author's talents, and his appropriation of them, will furnish an inducement to become more intimately acquainted with the productions of his pen, while to others they will delineate varied scenes in India, of which they might otherwise remain long in comparative ignorance.

The violence of an Indian hurricane, Mr. Welsh thus describes:

"The wind, which was at first moderate, gradually rose, and at ten A.M. on the second of May, 1811, had increased to a perfect hurricane, which

continued with unabated fury for seventeen hours: the last six indeed, seldom equalled in any part of the world; during which, houses were upset, doors and windows blown off their hinges, trees torn up by the roots, and streams were running with great force in every direction. The sea, forcing its way into both rivers, swept all before it; two bridges could not be discovered for two days afterwards, and the Marinelong, having its centre arch carried away, was impassable for a considerable time.

"After this faint outline of the damage sustained on shore, I know not what words can picture the horrors of the scene in the roads. Of all the ships, brigs, cutters, ketches, donies, &c. only one solitary brig escaped, by putting out to sea at the commencement of the storm. Many foundered at their anchors, for the surface rose as far out as nine fathoms, others were literally torn to pieces, and the rest dashed against the shore in all directions. The whole beach was covered with wrecks, a distance of nearly three miles; and so thickly were the fragments strewn, that it was with difficulty we could find our way through them, as soon as the storm was over; yet, wonderful to relate, the hand of the Almighty was most singularly extended over the crews of his Majesty's fine frigate *Dancer*, and store-ship *Chichester*, and several other English ships, which were totally lost; only two Europeans losing their lives, of hundreds exposed to the most imminent peril; and I believe only a few hundred natives perished, of thousands whose floating habitations were buried in the waters."—Vol. II. p. 2.

The following is an instance of strong confidence placed by a wealthy native in the integrity of the British government:

"On the 28th of March, old Poorniah, a celebrated minister of state, who most ably ruled the Mysore country for many years during the minority of the present rajah, being very aged and infirm, departed this life in the fort of Seringapatam, where he had resided for many years with all his riches, in perfect retirement and security. He left all his wealth, said to amount to ten crores of pagodas, about four millions sterling, to his sons, also resident in the fort; a convincing proof of the entire confidence reposed in the British government by the natives. They had a Hindoo native officer's guard over the treasure during the father's illness, and for a few days afterwards, till their rights were publicly acknowledged, and they gave every man of the guard a handsome present when relieved. Colonel Hill and Poorniah were old acquaintances; and the Colonel himself was dying, when Poorniah sent him word that he "was going to the land of his fathers." He sent back a reply, that "he was also going the same road," and actually survived him only a few days."—Vol. II. p. 9.

Among the natives, superstition holds an almost undisturbed dominion, though some few shrewdly suspect that the objects of their veneration are more indebted to imagination than to inherent power, for the extensive influence they possess.

"In a deep jungle about two hundred yards to the northward of this house, is a sacred pagoda, the repository of a sword said to be two thousand years old, which is annually carried in procession by a Brahmin, down the Ghaut, to a pagoda, where many thousands of pilgrims assemble to behold it. We visited the spot, and examined this ancient weapon, always exposed to the weather in an open building, where fogs, dew, and rain are continual. It certainly has a most antique appearance, the hilt being of brass, extremely rudely formed, and the blade a mere misshapen mass of old iron, which had been broken and rudely mended near the point; or what

should be the point, for it has none at present. In such veneration is this relic held by the natives of Wynaud, that it is left in this open spot in the jungle, without any guard or security, but the superstition of the people, and they attribute such miracles to it, that the ark of the Israelites was not held more holy. Its touch is instant annihilation; and even its appearance, at certain times, is mortal. The Brahmin who carries it down annually, must not have seen man or woman for five days; and any unfortunate wretch who happens to come across him in his holy pilgrimage, drops down dead on the spot! Such is the tale which cunning has worked out of ignorance and superstition, and such the veneration paid by these weak wretches to a dirty bit of old rusty iron."—Vol. II. p. 22.

The extract which follows, will convince the reader, that tigers are by no means desirable neighbours :

"On the 28th of June, a tiger took a walk to a village to the northward, and carried off a cow and a calf for his breakfast; then returning home over one of the neighbouring hills, he met a bullock and a sheep, both of which he purloined for his tiffin and dinner. A few such visitors, with similar appetites, would soon create a famine in this neighbourhood. On the 8th of August, also, a tiger passing through several droves of oxen, and flocks of sheep, walked coolly up at mid-day to a young lad, sitting with a dozen other shepherds, and seizing him by the hand carried him off in his mouth, to the astonishment and consternation of the beholders. On the 11th, two fingers and part of the skull of the poor lad were found near the ghaut, but no further traces of the monster or his unfortunate prey."—Vol. II. p. 29.

The unhealthy situation of Seringapatam may be inferred from the following fact :

"In a few days I proceeded to bring the corps in from Seringapatam, and returned with it on the 6th of October, having been absent nearly eight months, during which time we had lost about four hundred men, women, and children; and brought back one hundred and twenty sick, who now recovering rapidly, were nearly all out of the hospital within a month."—Vol. II. p. 30.

The following paragraph is not calculated to place the conduct of the English in the most enviable light. It introduces to our notice two wealthy natives far advanced in years, mourning over their departed neighbours, and the desolation of their country :

"Having seen all their old companions laid in the silent grave, they seemed left for a little longer space, almost solely to point out to strangers the spot where such an one resided; where such a building once stood; and to tell how the English wantonly destroyed the finest and most sacred edifices, as well as the works of the place. For, setting aside the mild and more recent precepts of the divine law, and acting on the *lex talionis* principle, because the French on the other coast had destroyed both public and private edifices in Madras, they not only pulled down the governor's palace, the ruins of which still tell what a magnificent building it must have been, but also destroyed a public school, and dismantled the church, an uncommonly large one. I feel a glow on my cheek, while writing this sentence, Protestant though I am. How must these men have despised and execrated in their hearts, the perpetrators of such barbarous acts. These gentlemen are both since dead, and their mortal remains mingled with the dust of their former companions."—Vol. II. p. 43.

Among our author's adventures while in India, his falling into a pit that had been

excavated, and slightly covered over, for the capture of elephants, is one of the most remarkable. It was twelve feet in depth, and so secure, that without assistance, an escape was scarcely possible. Fortunately he was not seriously hurt, but two of his companions having fallen into another close by, were so severely injured, that the accident cost them their lives. The narrative is both humorous and affecting; but though full of interest, is too long to be extracted.

The strange ceremony of walking through the fire, which the natives practise on certain occasions, demands an insertion from its singularity. It also derives an additional interest from the strange efficacy of some preparation with which they rub themselves, in order to pass the burning ordeal, and which has the apparent property of rendering them invulnerable against the corrosions of fire, and the sensation of heat. But we will state the fact in Mr. Welsh's own words :

"On the 12th of March, 1813, being invited by the Hindoos of our corps, to see the ceremony of walking through the fire, I mounted my horse, accompanied by Captain Pepper, and rode to the spot, in rear of the native lines, where an oblong pit was prepared, eighteen feet by twelve. I am not aware of its depth, because on our arrival it was full of live coals perfectly red hot. A procession then arrived on the opposite side, and every one of them either walked or danced deliberately through the fire length-ways, having only two landing-places in the centre of each of the smaller faces. This fire was actually no intense, that we could not approach its margin, but sat on our horses at a distance, watching every motion. I had seen a little, and had heard more, of this strange feat, but never had such an opportunity of positive proof before. It was in the middle of the Hooly Feast, and I understood the particular ceremony was in honour of the small-pox deity Mariamah, to whom they sacrifice a cock, before they venture into the furnace. Then besmeared all over with some yellow stuff, they go backward and forward, both quick and slow, without any apparent suffering, and one man carried an infant on his shoulders, which did not even cry. The puppets of this extraordinary show were of all ages; and I saw a very fine boy slip down at the landing-place, and the others pulled him up uninjured immediately. I have now stated the fact, from ocular demonstration; it remains for chemists to explore the nature of the stuff with which they are besmeared, for every Christian will at once attribute this apparent miracle to the true cause, and give them due credit for a very subtle trick. I never could get any native to explain this; and I suspect that the Mussulmans, who can have no interest in keeping up the deception, are quite as ignorant of the means as we are."—Vol. II. p. 50.

Like most other nations and tribes, the Hindoos have among them many traditions, some of which bear a most extravagant character. To these the common people pay a kind of religious attention, and their credulity appears to increase in proportion as they commit an outrage on the dictates of reason and common sense. The Irish tradition of St. Patrick swimming across the channel with his head in his mouth, is

scarcely more absurd; but we have no room for tales of such monstrous fictions.

In the management of their boats amidst a high and dangerous surf, the natives are represented as being exceedingly dexterous. The formidable waves are not the only enemy they have to encounter. They are frequently overturned by the violence of the billows, and while struggling for life in the waters, are surrounded by sharks, ever ready to devour their prey.

Nor is the land more exempt from dangers. The ferocious tiger lurks unseen in the jungles, and the venomous serpent lies concealed in unsuspected nooks. The suddenness of the attacks, and the virulence of the poison, may be easily gathered from the following occurrence:

"Mr. Pearson, the Zillah Judge, who lived in a large house, apart from any other, and whose compound had been permitted to retain a portion of the underwood, for the purpose of amusement with pointers and spaniels, was walking, about seven o'clock in the evening, attended by his dogs, peons, &c. enjoying the evening air, when suddenly he received a blow on the instep, and, looking down, perceived a large snake making off. The effect was instantaneous, he fell into the arms of his attendants, was carried into the house, took a dose of *eau de luce* immediately, and sent off for the doctor, who ran half a mile to attend him. Half an hour had now elapsed since the bite, and the native jugglers and snake-men, had arrived, and applied a snake-stone to the wound, which was in actual adhesion, when the surgeon, scarifying the adjacent flesh, and, pouring *eau de luce* on it, caused the stone to fall off, which was not again applied. A vein was also opened above the wound, which produced blood in a very bad state; a tight ligature was then applied, the draught was applied every fifteen minutes, and till eleven no unfavourable symptoms appeared. All at once, however, the throat became affected, and his voice failed. At half past twelve convulsions ensued, and the poor sufferer lingered, unable to articulate, till nine o'clock on the next morning, when he expired."—Vol. ii. p. 164.

An extraordinary tribe of natives, called the Nayaree or Niaree, are represented as the most abject of the human family. They are nearly black, have bushy hair, have a language of their own, never build houses, wear no clothing, and dare not approach any other inhabitant of the coast. They live on trees, in bushes, or in holes in the ground, and are little above the brutes in the mental powers they display.

The Chinese, Mr. Welsh observes, place the most implicit faith in the character of Europeans when dealing with them, but he thinks the same compliment cannot be returned to the native traders in the celestial empire. They are more disposed to trust foreigners, than their own countrymen, and the reasons assigned are sufficient to justify these conclusions.

The character of Christianity in Goa is degraded by the vices of the priests, and the base morals of the people. It shows

iniquity taking shelter under the awful sanctions of religion, and becoming the more detestable for the visor which it wears. The only redeeming quality is, that the Inquisition was without any inhabitants.

Speaking of the ruins of Bejapoor, the author has the following observations:

"I took up my abode for the day, in the Ioomah Musjeed: but will not now say any more respecting this stupendous proof of the instability of all human grandeur, in which have been expended millions of money, in buildings alone, for bats and owls to inhabit. The heart sickens, while in the very act of admiring the surprising domes, and enormous masses of hewn stone, raised by means apparently not handed down to the present generation."—Vol. ii. p. 305.

Among the ruins of Bejapoor, Mr. Welsh visited an extraordinary cannon, which he thus describes:

"This fine cavalier is situated near the rampart, and not above a few hundred yards from the bastion, on which stands the Moolk é Malden, a kind of howitzer of cast metal, supposed to be partly gold, and of enormous value: the dimensions of which are fifteen feet long, nearly five feet in diameter, and the bore two feet three inches. It is so very massive and solid, that it presents no vulnerable point to any common tools, and has therefore remained entire, and without blemish to the present day, on the top of an open bastion, in a ruined rampart, exposed to the inclemency of the weather for upwards of two centuries, and totally abandoned perhaps for one. The tradition is, that it was actually fired once during the siege, when the ball, missing the besieger's camp, went hissing through the air, occasioning many mishaps on its passage, for thirty or forty miles, and was never found afterwards. Indeed, my informant very sagaciously added,—some suppose that it is yet flying."—Vol. ii. p. 318.

Among the same ruins, which embrace a circumference of twenty-four miles, over which are scattered fragments of former magnificence, remnants of splendid mansions, surprising monuments, places of worship still lifting their lofty heads above the surrounding scenes of desolation, intersected with habitations of beggary, another gun of vast dimensions was discovered. It was thirty feet long, and twelve inches in bore, but it does not appear to bear any marks of great antiquity equal to the preceding.

But we must now prepare to take our leave of these interesting volumes. With plates and engravings of various descriptions, amounting to ninety-one, they are richly ornamented. As works of art, perhaps, they do not occupy a foremost rank; but as illustrations of scenes in nature, or productions of art, they are highly valuable, because appropriate and expressive, and whoever gazes on them with an eye to utility, rather than for the amusement of fancy, and the gratification of taste, will be pleased with the fidelity of their representations.

In the literary department, all preten-

sions to elegance of diction are disclaimed, but the perspicuity which prevails throughout, renders all apology unnecessary. The materials are both abundant and varied, every where displaying sterling worth, and evincing the author's unwearied industry, and the successful application of his talents.

The scenery exhibited on the banks of the Ganges, never fail to interest the European visitor. Mr. Welsh, instead of transporting us to India, has imported a valuable cargo from her shores, and without exposing us to the hazard of a tedious voyage, and the fatigue of travelling, regales us with its fragrance on the margins of the Thames.

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REVIEW.—*A Sermon preached at the Opening of the Roman Catholic Chapel, of the Holy Family, at Houghton Hall, Yorkshire, the Seat of the Honorable C. Langdale, on Feb. 25th, 1829, by the Rev. F. Martyn.*

THE prophetic description of the Man of sin by St. Paul, and that of the Beast by St. John, are as applicable to the church of Rome, as the golden image of Nebuchadnezzar was to the mould in which it was cast; and his holiness the pope is as well delineated as if he had sat for his portrait. One trait in the history of that church is, falsehood and lying wonders; and this, the sermon now before us is calculated to support.

Mr. Martyn has certainly identified himself to be a legitimate son of his holy mother at Rome; and his attempt to prove that his holy father the pope is the hereditary representative of St. Peter, is an undertaking more worthy the dark ages, than of the nineteenth century. He must either be ignorant of the history of popery, or have had a good opinion of the ignorance of his audience, when he told them that Bede, Augustin, and Ambrose used the words "mass," and "the sacrifice of the mass," exactly in the same sense that the church of Rome does now. Such a bold assertion could be made only by a popish dogmatist, and believed only by a credulously superstitious audience.

Poynder, in his "Evidences and Characters of Christianity," makes the same attempt, but he has completely failed; as the word mass does not occur in any of the quotations which he has made from ancient creeds. On the contrary, he has incautiously brought out some old armour, which a Protestant may, with a little rubbing up, successfully use in driving him from his post: for the whole of the quo-

tations prove, that the ancient church administered both the bread and the wine in the Eucharist, to all her members.

The word mass is derived from the Latin verb *missa est*: a phrase which was used by the deacons of the ancient church when the service was over, intimating that the catechumens were to depart, while the members were to remain, and partake of the Lord's supper. *Ecclesia* was understood to agree with *missa est*; the assembly is dismissed. *Missa* signifying "dismissal," the word in time came to be applied to public prayers as dismissed to heaven. Hence St. Ambrose sometimes used the phrase "*missas facere*," to make supplications. But the church of Rome applies the word both to her public service, and the sacrifice of the mass, as she expresses it. Now the sacrifice of the mass was never publicly acknowledged by that church till the thirteenth century, when Gregory IX. sanctioned it by a decree, which runs thus: "*Sacerdotes frequentes deceptant plebem suam, et cum in celebratione Missarum elevatur hostia reverentur si inclinent, idemque faciant cum eam deferret presbyter ad infirmam.*"

This was a necessary consequence of the figment of transubstantiation. For if the bread and wine underwent a change in the consecrating, every fractional part of them must have done the same; and whatever remained after the communion, must hence be divine, and of course it became the subject of adoration with the senseless multitude. Here was a legitimate conclusion from false premises. But in the mean while, the date reduces Mr. Martyn's age of the sacrifice of the mass from fourteen hundred to six hundred years.

*Koprig des ψευδους.*

Mr. Martyn touches the old string of popish episcopal ordination, as being the infallible requisite of a minister of Christ; for he says that he can prove a regular succession of regularly ordained pastors in the church of Rome, from the times of the apostles to the present day, and humbly enumerates himself in that succession. Does Mr. M. not know that the church of England, the Greek church, and the Syrian church, can, upon his own principles, do the same? Where is then the boasted exclusive right which his church vainly arrogates to himself?

The *imbelle telum*, which this champion of St. Mary's Mount, Walsal, throws at the established church, and those who dissent from her, is that which may be most successfully used against the infallibility of his holy father the pope.

"Had I (he observes) no better warrant for appearing in this character, than a mere appointment from the state, or a pretended call of the Spirit, I should be unworthy of your confidence. The Spirit of God is the spirit of truth, ever uniformly consistent with itself; it cannot therefore sanction contradiction, absurdity, and error. It cannot inspire one man to teach that Christ is God, and another to teach that he is not God; to preach to-day that there is a Trinity in the Godhead, and to-morrow that there is not; to announce to one part of mankind that Christ appointed only two sacraments, and to another part that he instituted seven." The inference to be drawn from this passage is, "that all who are influenced by the Spirit of God, if teachers, will uniformly teach the same truths without contradicting one another."

Now, will Mr. Martyn attempt to deny that the very men, who arrogantly claim infallibility, have not only opposed one another at times, both in doctrines and actions; but that the same pope has opposed himself, when mother church's interest required him? Mr. Belsham and Joanna Southcote have not been more opposite to one another, than Gregory VII. was to John XXII., and Gregory XII., to John XXIII. Mr. M. also betrays his ignorance of the religious world. For those who deny the Godhead of Christ, and the doctrine of the Trinity, do not profess to be called by the Spirit.

We are not apprehensive that this sermon will, in any respect, weaken the bulwarks of Protestantism; though it may be reckoned of large caliber by the pensioners at Houghton Hall. Yet it teaches us, that the same intolerant and exclusive spirit which reigned in the church of Rome in the darkest ages, has not forsaken her. *Semper eadem* is applicable to her at all times, in all places, and amidst all circumstances.

REVIEW.—*Practical Sermons on the Epistles to the Seven Churches, the Millennium, and the Church triumphant, and on the CXXXth Psalm. By the late Rev. Joseph Milner, M.A. With Prefatory Remarks by the Rev. Edward Bickersteth. 8vo. pp. 415. Seeley. London. 1830.*

THE title of this volume denotes that it is one of no common character, and the texts chosen for elucidation and discussion, will fully confirm the expectation that it excites. The name of Milner is associated with ideas of an exalted description, and a perusal of these pages will shut the door against disappointment, unless hope should enter a region, in which reason knows not how to travel.

These sermons, twenty-two in number, appear to have been published for the Church Missionary Society, to promote the  
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interests of which, they are admirably adapted. They seem to take their stand on those margins of unfulfilled prophecy, whence the reader is taught to penetrate futurity, and call those "things which are not as though they were."

Whatever variety of opinions may be entertained respecting the nature of the Millennium, and the period of its arrival, all who receive the Bible as a revelation from God, will admit, that the universal spread of the Gospel stands among its oft-repeated and most indubitable promises. To these the author has paid commendable attention; and no one can doubt, that the exertions which have of late years been made by most christian denominations, to send among the heathen tribes of mankind, a knowledge of salvation through Jesus Christ, have a favourable aspect towards their final accomplishment.

To the seven Asiatic churches, nine sermons are devoted; Laodicea having three, in which the character of each is delineated, its excellencies, and apostatizing spirit and practice, are pointed out; and an application of the principles developed, is brought home to the professors of religion in more modern days. At the conclusion of each of these sermons, a note is subjoined, giving an historical account of the condition of the places and people to whom the discourse primarily refers, as noticed by modern travellers who have visited these venerable cities, and witnessed the fading glories of these primitive christian churches.

The other sermons are on distinct subjects, but throughout the whole, a family resemblance may be traced, since all have an eye to the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. On all suitable occasions Mr. Milner inculcates the leading truths of Christianity, and the pure principles of evangelical doctrine. His style is homely, but strong and powerful; better calculated to reach the conscience, than to please the fancy; to awaken his hearers from Laodicean lethargy, than to lull them to deceitful repose. On this point let the reader peruse the following brief extracts from the concluding discourse, and then judge for himself.

Among the characters addressed are, decent ignorant formalists; scornful infidels; libertines in practice, genteel and frivolous; misers, anxious worldlings; lewd of both sexes; swearers; drunkards; young and old. To infidels, whom he includes among more gross sinners, he thus speaks:

"Here, infidel, look at the gospel. Thou canst not but own that to be proud before God, and to be unwilling to be humbled before him, is sinful. This is thy sin. This keeps thee in ignorance and unbelief. The devil by this blinds thine eyes," &c.

the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto thee." It is easy to say, thou wilt hearken to reason; but when the most reasonable proofs of Christianity have been laid before thee to no purpose, and thou still holdest out, what can this be owing to but pride and love of sin. The Gospel teaches too humbling a doctrine for thy pride, it exalts God too much for thee; it is too pure, too holy. This is the objection of objections with all infidels, whatever else they pretend. Go to Mahomet, and let him teach thee the indulgence of lust and revenge; that suits thy nature. Go to Popery, that nurse of proud self and formality; that is a religion which will suit a profligate prince, like Charles II.; and all who love their sins, and yet would escape hell. Go to Deism and Free-thinking; they lift thee up in pride, tarnish the divine glory, intoxicate thee with high ideas of thy own dignity, are enemies to self-denial, and tell thee, heaven is to be won by humanity. So truly do all false religions meet in one common origin; they gratify mean self-love. The gospel humbles man, and exalts the Lord. It is pure, holy, penetrating the heart. It tells thee thou art wicked; so will thy conscience, too, if thou wilt hearken to her."—p. 388.

Having addressed himself to various classes of transgressors in language nervous and appropriate, and with a degree of earnestness calculated to awaken the conscience, in the following extract the miser obtains a share of the author's plain-dealing.

"And, anxious miser, do not be for ever poring over thy money matters; is not death seizing thee? hast thou not one foot in the grave? thy sin is enormous,—it is idolatry! But in Jesus there is 'plenteous redemption, even for thee. Were it not 'plenteous, thou must perish; but as it is plenteous, it can save thee. But thou must be torn from the love of money; thou must be turned to God; thou must see the heinousness of thy sin, in placing that dependence on money, which ought to have been placed on God. This is the true light in which thou shouldst see thy sin; then it will appear heinous. But God's eternal Son died on Calvary to expiate it.'—p. 391.

"Lastly: there remains now to be spoken to, whoremongers, harlots, swearers, drunkards; what shall be done? The greater part of them are perhaps at this moment traversing the streets. Ah! they will not come within the sound of exhortation. But as some may be here, I tell them first, they may be forgiven, they need not despair, if they will repent. Murdering Manasseh, persecuting Saul, the harlot who washed our Lord's feet with tears, are so many proofs of the plenteousness of Christ's redemption. But will you abuse this to the last? shall conscience always be stifled? Surely you need no argument to prove that you are travelling in the way of wickedness. You shew plainly that you are Satan's slaves, and a goodly master, truly, for reasonable creatures to serve! Goodly wages truly! fire, brimstone, the lake of fire, the never-dying worm. Much reason, indeed, you have to despise those who admonish you! Repent, oh, repent at last! Think what you might be willing to give, an hundred years hence, when tormented in hell, for a chance of that salvation which now sounds in your ears; God calls you by my mouth, turn without delay, turn truly, and he will receive you, and make you new creatures in Christ Jesus."—p. 392.

The preceding extracts may be considered as fair specimens of these discourses. To the author's talents and his application of them, they are highly creditable. To the lustre of his fame they will add another ray, and confer on the serious reader another very useful volume, of instructive and practical divinity.

REVIEW.—*Discourses on the Millennium, the Doctrine of Election, Justification by Faith, and the Historical Evidence for the Apostolical Institution of Episcopacy.* By the Rev. Michael Russel, LL.D. 12mo. pp. 443. Simpkin and Marshall, London. 1830.

ON the topics professedly examined and discussed in this volume, only a small portion of original matter can be found. The author has availed himself of the writings of others to a considerable extent, and combined their varied views in the result of his own researches.

The Millennium is admitted by all writers to be a subject of profound depth; and facts demonstrate that it is one to the bottom of which no plummet has ever yet descended. Every theory which theological ingenuity has invented, the flight of time has proved to be erroneous, so far as the lapse of years and the progress of events have brought calculation to the touch-stone of real occurrence. This is humiliating to the pride of intellect. It stamps the seal of error on the past; and generates a suspicion, that the new adventurers on this mysterious ocean, on all sides enveloped with clouds, will probably share the fate of their predecessors.

On the subject of the Millennium, Mr. Russel, with commendable industry, has collected numerous opinions which individuals and parties have broached and embraced. But the principal points established are, that the belief is of great antiquity, and of general prevalence, but that scarcely any two individuals, of independent minds, have entertained the same views, and inculcated the same creed. These circumstances furnish presumptive evidence that the subject is but indistinctly revealed in the book of God. In this assemblage of conflicting opinion, our author lies deeply entrenched. His own views are delivered with caution, and as we proceed, much attention is required to ascertain what he really means. He has demolished the edifices which others have raised, but his own building remains yet to be erected.

In this omission he has, however, acted with much prudence, and it would have been creditable to the reputation of many, if they had displayed a similar degree of discretion. His concluding paragraph contains the following judicious observations.

"My object has been to establish the fact, that the impression which prevailed among the primitive believers on this head, originated in a Jewish tradition, and had no connexion with the gospel, and ought therefore never to have occupied their thoughts,

as members of the Christian church. Such an undertaking, I trust, will not be deemed unsuitable at the present moment, when a considerable degree of excitement continues to agitate the religious community relative to the unfulfilled predictions of the prophets. Mr. Faber has fixed the date of the new heavens and the new earth, at the distance of *thirty-five years*; and should the Millennium not begin in 1865, according to the calculation of that laborious scholar, Dr. Hales has prepared another period of anxiety, by discovering, on what he esteems infallible grounds, that the globe, and all the works which are thereon, shall certainly be dissolved by fire in the year of our Lord *one thousand eight hundred and eighty*. It deserves to be remarked, too, that when, from whatever cause, a religious sensation is produced in the public mind, the Jewish notion of a Millennium is instantly revived; and the same hopes, the same follies, the same reasonings, and the same disappointments take their round, alarm the timid believer, and afford a triumph to the hardened sceptic. It is time that the unlearned and unstable should be protected from such presumptuous absurdity."—p. 190.

The second discourse, on the doctrine of election, marshals, in favour of Calvinism, the arguments which have been long worn thread-bare in the public service. To those who enlist under the Genevan banner, they will be deemed invulnerable, while others of an opposite creed will think they have been often refuted, and wonder why their repose in the grave has been so sacrilegiously disturbed. In the course of his reasonings the author has taken but little pains to conceal the cloven foot of his creed; and manifested less ingenuity, in guarding from attacks many of the sentiments he has advanced. At every step, the tomahawk or the scalping knife is at hand.

The third discourse "on justification by faith" contains many excellent observations on this important doctrine. The author's views are both enlarged and minute. He shews a capability of grasping its outlines, and tracing its distant connexions, and also of entering into its minute details. No occasion, however, is omitted, to measure its proximity to the creed, and he always stops short, when the tether appears to have been run out, and a retreat becomes necessary.

"The apostolical institution of episcopacy," must be dear to every churchman, and an able writer appearing in its defence, will always find admirers, where this mode of national church government is established by law. The bulwark erected by Hooker has never yet been demolished, and while

this remains invulnerable, the citadel may bid defiance to its numerous assailants. Mr. Russel has collected the opinions of the primitive Christian churches, and supported what he has advanced by the authority of the ancient fathers, but every one knows that almost any thing may be proved in some shape or other from the writings of these venerable men. From these and other sources the evidence adduced in favour of episcopal government is, however, both strong and commanding; and those who think that this mode of ecclesiastical discipline and jurisdiction has no foundation in scripture, should examine this discourse with due attention, before they presume to treat episcopal claims with contempt.

On the whole, this is a highly respectable volume, fully entitled to a serious perusal. But it will be chiefly interesting to those who think the Millennium too obscure to be penetrated by presumption, who identify the dogmas of Calvinism with truth, delight in luminous discourses on the great doctrine of justification by faith, and believe that the institution of episcopacy is of apostolical origin.

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REVIEW. *Lord Byron's Cain: a Mystery. With Notes, &c. by Harding Grant, Author of Chancery Practice.* 8vo. pp. 448. Crofts, London. 1830.

IT has been either the honour or the misfortune of Lord Byron to have no rest even in his grave. Applauded and execrated while living, his friends and enemies visit his sepulchre to watch the myrtle and the nightshade springing from his ashes, and to notice the extent of atmosphere that has been impregnated with the fragrance or the poison which they exhale.

To white-wash and to blacken his lordship's character, many artists have employed their talents, and each has found much to admire and much to condemn, without having recourse to any exaggeration. Both parties have, however, resorted to extremes, and while, with one, he has been exalted almost into an angel of light, by the other he has been represented as little better than an incarnate fiend. It is a melancholy spectacle on any occasion, to find truth taking shelter under disguise; and this is the more lamentable when it associates with individual character. What will not bear the light, should be either consigned to oblivion, or suspended on the gibbet of infamy, not to contaminate, but to warn mankind.

Stripped of every varnish and visor, the character of Lord Byron may be comprised in a single sentence. "With talents of the

highest order, which cannot fail to immortalize his name, his morals were depraved, and his principles abandoned." These simple facts neither his defenders nor his assailants attempt to deny. The former, however, wish to exalt his excellences, and to palliate his faults, while the latter endeavour to cast some shadows on his talents, and to place his principles and morals in the most offensive light. By the former, his splendid abilities are presumed to illuminate the whole of his moral horizon; but by the latter, the darkening clouds throw a gloomy eclipse over the luminous features of his sky. This difference of opinion has furnished employment to numerous writers, who, volunteering their services under the banners of the respective belligerents, have for many years been playing at shuttlecock with his lordship's talents, character, and name.

The work before us, is a kind of Coke upon Littleton; it contains detached speeches, scenes, and passages from Lord Byron's Cain, and comments on them in very voluminous notes. Of the noble author, Mr. Grant speaks as favourably as possible, but without attempting to vindicate the sentiments and expressions which Lucifer and Cain are taught to utter. He readily allows that much reprehensible matter is embodied in this dramatical composition, but he more than intimates that this is done to expose turpitude, rather than to propagate infidelity, though he cannot altogether exonerate his lordship from blame. On these subjects the following passages will best illustrate the author's views.

"Nor can I pledge myself that his lordship was the subject of those religious persuasions, which I have, perhaps, occasionally, in these pages, indulged a hope of his having been, from his introduction of matters directly connected with religious principles, which I can hardly account for being so introduced, unless by an individual, who at least did not wholly condemn the subjects implicated in them." Preface, p. xiii.

This, it must be confessed, is but slender praise. It partakes as much of apology as of vindication, and exhibits hope resting on a very feeble foundation. His lordship having certain characters to support throughout his poem, drew his materials in favour of religion and morals, from sources of publicly acknowledged authority; but no more reason appears from hence in favour of his principles than might be inferred to their great disadvantage, from the sentiments which Cain and Lucifer have been instructed to express. In the following passage the author of the notes thus proceeds.

"But the truth is, that in these notes I have treated his lordship precisely as I would have done any other author; that is, impartially and candidly, as having no other knowledge of him than from the work before me. I have therefore given him credit for all the good I have found, and charged all of a contrary nature to the account of his intention of ex-

emplifying evil characters and principles, for the purpose of so exposing them, that good may be educed from their confutation." p. xiii.

On this charitable interpretation of his lordship's intentions, it will be needless to make any remarks. We could ardently have wished, that facts had borne out the conclusion, without suffering candour to throw forth shoots and branches, which seem to spread into wild exuberance.

"What relates to his responsibility to his Creator belongs not to man to scan; or, if he do, with candour and caution, regulated by the word of truth:—"that word, which says, 'he that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone.' Yet sin is that which is opposed to God; and which, unrenounced by man, and uncancelled by the Redeemer of sinners, will separate from Him—FOR EVER.

"As to Lucifer and Cain; them I have (as *enim*, and to the best of my ability) not spared: yet, I hope not to the neglect of all required equity." p. xiv.

In all the passages above quoted, we perceive Mr. Grant placed in a delicate situation. He wishes to conceal as much of his lordship's deformity, as truth, and a due regard to his own character, will allow; and we readily admit that he has succeeded in the arduous task beyond what impartiality might have been induced to expect. In Lucifer and Cain he has found convenient scape-goats, to whom nearly all the guilt generally imputed to his lordship has been faithfully transferred. They are laden like the camel of Abyssinia mentioned by Bruce; and if they were sent into the land of forgetfulness, the moral world might, perhaps, go on, without the aid of their unrighteous characters.

The notes in themselves are highly respectable. They encircle several branches of ethics, into which Mr. Grant enters with vigour and commendable ability. Throughout the greater part of them, his lordship is but sparingly introduced; but Lucifer and Cain are arraigned, found guilty, and condemned for numerous passages in their dialogues, and respective speeches. Their characters and principles, Mr. Grant appears to have examined with impartiality, and in most instances his observations are judicious, consonant with scripture, varied in the researches which they display, and occasionally profound. On the numerous topics which come under discussion he argues with acuteness, and employs talents of an exalted order. The pernicious principles of Lucifer and Cain he fairly meets, and combats with success.

We cannot, however, but think, that the notes are too elaborate for the occasion; and perhaps by far the greater number of those who are enamoured with Cain as a poem of Lord Byron, they will probably never be seen. To the profligate and abandoned the influence of moral principle will appear too contemptible to require any serious thought.



They have learnt that it is fashionable to read the productions of his lordship, and such an acquaintance with his writings as will be sufficient to keep them in countenance with their companions in ignorance, impudence, and folly, is the extent of their desires and of their acquisition. To characters of this description, atheism and infidelity, scattered through the pages of a work, form a strong recommendation. They associate an idea of heroism with their entrance within the confines of irreligion, and rejoice at having escaped the fetters of prejudice in which their ancestors were bound.

To a large mass of readers, however, who admire his lordship's talents, but abhor his principles, this volume will appear in a very different light. They will hail it as an exposure of what is censurable in principle, without degrading what is praise-worthy in the exalted regions of poetical excellence. In this element the notes of Harding Grant will long continue to shine.

Whatever might have been the views and intentions of this author respecting Lord Byron, it must be obvious to every reader, that from the animadversions made on Lucifer and Cain, his lordship cannot wholly escape. The javelin hurled at the two former, reaches the third by a strange kind of dexterous accident; and should his character complain of castigation, an apology is already provided in the passages quoted above, which amounts to this—"I am sorry for your misfortune, and beg pardon for my want of skill. I did not mean to strike you; but really you ought not to have taken your stand so near such unprincipled wretches."

This volume is elegantly printed, and the paper is of a superior quality. To the author it must have been a work of considerable labour, and while success has crowned his exertions in combating pernicious principles, we hope that an extended circulation will more than reimburse his expense on sending it into the world.

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REVIEW.—*The Life and Times of Richard Baxter; with a Critical Examination of his Writings.* By the Rev. William Orme, Author of the "*Life of John Owen, D.D.*;" "*Bibliotheca Biblica*," &c. &c. Two Volumes. 8vo. pp. 511—508. London. Duncan. 1830.

THE life and times of one of the most voluminous writers of any age or country, who lived in an era as eventful as any recorded by English history, written by a man of most consummate industry and research, and possessed withal of that meek

spirit of deference which ought invariably to characterize the theological biographer, is a treasure in "these degenerate times," which we cannot too highly value.

Casting our eyes over the chequered pages of the history of our country, in search of that period, the events of which are the most interesting to the philosopher, we should fix them on the stormy times of Charles I. and his wary successor. A "new light" had taken precedence of the fires of Smithfield; the vehemency of polemical controversy raged in their stead; and Truth, after enduring the vicissitudes of many a warfare subsequent to the Reformation, had commenced her final struggle with bigotry, for that mastery which, after all, was consummated but by persecutions, prisons, and deaths. The caldron of faction, filled with many heterogeneous ingredients, boiled furiously over the flames of civil commotion; and the rapid succession of occurrences, civil and ecclesiastical, which distinguish the records of those turbulent times, demands a species of discrimination and judgment on the part of the historian, which we rarely find brought to the task.

A most conspicuous actor in the whole of that drama was the "apostle of affliction," Richard Baxter, whose ardent mind and astounding genius seem to have been peculiarly fitted to combat with the feverish spirit of the period. His learning, unfostered by a college,—his piety, unrelentingly severe,—and his zeal, unchecked by persecution, rendered this dauntless and uncompromising individual a dangerous foe to the specious and aspiring men of the day.

To follow the indefatigable compiler, Mr. Orme, through the lengthened details of his varied volumes, would be an almost endless task. We must, therefore, merely state, before proceeding to give a few promiscuous extracts from them, that the reader can only hope for a satisfactory explication of their worth and interest by a direct reference to their pages. They contain some novel details relating to the cause of the king and the parliamentarians; the battles of Edghill, Naseby, and Worcester; the flight of Charles II.; Cromwell's character, conduct in the army, and interviews with Baxter; his duplicity in aiding the parliament to take possession of the king's person; Cromwell's parliaments; his death; the Restoration of Charles; his deceitful conferences with the Nonconformists, and offer to Baxter of a bishopric; the Act of Uniformity; the plague and fire of London; character of Charles II.; his



tors, in his surpassing duplicity: for though the glitterings of a mitre had no charms for the conscientious seceders, there were those who, won by preferment, bartered their services and support, their conscience and talent, for the then evanescent honours of the church. Nor need it be matter of amazement that so treacherous a proceeding, as the affected negotiation with the Nonconformists, was countenanced and assisted by many divines of talent and learning, when we consider the all but universal sway of that corrupt motive, *self-interest*, whose principle it is

"To make e'en Justice thwart her even scale,  
And tear the bandage from her blinded eye;  
To change to stone the heart of Pity's self,  
And freeze the fountain of her falling tears!"

Baxter thus relates the meeting of the nonconforming party with the king, the result of which is too well known to warrant its being noticed here:—

"Lord Broghill was pleased to come to me, and told me, that he had proposed to the king a conference for an agreement, and that the king took it very well, and was resolved to further it. About the same time, the Earl of Manchester signified as much to Mr. Calamy; so that Mr. Calamy, Dr. Reynolds, Mr. Ash, and myself, went to the Earl of Manchester, then Lord Chamberlain; and after consulting about the business with him, he determined on a day to bring us to the king. Mr. Calamy advised that some of us who were the king's clerical might be called to the consultation; so that we four might not seem to take too much upon us without others. So, Dr. Wallis, Dr. Manton, and Dr. Spurston, &c., went with us to the king; who, with the lord chancellor, and the Earl of St. Alban's, came to us in the lord chamberlain's lodgings.

"We exercised more boldness, at first, than afterwards would have been borne. When some of the rest had congratulated his majesty's happy Restoration, and declared the large hope which they had of a cordial union among all dissenters by his means, I presumed to speak to him of the concerns of religion, and how far we were from desiring the continuance of any factions or parties in the church, and how much a happy union would conduce to the good of the land, and to his majesty's satisfaction."

"I presumed to tell him, that the late usurpers so well understood their own interest, that to promote it, they had found the way of doing good to be the most effectual means; and had placed and encouraged many thousand faithful ministers in the church, even such as detested their usurpation; and that so far had they attained their ends hereby, that it was the principal means of their interest in the people; wherefore, I humbly craved his majesty, that as he was our lawful king, in whom all his people were prepared to centre, so he would be pleased to undertake this blessed work of promoting their holiness and concord; and that he would never suffer himself to be tempted to undo the good which Cromwell or any other had done, because they were usurpers that did it; or discountenance a faithful ministry, because his enemies had set them up; but that he would rather outgo them in doing good, and opposing and rejecting the ignorant and ungodly, of what opinion or party soever."

Of Sir Matthew Hale (who was his neighbour at Acton) Baxter says,—

"His great advantage for innocency was, that he was no lover of riches or of grandeur. His garb was too plain; he studiously avoided all unnecessary familiarity with great persons, and all that manner of living which signifieth wealth and greatness. He kept no greater family than myself. I lived in a small house, which, for a pleasant back opening, he had a mind to; but caused a stranger, that he might not be suspected to be the man, to know of me whether I were willing to part with it, before he would meddle with it.—The conference which I had frequently with him, mostly about the immortality of the soul, and other philosophical and foundation points, was so edifying, that his very questions and objections did help me to more light than other men's solutions. Those who take none for religious, who frequent not private meet-

ings, &c., took him for an excellently righteous, moral man; but I, who heard and read his serious expressions of the concerns of eternity, and saw his love to all good men, and the blamelessness of his life, thought better of his piety than my own. When the people crowded in and out of my house, to hear, he openly showed me so great respect before them at the door, and never spoke a word against it, as was no small encouragement to the common people to go on; though the other sort muttered, that a judge should seem so far to countenance that which they took to be against the law."

For Baxter's trial before the sanguinary Jefferies, for a libellous paraphrase of the New Testament, we must refer our readers to the work, inserting only a paragraph which is part of a colloquy between Pollexfen (Baxter's counsel) and Judge Jefferies:—

"I beseech your lordship," said Pollexfen, "suffer me a word for my client. It is well known to all intelligent men of age in this nation, that these things do not apply to the character of Mr. Baxter, who wished as well to the king and royal family as Mr. Love, who lost his head for endeavouring to bring in the son long before he was restored. And, my lord, Mr. Baxter's loyal and peaceable spirit, King Charles would have rewarded with a bishopric, when he came in, if he would have conformed."

"Aye, aye," said the judge, "we know that; but what ailed the old blockhead, the unthankful villain, that he could not conform? Was he wiser or better than other men? He hath been, ever since, the spring of the infection. I am sure he hath poisoned the world with his linsey-woolsey doctrine." Here his rage increased to an amazing degree. He called Baxter a conceited, stubborn, fanatical dog. "Hang him," said he; "this one old fellow hath cast more reproach upon the constitution and discipline of our church, than will be wiped off this hundred years; but I'll handle him for it: for, by G—, he deserves to be whipped through the city."

"Perfection is not a plant of earth;" and it would be partial, in reviewing the "Life and Times of Baxter," to assume that "the father of moderate Nonconformity" was without his share of imperfection. His biographer more than once adverts to his bigotry, though in a tone of modulation. This failing of Baxter's was conspicuous in his belief in *demonology* and *witchcraft*. The reader would scarcely suppose, after perusing Baxter's tedious and fanciful dissertations on the appearance of the devil, and the power vested in old women to torment mankind with supernatural punishments, that the author of such absurdities was no other than the brilliant Richard Baxter,—he who feared the face of no man—who "played the accusing angel to courtiers and kings,"—who would have sealed his testimony to the truth of Christianity, at the martyr's pyre,—and whose comprehensive genius, and astounding labours, were the theme of universal admiration on the one hand, and the cause of fear and trembling on the other!

Our limits will not allow us to devote that space to the review of Baxter's Life and Times which the varied and intensely interesting contents deserve; and we have here only space to observe, before taking our leave of the work, that its value and interest are mournfully enhanced by the demise of the excellent compiler, Mr. Orme, ere his

ready pen had accomplished its task. Of his private virtues as a man and as a Christian, that "highest style of man," we shall here say nothing, having been ably forestalled in other quarters. His memory remains as a cheering beacon to light us on our voyage over the ocean of humanity :—

"The good man dies to live a double life ;  
For though his spirit, perdurably cloth'd,  
Beaks in th' immortal's presence, yet he lives  
A bright example to corrupted earth,  
To chide and cheer, and lead us nobly on  
Unto that warfare which ensured his crown."

**REVIEW.—***Cabinet Cyclopaedia, conducted by Dr. Lardner. History of the Netherlands: By Thomas Colley Grattan. 12mo. p. 358. Longman, London. 1830.*

THESE volumes are not more true to the professed character of the work, than they are regular in their appearance before the public. In their merit we find a respectable uniformity, and in their delivery an order by succession, so that in either case no disappointment is to be apprehended.

The period embraced in this volume is, perhaps, one of the most interesting that can be selected from the march of time. It commences about fifty years before the Christian era, and terminates with the battle of Waterloo. During the extended interval which lies between these distant extremes, the great occurrences which have distinguished times and places in the Netherlands, and its immediate connexions, are introduced to the reader's notice, not so amplified in detail as to become tedious, nor so compressed as to render brevity obscure. A few extracts must close our observations.

The attempt of Philip to establish the inquisition is thus described.

"His design of establishing this horrible tribunal, so impiously named *holy* by its founders, had been long suspected by the people of the Netherlands.—The expression of those fears had reached him more than once. He as often replied by assurances that he had formed no such project, and particularly to count d'Égmont during his recent visit to Madrid. But at that very time he assembled a conclave of his creatures, doctors of theology, of whom he formally demanded an opinion, as to whether he could conscientiously tolerate two sorts of religion in the Netherlands. The doctors, hoping to please him, replied that 'he might, for the avoidance of a greater evil.' Philip trembled with rage, and exclaimed, with a threatening tone, 'I ask not if I *can*, but if I *ought*.' The theologians read in this question the nature of the expected reply; and it was amply conformable to his wish. He immediately threw himself on his knees before a crucifix, and, raising his hands towards heaven, put up a prayer for strength in his resolution to pursue as deadly enemies all who viewed that effigy with feelings different from his own. If this were not really a sacrilegious farce, it must be that the blaspheming bigot believed the Deity to be a monster of cruelty like himself."—p. 101.

The dreadful effect of fire-ships employed in the siege of Antwerp, 1585, may be seen by their blazing and exploding in the following vivid description.

"Early on the night of the 4th of April, the prince of Parma and his army were amazed by the spectacle of three huge masses of flame floating down the river, accompanied by numerous lesser appearances of a similar kind, and bearing directly against the prodigious barrier, which had cost months of labour to him and his troops, and immense sums of money to the state. The whole surface of the Scheldt presented one sheet of fire; the country all round was as visible as at noon; the flags, the arms of the soldiers, and every object on the bridge, in the fleet, or the forts, stood out clearly to view; and the pitchy darkness of the sky gave increased effect to the marked distinctness of all. Astonishment was soon succeeded by consternation, when one of the three machines burst with a terrific noise before they reached their intended mark, but time enough to offer a sample of their nature. The prince of Parma, with numerous officers and soldiers rushed to the bridge, to witness the effects of this explosion; and just then a second and still larger fire-ship, having burst through the flying bridge of boats, struck against one of the estacades. Alexander, unmindful of danger, used every exertion of his authority to stimulate the sailors in their attempts to clear away the monstrous machine, which threatened destruction to all within its reach. Happily for him, an ensnager who was near, forgetting in his general's peril all rules of discipline and forms of ceremony, actually forced him from the estacade. He had not put his foot on the river bank when the machine blew up. The effects were such as really baffled description. The bridge was burst through; the estacade was shattered almost to atoms, and with all that it supported—men, cannon, and the huge machinery employed in the various works—dispersed in the air. The cruel Marquis of Roubais, many other officers, and eight hundred soldiers, perished in varieties of death—by flood, or flame, or the horrid wounds from the missiles with which the terrible machine was overcharged. Fragments of bodies and limbs were flung far and wide; and many gallant soldiers were destroyed, without a vestige of human forms being left to prove that they had ever existed. The river, forced from its bed at either side, rushed into the forts, and drowned numbers of the garrisons; while the ground far beyond shook as in an earthquake."—p. 179.

**REVIEW.—***The Friends, a true Tale of Woe and Joy, from the East: 24mo. pp. 236. Wightman. London.*

THESE tales are of Asiatic growth, interesting in their narration, and religious in their character. They are chiefly biographical, and in their united tendency furnish favourable evidence, that all attempts to proselyte the heathen have not been made in vain. The author assures us in his preface, that they contain the history of events and persons, that are *real* in every respect, with the exception of the names; that no art whatever has been employed, either to magnify the incidents, or to give them an undue colouring; that the tales are plain and unvarnished, and that there is not an individual described in the volume, who has not, in spiritual things, been more or less indebted to the first English mission to the East.

Among these tales several are pleasing, while others are pathetic, thus verifying the title, which indicates both joy and woe. In some the power of religion is delightfully exemplified, while in others sympathy is excited at the losses sustained, and the disappointments experienced. In the little narratives through which we pass, in its various chapters, the influence of christian affection is general apparent. But the

inroads made by death on those, whose prolonged lives were particularly desirable, add new stings to the bereavements endured, and render the situation of the forlorn survivors severely afflictive.

The style is easy and expressive, and the manner in which the materials are arranged, insensibly invite the reader to proceed, without attempting to excite hopes which terminate in disappointment. The unknown author has furnished proof that he knows how to delineate character without being too diffuse in his observations, and to describe events and occurrences without entering into tedious detail.

In some parts we are introduced to Indian scenes, peculiarities, and manners, but these are incidental rather than the result of design, being intended to elucidate some leading and more prominent position, to which they are always made subservient. Rada, a christian convert, the author thus vividly describes.

"He had been a *byragger*, wandering hither and thither on pilgrimage; subsisting on alms, and having, according to the custom of the Hindoo devotees, his hair long and matted, and his body almost naked, and wholly besmeared with mud or ashes. He was tall, bold, and intrepid, and possessed of great muscular strength; and being naturally of a warm temperament, he was, when excited, furious as a lion. During the days of his devoteeship, he must have been the terror of all the timid worshippers; and probably he had seldom to resort to the common practice among *byraggees*, that of pronouncing curses, to induce the people to give the requested alms. His appearance must have been enough, and a little of his wrath must have been as frightful as the contortions of the Delian sibyl. The gospel, however, had subdued his spirit; and it was but rarely that any ebullitions of temper appeared."—p. 158.

We cannot follow the author through his further delineation of this individual character, nor even enumerate the various subjects exhibited in his volume. Its amusing qualities entitle it to a respectful notice; but these are eclipsed by the testimonies adduced in favour of divine grace in its influence on the human mind, while all around is enveloped in the darkness of idolatry, and the shadow of death.

REVIEW.—*Exodus, or the Curse of Egypt; and other Poems.* By T. B. J. 12mo. pp. 176. M<sup>r</sup>Phun. Glasgow. 1830.

WE were induced, from the title of this book, to conjecture that some one of Jehovah's awful visitations of Egypt, had been selected by the author; but, on perusal, it was discovered that *all* the "plagues" are introduced. The poem opens with a denouncement of judgment upon the house of Pharaoh. The second part strongly depicts the groaning bondage

of Israel, and the tyranny of the Memphian king. The eight succeeding parts include those wonders of the Almighty arm, which at length terminated in the fearful catastrophe of the Egyptian host.

The princess Thermuthis, in the course of a pathetic appeal to Pharaoh on behalf of the Israelites, makes this apostrophe to liberty:

"O Liberty! the indomitable hills  
Are all thy thrones; the busy mountain streams  
And mountain breezes riot in thy charms.  
Thy home is with the dwellers of the deep,  
And the unbridled wanderers of the sky,  
Or the free, fearless rovers of the waste."—p. 35.

During the destruction of the first-born, the Egyptian court is assembled to celebrate the birth of a son to Pharaoh:

"Oh! they were met to hail a man-child born  
To Pharaoh, and an heir to Egypt's throne,  
And in the fondness of a pride, unknown  
Except to mothers, and which none can speak,  
Until the human bosom find a tongue,  
Almira held aloft her first-born son;—  
Nobles and sages stroked his golden hair,  
Praises and prayers were muttering for him,  
When lo! a flash of the destroyer's sword,  
Struck silence, and the harmless infant smiled  
The glittering glory of the blade to see,  
Which drunk its blood;—a moment more—it lay  
A marble image in its mother's arms."—p. 64.

The angel of destruction is described as taking his flight over the devoted land, while

"Indolence lay dreaming on his bed,  
Of fairies bringing presents in their cap,  
Of wealth for which he never told nor sweat,  
Of castles built by necromancer's hand,  
Of being borne by an unearthly wing  
Up to the great Olympus heights of fame,  
Without the toil of climbing up its steep."—p. 65.

We refrain from offering further extracts to the reader, as scarcely any passage could be selected, that is not more or less objectionable. The poem is unquestionably the production of a great mind and an immature judgment; whatever, therefore, may be its inherent beauty, it is our conviction, that, without much reading and reflection, the author will never be able to leave any thing, "so written, to after times, that they shall not willingly let it die." Strong indications of the *mens divinior* are perceptible in his performance, and it remains with the writer to qualify himself for a place among poets of no ordinary class, or, by neglecting to cultivate his taste and judgment, to render these effusions of his muse little more than *vox et preterea nihil*.

The minor poems possess considerable merit. We select from the "Wandering Jew," a stanza which bears powerful testimony to the author's poetic talent.

"I love to be where breathing things are not,  
Where forests frown, and lonely waters lie;—  
To weave the strange, mysterious web of thought,  
Flower'd by the fancy's fine embroidery;

To trace the Almighty's footsteps in the sky,  
Walking alone, upon his star-paved path,—  
To hear the loud wheels of his chariot fly,  
Cloud-equipped, a whirlwind bearing wrath,—  
Or list his eloquence, deep, dreadful, loud,  
Utter'd from forth the rolling thunder-cloud." p. 119.

After this specimen, we are still more strongly disposed to say to the author,—  
Render your judgment worthy of your mental powers.

REVIEW.—*Bible Lyrics and other Verses.*  
12mo. pp. 144. Westley, &c. London.  
1830.

THIS poetical nosegay is composed of numerous flowers, varying considerably from each other in colour, fragrance, and form. They appear chiefly to consist of daisies, buttercups, and marigolds, occasionally interspersed with violets and honeysuckles; but the collection is not decorated with either roses or carnations. The fragrance emitted is agreeable, but not strong. It regales, but it does not altogether gratify the olfactory nerves. We inhale the odorous effluvia with pleasure, but we search in vain for the spicy aroma with which Flora favours the more successful cultivators of her aromatic tribes.

The articles which this volume contains, are almost exclusively of a moral and religious character. Some few, indeed, are descriptive and pathetic, but they rarely fail to associate with them some profitable reflection, or to embody thoughts which are capable of much useful improvement. To the higher orders of poetry the author does not attempt to aspire. His muse takes no elevated flights, nor perches on those giddy heights, which might inspire terror, and command admiration.

In general the lines are smooth and easy, but they are deficient in nerve and energy. To many readers they will be very acceptable; the verse being simple, and easily understood; but before the author can expect to find his name enrolled among the celebrated poets of our country, he must take his stand on much higher ground.

REVIEW.—*The Pleasing Expositor, or Anecdotes illustrative of select Passages of the New Testament.* By John Whitcross. 18mo. p. 260. Nisbet. London. 1830.

THE anecdotes comprised in this volume, would have been highly interesting, although no passages of scripture had been connected with them; but they derive from the association an additional value, by introducing fact to illustrate the sacred writings, and by causing the authority of

revelation to confer an augmented importance on fact.

Many of the anecdotes are well known, but several others have been more confined in the publicity of their circulation. It is not, however, from their being either common or original, that they claim the patronage of the public, but from their connexion with the scriptures, which they elucidate, or by which they are brought within the extensive range of the book of God. To bring the character of this little volume fairly before the reader, we beg leave to introduce the following specimens.

"Acts viii. 20. But Peter said unto him, Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money."

"Pope Julius II., began the building of the magnificent church at Rome: but left it unfinished. His successor Leo X., was desirous to complete this superb edifice, but being involved in debt, and finding the apostolic treasury exhausted, he had recourse to the selling of indulgences, a gainful traffic for the procuring of a sufficient sum of money. Accordingly, in 1517 he published general indulgences throughout all Europe, to such as would contribute to the building of St. Peter's. The sum of *ten shillings* was sufficient to purchase the pardon of sins, and the ransom of a soul from purgatory."—p. 107.

Chap. xviii. 3. And because he was of the same craft, he abode with them and wrought, for by their occupation they were tent makers.

"A violent Welsh squire having taken offence at a poor curate, who employed his leisure hours in mending clocks and watches, applied to the bishop of St. Asaph, with a formal complaint against him, for impiously carrying on a trade, contrary to the statute. His lordship having heard the complaint, told the squire he might depend upon the strictest justice being done in the case. Accordingly the mechanic divine was sent for a few days after, when the bishop asked him, 'How he dared to disgrace his diocese, by becoming the mender of clocks and watches?' The other, with all humility, answered, 'To satisfy the wants of a wife and ten children.' 'That woud do with me,' rejoined the prelate, 'I will inflict such a punishment upon you, as shall make you leave off your pitiful trade, I promise you, and immediately calling in his secretary, ordered him to make out a presentation for the astonished curate, to a living of at least one hundred and fifty pounds per annum.'"—p. 113.

Passages and anecdotes, arranged in a similar manner, fill up the volume. Many of the incidents are peculiarly interesting from the intrinsic excellence of their character. They include great variety, and, both in their detached and combined state, are well deserving the attention of the reader.

REVIEW.—*Views in the East, comprising India, Canton, and the Shores of the Red Sea, from Sketches, by Capt. Robert Elliot, R. N. with Historical and Descriptive Illustrations.* Royal 8vo. Fisher & Co. London, 1830.

HAVING long watched with admiration the progress of the graphic art, we have fre-

quently thought that its several approximations towards perfection could never be surpassed. Succeeding efforts have, however, corrected this erroneous conclusion by exhibiting new specimens of beauty, so that at present we can have no conception of any excellence too exquisite to be exceeded.

The views displayed in this work, of which only the first part has been published, hold an exalted rank both in design and execution, among the rival candidates for fame and supremacy, in this age of stimulated and talented competition. The plates intended to ornament the succeeding part, we have been permitted to inspect, and it is with pleasure we can state, that they are every way worthy of their predecessors, with which they will speedily associate.

The letter-press is almost exclusively confined to the masterly views it is intended to illustrate; in its own department, is clean and elegant; and the matter is particularly interesting.

Should this work continue to its completion as it has been begun, and thus far advanced, and of this we have no reason to doubt, it will diffuse a splendour among the superb publications of the day, and confer an honour on the century which gave it birth.

#### ENGRAVINGS FOR WINTER'S WREATH.

WE have just been favoured with an inspection of the Engravings designed to ornament the forthcoming volume of the "Winter's Wreath." They are nothing inferior in interest or beauty to those which have appeared on former occasions. We shall briefly notice their merits, according to our judgment; reserving, however, a more particular review, till the volume itself shall come into our hands.

*Cologne on the Rhine.*—This is a most beautiful picture of commercial life, painted by Austin, and engraved by Goodall in his best style.

*Dove Dale.*—An exquisite picture, executed with much taste and talent.

*La Hufrfane de Leon.*—This, if we mistake not, is a failure.

*The Deluge.*—An engraving by Brandard, from a picture by A. Moyses. A simple but highly impressive composition.

*St. Cecilia.*—This engraving, by H. Robinson, after a painting by Celesti, is very fine. The figure and countenance of the Saint are eloquently beautiful.

*An English Flower.*—A sweet delineation of woman—England's loveliest flower.

*The Three Maries at the Tomb of Christ.*—Able engraved from West's expressive painting.

*The Cottage Farm-yard.*—A picture by T. Barber, something in Wilkie's style, possessing much character, and engraved with considerable taste by E. Smith.

*Antwerp Cathedral.*—A beautiful representation of "the long-drawn aisle" of this magnificent structure.

*The Bandit's Home.*—Fearfully beautiful. A safe retreat for the man of violence and blood.

*Delos.*—A beautiful picture, which makes us sigh for the return of our school-boy days, to hear again "Socratic sounds by clear Ilyssus' stream," and wander in imagination through the groves of Arcady. The splendour of the building, the rocks partially covered with rich foliage, the distant naval armament, and the masterly disposition of the light, give to this engraving a sublime character.

*The Mother.*—A sweet delineation of maternal love.

Speaking of these illustrations as a whole, we consider that they will not yield the palm to any which may appear in the great family of the annuals.

#### THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF MONASTIC LIFE; WITH REMARKS ON THE INTRODUCTION OF MONKS INTO ENGLAND.

(From West's Antiquities of Furness, p. 4—6 16—20.)

SOON after the Christian religion had made some considerable progress in the East, the policy of the Roman empire exposed the professors of it to many and great inconveniences, and a succession of bloody persecutions: the two last, under Decius and Dioclesian, more especially, obliged many to betake themselves to mountains, deserts, and solitary places, to secure themselves from the unrelenting fury of these bloody tyrants: there they found a safe retreat, with time and liberty to give themselves up to the exercise of piety and divine contemplation, in a course of most rigorous mortifications and preternatural austerities. This kind of life, which necessity gave rise to, was afterwards, in the time of the Christian emperors, embraced through choice; and Paomius, about the middle of the fourth century, committed to writing, rules for regular societies, and founded some monasteries in the environs of Thebes in Egypt: this example was soon after followed in all parts of the Christian world; and, exclusive of the disputed antiquity of Glastonbury Abbey, it is evident from Gildas, (the most ancient British author now extant,) that monasteries had been established in Britain long before

St. Austin and his companions came thither: however, it doth not appear that there was any general rule for such communities, but that each abbey and monastery had its peculiar regulations. The Saxons, on their first coming into Britain, destroyed many of these religious communities; and at Bangor under the Wood, in Flintshire, upwards of eleven hundred monks were inhumanly butchered by the Saxons themselves, after they had in some measure embraced Christianity: and all their precious books and records were destroyed; a loss the more considerable, as it had been the seat of learning, and the repository of every thing valuable, for ages past.

The Saxons, on their conversion to Christianity, founded many monasteries; and Austin the monk laid down rules for their conduct. However, several incursions of the Danes were fatal to the Saxon monks: those invaders robbed, plundered, and burnt the monasteries, and stripped and frequently murdered the defenceless monks; but after the re-establishment of the Saxon government, St. Dunstan, abbot of Glastonbury, was the great restorer of monastic discipline in England: he first settled the Benedictin rule in all its purity within his own abbey of Glastonbury, and afterwards propagated the same throughout all the religious houses on the south side of the Trent.

The strictness of the Benedictin rule, the excellency of the discipline it enjoined, the piety of the monks, and the regularity of their lives, compared with the conduct of the secular canons, easily brought over the nation to approve the reform; and king Edgar himself seconded it with his royal authority. This reform was effected about the middle of the tenth century, and was confined to the south side of the Trent; for it was not till some time after the Conquest, that the Benedictin rule made any progress on the north side of the Trent. From the death of Edgar and St. Dunstan, the reformation of religious houses was at a stand till after the Conquest, when Archbishop Lanfranc obliged all the monks of the old way, who had not submitted to the abbot of Glastonbury's reform, to accept of the Benedictin rule: this was agreed on in a council held at London, A.D. 1075, whereby a greater uniformity of discipline was observed in all the monasteries through England, than had ever before taken place.

The introduction of monks into England is spoken of as a master-piece of policy in the court of Rome, as endeavouring thereby

to secure her authority by an increase of property, which would arise to her from the pious donations and offerings of the faithful, and the founding of many religious houses to be occupied by such as were from the nature of their institute attached to the holy see, and might occasionally serve every purpose of spiritual tyranny; and it is alleged that the monks, by the austerity of their religion and morals, fascinated the minds of the people, and, by their pretensions to extraordinary sanctity, secured a submission to all their decisions, and an implicit obedience to their doctrines. This is a heavy charge, and, if well grounded, should have prevented the monastic rule from ever taking effect in any kingdom, or occasioned its ruin as soon as the discovery was made, or the charge found.

But notwithstanding what has been so often and repeatedly offered, we find monasteries were established in this island long before the era of Austin the monk, the time when her close connexion with Rome is said to have taken place. We are informed by Gildas, who was himself a monk of the famous monastery of Bangor, in Flintshire, that monasteries in Britain were of a higher antiquity than the connexion with the holy see, supposing, with Rowland and others, these to have taken place at the coming of St. Austin into England. Venerable Bede, who flourished about a hundred and thirty years after the destruction of the monastery of Bangor, says, that the monks of that house were divided into seven classes, each class having its respective employment; and the learned primate Usher speaks of it as a school of Christian learning, for the improvement of Christian knowledge, and supplying the faithful with fit pastors; and adds, that it afterwards became the famous monastery of Bangor under the Wood. In all this we hear nothing of foreign connexions, of sinister inventions, of hypocrisy, &c.

When the Saxons took occasion to butcher twelve hundred of the monks, and utterly erase the monastery, they were not found in arms, but in prayer, for the defence of themselves and their country against those invaders: the monastic institute, in the early periods, seems to have been favourable to the cause of Christianity. After the conversion of the Saxons, we do not find many or grievous complaints made against the monks as to foreign connexions; what the motives were which induced the Conqueror to form a stricter alliance with the see of Rome, than any of his British or Saxon predecessors



had done, are well known. The displacing the Saxon bishops, and intruding Normans and other foreigners in their room, was part of the policy of that sagacious prince, who knew how to turn the balance of every power to the support of a precarious title to that crown, of which violence had given him the possession. On the other hand, the Roman pontiff knew how to draw, from the circumstances of William's affairs, advantages which the Conqueror never intended, and which his immediate successors could not prevent, as they were equally, or more obliged to the church for her support, than he himself had been.

The foreign ecclesiastics, which the Norman king introduced, readily gave up the liberty of a country, to which they were strangers, and a happiness, the sweets whereof they had never known; but from that consequence, of which the Conqueror and his sons had made them, they soon became sensible of their own importance, the foreign monks, from the great property conferred upon them, soon found of what weight they were in the scale of government, and readily turned it to their own advantage, as occasion offered. The doctrines of hereditary right in the descent of the crown, of representation, and of the right of primogeniture, were not so clearly ascertained, nor so strictly adhered to, for some centuries after the Conquest, as they have since been: and the intruder always took care to reconcile and secure to his interest the body ecclesiastic, by large promises of privileges, immunities, and the like. By such artifices it was, that the two younger sons of the Conqueror successively mounted the throne, to the prejudice of Robert, the eldest son of William.

By the same arts, the Earl of Moreton secured his election to the crown, to the prejudice of the Empress Matilda, in whom the direct right was, she being the only surviving child of King Henry I. and King John supported a defective title by the same interest, to the disherison of Arthur, the son of his elder brother Geoffrey, in whom the right of the crown was then vested. When King John pretended to excuse himself from the obligations he had laid himself under to the church for his crown, he was soon made sensible of his own weakness. Yet in all this, the abbots and priors had lent their proportioned share with the bishops. The introduction therefore of so many new orders of monks into England by the Norman kings, was, according to their own policy, and not that of the court of Rome, to serve the purposes of state to William, in giving a colouring of moral rectitude to his proceed-

ings, and to silence the artillery of Rome, which otherwise might have been of prejudice at least to his family's succeeding him, by giving them trouble either from the continent, where Edmond Ironside, the true Saxon heir to the crown, resided; or from the north, where a slip royal of the Saxon stem had been ingrafted by the marriage of Malcolm, king of Scots, with Margaret, eldest daughter of Edward, son of Edmond Ironside.

The court of Rome could have no direct hand in all this; and the monastic institute, of its own nature, can have no part in either a civil or spiritual tyranny, unless where perverted, as the best of institutes may and have been, by the malice of men.

But exclusive of any civil motives, that are or may be assigned for the introduction of so many different sorts of religious orders into England, as were brought in during the reign of king Henry I., there were motives of a higher nature assigned by that prince in his grant, and which furnish a more satisfactory knowledge of the spirit of those times, than any uncertain conjecture at this distance can possibly do. In order to evince this, I shall only offer the reader a translation of one of those grants, and so take leave of this subject.

The charter is that of king Henry I., confirming a grant made to the Priory of Gysburgh, in the East Riding of Yorkshire.

It begins in the usual form.

"In the name of the Holy and Undivided Trinity. By the munificent gifts of kings and princes, the church is enlarged, and now spreads herself over the world. We also rejoice, that in our kingdom the number is increased, by which religion is augmented, and the numbers of religious multiplied, by whose prayers the strength of our kingdom is established, and a passage to that of heaven is mercifully opened to such as truly seek for it. Wherefore, I Henry, by the disposition of God, King of the English, Son of William the Great, for the good of my soul, the soul of my wife, and the souls of my predecessors, do by royal authority grant and confirm, whatever Robert de Brus hath given to the church of Gysburgh, and the brethren there regularly serving God, as well the church itself, as the lands, possessions, and other rents, to the honour of God and holy church," &c.

The grant is authentic; part of the broad seal still remains; and it is also executed in the Saxon form. To the name of each witness, beginning with the king, there is set a cross, according to the Saxon custom.

It might here be observed, that the same spirit appeared in the two succeeding reigns as there did in this; in which period, of less than ninety years, three hundred religious houses were founded, being just so many spiritual corporations instituted for the support of religion, the perpetuating the rights of the church, the maintaining of ecclesiastical discipline, the encouragement of piety, and the advancement of goodly learning; by all which the kingdom must have received some advantages, the direct or principal object of these pious institutions. Whatever inconvenience afterward accrued to the government and people, under the reign of impotent princes, yet were they not the necessary consequence of such institutions, but of the intriguing ambition of artful and designing men, such as have often disturbed, and sometimes subverted, the best establishments, to answer the vilest purposes; and for enhancing power to themselves, and enslaving their fellow-subjects.

What improvements have been made in the polity of state and religion since, I leave to the reader's judgment; but let every illiberal reflection cease, which would stain with ignominy, or contempt, the leading principle of these good men, who, to the best of their understanding, laid the foundation of our present happy establishment here, after many struggles even unto blood. Let us allow them the honour of having planned many good things, and invented many useful constitutions both in church and state; let us thank them for what they have done well, and improve upon what remains, that posterity may not with more justice blame the refinement of the present age, than the managers now with charity do ridicule the rude polity, and flaming piety, of a noble and illustrious race of men.

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#### MELANCHOLY DEATH OF MR. HUSKISSON.

SINCE the publication of our last number, Mr. Huskisson, the highly esteemed member of parliament for Liverpool, and the strenuous advocate for free trade, has lost his life, under circumstances the most heart-rending and appalling.

The right honourable gentleman had gone to Liverpool to witness the opening of the rail-way between that place and Manchester. On the Tuesday, (Sept. 14th) previous to this grand festival, he visited the Exchange, and, addressing his constituents in the large room, was greeted by them with nine times nine cheers. This

spontaneous burst of feeling sufficiently indicates the estimation in which he was held, and the general sorrow that is felt for his mournful catastrophe.

Wednesday, (Sept. 15,) was the day appointed for the imposing ceremony of opening the rail-way; and when we add to the splendid preparations which had been made for the fête, the multitudes of spectators, and the distinguished visitors who honoured this novel scene with their presence, we are warranted in saying that a grander spectacle could scarcely be conceived.

The procession started from Liverpool at a quarter before eleven o'clock, and the engines to which the cars, containing the noble company, were attached, performed the first sixteen miles in the short space of fifty-six minutes. Several of the engines had arrived about noon, at Kenyon, and here they stopped to take in water. Many of the noblemen and gentlemen, among whom was Mr. Huskisson, then alighted from their cars, and walked about the road. Whilst thus occupied, the Duke of Wellington, and other personages still remaining in the vehicle, observed the Rocket locomotive engine to be rapidly approaching, and called to the persons on the road to re-enter the car. Mr. Huskisson, it appears, was ascending the steps, when the Rocket came up, and striking the door of the carriage, threw him down in the vacant space between the two lines of the road. His left leg extended across the rail-road on which the Rocket moved, and one of the wheels ran obliquely up the limb as high as the thigh, mangling it in the most shocking manner. Mrs. Huskisson and several other ladies were witnesses of the dreadful scene, and the former uttered a shriek of agony which none who heard it can ever forget. Mr. H. was conveyed with astonishing rapidity to Eccles near Manchester, and carried to the house of the Vicar, the Rev. Mr. Blackburn, where every attention was promptly shewn to the distinguished sufferer.

After a consultation, the physicians and surgeons in attendance unanimously agreed that amputation of the limb could not take place until the patient had rallied. So far from rallying, however, Mr. H. became gradually weaker, and, after suffering extreme agony from spasms, he sunk into an apparent stupor, which in a few minutes terminated in death shortly after 9 o'clock on the evening of Wednesday. Mrs. Huskisson, who had witnessed the departure of her husband with comparative serenity, now clung frantically to the corpse, from

which she was almost forcibly separated by the Earl of Wilton and Lord Granville.

The death of Mr. Huskisson cast a deep gloom over the town of Liverpool, and every token of respect was shewn to his memory, when the melancholy truth became known. The shops and dwelling houses were partially closed; the flags on the public buildings, and on the shipping, were hoisted half-mast; and anxious groups were seen in the streets conversing with mournful countenances on the melancholy accident, which had deprived them of their representative.

An inquest was subsequently held on the body of Mr. Huskisson, at which the Earl of Wilton and Lord Granville were present; when the Jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

It was at first proposed by the Corporation of Liverpool, to the Town-hall of which the body was removed, to honour Mr. Huskisson's remains with a public funeral; but his afflicted lady declined it, and wished his obsequies to be performed with as little parade as possible. A spot was selected in the centre of the new cemetery for the interment, and sufficient space will be reserved for a monument, and to serve, if wished, for a family burial-place.

On Friday, September 24th, the ceremony of interment took place; and at an early hour in the morning, the bells of the different churches reminded the town of Liverpool of the melancholy duty which they had that day to perform. At a quarter past 10 o'clock the firing of a signal-gun announced that the procession had set out from the Town Hall; and at a quarter past one, another gun intimated to the assembled thousands that the mortal remains of Mr. Huskisson had been deposited in their narrow cell." It has been asserted, that not less than 60,000 persons were present; yet the utmost decorum was observed during the whole of the impressive scene.

The subscriptions for the monument amount already to nearly £2000.

#### TO THE FRIENDS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THE meeting of parliament is fixed for the 26th day of October next. It is hoped, and most earnestly requested, that those who intend to unite in imploring the early and utter extinction of Colonial Slavery,

will transmit their Petitions to both Houses of Parliament, by that day, or as soon after as possible. No needless delay should be allowed to prevent the fulfilment of this sacred duty.

#### GLEANINGS.

*Watch to Wind without a Key.*—For this very great improvement in the winding of spring pocket-watches, the public are indebted to the inventive genius of Mr. Isaac Brown, 27, Gloucester Place, Clerkenwell, London, by whom a patent has been obtained, characterizing this curious piece of mechanism as a "Patent Besel Winding Watch, manufactured by Isaac Brown, patentee and manufacturer of the Besel Winding Clock and Alarm Watches."—The method of winding this watch is by moving round the besel or rim of the case, from left to right, with the finger and thumb, until the watch is wound up: if it is a fusee watch, the besel must be turned until it stops, which will not exceed half a turn in any case; and the superiority of this mode of winding, in comparison with that of the common method, must be obvious to every one. There are also other important advantages belonging exclusively to this watch, namely, that of setting the hands to time, which is effected by drawing out a little, and twisting the milled head of the pendant; and that of regulating the watch, by means of a small point, which projects through a groove in the edge of the case, and moves the index, which revolves in a graduated circle on the face of the dial. These important improvements render the *opening* of the watch quite unnecessary, either for the purpose of winding, setting, or regulating.

*Horses.*—The learned and benevolent Burbequins who was ambassador at Constantinople in the 17th century, gives the following account of the Turkish horses:—Our grooms and their masters too, may learn a lesson of wisdom and humanity from his words:—"There is no creature so gentle as a Turkish horse, nor more respectful to his master, or the groom that dresses him. The reason is, because they treat their horses with great lenity. This makes them great lovers of mankind; and they are so far from wincing, kicking, or growing untractable by his gentle usage, that you will hardly find a masterless horse among them. But, alas! our Christian grooms' horses go on at another rate! They never think them rightly curried till they thunder at them with their voices, and let their clubs on their horse-whips, as it were, rattle on their sides. This makes some horses really tremble when their keepers come into the stable—so that they hate, and fear them too. But the Turks love to have their horses so gentle, that at the word of command they may fall on their knees, and in this position receive their riders. They will take up a staff or club upon the road, with their teeth, which their rider has let fall, and hold it up to him again; some horses, when their master has fallen from the saddle, stand stock still without wagging a foot, till he get up again. I saw some horses, when their master was at dinner with me, prick up their ears to hear his voice; and when they did so, they neighed for joy."—*Library of Useful Knowledge.*

*The Gazette of Cairo.*—This journal is one of the most remarkable literary curiosities of the present day. It is the first attempt of the kind, which the Turks have made to establish a periodical in their native tongue within the limits of their eastern dominions. About a twelvemonth ago, the Viceroy of Egypt, in his anxiety to further the introduction of European refinements among his subjects, determined upon publishing a species of official gazette, for the purpose of giving publicity to state documents, and forming a record of domestic occurrences of moment, the arrival and departure of foreign shipping, and the introduction of any mercantile and agricultural improvements. It is compiled in Turkish and Arabic, the notices inserted being given simultaneously in each language, and each of them occupying one of the two columns which are contained in every page. The head-piece to this paper consists of an engraved vignette representing a pyramid, with a palm-tree rising from its base, and a moiety of the sun's disk rising above the horizon. Within the pyramid stands the title, "The Occurrences of Cairo;" for there is no expression in Turkish or Arabic which is at all synonymous with our word newspaper, or gazette. The first article is invariably devoted to an announcement of meteorological observations made at the place of publication. The original editor was one Aïas Effendi; but he disfigured the reports of the proceedings in the council of state with such pompous and fantastic interpolations, that the Pasha was obliged to get rid of him, and entrust the task to the secretary of his divan.—*Athenian.*

*Come in Time.*—"I never come late to a friend's dinner," says Boileau, "for I have observed, that when a company is waiting for a man, they make use of that time to load him with abuse."—*Family Album.*

*Drowsy Hearers.*—In the early times of this state, as we learn from Lewis's History of Lynn, a person was deputed to wake the sleepers in church. He bore a long wand. On one end was a fox's tail, with which he gently touched the faces of the drowsy fair; but on the other end was a ball, with which he bestowed on the scorners of the snoring men a startling rap.—*Boston Bulletin.*

*Singular Circumstance.*—The "Liverpool Mercury" states the following as a fact, and avers that it took place near the village of Upton-in-Wirral, near Cheshire:—A female, of respectable appearance, with an infant of colour at the breast, entered the cottage of a labouring man, whose family consisted of a wife and several small children. The visitor was welcomed to the homely dwelling, and observing an infant in the cradle, she wished to ascertain the child's age, and seemed pleased to find it correspond with her own. She then inquired by what means the family were maintained: and being informed that their only support arose from the husband's labour, with much seeming sympathy and kind feeling observed—"Suppose my friend made you a present of five hundred pounds, to open a small shop, don't you think it would be the means of helping you to bring up your family?"—"Yes, madam," replied the poor woman, "but I have no such friend;" upon which the lady took from her pocket-book a £500 Bank of England note, and presented her with it. The astonished cottager, struck speechless by such unexpected good luck, was roused from her stupor by her benefactress requesting change for a sovereign, meaning to share it amongst the rest of the children. 20 shillings being a sum not often seen by the poor woman, she replied, "O dear madam, I have not one shilling; but, if you'll wait, I'll go to the next village, about a quarter of a mile distant, and get it for you." The poor woman, in high glee, made the best of her way towards Upton; but, before she had reached a hundred yards from her door, the generous benefactress placed her swarthy offspring in the cradle, and made a precipitate retreat with the fair-complexioned infant, leaving the poor woman to console herself, on her return, with a Mulatto child in one hand, and five hundred pounds in the other.

*Mexican Manuscripts.*—Several Mexican manuscripts, brought some time ago to Europe, and forming part of the celebrated collection of Bodurini, have been purchased for the Royal Library, Paris. Amongst the number is the report of the spies sent by Montezuma to the Spanish camp; a third manuscript represents the human sacrifices.

## Literary Notices.

### Just Published.

*Views in the East*, comprising India, Canton, and the Shores of the Red Sea; from Original Sketches by Capt. Robert Elliot, R.N.—The Subjects of Part II. are, Entrance of a Mosque at Futtypore Sieri. Tomb of Shere Shah, at Sasseram; and Aurungzebe's Mosque, at Benares.

No. XVIII. of the National Portrait Gallery presents Likenesses of Viscount Melville, Viscount Clifden, and John Abernethy, Esq.

A Series of Church of England Divines: No. 1. Works of Bishop Sherlock; to be continued Monthly. Valpy's Greek Exercises, or Elements of Composition, 2d Edition. 12mo. bound.

The Sixth Part of The Family Cabinet Atlas, will complete the first half of the Work, and will contain Maps of Holland and the Netherlands, Spain and Portugal, Sweden and Norway, and the West Indies.

Hamann on the Greek Metrics, abridged and translated into English, for the Use of Schools and Colleges, by the Rev. J. Seager. 8vo.

Divines of the Church of England, No. 4, being a continuation of the Works of Bishop Sherlock, with a Summary to each Discourse, Notes, &c., by the Rev. T. S. Hughes. Small 8vo.

Valpy's Greek Grammar. 12th Edition. 8vo. Elements of Latin Grammar, by the Rev. Dr. Valpy. 19th Edition.

The Life of the late John Walker, M.D., Director and Vaccinator of the Royal Jennerian and London Vaccine Institutions, by John Epps, M.D., Lecturer on Materia Medica and Chemistry, and now Director and Vaccinator of the Royal Jennerian Society, and London Vaccine Institution.

Deadly Adulteration and Slow Poisoning, or, Disease and Death in the Pot and the Bottle. Models of Modern French Conversation; Dialogues in French and English, by M. de la Clavierie.

Full Annals of the Revolution in France in 1830, by Wm. Howe, with engravings.

Utility of Latin discussed, for the Consideration of Parents, by Justin Brennan.

Composition and Punctuation familiarly Explained, &c., by Justin Brennan.

Anti-Slavery Register, Nos. 66 and 67.

Principles of Dissent, by Thomas Stables.

The Family Library, No. XVI.

Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft, by Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

The Substance of a Course of Lectures on British Colonial Slavery, delivered at Bradford, York, and Scarborough, by the Rev. Benjamin Goodwin.

The Omnipotence of the Deity, a Poem, by the Rev. John Young. 12mo.

Flowers, Blackie & Fallarton of Glasgow, in one volume quarto, a new and corrected edition of Brown's Self-Interpreting Bible.

### In the Press.

A Help to the Private and Domestic Reading of the Scriptures, by J. Laichild. Second Edition, considerably Enlarged and Improved.

Also, A Defence of the Surinam Negro-English Version of the New Testament, by Wm. Greenfield, Superintendent of the Editorial Department of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The Law of the Sabbath, Religious and Political, by Josiah Conder.

By Mr. Bray, Author of De Foix, The White Hoods, &c. a Romance, entitled, The Talba, or Moor of Portugal, in 3 vols. post 8vo.

The British Merchant's Assistant, by G. Green.

Neatly bound in cloth, carefully revised and enlarged by the Author, an entirely new edition of "An Original Essay on the Immortality and Immorality of the Human Soul, founded solely on Physical and Rational Principles," by Samuel Drew, M.A.

An elaborate work on Book-keeping, in its various branches by Edward T. Jones.

### Preparing for Publication.

The British Herald, or Cabinet of Armorial Bearings of the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain and Ireland, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time; with a complete Glossary of Heraldic Terms; to which is prefixed, a History of Heraldry, by T. Robson. A Manual of Prayers, in Every Language, for every Day in the Week, by the Rev. J. Topham, M.A. F.R.S.L. Rector of St. Andrew and St. Mary Witten, Droitwich.

The Poetical Works of the late F. Seyers, M.D.; to which is prefixed, his Disquisition on English Poetry, and English Metres: and also a Life, by W. Taylor, of Norwich.

On the first of November will be Published, Price One Guinea, in One Volume, Post Octavo, elegantly bound in rich crimson silk, and illustrated with 18 splendid Engravings on Steel, by the most celebrated Artists of the day, Le Keppache Francaise.

On the first of November, in royal 18mo. elegantly bound in crimson silk, The Winter's Wreath, for 1831, illustrated with 13 elegant engravings.

The First Volume of the Quadrupeds of the Zoological Gardens, will be ready in a few days.

The Lyre and the Laurel, two volumes of the most beautiful fugitive Poetry of the XIXth Century, will appear in a fortnight.

The true Dignity of Human Nature, or Man viewed in relation to Immortality, by the Rev. W. Davies, Minister of Croft Chapel, Hastings. 18mo.

Mr. Booden has nearly ready, his Life of Mrs. Jordan, from her first appearance on the Irish Stage, until her lamentable death at St. Cloud.

The Lives of the Italian Poets, in 3 Vols., by the Rev. Henry Stebbing, the much admired author of the History of Chivalry and the Crusades, are just ready for publication, embellished with nearly thirty medallion portraits.

Charley the Fatalist, a Novel, from the pen of a regular Contributor to Blackwood's Magazine, may be expected in a few days.

The Sixth Edition of the Cabinet Lawyer, revised and enlarged, in One Vol. 18mo. and comprising the New Acts of the 11 Geo. IV. and 1 Will. IV. and Legal Decisions to the Summer Assizes.

Professor Jameson has undertaken to edit, for Constable's Miscellany, an edition of Wilson's great work on American Ornithology. The whole of the Literary Contents of the original and only Edition will be comprised in Three Volumes, not only without abridgment, but with numerous additions and improvements.





THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, WESTMINSTER, LONDON.



# THE Imperial Magazine;

OR, COMPENDIUM OF

RELIGIOUS, MORAL, & PHILOSOPHICAL KNOWLEDGE.

NOVEMBER.] "PHILOSOPHICAL LITERATURE IS THE GERM OF NATIONAL LEARNING." [1830.

## ST. JAMES'S CEMETERY, LIVERPOOL.

(With a View.)

THE man who denies that we live in an age of improvement, must be a hardy cynic, in every respect worthy of the tub which Diogenes occupied. The inventive powers of man have given birth to energies, which to former generations were totally unknown; and human ingenuity has formed contrivances, through which the elements of nature are controlled, and rendered subservient to the purposes of art. There are few departments of life to which the inventions and improvements of modern times do not extend.

Our streets, warehouses, shops, and taverns, our churches, chapels, theatres, and other public buildings, are illuminated with gas. Steam has extended its influence over the ocean, and both wind and tide have been taught to submit to its power. In machinery, stationed on the land, its mighty agency has been long well known, in giving motion to engines which drain our coal mines of water, and render productive of wealth, those still deeper excavations in Devon and Cornwall, which the adventurer explores, while searching for subterranean treasures.

From stationary existence and operation, the powerful agency of steam has been taught to acquire a loco-motive property. It has been directed to traverse our public roads, and, with a celerity unknown before, to transfer enormous weights from one town to another. Liverpool has had the honour of giving effective birth to this peculiar mode of its operation; and future generations will register this place as the cradle of the infant giant, when, having attained maturity, its history shall, hereafter, be recorded among the memorable inventions of the world.

The improvements which will distinguish the present century are not confined to the living. They extend to the repositories of the dead; and here, also, Liverpool will stand foremost in the field of honourable enterprise. Increasing both in population and commerce, the inhabitants of this justly celebrated town long felt the inconveniences attendant on the interment of the dead. The burying places were found too contracted to

accommodate the victims of death. It was frequently difficult to discover room for a grave, without disturbing bodies that had been previously interred; and many instances occurred when they were removed while only in a state of partial decomposition. This violation of decorum was acutely felt, and seriously deplored by all; but to the surviving friends of those, whose mouldering fragments were mutilated by a premature disinterment, the feelings excited were too agonizing to be described. The claims of decency became at length too imperious to be resisted. To meet these demands, a cemetery, comprising about 24,000 square yards, was formed at Low Hill, near Everton. It was opened Feb. 21, 1825, and furnished to the inhabitants a great accommodation; but even this was found too contracted for general interment. A new and more enlarged burying-ground became absolutely necessary, but the difficulty of finding an appropriate place was, for some time, an obstacle not to be surmounted. At length, a spot was discovered suitable in almost every respect, for the solemn but useful purpose. The situation was eligible, being somewhat detached from the habitations of the living, without being at an inconvenient distance; and what operated still more in its favour was, its being scarcely adapted for any other use.

Of this cemetery, the prefixed engraving furnishes a faithful representation, and gives an appropriate distinctness to every thing remarkable that is included within its confines. The foundation stone was laid Aug. 28, 1827. It was consecrated Jan. 13, 1829; and the first interment, that of Mr. Haram, a wine merchant of Liverpool, took place June 13, 1829. In an entertaining, useful, and much circulated work, entitled "The Stranger in Liverpool," a brief description of this cemetery has been published, from the pages of which we transcribe the following particulars.

"This burial-ground is situated at the top of Duke-street, and is formed on the site of a delf or quarry, from which sufficient stone has been abstracted to construct many of the public buildings of the town, and several docks. The cemetery comprises 44,000 square yards of land, sur-

rounded with a very strong and elegant stone wall and handsome iron railing. There are four entrances by gates, supported by handsome stone piers, two from the head of Duke-street, one from Hope-street, and another from the south-end of St. James's Walk, by an elegant archway, being the principal entrance to the lower part of the grounds.

"The eastern side is nearly perpendicular, and not less than 1,100 feet in length, and 52 feet in height, and is faced with masonry taken from the bottom of the delf. A road, commencing at the north end, near Duke-street, gradually descends upon an inclined plane, and is intersected midway by another road from the southern end of the ground, each road advancing beyond the point of intersection, and continuing upon the same declination to the bottom. There is also another horizontal road running parallel with the upper and lowest part of the wall, cutting the inclined planes at the point of intersection, and running north and south to each extremity of the wall. These roads are sufficiently wide to admit a carriage, and are protected by a course of masonry, about 2 feet 6 inches high.

"The entrances to the catacombs consist of doorways 4 feet 6 inches wide and 7 feet high, finished at the sides and round the arches with rustic masonry. There are twenty-nine of these catacombs placed on the south side of the horizontal road, and twenty-two to the north, with one in the centre, 14 feet high. Fifteen more of these openings are placed on the southern extremity of the inclined road, near the bottom, and twelve on the extremity of the corresponding road to the north. These, with twenty-seven placed on the ground, under the angular section of the figure formed by the dip of the roads, make altogether one hundred and five in number, the large one in the centre being only ornamental. The two extremities of this extended line, owing to the irregularity of the face of the rock, are not uniform; but this, instead of offending the eye, is so managed as to produce a pleasing variety.

"The width of the ground is about 90 yards, and its extreme length, from the entrance at the southern end of St. James's Walk to the base of the rock upon which the Oratory is placed, is about 500 yards; the western side and each end are formed by sloping banks, planted with the smaller kind of forest-trees and shrubs. The lower part of the burial-ground is tastefully disposed in shrubberies, serpentine walks, &c.

"The church, or oratory, stands an interesting and prominent object, near the

face of the perpendicular rock, at the top of Duke-street, nearly on the site of the old windmill. Its exterior exhibits a small, but fine and elegant specimen of pure Grecian Doric architecture: it is 46 feet long and 29 feet wide, inside measure. For this classical gem, which is a perfect specimen of a Greek Hypaethral temple, as well as the design of the catacombs, &c., the town is indebted to the refined taste and professional skill of Mr Foster, the architect of the works. The minister's house is a handsome stone building, situate near to the church, and the porter's lodge is likewise built of stone, and is placed on the high land at the south end.

"This establishment has been compared with the celebrated cemetery of *Pere la Chaise*, at Paris. There are, however, several points in which they are materially dissimilar. The Parisian one, for instance, contains no catacombs; a fact which gives variety and characteristic interest to the Liverpool cemetery. On the other hand, the latter is formed out of a large tract of hollow ground, whilst the former is on an eminence, commanding an extensive view of Paris and the surrounding country. On the whole, however, if a similar mode of introducing a variety of monumental designs into the ground of the Liverpool cemetery is adopted, taken in connexion with the architectural and picturesque views, which fall beneath the eye of the spectator almost at every step, the cemetery of St. James will be at once a credit and an ornamental appendage of the highest utility to the town, and an object of curiosity and philosophical interest to the visitor."

Widely as these two branches of improvement are, to which we have already alluded, namely, the steam-carriages which accommodate the living, and the formation of the cemetery as a receptacle for the dead, the melancholy death of Mr. Huskisson most awfully connects them together. In our preceding number, col. 971, we gave a brief account of this national loss, and of the manner in which it occurred; and the monument about to be erected to his memory, and of which the spot is marked in the engraving, will perpetuate the association, and transmit a memorial of the fatal catastrophe to distant generations. As the funeral of this statesman is the most awfully memorable event that has ever distinguished, and we hope that ever will distinguish this cemetery, we make no apology for laying it in this place before our readers.

On Friday, September 24, 1830, the remains of the right hon. William Huskisson were committed to the grave, at the new



cemetery, Liverpool, to which they were attended by thousands of his sorrowing countrymen, anxious to pay the last sad tribute of respect to the memory of an exalted personage, whose sterling abilities as a statesman, and whose public and private virtues as a man, have endeared him to the nation at large. For some days previous to the interment, the exertions of the gentlemen forming the committee, to give due effect to the ceremony, and to preserve order, were most active and unremitting, and the regulations adopted were calculated to produce the desired effect. On Wednesday and Thursday, tickets were distributed by the committee to persons anxious to enter the precincts of the cemetery, and to have a closer view of the funeral ceremony.

To add solemnity to this afflictive event, on the morning of Friday, the church bells began to toll at an early hour, and continued until the mournful ceremony was brought to a termination. The shops also, and all the public offices, paid a similar token of respect to the memory of the deceased. Early in the morning, the weather was lowering in the extreme, and there were several heavy showers before the procession started. Numbers of people, however, who had assembled in the vicinity of the cemetery, kept their ground in despite of the rain. In the neighbourhood of the town-hall, the people congregated at an early hour, but many of them dispersed on account of the unfavourable state of the weather. About nine o'clock, the individuals, carriages, &c., intending to join the procession, began to assemble in the area of the Exchange, Water-street, and Dale-street; and the gentlemen of the committee were actively engaged from an early hour in the morning, in the town-hall, where the body was deposited, in expediting the preliminary arrangements. In consequence of the delay, arising from the unfavourable state of the weather, the procession did not move till a quarter past ten o'clock. The weather cleared up about the time fixed for starting, and remained fine until the conclusion of the ceremony. The number of carriages was limited, as it was wished by the committee to render the procession one of pedestrians. There were in all twenty-two carriages and pairs, and four mourning coaches with four horses in each.—The following was the order of the procession:—

Two Mutes, on horseback.

Gentlemen dressed in mourning, 164 lines, six abreast.

The Committee, four abreast.

Twenty-eight Clergymen.

Two Mutes.

The Officiating Clergyman, the Rev. Jon.

Brooks, the Rector, attended by the Rev. T. Blackburne, Dr. Brandreth, Mr. Greene, M. P., for Lancaster, and the Hon. Bootle Wilbraham.

The Pall-bearers.

Sir George Drinkwater, Mayor of Liverpool, Lord Stanley, Earl Gower, Lord Sandon, Sir S. Canning, Hon. Mr. Stanley, Sir J. Tobin, Mr. Dennison, Mr. J. W. Patten, M. P., for Lancashire.

Mr. Doherty, M. P., Solicitor-General for Ireland.

Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Lawrence.

The Pall-bearers, &c., were in the carriages of the Committee.

Two Mutes.

Lid of Feathers.

Under Bearers and THE BODY. Under Bearers and Attendants. Attendants.

Mourning Coaches, conveying the Chief Mourners, &c.,

The Chief Mourners.

General Huskisson, Captain Huskisson, Lord Colville, Lord Granville, Mr. Littleton, M. P.

Mr. Wainwright,

Mr. Milne, and the Rev. W. Cockburn.

The State Carriage of the Mayor, closed.

Gentlemen, six abreast, 42 lines.

The procession was closed by nine carriages.

The procession, which swelled as it proceeded, was calculated, by a competent judge, to contain upwards of sixteen hundred gentlemen in mourning. Outside of the railings within which the procession moved, it has been calculated that there were upwards of 60,000 spectators between the exchange and the cemetery. We shall not guess at the number of persons within the cemetery. Every place which afforded standing room was occupied, and it is supposed that there were from twenty to thirty thousand persons looking on or endeavouring to get a sight of the ceremony. One signal gun was fired when the body was put into the hearse, at the town-hall, and another when the corpse entered the gates of the cemetery.

When the procession arrived at the cemetery, the great majority of the gentlemen who formed it descended through the arch into the lower ground, where they took their stand on the gravel walks, whilst about 150 of the party, including the committee, clergymen, and some of the gentlemen connected with the press, entered with the corpse into the Grecian chapel, where the funeral ceremony was performed with great solemnity and effect by the Rev. Jonathan Brooks. The reading of the burial service occupied about twelve minutes; after which the committee, clergy, and those who were admitted into the chapel, moved out, and, descending the stone archway, repaired slowly and solemnly to the burying ground below, in the centre lawn. The sight from

this place, looking upwards, was peculiarly striking. When the Rev. Mr. Brooks commenced that part of the funeral service which is delivered at the grave, the hats of thousands of the spectators were instantly removed, and all eyes were bent with intense interest towards the spot where the mutilated remains of their late esteemed representative were about to be consigned to their last home.

Those who were stationed near the grave were evidently much affected by the closing scene; and one of the chief mourners, (General Huskisson) bedewed the grave of his lamented brother with tears, which never ceased to flow from the commencement to the close of this painful scene.

At the conclusion of the melancholy and imposing ceremony, another gun was fired; the procession then left the ground, and the assembled thousands around dispersed, after paying the last sad tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased.

Liverpool having given an example to the nation, both in theory and practice, of forming a public cemetery, in which the wealthy and the poor may lie down together, London has taken the hint, and designs have been drawn for a grand metropolitan burying place. Nothing, however, has yet been effectually done. The spot is still to be selected. Hampstead Heath, and Primrose Hill, near Camden Town, have both been mentioned; but funds must be raised, and many obstacles removed, before a work of such gigantic magnitude can be undertaken.

In the plans now exhibited at the Royal Repository, Charing-cross, an enormous pyramid is the principal figure that strikes the eye. The description accompanying it, represents the whole to be intended as a progressive work, proportionate to the annual demand for burial. When finished, it is calculated to be capable of containing five millions of human beings. It will be larger in dimensions than the great pyramid of Egypt, simple in form, curious in arrangement, and truly sublime in effect. Its area will be surrounded by a terrace walk, enclosed by a wall thirteen feet high. The ground within this enclosure, from the wall to the base of the pyramid, is to be tastefully laid out for private tombs and monuments, in the style of the famous cemetery of *Pere la Chaise*, near Paris. Should this work ever attain completion on the magnificent scale now in contemplation, it will be to the metropolis an object of superlative grandeur, veneration, and solemnity, being consecrated to sepulchral silence, and the decomposition of the dead.

The internment of the dead in churches and chapels frequented by the living, and in contracted grounds, surrounded by a dense population, though sanctioned by custom, and rendered venerable by age, cannot fail to prove injurious to health, by polluting the atmosphere which all must inhale. In nearly every large town, these evils exist, and are to be deplored. The noble example set by Liverpool, we hope, will be influential on other places besides London. The honour of imitation may be enjoyed by all, but this, instead of diminishing, will augment the lustre of the humane and enterprising spirit which gave the first public cemetery birth.

#### THE SEPARATION.

By Rev. J. Young.

"Oh what is death?" 'Tis life's last shore,  
Where vanities are vain no more;  
Where all pursuits their good obtain;  
Where life is all retouch'd again;  
Where, in their bright results, shall rise  
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, loves, and joys,"  
Gambold.

"Oh, what a change will not a few hours effect!" sighed out an almost broken-hearted female, as she paced, with hurried steps and agonized feelings, little short of maniacal, her lonely chamber. "This last wretch has climaxed my sufferings, and given the final stab to my already shattered peace."—She pressed one hand to her throbbing forehead, and, with the other, drew forth her handkerchief, and wiped away the tears of agony which rolled down her pale cheek, and then, sinking into a chair, unable longer to restrain the almost choking grief under which she laboured, exclaimed, in sorrow's deepest tone, "O my own, my dear, dear Eustace, are we indeed torn from each other for ever?" Nature sunk beneath its own violent emotions, and the delicate frame of the devoted Laura fainted under it.

Laura was the youngest daughter of a gentleman of family in the north of Scotland, whose residence was at the foot of a lofty ridge of mountains, called the Pentland Hills, which rise about four miles west of Edinburgh, and extend a considerable distance towards the western boundary of Mid-Lothian. Here the gentle Laura resided with her widowed father, and, by her assiduities and sprightly intelligence, formed the principal source of the enjoyment which he knew. The house which they occupied stood in a retired situation. A small green plat, with two or three waving poplars, filled the front premises, which

were the extreme prospect, except a very limited view of distant scenery on the right, and a still less extent of a public road leading into the town, on the left. Yet, more than this, Laura wished not. She had, at a period when most females possess the greatest measure of hilarity of spirits, sunk into a degree of pensiveness, except on some extraordinary and brief occasions, which produced a species of distaste to society. She had experienced no ordinary shock at the loss of her mother, and such a mother as few, comparatively, have known; she was such a one, as few, possessing almost an infinitely less degree of sensibility than Laura did—who, in fact, was *all* sensibility—could have lost, without deeply deploring her.

The wound which her mind from this circumstance had received, was yet unhealed, when another, laceratingly painful, was inflicted on it; and inflicted, too, by the hand of a dastard, who ought to have shielded her from another pang, even at the hazard of his own existence. But he had not soul enough to know her worth, or the craven spirit which he displayed would have been exchanged for the noble and unbending conduct of a man of truth and honour. Such conduct, because of its frequency and consequences, deserves all the reprehension which the strongest language can express. The miscreants are pests to society, and should be scouted from it. Freezing pity, and burning execration, are sooner or later their wretched possession.

From these repeated attacks, acting powerfully on a delicate constitution, and a class of feelings so finely strung, that, like the *Æolian* harp, which sends forth plaintive music at the softest breeze, trembled at every touch; she writhed beneath mental throes of the most violent character; and hence too it was, that a melancholy tinge—foreign to her natural temperament—had infected her, making the quiet seclusion of the family dwelling to possess more charms for her, than all the gay scenes of London, Venice, or Paris could have afforded.

Here, day after day, and week after week, the mourning Laura brooded over her sorrows and her wrongs. Her wrongs! Yes, her wrongs!—but she conceived not so of them; her kind and noble nature thought of them by another, by a milder name—for, she was used to say, “I cannot disesteem that which I once loved.” The chief and almost only pleasures she now enjoyed arose from the interest which she took in affording instruction to some few children of the poor around her, and occa-

sionally visiting the chamber of sickness, or the abodes of want and wretchedness.

That gracious Being, however, whose “tender mercies are over all his works,” and who delights not in the unhappiness of any of his creatures, marked with compassion her “life-sapping” sorrow; and, at the moment when the bereavement and disappointment which she had met with, were pressing upon the very vitals of her existence, and threatening speedy death, He, in the order of His providence, brought her acquainted with one, whose union of spirit with her own, and similarity of circumstances in some of their darkest shades, through which she had passed, not only tended greatly to rouse her languid powers, but threw around her path, once more, some of the fascinations of life, bringing, gradually and by degrees, into full play, those vivid sensibilities of her nature, which she had hastily imagined were destroyed for ever.

A variety of circumstances, perfectly natural, and yet equally unforeseen and unexpected, brought them frequently together. A nameless something, in the habits and spirit of Eustace, led the sympathizing Laura to conceive that some blighting affliction had produced a reservation, bordering on gloominess, in her friend, which elicited from her, numberless acts of kindness, the result of friendship in its purest character. What, indeed, may have been the circumstances of Eustace, even conjecture has not developed. Whatever they might have been, it was fully evident to the searching eye and sensitive solicitude of Laura, they had been of a rough and destructive character, and that was sufficient with her to produce a strong desire in her mind to serve him. Retiring as Eustace was in his general habits, and cold and distant as were even his civilities, if he possessed any, still he was far from being indifferent to the kind sympathies of the attentive Laura; and as he became gradually acquainted with her history, he felt no less a measure of sympathy for her, and a desire to alleviate her sorrows, than she had experienced towards himself.

Time rolled on, and every passing period rendered the interviews of Eustace and Laura more pleasurable to each. Eustace became a favourite with her father, and a frequent visitor at their retired dwelling. Friendship of the purest, most disinterested and lofty kind, possessed each of them, and in the exercise of that sacred feeling, they strove to advance each other's best interests.

Kind solicitudes for the mutual welfare

of each other, and their endeavours to promote it, were not uselessly employed. The advice and exhortations of Eustace were rendered salutary to the mind of Laura, while the counsel and kindness of Laura did not become less beneficial to Eustace. In their experience, the imaginings of the poet found the substance it had airily conceived of, while the cold and insincere formalities of professing friends, might have been fired by its contemplation, or have been made to blush at its comparison.

Time rolled on, and still their friendship grew, without either knowing, or even conceiving, that a softer passion might possibly succeed. If the thought might at any time occur to them, Laura believed it impossible on her own part, while Eustace even dreaded its existence. Each possessed, in the company of the other, all they wished to enjoy, and all, they knew, they could possess.

Laura had lately, in company with a young lady of her acquaintance, visited an interesting invalid, a few miles from home. For two years she had been gradually, but perceptibly, sinking; and now, was fast hastening to that home "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest." A request had been made by her parents, through Laura's friend, that Eustace would likewise visit her: to this request he cheerfully consented; and, in company with the ladies, he walked to the house of affliction.

It was a fine evening, towards the latter end of May, when the party set forth on their errand of Christian love; and, as they walked onwards, the beauty of the scenery, the charms of nature, and the goodness of Him from whom cometh every good and every perfect gift, intermingled with remarks relative to piety, of an individual and practical character, occupied their thoughts, and furnished them with abundance of the most interesting matter for conversation, until they reached the house.

The situation of the place was most romantic. The house stood on a level spot, more than half way down a deep glen, and was surrounded by some ninety or hundred acres of rich pasture and meadow land, every part of which was now in a high state of cultivation. The visitors had already reached the brow of the lofty hill which rose above the dwelling, and were gently proceeding, when Eustace, who was an enthusiastic admirer of nature, in all her varied forms, stood still, to gaze awhile on the wide and fascinating prospect which was spread before him.

On their right, and partly before them,

lay a rich and extensive valley, in the bed of which, winding in serpentine forms, flowed a beautiful river. Occasionally its waters were hid behind jutting plots of land, and then, again, broke forth to the sight, looking like a rich mirror embossed in a frame of emerald, as the sun rested upon its surface, and the sloping pastures hemmed it in on either side. Here and there, as if to relieve the eye, and give a picturesque effect to the scenery, a rustic bridge was discovered, spanning the stream, and forming a medium of communication to the several inhabitants of the country.

In the front distance, a vast extent of hilly country stretched as far as the eye could extend its power of vision, while some rude and precipitous chasms, and abrupt and lofty acclivities, diversified the view. On the left, a portion of unequal land was terminated by a dark copse of fir, birch, and oak trees, growing on the side and summit of another hill, even loftier than that on which Eustace and his companions stood. A humble dwelling or two graced different parts of the scene, and lower down the valley, in the extreme perspective, a few scattered houses, with a glittering village kirk spire, might be discovered. Not a cloud stood in the heavens. The sun gave a gorgeous brilliancy to every object, while a cooling breeze played round the tops of the mountains, giving a cheering freshness to the atmosphere.

Eustace was enraptured. Again and again, he pointed out the objects as they rose before him to Laura; and then, with emotions which could not be expressed, feeling the sublime language of Thomson, mentally exclaimed,

God is ever present, ever felt,  
In the wide waste, as in the city full:  
I cannot go  
Where universal love not smiles around,  
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons;  
From seeming evil, still educing good,  
And better thence again, and better still,  
In infinite progression. But, I lose  
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable;  
Come then, expressive silence, muse His  
praise."

The party moved on, and soon reached the habitation of the invalid.

The ladies entered, and Eustace followed. There sat a form, wasted by slow consumption, which had once been lovely, and which even now retained some relics of former beauty. A deep hectic flush played upon her cheeks, her lips were of an ashy paleness, and her dim eyes were sunk deep in their sockets. Occasionally, a distressing cough seemed to tear her shattered system, while her faint and tremulous voice was scarcely audible.

Immediately opposite the place where she sat, stood a rude sort of sofa, which she had occasionally used as such, on which to rest her weak frame. There, Laura took her seat with her companion; while Eustace drew a chair close to the youthful sufferer, and strove to instruct and comfort her. The sinfulness of human nature, the atonement of the Saviour, and the way to God through faith in that blood, were the things upon which by turns he dwelt. Tears flowed plentifully from the sinking penitent's eyes, as he spoke to her, and exhibited the cheering evidences of the Saviour's mercy, and expatiated on the peace and happiness of a better world. He then took the Holy Scriptures, and read from its sacred contents, and afterwards in solemn prayer commended her to God.

During the period that Eustace was hanging over the invalid, and pointing out to her the way of salvation, the eye of Laura was fixed upon him with unmoving attention; she listened with an interest beyond what she had ever before experienced. At times a silent tear stole down her cheek, and told the powerful feelings of her mind. At length, unable longer to contain her emotions, she rose, and walked out by herself into a small paddock, which lay through a little garden adjoining the house, and there gave uncontrolled vent to her feelings. Eustace had marked her grief, and now observed her departure. After waiting with anxiety for her return, he felt alarmed at her absence, and walked out to seek her. It was some time, however, before he could ascertain the way she had taken. At length he discovered her at a distance, evidently almost overcome by the feelings under which she laboured. He instantly passed hastily through the garden towards her. She turned, and, seeing him approaching, motioned with her hand for him to go back. With reluctance he obeyed, and, entering again the house, made such an apology for her as seemed necessary, and, shortly afterwards, with Laura's female friend, bade its inhabitants farewell, and hasted to join her.

The road by which they returned was in another direction from that by which they came. A lofty hill lay before them. Laura leaned on Eustace's arm, as they ascended, while her female companion, like a bounding roe, skipped on before them. They gained the summit, and again gazed with admiration on the gorgeous scenery. But, while they gazed and commented on its beauties, a distressing conviction seized the mind of Laura, that they

should no more visit that spot in company. This she expressed to Eustace, upon whose mind, a class of emotions of the most crushing influence, descended with the intelligence. They passed on. The angle of a copse was crossed by them; a narrow pass required Eustace's assistance—it was given;—every touch, every look, was now thrillingly felt. Their friend was still skipping on in front of them, through a scented field of clover flower. They still followed, and as they passed, a declaration, chaste as it was sincere, met the ear of Laura, while a reciprocity of feeling was experienced and expressed.

Time rolled on,—and still their affection grew, when an unexpected circumstance arose, and pointed to a period, not far distant, when, that which to each of them appeared but as the prelude of death, SEPARATION! must take place. The effect produced upon the constitution of Eustace was not less deep and destructive, although less perceptible, than on the delicate frame of Laura. The time drew rapidly on, with, in appearance to them, unusual celerity—one day only intervened when the painful farewell sound was to be heard. That day they walked again over the ground which they had before walked in company, and, for the *last* time, visited some spots on which memory had affixed a signet never to be obliterated. The shades of evening gathered—night came on—the last chaste embrace was given—their hands seemed unable to let go their hold of each other—but they parted. The adieu was *felt*, rather than heard. They parted for ever! Morning dawned again, but not as formerly for Eustace and Laura. He took one, long, agonizing, look at her window, and then rushed to the conveyance which was to bear him far, far away from her who was dear to his heart, and,

"Midst earth's gay millions lov'd alone."

The distress of mind under which Laura had laboured, during the hours of the past night, had so far overcome her, that her enfeebled system was sunk in profound sleep at the time of Eustace's departure: but when at length the oblivious influence of slumber wore off, she awoke to all the anguish of a mind to which, now, no earthly specific could be applied. She arose, and as the painful conviction pressed upon her, that every passing moment bore Eustace still farther and farther from her, an agony almost insupportable was borne by her. She looked back to the past evening, to the comparative happiness she enjoyed while in his company, and then, dwelling once

more upon her present bereaved state, clasped her hands, and sighed out, as she paced her room, "*Oh what a change will not a few hours effect.*"

Once, after Eustace's arrival at the place of his destination, Laura received from him information of the fact. He endeavoured to console her, but the unmanageable wildness of his own anguish was too plainly discoverable in the disjointed epistle which he furnished, to be passed over. Affliction is keen-sighted, and Laura's eye, naturally so, now became doubly penetrating.—Eustace directed her to Him who is a "very present help in time of trouble," and to His protection and blessing commended her. The comfort was received, but the consolation could not save a shattered frame—she drooped for a few weeks, sunk, and died! By her express desire, a journal of her own keeping was forwarded, through a friend, to Eustace. He pressed the pledge of undying affection to his bosom, and, in a short period after its arrival, his spirit followed Laura's, in the full assurance of faith, into that world,

"Where virtuous friends shall meet,  
Shall meet to part no more;  
And with celestial welcome greet  
On an immortal shore,

"Where kindred minds, arrayed in light,  
High thoughts shall interchange;  
Nor cease, with ever new delight,  
On wings of love to range."

Brigg.

#### ON READING: NO. XI.

[Continued from Col. 997.]

MORALITY, in the scale of civilization, is one step higher than science, for it embraces science, and adds thereto, a crown, which, although it is not that diadem wherewith truth adorns her disciples, resembles it so strongly, that it is often mistaken for the original; whereas, vice, instead of conferring this badge of royalty, places a flaming face of brass, upon any figure, however fraught with elegance and propriety. Morality, indeed, is a part of religion, and, so essential a part, that it cannot be separated from the remaining portion, without instantly destroying the whole. An immoral, or vicious Christian, is an anomaly which truth never admits into her presence; indeed, such a being cannot become a citizen in her dominions: it must, therefore, be beyond the regions of truth that such a being can have "a local habitation and a name."

But, although morality is a part of religion, and one that is essential, it is only a part. That faith which is of the operation of the Spirit of truth, and which works by love, is the vital principle: without this

Spirit, morality is a dead carcass; "for the Spirit quickeneth, or giveth life. It is Christ formed in us, the hope of glory." For true religion is a spiritual existence, whereby the man rises up into the image of Deity, and it is by his Spirit that the works of man are sanctified, and rendered acceptable to God.

The spirit of man during his natural state is deeply fallen; in Adam we all fell; from him we inherit depravity; and sin, actual sin, has completed the catastrophe. "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God: and the carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither, indeed, can be. So then, they that are in the flesh cannot please God." Such a spirit as this in man, which rises up in rebellion, and fights against God, and is no sooner subdued, than it rises again, cannot be dealt with otherwise than by a continual warfare or a complete destruction. But there is nothing of potency in man equal to such a warfare, much less equal to such an effect as its destruction: no, "the excellency of the power is of God, and not of man. Now, the Lord is that Spirit: and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty; and we all with open face, beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

God, having thus, himself, appointed a way, in the gospel of Jesus Christ, whereby men may come to the knowledge of God, and be saved from the power or dominion of sin, and translated from the image of Satan to the image of the living God, He himself furnishing the power by his own Spirit—working in the spirit of man salvation: "Lay aside all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the ingrafted word, which is able to save your souls; but be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. But whose looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed." Thus man must be the recipient of power, the willing object of its operations, and an active co-operator with the Spirit of God—constantly exercised in every good word and work, in order to eternal salvation.

What becomes, then, of those elegant and

beautiful systems of mere morality with which the press teems—those grand elysian fields, where flowers and fruits, in luxuriant, yea, voluptuous varieties seem to invite the Christian to partake their sweets and solace himself beneath their shades, as a foretaste of the paradise of God? Alas, these before “Him who baptizes with the Holy Ghost, and with fire; whose fan is in His hand, and who will thoroughly purge His floor, and gather His wheat into His garner: but will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire, scorched up, will become wildernesses of drought, wherein no man can dwell in safety. Is there potence in man to save himself? No! Even morality, with all its natural graces, incorporated into mind, is yet but a dead carcass; and woe unto the man who cries, this is my deliverer. “The redemption of the soul is precious, and it ceaseth for ever; but God will redeem the soul from the power of the grave; for He will receive it.” O, then, labour to become like unto God—by His own Spirit, live ye that life which is hid with Christ in God; then, when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, shall ye also appear with Him in glory. For this redemption is the redemption of the individual from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God; and every individual must see to it, that he becomes an individual partaker of this salvation.

Morality is sometimes pictured, amidst these specious volumes, in the likeness of angelic mind—one unruffled serenity, chaste and mild; but the morality of man can seldom attain this height, and never during any long period. Beset with difficulties, with ignorances, with errors, with passions, with affections, with the love of ease, and, worse than these, with temptations to, and commissions of sin, producing guilt, and, yet worse, with imbecilities of spirit to act aright, or to correct the wrong; how is it possible for any man, under mere moral influences, to preserve equanimity of soul? The good sense of some, the strict discipline of others, the loftiness of a few, and the lowliness of certain men, may secure them from those irregular sallies which mark the character of the indiscreet, and give a seeming of placidity: but all is seeming, and may be seen through. For, where is the mind, fraught only with morality, that can so perfectly ape the mind that was in Christ, the mind which he infuses into His faithful disciples, as to pass this off among these for the original? Like an elegant marble statue, beauteous and expressive to the gazer, it may, upon its pedestal, orna-

ment an apartment, and amaze a guest; but, touched, it chills the hand, and, with forbidding coldness, says to intruding Christians—“Go! the fire of fanaticism finds here no welcome; vain are its efforts to melt me into love—with you, no genial feeling dwells within my frame—my rock is not as your rock—ye followers of faith, away—cease to invade my charms—nor gaze ye longer at my loveliness, not made for you—I have adorers, who fondly worship here—far hence, ye lovers of a life unknown.”

Religion is a body and a soul, fitly and genially one. Morality is the body, and the Spirit of God, received and held by a living faith, which faith itself is of the operation of this Spirit, is the soul. What then has a Christian to do with a body without a soul? Can such a body save a man? And what has a christian man to do with a soul without a body? Can such a soul save a man? “What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? Can faith save him? If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, “depart in peace, be ye warmed, and filled; notwithstanding, ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit? Even so, faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone.” Equally dead are works without faith. A system, therefore, of dry morality is not worth the time and expense of reading: because there is a specious something about those works that approach true religion thus near, which often deceives the simple, and stops him short in his progress toward the haven of rest. The glowing beauties of the cardinal virtues, the godlike benignity of the liberal mind, the condescending love of the benevolent Christian, the disinterested zeal of the manly patriot, and a hundred such fulsome compliments, which serve only to bloat men up with pride, are stuffed to surfeiting, into many of these works.

To morality, which certainly is an essential part of Christianity, I have, and trust I ever shall, award its meed of praise; for without it the Christian, if so called, “hath a name that he liveth, and is dead.”

But to exalt morality into a saviour, is quite another thing. What is a mere round of duties? What is their value? It is the bearing about of a dead body, and expecting from that dead body, like the relic of a saint, what even the living man never could accomplish, viz. salvation. The value of such a thing is merely of a carnal nature, which, like all other carnal things, must perish in the using; and then, when the man

looks for its aid, and most needs it, viz., in the article of death, it passes away, and is no more seen. Can a man clothe himself with morality as with a garment, and in this robe of his own righteousness stand before the judgment-seat of Christ? Alas! No! "Every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because, it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. Let no man deceive himself: if any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise. For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God: for it is written, He taketh the wise in their own craftiness; and again, The Lord knoweth the thoughts of the wise, that they are vain."

Who among mankind arrogate to themselves greater wisdom, or betray more pride and self-sufficiency, than the self-righteous traders in morality? "These Pharisees stand and pray thus with themselves, God, I thank Thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess. While a publican, standing afar off, does not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but, smiting upon his breast, cries, God be merciful to me a sinner!" Hear, ye trusters in morality, who defile the temple of the living God by pride and loftiness, and by setting up therein that troop of idols, your own good works,—hear, ye what decision the Judge of all the earth hath given upon this important case. "I tell you, this publican went down to his house justified rather than the Pharisee; for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." You exalt yourselves into righteous men, and your good works into saviours, while your righteousness, instead of a glorious robe, is an assemblage of filthy rags, which do not even afford a covering; and your good works are a foundation of sand, which the floods of affliction and death will wash from under you, and leave you most desolate.

With the humble penitent, how different is the case! conscious of his own sinfulness, and alarmingly so of his own weakness, he has no plea but the plea of mercy. "God be merciful to me a sinner!" is his prayer; confessing his sin, and seeking for pardon, not in his own merits, but by the atonement—the way of mercy which God has pre-

scribed, and of which God approves; for he makes no terms, sets up no plea of his own, but sinks, a lost sinner, into the arms of mercy, to be saved upon God's own terms.

To the doters on morality, who pore upon the writings which exclude the atonement of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, and who lightly esteem the way of salvation by a living faith in Him, and set at nought the operations of the Holy Spirit upon the soul of man, I would call, in the language of the prophet of old, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fairness. Incline your ear, and come unto Me, saith the Lord; hear, and your soul shall live." "Jesus Christ, of Nazareth, who was crucified, whom God raised from the dead, He is the stone which was set at nought of you builders, and He is become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

Come to the word of God; read, believe, and live. For life is too precious to be trifled away, because we must soon die; and, can a dead man live again? No, we see none return from death. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." Man has, therefore, one life of probation only; he cannot return to earth, and, by a second living, amend the errors of his first life: no, after this the judgment comes; and he must stand or fall therein, according to the acts of his one life of probation. Of what consequence, then is this one life of man? eternity with all its joys, with all its woes, hang upon this one short life of man; and into eternity he must go, prepared or not. "None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him." Happy then are the men, "who fly for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before them!"

(To be continued.)

#### ESSAY ON CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

THE brightest era which has adorned either ancient or modern times, is that in which Christian Missions were first established. It is an enterprise which is at once god-like, magnificent, and sublime. The prin-



ciple which actuates it, sheds round the soul a sacred and heavenly lustre, poured from the radiant emanations of Deity himself. It is an embassy commissioned from the eternal throne, and the undertaking is written in starry characters upon the skies.

When we contemplate the regions of Paganism, the Mahometan delusion, and the idolatrous worship of degenerate Christians, the human soul shrinks back with horror at the scene, and starts at the idea of eternity. There is not an evil of greater magnitude than that of idolatry, or image-worship. Nothing is more disgraceful to human nature, or furnishes a greater aberration from the precepts of Heaven, and the dictates of morality. There is nothing more derogatory to an intelligent being. Idolatry darkens the intellect, and blasts the immortal spirit for ever. It is the vestibule to the infernal realms, the curse and bane of all happiness; the counteracting and opposing demon, that drags the soul into the sulphurous abyss of perdition. It tarnishes and disgraces the pages of history, in the annals of all nations: it is an abomination which degrades the character of man, and reduces him to a level with the brute creation. In this degeneracy we may trace the efflux of natural and moral evil that has cursed human nature in every age; a curse that has paralyzed the energies of genius, and hung the clouds of barbarism over the world. By the influence of this prevailing evil, the fundamental law of the Divine decalogue has been universally violated; and that must be an apostate intelligence, indeed, which reduces the grandeur of Deity to an equality with the wretched mockery of a wooden effigy or painted idol.

What an infinite descent has the human spirit here made! A disregard to the prodigious disproportion between these two objects, argues the moral blindness of the soul, and the degraded condition of the intellect, prone "to depart from the living God." Even when the human mind had arrived at the climax of its grandeur, the classic regions of refinement and science were disgraced with the celestial and terrestrial deities of mythological and fabulous delusion.

Upon the bright sun of antiquity, the dark nucleus was seen. Deities were invented, to represent the varied orders of nature, both animate and inanimate. To these imaginary divinities splendid temples were constructed, and that dedicated to Diana has been considered as one of the most magnificent displays of architectural

glory. Before these deities was seen the oblation of offerings, and there, also, was heard the expression of adoration. The most refined nations in the ancient world were addicted to these debasing habits, and governed by these degrading propensities. Idolatry has reversed the tide of moral feeling and sensibility. The affections delighted in the most revolting and cruel atrocities; here was a tragedy of rapine, bloodshed, anarchy, murder, contentions, and debauchery.

The details of modern history depict in lively features the horrors of paganism and idolatry. The contemplation of this frightful drama has therefore called forth the exertions of some heaven-born spirits to attempt the accomplishment of an enterprise that shall revolutionize this dreadful system, and extirpate this infernal evil from the earth. A divine benevolence is now animating the christian world. The ocean is traversed, the desert is explored, the forest is penetrated, privations are endured, and dangers braved, so that the celestial embassy may travel uninterrupted, and that every dark inhabitant of the pagan realms may "see the salvation of God."

Many are the systems of Antichrist established upon earth, some fundamentally and essentially erroneous, and others invented by the misguided and defective vision of human reason. Christianity proposes to remove and banish this portentous gloom; the celestial light is already spreading over the earth, and one unclouded scene of millennial glory will ultimately present itself to the inhabitants of an admiring heaven.

J. BURTON.

*Manchester, August, 1830.*

#### RELIGIOUS ENTHUSIASM.

THE investigation of subjects connected with the visible operation of religion on the mind of man, and its influence upon his words and actions, as a member of civilized society, is always interesting, and often profitable. It sets in their true light those peculiarities of character and conduct which distinguish its professors from the general bulk of mankind, who either consider its profession as a matter of trivial importance, or as confined to the stated periods of assembly for public worship. It has been a custom with many of these individuals to designate a more frequent appeal to religious exercise, and the introduction of subjects connected with christian experience and vital piety into their ordinary conversation, by the title of enthusiasm, and frequently

to treat the most solemn subjects thus introduced, with ridicule and contempt.

In order to shew the impropriety of such conduct in its most forcible light, and thus to discourage a practice, which has perhaps greatly contributed to nurture that scepticism, and profanation of the sabbath, which are now so deplorably prevalent, it may be proper to take a short view of the nature and character of religious enthusiasm, and of the persons to whom it really applies, and then to draw the line of distinction between this, and that zealous earnestness, either in words or actions, which is so designated by the thoughtless or the abandoned.

Religious enthusiasm is always the fruit of some fallacy of doctrine or peculiar opinion, which acting upon a heated or fervid imagination, produces in its professors words and actions as much at variance with the deductions of reason as with the sublime but rational principles of revelation. Thus the reveries of the Talmudists, the ascetic austerities of the Romish saints in former, and the impious absurdities of the disciples of Johanna Southcote and other visionaries of modern times, may be truly denominated religious enthusiasm, not only because they led their followers into an extravagance both in words and actions, not more ludicrous than pitiable, but also because they were so far from having any foundation in the revealed word of God, that they were diametrically opposed to it, and by their absurdity and impiety calculated to bring pure and undefiled religion into contempt with those who are unacquainted with its operation on the heart and conduct. The ignorant are generally found to be most easily influenced by enthusiasm, from their want of instruction to distinguish between truth and error; and we accordingly find among savage nations, and the lower orders in civilized states, the greatest number of religious enthusiasts. It is also a remarkable fact, and one of frequent occurrence, that this enthusiasm is more or less connected with fear of punishment, and seldom with the hope of reward; to this source is to be traced the superstitious observances of pagan nations, and the corporeal penances of the Church of Rome.

We also find in religious enthusiasm a peculiar attention paid to unmeaning ceremonies and acts of worship, many of which are either derived from tradition, or rest upon some insulated text of scripture, which has been perverted by ignorance or misconception into the authority of a divine command, and has occasioned, in many instances, the foundation of a new sect, and

sometimes the production of volumes of unmeaning controversy.

That even the pure and rational doctrines of Christianity have been thus perverted by ignorance and error, cannot be denied. It was so in the days of the apostles, as their writings, particularly those of St. Paul, abundantly testify, and we are led to conclude it will be so in the present day of evangelical light; but we should no more impute such errors to religion than attribute the prodigality of the spendthrift to the nature of gold.

Men are not conscious of the natural influence of the pleasures of sensuality and dissipation to deaden the mind to the vital principles of religion, as it stands opposed to vice, and the criminal indulgence of animal appetite. We might be at a loss to determine what there can be in the pure and rational duties of religion, whether public or private, or in the social meetings of its professors for prayer and praise, that if conducted without superstitious observances or unmeaning ceremonies, could truly deserve the designation of enthusiasm, much less the introduction of those subjects in conversation, in which the highest interests of an immortal and accountable being eternally depend. Yet, such is the natural feeling of mankind, that though the decencies of society lead them to an outward observance of decorum, and even in numerous instances to a formal attendance on the public services of religion, yet so far are they from any real consciousness of its necessary influence on the heart and conduct, that they consider its daily observance by others, or the stated and frequent assemblies of Christians for prayer, as proofs of enthusiasm. They treat with a smile of ridicule those agonizing moments of conviction with which the sinner is visited, and ascribe the chastenings of the Spirit of God to the workings of a distempered imagination. To them, indeed, they may be unknown, but to the object of them they are solemn and painful realities, operating in accordance with the testimony of that revelation which the scoffer professes to believe and venerate.

The joys and consolations of the Christian are equally beyond his comprehension, "neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." The happiness of pardon and communion with his Maker, and his expressions of these feelings, as well as his public demonstrations of them in social meetings of professing Christians, are also denominated enthusiasm. Thus the whole fabric of practical religion, as far as its public profession is concerned, though conducted without a shadow of superstition,

is condemned as enthusiasm, as needless as it is ridiculous. If this be enthusiasm, it is the enthusiasm of Christ and his apostles, it is the enthusiasm of the first Christian churches, it is the enthusiasm which the oracles of inspiration command. That ardent minds, deeply affected with the awful realities of religion, sometimes in these social meetings transgress the bounds of moderation in the expression of their feelings, cannot be denied; but surely the most fervent enthusiasm, when tempered with sincerity, is far preferable to that carelessness of religion, or formal profession of its tenets, which neither convinces the conscience, nor reforms the life.

E. G. B.

#### THE IMPORTANCE OF CONSEQUENCES.

"Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill;  
Bend the straight rule to their own crooked will;  
And with a clear and shining lamp supplied,  
First put it out, then take it for a guide."

*Cowper's Progress of Error.*

"You see, Sir Andrew," said Lady Wilmot, "that your nephew profits little by a university education; he understands neither mathematics nor logic." "And yet, my lady, an inference may be easily drawn for our guidance and instruction, whether in reason or morality, without a knowledge of either. Causes and effects, or consequences, always go together, and when we have any thing to do with either, we should always leave them where we find them." "It is not every one that pretends to be a philosopher, Sir Andrew." "And yet there are more real than pretended philosophers. A philosopher is known not by his words, but by his actions; and he is the true philosopher who exercises his reason, and takes it for his guide wherever he is compelled to direct his course."

Sir Andrew's notions were very much after what is called the "old school," and he always warmly attacked whatever might encroach upon its maxims. As a country baronet, he conceived he had a double dignity to support; first, the no inconsiderable one of title, and then that most important one of a rational creature. And though his manners, from his little intercourse with the world, were exceedingly blunt, there was often a great deal of truth in his observations. At the time we are speaking of, Lady Wilmot and Sir Andrew were in earnest conversation respecting their nephew. Intelligence had reached the worthy baronet that his relation had profited but little by all his advice and experience. He had incurred heavy debts, had gambled,

and had been guilty of many flagrant vices; while his exterior had been hitherto exhibited to the baronet as every thing that was becoming. Now Sir Andrew had resolved to shew his highest displeasure of such conduct, and had determined at present to forbid him his presence, holding *in terrorem* that powerful argument to young persons of a worldly mind—an absolute disinherence.

Lady Wilmot, a good-natured, ignorant woman, despised by that fashionable world she strove to imitate, earnestly endeavoured to dissuade her brother from this severity, using those pleas for youthful inadvertencies which her weak reasoning could supply. Sir Andrew was standing at the window of his library when his nephew drove up to the door. His anger increased at the sight of its object; he rang the bell furiously. Lady Wilmot entreated; and the servant entering, somewhat abated the storm.

"Run—tell my nephew I can't see him; he must leave the house immediately—I'll not admit him." The baronet vociferated, and the servant was detained by Lady Wilmot till the astonished youth entered the room, aghast at the scene. "Sir Andrew, I beg and entreat you will be calm." The servant retired. "I am going to town, Sir Andrew, and would wish to know your commands." "My commands!" exclaimed the baronet; "if you would know them, they are that you leave my house immediately, and never shew your face here again, till you have established a fairer character." "I do not understand you, sir." "Interpret my commands as you please, only obey them." "Surely you cannot mean what you say." "D'ye take me for a fool, then? D'ye think I'm like yourself? No; I think before I speak; I reflect before I act; I consider *consequences*."

The nephew turned to Lady Wilmot for an explanation, while Sir Andrew opened the window for a little fresh air. Then, turning round, he continued, "Look at your conduct, and then you'll have an explanation. Hypocrite! did you ever listen to my advice? did you ever benefit by my experience? No; it was all thrown away upon the wind." "But, sir, if he is deficient in intellect or virtue, I hope you will not lay your displeasure too heavily upon him." "Lady Wilmot, leave the room."

Her ladyship obeyed Sir Andrew's command. "And now, my graceless nephew, what do you say in your defence?" "Surely, sir, you have not condescended to listen to slander." "I have heard ill reports, it is true, but I shall believe them

till you can convince me to the contrary." "Indeed, I am very sorry, Sir Andrew; I may have been guilty of some youthful follies, and must entreat your kindness in overlooking them." "Your debts, contracted at college, were as much a disgrace to you, as the little learning you acquired amidst all your advantages. You, sir, study logic, and see no connexion between causes and consequences—a pretty fellow!" "That example is more powerful than precept, is your favourite proverb; and you must not be surprised that the valuable precepts inculcated, were more than counterbalanced by the example of my companions."

"And why choose such companions? But I see, 'Birds of a feather'—you soon found them out then. And d'ye think to ruin yourself, and me too, by throwing away your money in gambling? Don't build your hopes upon me; your own fortune must be sufficient. Did you never reflect that poverty is the consequence of vice and idleness?" "Is this all you would accuse me of?" "All, and don't you think that is enough? No; there's another piece of intelligence I have received, and take shame to you. D'ye know the gamekeeper's daughter? She's dead." The young man sunk speechless in his chair. "Dead! yes, I am indeed guilty, for I broke her heart." "And her father's, too. You have ruined her, and brought down his gray hairs to the grave; yet the good old man cursed you not, but hoped you would be forgiven. Is it not enough to wound your own peace—to ruin your own fortune? Is it not enough that I should be a sharer in the consequences of your vice, but you must break the heart of a father upon his daughter's grave?"

"Oh! Sir Andrew, I cannot ask your forgiveness, for I must appear to you an odious wretch. But I would to heaven that I had taken your sensible advice at the first, and always considered the probable consequences of indulging in dissipation. Instead of this, I too frequently endeavoured to extenuate my follies, and to encourage my unrestrained pursuit after pleasure, by fallacious reasonings that stifled conscience, and habituated me to vice."

"But now you find that, though experience is a dear school, fools will learn in no other. If, before you took those fatal steps which have nearly overwhelmed you with ruin, you had paused to consider what might ensue, you might have saved yourself these painful reflections. Thus it is that we all are so prone to controvert the counsels of reason and conscience, when

they thwart our inclinations; but let it be remembered, with the solemn admonition of Scripture, 'The wages of sin is death.' However the mind may delude itself, experience will always shew that misery is a constant attendant upon vice." "I confess, Sir Andrew, I have done wrong, and have needlessly wounded the peace of all around me. But it is too late, I have ruined myself." "Yes, sir, it is too late to remedy the evil you have caused; but, if your life is spared, there may still be occasions in which you may use my advice. You will leave my house, and not re-enter it till you can prove yourself to be wiser, and one who, though it costs a little self-denial in the gratification of his inclinations, always regards the probable consequences."

Beaconsfield.

J. A. B.

#### ON THE PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY.

"I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these." SHAKESPEARE.

THAT there is any pleasure attached to melancholy, is an idea which may, probably, startle some of the gay partisans of the world. We have listened, they may say, with delight to the touching strains which have fallen from the bard who has sung the "Pleasures of Memory," and have revelled in the fair visions which those of "Imagination and Hope" have taught her poet to sing;—but how we are to find any pleasurable feeling, or any delightful emotion, in the reveries of melancholy, appears to us inexplicable.

Gaiety and vivacity are inherent in the spirit of the world; and though there is, perhaps, no scene which is not sometimes overshadowed by a cloud, yet the gloom is often speedily chased away by succeeding beams of hope and enjoyment. Thus it is that the lovers of the world and its pleasures conceive that they are the only beings who are happy, and who may be said to enjoy life. They attend only to the bright parts of the scene; or if at times they are obliged to look upon such as are more gloomy, they turn away with disgust and listlessness, not considering that even from these some advantages may be elicited. Alas! that they should be so deceived as to fancy there can be no pleasure but in one continued round of gaiety and mirth! that they should be so thoughtless as to conceive that where there is not continual sunshine

there can be no enjoyment; or that unless the passions are in a state of high excitement, there can be no gratification and joy!

Young as I am, I have seen enough of the world to be convinced that there is more of the ideal than of the substantial in its pleasures; and inexperienced as I am, I know enough of its sorrows to be sure that they will, more or less, be the lot of every son of man. I too have met with disappointment. I have revelled in the gay prospects which hope and fancy have reared before my eyes; and have seen them vanish in an instant. I have delighted myself with anticipations of future enjoyment, which have all eluded my grasp, and left me almost bereft of consolation. These are not the occurrences in which the man of pleasure, and of the world, are wont to delight, not the flowery paths in which their gratifications are sought;—and yet, I can look back upon those scenes of fancied gloom, and recall some emotions of pleasure; I can testify that amid what they would call the clouds of melancholy, I have been cheered and blessed by the outbeamings which broke in upon my soul. In those visitations I have learned wisdom, I have received consolation, I have imbibed delight. The inexperience and indiscretion of youth have been instructed; and undying lessons of experience been happily gained. Melancholy may indeed be said to be

"Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,  
In Stygian cave forlorn,  
Midst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights  
unholy."

but it must be only by the unwearied lovers of mirth, who live

"In unproved pleasures free,"

or by the wretch whom the spectral enchantments of despair have haunted, that such a description will be admitted as true. Rather will the thoughtful mind hail her as

"... the goddess sage and holy,  
Whose saintly visage is too bright  
To hit the sense of human sight;  
And therefore weaker to our view  
O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue."

It is because the inconsiderate and gay have been accustomed to invest melancholy in such a dress as by no means belongs to her, that the bulk of mankind have suffered every thing dull and cheerless, and ominous, to be concomitant with her. It is because she has been misrepresented, that she has been disliked. She has been caricatured, and then held up to the contempt and hatred of the unthinking many. To talk to such of the pleasures of melancholy would be almost as useless as attempting to deceive a hungry man with an empty dish,

or to convince an idiot, by the soundest processes of reasoning, that he is not the monarch he pretends to be. So blinded are their minds to the advantages of contemplation and truth; so eager after the gratification of their insatiate desires and mistaken notions, that they reject arguments without examination, and laugh at it as a visionary and deceitful tale. But this does not prove that *their* course is the most delightful, or that others in their silent and melancholy hours can enjoy no heart-felt pleasure.

Has the reader ever been led, under the depressing influence of some misfortune, to wander at the close of evening into some retired spot, where all seemed to suit the tenor of his soul; where the distant, dying sound fell upon his listening ear, and the last gleams of departing twilight darting faintly through the trees? Has he not then felt, amidst the stillness that reigned around him, unwonted delight of mind, even while he has been musing on the events of Providence which have afflicted him? Have not the moods of melancholy been connected with the experience of conscious pleasure? How oft does death invade the happiness of the domestic circle, and sever the ties that bind congenial hearts! Is there then no pleasure in a melancholy walk to the cold grave, where is laid our departed friend? Whilst we lean upon the upright stone that marks the narrow bed of death, and recall the fond hours of departed friendship, is there no joy in the melancholy reflections? 'Tis even then the Christian feels the "joy in grief" to be more than a poet's note. Though all around wear one melancholy aspect—though the dark yew with its funeral shade—the rude tower illumined by the pale moon-beams—and the hoarse song of the wakeful bird of night, obtrude themselves upon the eye and ear—is there not a spirit of endearment that binds us to the spot? Is there not a voice that bids us dry the flowing tear of grief, and look beyond the present bounded scene to the celestial plains above,

"Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest."

What scene can be more melancholy than a parting one? Touching, indeed, is it when we see a widowed mother weeping upon the neck of her departing son, while the sorrowful sisters stand around, and scarce pronounce the final adieu;—yet which of the party would be absent at such a time? Where is the individual who has felt what separation means, who does not know the pleasing spell with which it is accompanied? Then hope entwines herself

closer round the fearful heart, and every fond wish that dwells in affection's breast, is poured forth with eagerness. Let the disappointed lover tell what pleasure he feels in the retirement of melancholy. She seems his only friend. Wrapt in her sable garb, he passes away the lonely hours in pleasing reveries of what he hoped to enjoy; and in spite of ruined hopes, still carries on his views and wishes to future days. His fancy, somewhat chastised by a mourning spirit, still wanders into ideal regions, and lights his eye with the poet's fire.

Yes! these are some of the pleasures which the chastened, the thoughtful, the Christian mind is accustomed to find in melancholy. Absorbed in contemplation, such a mind will love to sit alone, and muse upon the things that surround it. Full many a theme will crowd upon the attention, and pass in review before it. The sins and sorrows of the human heart; the pomps and follies of the unthinking world; and the wonderful mysteries of revealed wisdom—will afford to the contemplative mind, in its melancholy musings, full scope for exercise. But the pensive sadness thus awakened, though diffusing solemnity through the spirit, is an entire stranger to despair.

From individual occurrences it will proceed to general ones; and embracing in its comprehensive grasp the whole human family, will find, in the joys and sorrows of a world, a luxury of pleasure. Say not this is delusion, 'tis the sober reality of mind—the melancholy joys of reflection. That man is in no enviable state, who can pass through this path of life, elated only by its flashes of pleasure, but disgusted and rendered unhappy by its shades and troubles,—who can see no advantage, and feel no pleasure in the sad details of the human story. Let others seek their happiness in the giddy round of fashion, and be absorbed in the vortex of gaiety, but let mine be the despised yet real pleasures of melancholy—mine be the still and solemn hour of contemplative repose, and the spell of dejected feeling. Thus, as my days pass on, may sober peace and chastened reflection be my fond companions through life's chequered scene—

"And may at last my weary age,  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown, and mossy cell  
Where I may sit, and nightly spell  
Of every star that heaven doth shew,  
And every herb that sips the dew,  
'Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain,  
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will chuse to live."

MILTON.

Oxford.

J. S. B.

# A DISCOURSE ON THE THEORY OF THE PLANETARY SYSTEM.

(Concluded from Col. 923.)

WHY the sun and planets should continually revolve on their axes, is a question that cannot easily be solved. We are certain that some resistance to free motion must arise from the fluid of the universe; yet, for ought we know, this resistance may be so little, as not to be perceptible in many ages. And, if we admit the Newtonian doctrine of attraction, let the cause be material or immaterial, since the sun and planets have a tendency to each other, they must occasion a resistance similar to that of a resisting medium. But, that which is difficult to man, is easy to the Creator of all things. He can, if he please, continue the planets in motion, in mediums of resistance, or he can cause this resistance to be so small as to occasion no sensible diminution of the velocity of the planets, and yet be capable of answering the purpose for which it was made.

I have hitherto spoken only of the sun's action on the planets; but since the principle of absorption is inherent in the planets and satellites, as well as in the sun, agreeably to the before-mentioned doctrine, their flowing forces will cause them to have a tendency towards each other, and thus to disturb one another's motions. The sun will also have a tendency towards the planets, and the same holds good in regard to the satellites, which agrees with the observations of the best astronomers. Now, since the earth has a tendency to the moon, the waters of the ocean, on account of their fluidity, will be elevated under the moon, and thus the tides will be produced; hence, these and every other affection of nature, may be rationally and demonstratively explained on the principle of absorption.

When we consider the great portion of space that is allotted to so small a quantity of matter, and that the magnitude of the celestial bodies is so great, it takes off the improbability that appears to start on the consideration, that the medium of space will in time become too rare by continual absorption, and that these bodies would grow sensibly bigger, for it is evident, the larger they are, the less need will be the general absorbing property of matter.

I have before mentioned, that if the diameter of the sun were but 1 inch, the distance of the nearest star would be more than 300 miles, and supposing that all the stars are at an equal distance from each other, or nearly so, and as far off as they are from the sun, they can have but little

tendency to one another. Yet since their tendency decreases as the square of the distance continually to all distances whatever, it follows, that if any number of stars be placed at any given distance from each other in space, in time they will be brought together, except some other power is admitted, to keep them in equilibrio.

From the different appearances of the various clusters of stars seen by the naked eye, and by the telescope, from the appearance of the milky way, and the nebulous or cloud-like spots seen in many parts of the heavens, it is clearly demonstrable, that the stars are not situated at equal distances from each other; nor can they be of equal magnitude. Some stars seem to have a small motion among the rest; some which were visible, have disappeared; and, on the contrary, some have become visible, which in ancient times were not so. These varied magnitudes and distances may be necessary to preserve them in equilibrio.

The planets do not move in the same plane, but in planes differently inclined to the sun's equator; and they revolve about the centre of the sun, although the whirling force lies in the direction parallel to his equator; for it must be observed, that the flowing force is at every instant tending to carry the planet toward the centre of the sun, and, therefore, it will be carried round it. The same holds good also in respect of the comets, for though they are whirled in a direction parallel to the equator of the sun, yet, the flowing force will at every instant change that direction, and cause them to revolve about his centre. And if any number of planetary bodies be placed at different but sufficient distances from the sun's equator, while he is revolving on his axis, the direction of his axis will be changed, otherwise they could not revolve about his centre or nearly so. And the quantity of alterations made by the actions of these planetary bodies on the axis of the sun, will be in proportion as the angle made by their courses with the sun's equator.

Since all the planets have a flowing force, tending towards their centres, and decreasing in proportion to the square of the distance, to all distances whatever, it follows, that the sun must have a tendency to the planets, and to every body of the system; as well as they have a tendency toward the sun; and the effect of this tendency will occasion the sun to revolve round the point which is the common centre of all the forces of the sun and planets. This point is found to be within the sun, on account of his vast magnitude compared with that of the planets: for it is computed that the bulk of all

the planets, &c., is but the 1-400th part of that of the sun.

The planets have not only a tendency toward the sun, but every planet has also a tendency to every other planet of the system, for reasons that have been before explained; and the nearer they are to conjunction, the greater this tendency will be, because then they are nearer to each other. The effects of this tendency are, first, they will approach or be carried nearer to each other as they pass one another, the innermost planet being drawn a little further from the sun, and the outermost drawn a little inward or nearer to the sun. Secondly, As the innermost planet, or that which is nearest to the sun, approaches the outermost, its velocity will be increased until it has passed the point of conjunction, when its velocity will be retarded. Thirdly, The outermost planet before conjunction will be retarded, and after conjunction it will be accelerated in its velocity, and the proportional forces will be as the magnitude of the planets. For instance, suppose that Jupiter is approaching to the heliocentric conjunction of Saturn; here, as Jupiter approaches toward Saturn, the motion of Jupiter will be accelerated and Saturn's motion will be somewhat retarded, and after conjunction the velocity of Jupiter will be retarded and that of Saturn accelerated. But, since the magnitude of Jupiter is greater than that of Saturn, Jupiter must have a more powerful flowing force than Saturn; hence, the action of Jupiter on Saturn would be greater than the action of Saturn on Jupiter.

It is plain from what has been said, that these tendencies of the planets must occasion an irregularity in their motions. But, since they are situated at such vast distances from one another, these disturbances are but small, and this alteration made by them in the system of nature is too little to be perceived even in many ages.

It is a singular instance of the wisdom of the Creator, that the planets are situated at such distances from each other: for if they were nearer they must interfere with one another's motions, and, therefore, occasion many inconveniences to their inhabitants, by making unseasonable alterations in the weather, &c. It is also very wonderful, that the planets Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and Mars, which are comparatively small, move in orbits not far from each other; because their flowing forces cannot greatly disturb their motions; but, the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and the Georgium Sidus, are comparatively more distant, because, being much greater than the former, they would

occasion greater irregularities in their motions if they were situated nearer to each other.

The whirling forces also must occasion some disturbances in the planetary system, especially when the planets are approaching to conjunction, in which position they will increase or decrease one another's velocity, according to various circumstances, and to their positions. And since all which are known to have a rotary motion, have this force, the united power of it must also have some action on the sun as well as on one another.

Those primary planets that are attended by satellites, must have a tendency to be carried towards their satellites in a similar way to the sun's tendency to the planets. And as the Earth has but one satellite, both will revolve round the common centre of their flowing forces, and once in every lunation the Earth will make a revolution round this point. The satellites of Jupiter, Saturn, and the Georgium Sidus will also act upon one another, as they make their revolutions about their primaries in the same way as the planets do, and will occasion disturbances in one another's motions.

As the moon makes her revolution round the Earth, she will be acted upon by the flowing force of the sun, she having a tendency to be carried toward the sun as well as toward the Earth. The consequence of this tendency to the sun is, that the moon's motion in her orbit is irregular. Sometimes she moves at a mean rate, sometimes slower, and at others, faster, according as she is situated in regard to the sun; and, therefore, she will not describe equal areas in equal times. Thus she is accelerated as she passes from the quadrature to the new or full, and retarded as she passes from the new or full to the quarters.

It has before been explained that the moon's orbit is of an elliptical figure, but it must be observed that this tendency of the moon toward the sun causes great variations in the figure of her orbit; sometimes it is very eccentric, at other times it approaches nearer to a circle. The eccentricity is always greatest in the syzygy, and least when in the quadratures, and variable according to the position of the apogee.

One remarkable property of the moon's orbit deserves particular notice, as it tends to prove the truth of the principles I have advanced, and that is, the greatness of the inclination or angle made by it and the equator. One would naturally ask, if the moon be whirled round the Earth by the Earth's revolution on its axis, why should it take such a cross circuit, and not revolve in a plane

more nearly approaching that of the Earth's equator? The answer to this question is very natural and easy. It must be considered that the Earth and moon are whirled by the motion of the sun in the direction of the plane of the sun's equator nearly, and as the Earth revolves on its axis, the moon will be whirled round it in the plane of the sun's equator, or near thereto: and this consideration proves that one cause constantly operates to keep the Earth and moon in their respective paths.

These irregularities of the moon and planets are such as are observed to take place by astronomers, and are in accordance to the doctrines of Newton on the principles of gravitation and attraction; and whether we say that matter is attracted by matter, or that matter is carried to matter, it is all one, the same effects being produced, attraction causing the masses of matter to have a tendency to each other in all directions. And as matter cannot act upon matter when it does not touch it, but by the influence of some interposing medium, it follows, that there must be a medium. And that this medium may produce the before mentioned effects, it seems to be necessary, that a continual current of it should flow towards the bodies or masses. Now, since this must be the case in all directions, the fluid medium must be absorbed, and by its elasticity this current may be produced. I should also suppose, that a small force would be sufficient to effect these operations, for it must be considered that the great bodies of the universe have no weight, this being acquired only by the force of this fluid.

This reasoning is similar to that by which we discover the nature and properties of the air, and to deny the existence of such a medium would be the same as to say the wind does not blow when we both hear and feel it, and that there is no air because we cannot see it. When I perceive the trees, &c. shaken by the wind, I know this to be the effect of an adequate cause; and when I see the planets move in their orbits, &c. I infer that these motions are produced by sufficient causes also.

The luminaries have, by reason of the great magnitude of the sun, and the nearness of the moon to the Earth, several influences on our globe. The principal of these are the phenomena of the tides, to which I have already alluded, and which may be further illustrated.

Suppose the Earth to be covered all over to a certain depth with water, then when the moon is situated over any particular part of the Earth, it is certain that the



flowing force tending to the moon, will diminish the flowing force tending to the Earth, and the diminished flowing force of that part of the Earth under the moon, will be equal to the difference of the flowing forces of the Earth and moon. But, at places farther remote from that point, it will vary from this rule, because the flowing force of the Earth and that of the moon do not act perpendicularly to each other at any other point, but are inclined at various angles according to the distance from it. Hence it is evident, that the diminished flowing force of the Earth will be least at those places under the moon; at places more remote it will be greater, and at places  $90^\circ$  distant from thence it will be greatest of all, or will be diminished the least.

Now, from this it appears, that the waters under the moon will be elevated by the pressure of that in remoter places, by which the equilibrium will be restored. And when the water under the moon is elevated and at the distance of  $90^\circ$  is depressed, a similar phenomenon will take place in the lower hemisphere, to restore an equilibration in those parts; and there will be another elevation opposite to the former, and thus the waters of the ocean will be drawn into the form of a spheroid. And as the Earth revolves on its axis, this spheroid of water will change its position, and produce a succession of tides.

The sun, also, from the same cause will produce tides, but not so great as those produced by the moon; and the joint action of both do not produce two tides, but one tide subject to variations of magnitude.

It has been proved by correct measurements, that the figure of the Earth is an oblate spheroid. This will occasion a greater flowing force about the equator than there is at the poles. And the flowing forces of the luminaries acting upon the greater flowing force of the equatorial parts of the Earth in an oblique direction, will occasion the precession of the equinoctial points, and the nutation of the poles, just as well as can be done by the doctrine of attraction.

The tendency of bodies to the Earth is caused by the flowing force tending towards its centre. And as all bodies on the surface of the Earth are but corpuscles when compared to the Earth, they will, when falling from the same height, descend with a like velocity whether they are great or small, and their rapid descent will hinder their actions on one another from being perceived.

Bodies of different figures will have different flowing powers. Thus, if a corpuscle be situated at any distance from a sphere, a cylinder, or a cone, &c., these bodies will have different powers of action on the corpuscles, according to their respective figures, as might be mathematically treated of by the doctrine of fluxions; and results would be obtained similar to those founded on the doctrine of the attraction of bodies.

The centre of the flowing forces of two bodies may be found in the same manner as we find the centre of gravity, which is the same thing. Also the centre of oscillation of pendulums, and the various problems relating to falling bodies, may be mathematically explained by the principle of absorption, giving results similar to those founded on the principle of attraction.

The phenomena of electrical attraction, and repulsion may be readily accounted for on the principle of absorption.

It is said that the electric fluid repels its own particles, yet has a strong attraction for other matter; but it appears to me that the repulsion of its own particles is owing to its elasticity, and its attraction for other matter is caused by its being absorbed by it. Thus, for instance, if a small ball of cork be suspended by a silken thread, and held at a proper distance from an electrified prime conductor, with one hand placed before it, the fluid will be absorbed by the ball, in consequence of which it will move to the prime conductor, at which time it will be full of the electric fluid, and the absorption will cease. The elastic current of the fluid will then carry back the ball towards the hand, in which it will discharge its fire, and then it will by absorbing the fluid, again be carried back to the conductor.

If a person who is insulated rubs a glass tube, his body will become negatively electrified, and be surrounded by an electric atmosphere, similar to that which surrounds the conductor in the former case, but, in that case, dissipating itself in the air, and in this it is accumulated upon the body from the air and surrounding objects. Now, if the suspended ball be brought between a person's hand and the body of the insulated person, it will be carried backwards and forwards between the body and the hand; but in this case the ball will receive its fire from the hand, and discharge it into the insulated body.

Magnetical attraction and repulsion very probably may be accounted for on the principle of absorption also. I have tried many hypotheses and experiments on this subject, but have not found one that will do.

though I have been near upon it, and I believe it can be done; to me, there appears to be something analogous between positive and negative electricity, and magnetical attraction and repulsion: perhaps they originate pretty much in one cause. It is highly probable, that the magnetic power is caused by the action of certain fluids, and perhaps the art will sometime be discovered that will make them visible. If the electric fluid had not been rendered visible, it perhaps would have been doubted whether the electric power was caused by a fluid, but every effect must be produced by some adequate cause, and when I see the magnet move a piece of iron without touching it, I know there must be an interposing medium having properties sufficient to do it. The same reasoning holds good, also, with regard to the great bodies of the universe.

THOMAS COOKE.

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NOTES ON SIR H. DAVY'S NINTH LECTURE  
ON ELECTRO-CHEMISTRY, DELIVERED  
IN DUBLIN, 22D NOVEMBER, 1810.

OXYGEN, and oxy muriatic acid are incapable of decomposition.

The first occupies this lecture—the second is to occupy the next.

Priestley and Stahl discovered oxygen at Bristol and Stockholm about the same time. The former called it 'dephlogisticated air,' the latter 'fire air,' translated into English 'empyrean air.' Priestley made it of red lead; Stahl of manganese. Lavoisier learned it from Priestley, and called it 'oxygen,' founding a system by which he too hastily attributed to an acidifying principle, the property of generating heat and light, in all cases where it is produced, which has been since disproved. These two substances are highly negative in the department of electricity. Oxygen is also made of nitre heated to redness; but the purest oxygen is from hyper-oxy muriate of potass.

The theory of combustion was asserted by Robert Hoop, in the seventeenth century, 'that the solution of the burning body in the air was the same as that of a metal in aquafortis.' Becher asserted phlogiston to be a principle generating fire and light, which left the residue of combustion dephlogisticated. Stahl thought he proved this by numberless experiments, the principal one is to burn bits of sulphur in a small retort of oxygen gas; the gas is proved acid by litmus paper—you can reproduce the sulphur by carbon. The sulphur will not burn until it is so highly excited as to over-

come the negative electricity of the oxygen—it makes a bright blue lustre.

To confute this deduction made from the foregoing experiment, Sir H. Davy exhibited one of phosphorus in a vessel exhausted of air; it would not burn; which proves that phlogiston is not independent of air.

Favorinus and Mingrelus, two ancient alchymists, first observed the increase of weight received by tin and lead in fusion. This fact made a contradiction in terms, as if taking from added to a metal.

If metals are burned in a stream of oxygen, which is a principle of no phlogiston, they are consumed without residue, like grease thrown into a fire. Place a hard bit of charcoal on a copperplate, and in a hollow of the charcoal place some powder of TIN, set fire to the charcoal, and through a small tube direct a stream of oxygen from a gasometer in a dark room; it burns with a *white* light. Lead, treated in the same manner, burns peculiarly vivid, with a curling *brown* smoke over the flame. Copper, burned thus, has a different shade of light, *reddish or green*. Antimony, treated in this way, burns bright and of various colours. Zinc burns splendidly. And in this manner all metals may be cast on the charcoal and consumed *like fuel*, leaving only a few impurities, in scoria, on the copperplate.

Another contraction to Stahl's system is, the conversion of oxygen gas into carbonic acid gas, by burning charcoal in the retort sealed hermetically; for it is found to be the same weight that it was, previous to the combustion; and if any thing had been dephlogisticated, it must have lost weight. In like manner, a bit of charcoal, and a bit of phosphores in a closed retort, being ignited by applying a candle flame to the retort under the phosphorus, burns, but the weight of the retort and its contents is undiminished.

When mercury is exposed in common air to a heat of 600 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, it becomes an acid called minium, which is *heavier* than the mercury was, although much vapour has escaped. These facts put down the phlogistic school, and Kirwin gave it up, after an able defence. Dr. Black's theory of *latent heat*, proved by undeniable phenomenon, removed the difficulty; and Lavoisier, with the same facility as he had appropriated the discovery of Priestley to his (Lavoisier's) system of oxygen, and the decomposition of common air, from Cavendish, now derived from Dr. Black the

theory of latent heat, incorporating it in the same system of oxygen, although it can be proved that their doctrines are anomalous; for, if oxygen is the cause of combustion, there should be latent heat in it, which is not the fact.

Mix some charcoal with gunpowder, set fire to it in a tube, and insert the tube in a bottle inverted under water; there is a combustible gas produced, which evidently contained *latent heat*. This is a gas of nitre, sulphur, and charcoal. When solids become fluid, as ice melted to water, there is an absorption of heat: when this fluid becomes gaseous, there is a greater absorption of heat; and, if the gas is inflammable, it will further manifest its heat and light.

*Example.* Sulphur burns in oxygen united to nitrogen, with a great heat.

Oxygen, condensed, yields but a small degree of heat, instead of proving itself the source of heat; it is equally controvertible, that combustion in all cases is the source of light.

If light comes from oxygen, how is it that acidified phosphorus gives no light?

In Sir H. Davy's opinion, light and heat are the result of chemical attraction between positive and negative bodies.

If potassium is put in carbonic acid gas, its attraction for the oxygen is so great, that it decomposes it from the carbon, in order to burn by its help. Heat and light are allowed to consist of matter in motion. It was said to be specific, and always of the same kind. Sir Humphrey thinks it is as various as the vehicles in which it appears, and that every thing in nature can be made to produce heat and light in their respective stages—ice, water, *steam*, inflammable air, &c. Mercury becomes inflammable gas. Gold and every other metal can be also made gaseous and inflammable.

Newton and Boyle said, that heat and light arise from the rectilinear motion of the parts of matter.

One-fifth of air is absorbed by burning phosphorus, and one-fifth of nitrogen is emitted.

Hooke said, the consumption of air in the lungs is the cause of animal heat. Animals breathe out an air that will not support combustion. Oxygen cannot be breathed for more than two hours—death ensues.

Oxygen and nitrous gas being mixed under water, form an air respirable with a sweet flavour. About half a gallon respired, gives a pleasing inebriation, and inspires sublime and glorious thoughts; more of it leads to flighty conduct and trances.

The mixture in common air is the

balance of wisdom; its parts are supplied and consumed equally by different classes of nature. Even in the sea, the marine vegetables *absorb* the nitrogen exhaled by the fish, that live by absorbing the oxygen exhaled by the sea-plants.

The storms and severities of winter, and all those things which to a superficial observer appear blemishes in the creation, are the munition of their several wants, and involve the whole in a fabric of harmony.

#### EUROPE IN THE AUTUMN OF 1830.

We beheld around us, erewhile, Europe in the enjoyment of a profound peace; and if the bruit of war reached our shores, it came only from the extreme eastern frontier, where the Turkish power was seen to quail before the Christian arms, and so completely sink, as to be spared from destruction by the generosity of the conqueror alone. War then ceased, even from this extreme frontier, and universal peace pervaded Christendom. The governments of Europe then, in perfect accord each with each, seemed to be consolidated in their strength into one potency, swaying all their subjects in tranquillity. The speculations of the most acute politicians were upon years of peace, and over Europe were seen travellers from every nation, bent upon the study of man in all his grades, and in all his associations. With the exception only of a few minor states, which, amidst their puny exercise of turbulence could not exalt themselves into sufficient importance to become objects of alarm to others, the great compact of Europe appeared firm, and its consolidation of power permanent.

Suddenly, while the minds of millions were contemplating peace, enjoying all its charms, and dwelling with peculiar gusto upon subsequent tranquillity, war arose, like a mighty giant from his slumbers, in the very heart of Europe; and shaking himself, with a voice of thunder, shot the lightnings of havoc from west to east, and from south to north, throughout this fair portion of the sphere, erst so tranquil and so secure. At his voice the astonished slumberers awoke, arose and beheld his action. In what form did he present himself? In that of a potent and disciplined army, marching, like an awful inundation, and devastating in its progress the earth beneath its feet? In the sudden rush of a dauntless marauder, at the head of countless clans, armed with fire and sword, each thirsting for havoc, and with irresistible fury hurling down the defences of nations, insatiate to revel in their spoils? In the

union of many mighty states, hastening to wreak their vengeance upon one, and erase it suddenly from the list of nations? No! In a form erewhile unknown, war suddenly unfolds his person. Behold a multitude: these are peaceable citizens and loyal subjects of a potent state, each following his several avocation in peace. Suddenly they perceive the arm of legal power suspended over and menacing their rights: alarm pervades the mass; they arise and congregate; in an instant they become a tumultuous mass of rebels—a mob resisting regal power; and the sun goes down upon their wrath. He arises again, and behold these are soldiers—waging with disciplined armies, under a dignified and experienced commander, doubtful war! The sun sets upon the field of battle, crimsoned with their gore, and the gore of the veterans with whom he beheld them contending. He arises, and behold these are conquerors; veteran armies quail beneath their potency. Post after post is abandoned, and at his retiring in the west he views a city won and lost—won by its citizens, and lost by a veteran army. He arises again, and the tricoloured standards of these new-born soldiers wave over the field of battle, their own; no foe appearing to contend!!! Is this the finger of God?

From this scene, as a common centre, revolutionary miasmata, like plagues from a rank population, have gone forth, ravaging cities, shaking the thrones of mighty monarchs, distracting the councils of princes, battering down ancient institutions, combating modern innovations, overturning privileges with the privileged orders; putting into question rights of long prescription, and causing huge alarm throughout a continent extending from the pillars of Hercules to the frozen oceans, and from the cliffs which menace Albion, to the thousand Grecian isles. Suddenly every mountain-glen has its horde, every plain its agitators, every city its bands, and almost every court its spectres, which haunt and menace princes, and rise up with spears to pierce through and through the repose of men. The news of every day is fraught with tumults: the cities and mountains of Spain and Italy, the plains and forests of Germany, Prussia, and Poland are full of alarms; armies are mustered and marched into their garrisons, and out to their frontiers; urged by rulers to uphold their sway, and by subjects to assure their liberties. A secret blow seems to hang, from an invisible arm, suspended over every institution and order of men, every where at the same moment; and the hearts of multitudes are turned from

the enjoyment of that which lies within their reach, by the dread of losing on the one hand, and on the other, by the anticipation of gaining all that each holds dear.

Brunswick has succeeded Paris, and Brussels Brunswick, in a revolution as sudden as astonishing; to say nothing of Dresden and other states. A few short months have witnessed conflicts the most appalling, and victories the most romantic: blood has flowed to blood—the blood of the citizen with that of the soldier; and strange to reflect upon, the citizen, even-handed, has been more than a match for the soldier. Furnished with cannon and ammunition, with muskets and bayonets, with swords and pistols and all the material of modern warfare, with able officers and commanders of title and experience in the field, determined to conquer, firing balls and grape, bombs and bullets, in whole volleys, charging with horse and foot, and manœuvring to bear down to destruction all who opposed, we beheld a French and a Dutch disciplined army, each in its turn defeated, and all but annihilated by citizens called forth on the spur of the moment to assert their cause.

To what source can this sudden, this universal, this mighty hubbub be traced? This generation has witnessed the existence of numerous armies throughout Europe. Every state had its regulars, its militia, and volunteers; many states, in addition to these, had *gens de arms*, national guards, and even levies en mass; military schools abounded, and the study of arms became all but general; while the marching and counter-marching, the reviews and manœuvring of armies, perpetually obtruded themselves upon the population of every nation: and not a few witnessed those sanguinary conflicts which, ever and anon, fattened the fields of Europe with slaughter, while they thinned the population of the nations, and ravaged the fairest provinces of every land.

The wars of Europe were universal; not a nation, except Albion, having escaped their desolating scourge. These spectacles, widely spread and long continued, affected the public mind, and had an awful influence upon public manners. Youths at academies were taught to march to the sound of martial music, and the affectation of being trained to arms, pervaded men, as well as youths, of every order and degree. Arms and ammunition, indeed, all the munitions of war have been fabricated, magazines and expended, in action or in preparatory exercise, incessantly; and military and naval tactics studied and imitated upon

the widest scale. The action and the counter-action of the awful revolution, which began in France during the year 1789, have been the fruitful source of this military mania, which has raged throughout Europe, and afflicted the world : for where is the country which has altogether escaped the infliction of its woes ?

An universal peace, like balm to the wounds of the nations, had disbanded these numerous armies, and returned to the bosom of every state, in the quality of citizens and artisans, these men of arms, by whatever name they erewhile went forth to war : but tens of thousands of these men exist, many of them robust and hardy, in the prime of life, and fraught with every quality and energy of the veteran soldier. In every city and almost every village a large portion of the population is made up of these ex-military men. When the call of war was made, these men seized upon the arms within their reach, fell into military order, and fought with the steady valour of veteran battalions : these were seconded by men far less military than themselves ; but even these, taught to rally beneath the support of the most expert, and knowing the theory of war, were disciplined in action, and from desultory soon learned a regular warfare.

The abundance of arms and ammunition, every where magazined for use, became first the prey and ultimately the strength of these self-constituted bands : and where these were wanting, printers' types, and metals in any portable form became shot, and that which was intended for sportsmen in the field, powder for their battles. In place of regular trenches and ramparts, paving stones were torn up from the streets, and trees cut down from the public walks, and piled up in order across the streets ; and instead of hand-grenades, stones were carried to the upper rooms and roofs of the houses. While the regular troops assailed these ramparts from without, they were fired upon from their rear ; and upon such as succeeded in forcing these barriers, were hurled the ponderous stones from on high, which bruised, mutilated, or slew outright multitudes of their most courageous foes. Instead of flying like a mob, at the sound of a musket, the men stood firm before the fire of cannon ; yea, even bombs failed to dislodge them from their posts ; and while numbers fell on every hand, the living pressed forward in the combat, and finally achieved the victory.

Here we beheld a cause equal to the effect, in the turbulent spirits of these war-trained myriads who survive the battles,

and long for the havoc of by-gone wars. Alas, for the years to come ! revolution and woe yet hang upon their swords, and men yet unborn may mourn over the terrible energies of the military mania of Europe, amidst the awful inflictions of its scorching powers.

There is a Being on high, above the heavens is His throne, and this round world and every sphere are His footstools ; the hearts of men are in His hands, and all their potency ; whatsoever He wills He doeth in the armies of heaven, and all things serve His sovereign pleasure. "The voice of his thunder is in the heavens, the lightnings lighten the world, the earth trembles and shakes. Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known." Yet, however clouds and darkness may surround and render Him invisible to us, He reigns in His providences over every age of man, and He out of every evil brings forth good. To Him therefore we refer this awful series of providential inflictions ; well knowing that His power is equal to the mighty task of overruling this military mania, and even out of all its evils to produce good.

If the awful revolution which commenced in France, in the year 1789, is the vial of the fourth angel, poured out upon the sun, the entire of Christendom, and power is given unto the angel to scorch men with fire, then, as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west, in one simultaneous flash, we cease to wonder that simultaneous movements, in unison, result from a movement in the centre of this action of fire upon men. God worketh not as man worketh, and, holding in His hand all power both in heaven and in earth, to us invisible, it is ours only to behold Him in His acts ; and while we behold these, to confide in Him, and rest in peace. For who can arrest His providences, or say unto Him, what doest Thou ?

Upwards of a century ago, Mr. Robert Fleming, in his work on Scripture Prophecy, referred the pouring out of the fourth vial to France. The time of its accomplishment he calculated to be about the year 1794. The revolution in France commenced in the middle of the year 1789, and it arrived at its height about 1793 and 1794. This is a remarkable coincidence as to time. The resemblance between this prophecy and the leading features of the revolution in France, at its commencement, and during its eventful progress, led me to conclude, even in the first years of its action upon the nations of Europe, as well as subsequently, that this prophecy and

revolution are one event. The prophecy runs thus, "The fourth angel poured out his vial upon the sun; and power was given unto him to scorch men with fire. And men were scorched with great heat, and blasphemed the name of God, which hath power over these plagues: and they repented not to give him glory," Rev. xvi. 8, 9. The expressions in the text imply affliction, rather than destruction; for the men, "the men which had the mark of the beast, and them which worshipped his image," verse 2. who are scorched, burned and afflicted by this plague, live to the conclusion of the vial; for it is said of them at the conclusion, That "they blasphemed the name of God, and repented not to give Him glory." They seem, in fact, to be, notwithstanding this scorching infliction, as actively wicked at the end, if not more so, than at the commencement of this plague.

This character also appears upon all the operations of the arms of France; they inflicted direful calamities, but destroyed nothing; for no sooner were their victories consummated, than all the nations returned to their pristine state, or nearly so; and France itself has ultimately gained no territory worth notice. In the scale of liberty, France sat down with solid acquisitions, viz. a representative constitution, and liberty of conscience; but these were not acquired at the expense of other nations: nor has France acquired these for other nations. Buonaparte himself, the terrible leader of this infliction, was a Roman Catholic; and in establishing his favourite Cisalpine Republic, he declared, "The Roman Catholic religion is the religion of the State;" and in France at this day, the Roman Catholics, who form an immense majority of the French people, enjoy privileges in the formation of churches not enjoyed by the Reformed Churches. To scorch is the character of this vial; and what of scorching yet remains, it is not in man to say; but that the tone of this wo, the power to scorch, reigns unimpaired, appears from the simultaneous lightning-like movements throughout Europe which took place at the moment of the recent revolution in France. We behold the fire unquenched, yea unimpaired, and look with no small anxiety to the consummation of this plague.

W. COLDWELL.

King Square, Oct. 20, 1830.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE ÆOLINA.

AMONG the numerous musical toys which have been invented from time to time, to please the juvenile amateur, none have

been found to approach in excellence that called the "Æolina;" by which name it was introduced here about two years ago from Germany. Some of these instruments, by breathing gently into the small pipes of which they were formed, gave the sound of a single chord; others extended to two; and afterwards three chords could, with the same ease, be produced, with sweet and fascinating effect.

The reputation of these instruments soon spread very widely, till, at length, amateurs of more mature judgment and science began to consider them worthy of notice. They examined narrowly into the construction of the Æolina, with a view to its improvement, and application to higher purposes. In a paper of great credit, called the "*Liverpool Mercury*," the following intimation appeared, dated on the 15th Aug. 1828.

"We have seen this singular invention, and we venture to predict, from the specimen, that we shall soon see that great desideratum, a key'd instrument which shall remain perfectly in tune."

How far this prediction has been verified, the following account will shew.

At a lecture upon sound, delivered in May last, by Mr. Faraday, at the Royal Institution, several musical instruments, constructed upon entire new principles, were produced in illustration of his discourse, under the following names: viz. the *Ærophone* (by Dietz, of Paris); *Dob-biss' Glossophone*; *Day's Æolian Organ*; and the *Symphonia*, (by Wheatstone); of all which, *Day's Æolian organ* was stated to be by far the most perfect. The whole were performed upon by the younger Wesley, who made such a selection of pieces as would best shew the comparative merits of the several instruments.

That four persons, in different places, should set about the construction of an instrument exactly upon the self-same principle, and all at one time, without the least knowledge of each other, is extraordinary, yet such is the fact.

To these I have to add another strange coincidence of invention, communicated to me by a friendly correspondent, the recording of which in your esteemed publication, as opening a new era in music, I judged might prove a choice article for such of your readers as are lovers of that enchanting science. To give you the whole of my friend's letter, would be trespassing too much upon your pages; I shall therefore merely abstract his account of a successful attempt of Mr. Nixon (a native of, and resident in, *Liverpool*) in

the construction of an instrument of a similar description to those just mentioned, but, in some respects, more remarkable:—Mr. Nixon is represented as an enthusiast in music, but his other avocations, as a private literary tutor, have prevented his extending his knowledge beyond the *theoretical* principles of the science.

At its earliest introduction, one of the little toys, before mentioned, by chance came in his way, and, delighted with the sound, an improvement thereon, upon a grand scale, instantly suggested itself to his mind. After two years' perseverance, (assisted by the best artificers under his own immediate direction) he has produced an instrument, which, in the opinions of all who have been privately to hear it, bids fair to astonish the world with its powers of harmony.

Thus far speaks my friend's letter, and for a description of the instrument, he refers me to "The Liverpool Mercury," of the 11th June last.

It is there stated to be six feet long, four feet high, and two feet six inches deep; and has six octaves, and an odd note, or thirteen *scotians*. Though very powerful, it is sweet, and clear in its tone. The *bass* notes resemble the human voice closely; the upper notes are very fine. It has bellows, a wind chest and three swells, one the common organ swell, the others are of Mr. N.'s own invention. The instrument, in its present unfinished state, produces a most delightful combination of sounds, in which the finest tones of the trombone, horn, bassoon, hautboy, clarinet, and other instruments, are so associated, as to baffle all power of description in its harmonic effect.

There is one grand difference between Mr. Nixon's *Æolian* and the ordinary church organ; some of the metal pipes of the *bass* of the latter are fifteen feet long, nine or ten inches in diameter, and weigh about 100 pounds, at a cost of £10 and upwards each. One of the metallic pipes of the *Æolian*, producing the same note, is only seven inches long, and weighs no more than two pounds and a half.

This instrument, it is fairly presumed, will never deviate in tone from the effects of changes in the temperature of the atmosphere, as Mr. Nixon, after heating one of the pipes, found that the tone was not perceptibly changed.

Some arrangements, it is understood, are now making by Mr. Nixon, with the aid of his friends, for a public display of the powers of his instrument, immediately upon its completion. It is therefore to be hoped,

and may confidently be expected, that the labours of the indefatigable inventor will be crowned with the success due to every exertion that tends to enlarge the sphere of human science, and to increase the means of rational amusement.

October 1, 1830.

J. WATKINS.

#### A BRIEF INQUIRY INTO THE BEST MODE OF OBTAINING A KNOWLEDGE OF LANGUAGES.

"Nil sine magno  
Vita labore dedit mortalibus." *Hor. Sat.*

SOCIETY is divided into three classes; those who are inimical to change and innovation, those who are fond of novelty and variety of systems, and those who can duly appreciate the merits of experience and the suggestions of modern genius.

Now, if we consider how rapid and extensive has been the progress of improvement from the commencement of civilization down to the present time, we shall see to which of these classes we may be grateful for those advantages which we enjoy. Experience has shewn that due respect must be paid to the customs and regulations of our ancestors, in order that a numerous class of innovators may be discountenanced; but the same experience has shewn, that an undue prejudice in favour of either party would be highly detrimental, not merely to individuals, but to societies. In nothing, perhaps, has this been more exemplified, than in the different systems of education.

According to the old system, an unnecessary course of drudgery must be submitted to, in order to obtain what may be easily acquired with an incalculable reduction of labour, and in a far less time. In opposition to this, there is a numerous class of persons who seem to suppose, that the mind, like a machine, may be propelled without any labour to the individual. But, whatever may be the improvement in the arts and sciences, in trade and manufactures, and even in the systems of education, the powers of the mind will always be the same. Learning is valuable, and can never be acquired but by diligence and self-research. It is in vain to expect that human inventions will be able to impart powers to the intellect which it does not possess, or to induce knowledge but by process and gradation.

The faculty of the memory, for instance, though varying in different persons, and increased by use and habit, is limited to a certain extent, even as the strength of the human body is not the same to all, and is

increased or diminished by indolence or exercise, while there is a point beyond which the bodily efforts of man will fail. Thus is the mind circumscribed in its powers, and however assisted and improved, from its very nature it defies the controverting systems of art. These remarks were necessary to be premised before entering into an examination of the different methods of teaching languages. And as there have been many distinguished names enrolled on the opposite sides of the long-established plan of instruction, and the modern one, it will not appear so presumptuous to differ or agree with either party, according as the advantages or disadvantages of each may present themselves to our notice.

In the old system, the first step in acquiring languages is to learn the grammar by heart. This, with the regular routine of education, engages the attention of a child six or twelve months. The pupil will then write exercise, and begin to translate. All these things are generally done without the least assistance or explanation, lest he should be encouraged in idleness. His progress, therefore, is slow and painful, and he cannot expect to read Virgil, if he is studying Latin, before the third or fourth year, or to acquire a proficiency in the language, before the sixth or seventh. Here is a great deal of time and labour lost for the acquisition of what, to the average number of individuals, is not very important; for, of those who study the languages at school, not many can remember what they have learned beyond a few years; and of those who still retain the knowledge, a very limited number find this knowledge of practical use.

According to the modern system, though we can scarcely call it modern, since it received its suggestions from various individuals, even centuries since, the languages are professed to be taught in a much more rapid manner. Yet here the advantages are rather specious than solid, since they are so dependent on circumstances; and though its theory may attract, experience and practice will lessen our partiality in its favour. This, perhaps, we shall observe, as we pass along. While the ancient plan centres its importance in grammar, the modern one rejects it almost altogether. The literal translation of an easy author is its first class-book, and if grammar is thought necessary, it is to be studied afterwards, since words are thought to be the most important acquisition. But it will be found by experience, that though the latter plan is certainly the more imposing, and the pupil may appear to have made a more

rapid progress, yet, in fact, he will not have acquired a much greater knowledge of a language than a scholar under the old system, since one has been studying words only, and the other only grammar. He will, it is true, understand modern languages sooner, but he will never become a creditable scholar in Greek or Latin. Indeed, the new system is more adapted to the continental languages of our own time, than to the study of the classics. The reasons of this appear to rest on the nature of the method of instruction. Grammar, which is so neglected, is not to such an extent needed here, because its fundamental characters do not very much differ in any of the modern languages, while the English student will be baffled in endeavouring to make the grammar of his own tongue sufficient for the translation of Latin authors.

Another cause of its inefficiency in teaching the dead languages is, that these are studied more for the sake of rendering accurate, yet pure translations, than for speaking them, while the contrary is the case with respect to the study of the modern languages. When a translation is made from the classics, it will not be sufficient to render it literally, it must preserve correctness, even in our own tongue; but, according to the old system, we must so sacrifice sense to accommodate the idiom of what is translated, that the translation itself requires to be rendered into plain English. This defect lies in the neglect of grammar. It does not seem easy to acquire a tolerable acquaintance with modern languages, while it is impossible to do so with the ancient classical writers, without the study of grammar.

Grammar is the reducing of languages to a system. Words are untangible, and phrases but little better, but grammar is the groundwork of a language. We should as soon think of studying botany, without committing to memory its classification and arrangements, as we should of studying a language without a grammar. As it would be possible in one case to acquire a superficial knowledge of plants and flowers, without the laborious study of systems, so in the other a smatterer can acquire a superficial knowledge of a language without the study of grammar, but the knowledge will be almost as useless as it is showy. Indeed, however rapid may be the progress at first, if the plan is still acted on, it will be impossible to become any thing like a scholar.

We have said that this system is displayed more advantageously in teaching modern languages, than in teaching Latin or Greek.



It is likewise necessary to be observed, that though a pupil may read some few books correctly by means of translations, when left to himself he will scarcely be able to do any thing at all. His knowledge of words even, will depend entirely upon his memory, for there will not be many who have read through a book, with a literal translation appended, that can go through it again without one. So that, whatever may be the boasting of acquiring languages in a limited time, nothing more will be acquired than the capability of reading through certain books, and this, it must be confessed, is comparatively little. A few books do not contain the whole words of a language, under their different variations; much less all the idioms and styles of which the language is capable; to these the only key is grammar.

From these considerations let us pass on to an examination of the old system. As the modern method throws aside grammar, this makes grammar its alpha and omega, erring as much, perhaps, the contrary way. In the same manner as we should not study botanical classifications, without immediately applying them to flowers, &c., so we should not study grammar, but by applying it to the languages. By this method we shall better simplify both, and understand them easier, and in less time, since we may lay it down as an axiom, that what is best understood is most easily learnt, and longer retained. This may be exemplified by giving a child the precise quantity of Greek and English words in a sentence to commit to memory, and it is immediately seen which is most painful to acquire, which is acquired first, and retained longest.

But it has been argued, that it signifies nothing whether the child comprehends his grammar now, for he will do it when it is called into exercise. He is by this reasoning compelled to learn what is unnecessary and painful, while time is squandered away which might have been turned to a more profitable account. By this method of learning grammar, experience has shewn that he cannot apply it even when it is required. Again, when he is set to translate, he is left to overcome difficulties more insurmountable, since assistance and explanation are represented as encouraging indolence, and thus many a child is needlessly driven to idleness or despair. Now, if instead of poring over a dictionary, and making a nonsensical, or at least imperfect, translation in a quarter of an hour, the same sentences are translated easily and correctly in five minutes, we conceive that something is

gained. The pupil must be taught to translate, and receive every possible assistance and instruction before he is left to himself, and not be expected to acquire his knowledge by intuitive perception.

In opposition to both these systems, we would first give the pupil, in Latin for instance, the declensions to commit to memory, taking care to point out all their peculiarities. We should then immediately take up a simple author, with a literal translation appended, we will say the first chapter of John. He will commit to memory six verses, each Latin word with its corresponding translation; here he is to be exercised in what nouns he finds. Every day he translates additional verses, still learning the rudiments of grammar, and applying them as he goes along. He may add two verses to his stock, repeating the whole over every day, till he is quite perfect. Before he finishes the chapter, he will have learnt the nouns, adjectives, pronouns, and the simpler tenses and conjugations of verbs; a knowledge of which will be easily acquired in a month at school. We would not proceed too rapidly, for we would rather lay a sure and firm foundation, than hastily raise the superstructure, since so much depends on what is learnt being learnt thoroughly. By these exercises in grammar, the pupil is lightened of his labour, as he understands what he learns by application, and feels that he makes a progress.

According to the old system, the child is expected to do what is impossible, and, consequently, can do but little; in the other case, he has so much assistance that he can do scarcely any thing when left to himself. If by judiciously chosen exercises and translations he continues to learn and apply grammar, he will have acquired in a short time a sufficient stock of words, and have made such a progress, that he will soon be able to shift for himself. If the first book of Virgil, or any classic author, be translated for him, he will be able to proceed without much difficulty, on account of the important assistance given him, in imparting a knowledge of the words and idioms of the language. Let the construction be continually pointed out, and the grammar perseveringly studied, and it may be averred, without the least presumption, that children will acquire a knowledge of the languages in an inconceivably less time than they now do, and with a great reduction of labour and disgust. According to the old system, the child has less to learn; according to the modern one, his instructor relieves him of almost all

labour; but we would unite the advantages of both, by assisting the child to learn, yet not leaving him too dependent on his preceptor.

It will be admitted by all, that the study of languages is an essential part of a liberal education, and that a greater progress will be made by reducing the time and labour spent in their acquisition. This, experience has shewn, is not done by permitting a child to endure unnecessary toil and vexation; while, on the other hand, it can never be acquired but by industry and patient self-research.

Beaconsfield,

J. A. B.

#### CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR NOVEMBER.

HAVING in our former Numbers given a description of the appearances of the planets, and their configurations with the fixed stars, we shall, during the evenings of this and the following month, direct the attention of the observer to the appearance of the constellations.

In the northern part of the heavens are observed the seven principal stars of the Great Bear; and to the west of, and above the last star in the tail, is observed a small cluster of stars, in the hand of Bootes, whose shoulders are sinking in the NNW. The last star in the tail of Ursa Major, and the star in the square nearest the three forming the tail, form an equilateral triangle with a star of the third magnitude, marked  $\alpha$  Draconis in the Dragon's tail. A line drawn from Murzar, the middle star in the tail of the Great Bear, through  $\alpha$  Draconis, will pass between four stars forming a similar figure to those in the Great Bear, which are in the constellation Ursa Minor. A line from  $\alpha$  Draconis, to the bright star Lyra, will pass through the head of Draco, which is formed by two stars of the second, one of the third, and one of the fourth magnitude, forming a quadrangle; the southernmost of the stars of the second magnitude is the principal, and is called Rastaben. The constellation in the zenith is Cassiopea, and half way between it and Lyra is the star Adridea in the Swan. To the west of this star may be seen the stars described in our number for July.

A little above the western horizon is the constellation of the Eagle, with its principal star Atair; there are two stars of the third magnitude, one north, and the other south, of Atair. As much above Atair, as that star is above the horizon, may be noticed a small cluster of stars forming a lozenge in the constellation Delphinus. A line from Atair through Delphinus will

direct the observer to the northernmost of the four stars in square, under which Mars is now a conspicuous object:  $\beta$  Ceti is observed half way between the horizon and Algenib, the south-eastern of the four stars in square.

#### POEKS.

#### ON THE DEATH OF MR. HUSKISSON, AND THE MONUMENT TO HIS MEMORY.

"The path of Glory leads but to the grave." Gray.  
"And dust to dust concludes the noblest song." Young.

A gloom is on the busy street,  
A gloom is in the bower;  
Sorrow hath dash'd the pleasant treat,  
And spoil'd the festive hour.

And there is sorrow on the Change,  
And grief upon the Pier,  
And in the gay Saloon—how strange!  
From beauty's eye a tear.

A lustre once serenely bright,  
In Briton's cabinet,  
A star that fill'd the land with light,  
In awful gloom is set!

How low he lies! who yesterday  
Harangued the listening throng,  
Queen'd in that eye's fire-flashing ray  
"And mute that tuneful tongue."

Joy with the morning-sun arose,  
But, ah, the lustre brief!  
Ere the bright day her eyelids close,  
Is turn'd to pensive grief.

Mirth danc'd in each spectator's eye,  
And shoutings rend the air,  
As swift along the pageant flies,  
With streamers gay and fair.

But fate that morn Britannia met,  
So sorrow tells the tale,  
Who saw the angel's eyelids wet,  
Her visage wan and pale.

Some say that fate the furnace fed,  
And some, with equal seal,  
That death the rapid Rocket led,  
And whirl'd the crashing wheel!

But leave all mysteries alone,  
And plain the vision show,  
The dart that lately struck a throne,  
Hath laid a patriot low!

Though mighty coronets were near,  
And One with ducal crown;  
Death made the gilded car a bier,  
And hur'd the Statesman down!

Ah! what are statesmen, warriors, kings,  
The gifted, or the brave!  
Wealth, talents, fame, are little things,  
Bubbles upon life's wave.

Oh! England, blushing own thy sins,  
Weep, tremble, and reform!  
The contrite heart God's favour wins,  
And dissipates the storm.

He lays thy greatest statesmen low,  
For want of holy frailty;  
But, oh! beware the dreadful blow,  
If level'd at thy root!

When lightnings rive some mighty oak,  
Or scorch a lofty tower,  
We tremble at the sudden stroke,  
And deprecate the power.

And you, ye great ones, "hear the red,"  
It speaks in thunder loud;  
Tremble, it is the voice of God,  
A warning to the proud!

There is no royal way to die,  
The hero and the slave,  
In weakness, pain, and sorrow lie,  
Down in one common grave.

Both you and I must surely fall,  
However fair we bloom;  
The hand that moves along the wall,  
Shall register our doom!

Therefore in wisdom, power, and gold,  
Let no man hence confide,  
On Jesus' Cross by faith lay hold,  
For all is dross beside.

God no man needs, what'er his rank,  
Wit, talents, learning, fame,  
The fairest copy is but blank,  
Till he inscribe his name.

But long shall Liverpool regret  
Her patriot, statesman, friend,  
Whose sun in clouds and darkness set,  
By an untimely end.

A lofty column to his fame  
Her sons shall soon supply,  
Her memory shall embalm his name,  
A name that cannot die!

And suns shall rise and seasons bloom,  
The tide of ages flow,  
But still the monumental tomb  
His worth and merit show!

Keighley, Oct. 7, 1830. JOSHUA MARSDEN.

#### LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye  
think not, the Son of Man cometh."

Upon the Olive Mount, our Saviour-God  
Declar'd this solemn truth to thoughtless man,  
And sent it thund'ring through the spacious earth,  
With voice more rousing than the clarion horn,  
That bursts at midnight on the calm repose  
Of him who sleeps defenceless, 'mid the clash  
Of glitt'ring arms, and fiery war-steeds' prance—  
When wild he lifts his eye, and shrieks aghast,  
As through his heart the deadly weapons plunge,  
And chill his life-blood at its sacred fount!

Heralds on Zion's mountains catch the sound,  
And from their watch-towers loud proclaim the word.

"Mortals! be ready, for in such an hour  
As ye think not, the Son of Man will come."

How deeply must that truth be felt by you,  
Ye friends that mourn him—him whom ye have  
lost,

As precious gem fall'n from your riven hearts  
Where ye enshrined him—fall'n to rise no more,  
Or fill the aching void which he has left!  
To you—to you the awful message comes—  
Borne on the dying groan that rent his breast,  
And spread its wasting blight o'er all your hearts!  
'Tis dark—'tis mournful—but it is from God.  
In mercy to yourselves, oh! do ye meet  
The object which his love has had in view.

If tears of tender sympathy could heal  
Your bleeding wounds, then ye might soon be well;  
For many a tribute ardent friendship pays,  
And strangers have wept round his new-made  
grave.

But what is that to hearts bereft and torn?  
Almost a mockery! God your strength must be.  
Brothers and friends, companions of his youth,  
Who with him oft sweet intercourse exchanged,  
In business or amusement; or at home,  
In the domestic circle, where he shone  
Complacent for the virtues he possess'd:  
Did ye surround his bed of agony,  
And see the cloud that gathered o'er his brow,  
So fair and placid, where the sun of joy  
So lately shed his beams of warm excitement,

Adding to youth and health a deeper glow,  
And promising a life of happy years?  
Then ye have seen how idle is the hope  
That dances in life's path with flowery charms,  
And beckons you to follow in his train,  
Pointing through many a vista to the fields  
Of cloudless happiness at distance seen.  
Ye see that she is but a phantom breath—  
An ignis fatuus dazzling human minds  
But to beguile them. Rise to better things!  
For hark! "In such an hour as ye think not  
The Son of Man will come."

Ah! Death thou art a deep and subtle foe,  
And lovest a noble victim for thy prey.  
We thought not that thy arrow was so near,  
When we beheld the eye so bright with life—  
So full of young and lofty energy:  
We little thought that it so soon should be  
Brilliant with Death's dark mystery!—  
And fix'd in the long gaze of one who feels  
Absorpt in thoughts allied to other worlds,  
That smile that won the confidence of all  
Is fled!

And still'd for ever is his tuneful voice,  
So late the harp of gladness—  
The groans with which his lab'ring bosom heav'd,  
Burst all its chords, and gave them to the winds!  
Mourn him!—yes, mourn him! hearts of pity  
touch'd—

He too o'er others' woes could drop a tear—  
But he is gone! the storm of nature's o'er;  
His bark no longer drifts on life's rough sea,  
But swings in moorings on an unknown shore.

Be ours the duty—ours the ceaseless strife,  
To gain the port of everlasting life. A. W. M.

#### FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH-DAY OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

"Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be?" Byron.

HAIL hallo'ed morn! thy glorious dawn we hail,  
And bid thee welcome with ten thousand tongues;  
And though an hundred summers near have fled,  
Since o'er the cradle of our Infant sire  
The sun at first rejoiced, and shed a beam  
Of soft prophetic light around his head—  
That day is still with triumph ushered in,  
And still from hearts with burning rapture fired,  
The name of WASHINGTON resounds aloud,  
And on the breath of freedom far is borne,  
To distant countries and to isles unknown.

From lofty temples reared by mighty hands,  
On the firm base of truth and equity,  
The charter'd myriads speak abroad thy fame,  
Thou champion of the injur'd!—and adore  
The God whose minister thou truly wert.

For thee the golden lyre is tuned anew,  
And swells in strains ne'er stuck in mortal's praise  
So rich, so varied, and withal so true.  
Fair Liberty, the daughter of the skies,  
Clad in her flowing robe of virgin white,  
Now sweeps the chords with bold intrepid hand,  
(No longer fettered by the tyrant's chain,  
But free as Heaven's beneficence to man.)  
And strikes a kindred note in every soul.

Warriors athirst for fame, ambition, wealth,  
Have often sought the field, defying death,  
And cut their way through ranks of living forms,  
And onward rushed to life's remotest verge,  
And breathless, pale, and trembling, grasp'd the  
flowers

That overhung th' engulfing precipice—  
But from the dizzy height their whirling brain  
Has wildly turn'd—and while the nervous clench  
The new-pluck'd blossoms in their hands have  
clasp'd,  
Have plunged in mid-air—and with stifled groan,  
Sunk through the gloomy chasm to the grave  
Of disappointment, infamy, and shame.

But avarice, ambition, pride, or fame,  
 Or cruel tyranny, or love of self,  
 Found no repose within thy hallow'd breast,  
 Thou great avenger of thy country's wrongs!  
 But deep enshrined within that sacred fount  
 Rose the life-springs of pure philanthropy,  
 Which through the windings of thy varied course,  
 Still issued forth in streams of heaven-born love,  
 To cheer, refresh, and bless thy native soil.  
 The patriot, warrior, statesman, father, friend,  
 May still to thee the wand'ring eye direct,  
 As to the Polar star, and learn to steer  
 Free from the rocks and shoals where many split,  
 And bring to wreck the towering hopes of years.  
 For thou wast wise, as well as brave and true,  
 Didst clearly see thy course, and calm pursued  
 The path that to thy country's glory led,  
 Regardless, though thine own should tarnish'd be  
 By the foul breath of green-eyed calumny.  
 That feeds on other's wrongs, and drinks the blood,  
 The fair life-blood of reputation dear!  
 Unenvied now the diadem thou wear'st,  
 And to departed worth the tribute's paid.  
 And though thy noble form lies crumbling low—  
 Thy placid countenance no more we view:  
 Thy giant spirit soars on flaming wing,  
 Above this uncongenial atmosphere:  
 And mem'ry thee embalms, deep in her heart  
 Which throbs with exultation at thy name.

Farewell, thou mighty chieftain!—Fare thee well—

Long may thy mantle o'er thy country fall,  
 And far and near thy spirit be diffused,  
 And "sons of freedom" imitate their sire.

A. W. M.

REVIEW.—*The Substance of a Course of Lectures on British Colonial Slavery, delivered at Bradford, York, and Scarborough. By the Rev. Benjamin Godwin, Classical Tutor of Horton College, Bradford, Yorkshire. 8vo. pp. 171. Hatchard and Son, and J. & A. Arch, London. 1830.*

THIS is a good book, and brought forward at a moment peculiarly favourable to the object it has in view. We feel convinced that the long toleration of slavery on the part of the British nation, is to be attributed only to the imperfect and partial information which obtains, amongst the people at large, upon this awfully momentous subject. Upon no other principle can we account for so gross an anomaly as the existence of slavery, in all its most horrid and soul-sickening circumstances, in the dominions of a generous and a mighty nation, whose very name is a term synonymous with liberty. The present publication contains a clear, concise, and well-authenticated statement of all the information necessary to enable the public to enter fully into the subject; and we do most earnestly recommend it to the serious consideration of all classes of society.

There never was a time more favourable for the advocates of the abolition of slavery to come forward, and make one grand and irresistible effort for the accomplishment of their generous purpose, than the present crisis of events now offers. A wise, ener-

getic, and merciful prince is placed at the head of the British empire, and the agitation of a question having for its object the bursting asunder of the shackles of nearly a million of British subjects, who have been far, far too long, held in the infernal thralldom of their fiendlike tormentors, will offer ample scope for the exercise of mercy and justice, those heaven-born attributes, whose living temple should ever be the monarch's breast.

Long has the "deep damnation" of this unholy traffic marred the fair page of Britain's glory; let the first measures of our present King shew to the gazing world, that Britain's monarch is the delegate of Heaven to rescue the injured, to avenge the oppressed.

When we look to the momentous events which have recently taken place in France, and which so fully shew the irresistible force which a great people, when unanimous, are capable of offering to the most determined efforts of tyranny; when we consider the peculiar feeling which called forth those glorious exertions in defence of freedom, and which placed his present majesty, Louis Philippe, at the head of the French people, can we for one moment doubt, that, whilst the breasts of this monarch and his gallant and generous people, are still glowing with the godlike feeling of heaven-descended liberty, they will join their efforts to those of the British nation, and with one sublime decree proclaim freedom to those unhappy beings who are now groaning beneath the pressure of the most unjust and relentless tyranny? We repeat, the present moment holds forth the most favourable prospects to the advocates for the abolition; the spirit of liberty which is now abroad seems to call upon all ranks, and all nations, to come forth, and demand the immediate and unqualified extinction of a system alike opposed to the dictates of God and man. Let Britons then seize upon the occasion which now offers of wiping away the foul stain that has long tarnished their national glory; let them prove to the world their rooted abhorrence of injustice and tyranny, by calling upon the legislature for the immediate and total abolition of a system in which both are found in the grossest enormity.

Nor is this to be considered as an act of gratuitous generosity; the part which Britain has taken, perhaps in some degree unwittingly, in the nefarious practices of the slave trade, and the colonial slave system, renders it barely an act of justice. Still, as it is the only retribution we can now make to Afric's unoffending, much-injured race,

let us at once form a resolution worthy of a great, a generous, and, in most respects, a just nation. It is true, we must expect opposition, the most strenuous opposition, to this measure. Those who derive either directly or indirectly their wealth and their influence in the world from the existence of slavery, will undoubtedly strain every nerve to ensure the continuance of that system. Let not however, the advocates for the abolition be discouraged. Surely we can be as arduous and determined in our exertions to destroy slavery as the former are in their efforts to continue it. Let us not suffer ourselves to be blinded by invidious comparisons upon the relative situations of the slaves, and of our own distressed peasantry and manufacturers. Much of misery we confess there is amongst the latter, but it is a gross insult to common sense to institute such a comparison. There is an immeasurable distance between the parties—the one is a *slave*, the other *free*. Admitting, however, for a moment the justice of the comparison, and that the English peasant and manufacturer are as miserably circumstanced as the slave, is this a reason why we should leave the latter in his misery, when, if unanimous and determined, we can secure his freedom? These paltry subterfuges of the advocates of slavery serve only to expose the weakness of their cause. Others will tell us of the ameliorated state of the slaves, that they are as happy as they are capable of being, and many things equally specious and untrue; but let us not be blinded by such representations.

In the book before us, we find it clearly proved, upon the most unexceptionable evidence, that, notwithstanding all which has been done towards the amelioration of the slave's condition, the great sum of woe and misery, ever attendant upon such a diabolical system *still remains, comparatively speaking, undiminished*, and still calls aloud for the unyielding opposition of the advocates of justice and mercy. This is the principal point to which the British public should direct their steady and undivided attention. A great moral and *political* evil still exists in the British empire, in the *colonial slave system*, to the existence of which Britons have been lamentably accessory, and to the total annihilation of which they are alike bound by the laws of God and man. Let every town throughout England form a committee for the express consideration of this important subject; let all classes of society be made fully acquainted with the actually existing enormities of the colonial slave system; let them with one voice call for the abolition of the

same, by pouring their petitions into parliament; let them not relax their efforts, and they will not fail to accomplish their generous purpose.

Having made these few introductory remarks, we shall now proceed to the examination of the book before us, and, in so doing, point out to the public attention those passages which seem to us most deserving of their very serious consideration.

The author has divided his subject into four parts, which are delivered in the form of lectures. In the first lecture he gives a *general view of slavery* as it now exists; the second has for its object *the evils consequent upon slavery*; in the third, the author sets forth the *unlawfulness of slavery*; and the fourth has for its subject the *abolition of slavery*.

The arrangement would perhaps have been more logical, had the third lecture, in which the author treats of slavery as a violation of the natural rights of man, and of the law of nations, stood first, as this appears to us the first point of order in which the subject of slavery should be examined. To this would naturally succeed the present state of slavery and its attendant evils. This however, is of little importance, and we will not quarrel with the author, to whom we feel highly indebted, for having by the publication of the present work, enabled the British nation to form a more correct and exact judgment upon a subject which so deeply affects their own honour, and the happiness of 800,000 of their fellow creatures.—In his first lecture, Mr. G. observes:

"My object in the present lectures is, in the first place, to communicate information. I believe this is needed. I cannot think that, if all England knew the present state of slavery in the British dominions, and what is paid in public property and human life to support it, the system would be tolerated by a free and generous people. The condition of the enslaved negro must, I think, when known, touch a sympathetic cord in every heart, where interest and prejudices do not inordinate the feelings and exclude conviction. I wish my present auditors to *know*, that they may feel; and to *feel*, that they may act. The subject is one that should excite commiseration, but not despair. It is an evil of long standing, of enormous extent, and of tremendous power, both in the infliction of misery and in the resistance which it opposes to every effort of amelioration; but it is not beyond the reach of remedy. It can be removed—it must be removed—and sooner or later it will be removed, in mercy or in judgment. And that we may contribute our portion of aid towards the peaceable extinction of this cruel and degrading system, is the final object I propose in these lectures."—p. 2.

"The plan I propose is first, to give a general view of the state of slavery, as it exists in the British dominions; then, to show more fully the evils of the system; after which I shall endeavour to prove the unlawfulness of it. I shall then give a sketch of what has been done towards the abolition of slavery; and close with an inquiry as to the duty of British Christians with reference to this subject."—p. 3.

After some preliminary geographical observations, the author thus proceeds—

"One remarkable feature of this country is the immense Desert, which, extending from east to west, through nearly the whole of Africa, to the very borders of Egypt, in a breadth of eight or nine hundred miles, separates the northern states from the interior, and from those regions whence the Negroes are brought for sale to Europeans. South of the great desert is a vast tract of country called Negroland, or Nigritia, through which the river Niger runs; these names being evidently derived from the colour of the inhabitants. The population of this part of Africa has never been correctly ascertained: it comprises a great variety of states and tribes, in very different degrees of civilisation. It has for more than two centuries been annually drained of immense numbers of its inhabitants, to be exported as slaves to the opposite shores of the Atlantic. A long line of coast has been resorted to for this purpose, by European traders, extending from the river Senegal to the kingdom of Angola. But it is not only from places contiguous to the coast that the unhappy Negroes are drawn: they come sometimes from the very centre of Africa, a journey of many weeks, and even of months, to be transported to a distant land, there to wear out their lives in perpetual bondage."—p. 8.

The author then briefly states the discovery of the West Indies by Columbus, whither, after the atrocities of European adventurers had extirpated the original inhabitants, the unhappy Africans were transported, to commence their work of woe; and from that period to the present time, slavery has existed in its direst forms.

"In addition," says the author, "to the various islands in the West Indies belonging to Great Britain, in which slavery prevails, there are three Colonies on the coast of South America, (Demerara, Berbice, and Honduras) and also the Colonies of the Cape of Good Hope, and the Mauritius, (a small island in the Indian Ocean) where the bulk of the population are in the same unhappy state of bondage."—p. 8.

In the six *Crown*, and thirteen *Chartered Colonies*, the whole number of white inhabitants is not supposed to exceed from 80 to 90,000; a considerably larger number are free blacks, and people of colour; but the great mass of the population, consisting of about 800,000, are *enslaved negroes*, who are exposed to all the severities of incessant toil, scanty provisions, and the merciless flagellations of the *cart whip*, at the mere caprice of their brutal drivers and managers.

"If the Negroes are late in the field in the morning, or after dinner, he may inflict the lash, within certain limits, on their bare bodies, whether they be men or women. If they lag in their work, through idleness, or weakness, or fatigue, the driving whip may be employed to quicken them. Dr. Collins, who was himself a planter, says that "It is generally bestowed with rigour on the weakest of the gang, and those who are so unfortunate as not to be in favour with this sub-despot." "If any offend more than ordinarily, Master Driver, who has almost unlimited power, takes him or her from the ranks, and, having two or three strong Negroes to hold the culprit down, lays on lashes with all his might. Thirty-nine is the number specified by law, beyond which even a white man cannot legally go in one day;" (and ten, the number a driver may inflict by his own authority);

"but I have seen a black driver lay on, most unmercifully, upwards of forty at one time, whilst his fellow-slave was crying out for mercy, so that he could be heard a quarter of a mile from the spot."—p. 35.

"Besides this mode of punishment, there are stocks on the estate, in which, at the pleasure of the overseers or managers, the slaves are put for any length of time; frequently working by day with the gang in the field, and being confined in the stocks all night."—p. 36.

"Complaint of the woman Minkie, belonging to Thomas C. Jones:—Says, Mr. Jones took her out of the barracks on Tuesday; after I got home he sent me to Mr. Henry; he would not buy me. He sent me to another gentleman; I do not know his name, but he lives in town; they both said my master asked too much money for me, and sent me back. I begged for a pass to look for an owner; he said no, he would put me down and cut me more than the law gives. I was then laid down, and tied to three stakes, and Chance flogged me with a cart-whip; I got a severe flogging; I saw Mr. Layfield at his door with another gentleman; and Mr. Kerschner, the baker, saw it from his window. Mr. Jones bought me from Mr. Logie of Demerara. I have marks of severe punishment visible on me, old and recent floggings, all inflicted by Jones."

"Exhibits the wounded parts, which are covered with a plaister, by order of the doctor, and apparently lacerated to that degree that the court judged it expedient to direct her not to uncover it."

"Mr. Jones said he had flogged her, and broke her mouth for her insulance. He had thirty-nine laid on her, and they were well inflicted. When he sent for her, he had no intention of flogging her; but after sending her to three persons for sale, and not succeeding, he told her, she had often deserved a flogging; he then directed her to be flogged, and that they should be well laid on, which was done."—p. 37.

We shall now introduce two or three instances of the horrid treatment to which these unhappy beings are exposed.

"The manager of the plantation Providence, it appears, on one occasion laid a Negro on the ground with two drivers over him, who gave him fifty lashes. His innocence being afterwards proved, he went to the manager for redress: the manager told him, 'If you do not hold your tongue, I will put you in the stocks.' He then went to his owner, Mr. Henry, who answered, 'I cannot help it; it is not my fault; the punishment you had was the manager's fault.' As he could get no redress from either master or manager, he came to the Fiscal. The manager endeavoured to justify himself; admitting that he had flogged him, but only to the extent of thirty-nine lashes (the number allowed by law for any or no offence), and confined him in the stocks every night for a week.—And what was the redress which the suffering Negro obtained? The Fiscal, whose office it was to protect the slaves, *reprimanded* the manager for punishing the Negro on such slight grounds!"

"We shall, in this place, adduce only one more fact from the Berbice Fiscal's official reports. Mr. Grade, the manager of l'Esperance, is charged by the slaves with various acts of severity. A pregnant woman, named Rosa, was employed picking coffee with some other women. Thinking they did not pick enough, or well, Mr. Grade ordered the driver Zondag to flog them. The driver did so. Rosa had previously objected to working, as being too big, and unable to stoop; but the manager overruled the objection, and she went to pick the coffee on her knees. When Zondag came to her, he said, 'This woman is big with child!' The manager replied, 'Give it to her till the blood flies out.' She was flogged with the whip doubled. This was on Friday. She was sent to the field on Saturday, but, being seized with pains in her loins, was sent thence to the hospital. The doctor examined her, and ordered her to the field again. The consequences were such, on the Sunday, as might be expected; dreadful indeed,

but I forbear to mention them. The driver Zondag, and several others, confirmed the above statement. The driver being particularly asked, whether, on his representing that Rosa was pregnant, the manager had used the expression, 'Never mind, for her till the blood comes,' replied, 'Yea.'—p. 39-40.

"In the Mauritius," continues Mr. Godwin, "atrocities have been perpetrated to which these circumstances are 'as nothing and vanity.'"

We will torture our readers with but one more instance of the horrid sufferings attending Colonial slavery.

"Kate was a domestic slave, and is stated to have been guilty of theft: she is also accused of disobedience, in refusing to mend her clothes and do her work, and this was the more immediate cause of her punishment. On the 22d of July, 1825, she was confined in the stocks, and she was not released till the 8th of August following, being a period of seventeendays. The stocks were so constructed that she could not sit up nor lie down with pleasure, and she remained in them night and day. During this period she was flogged repeatedly, one of the overseers thinks about six times; and red pepper was rubbed upon her eyes, to prevent her sleeping. Tasks were given her which, in the opinion of the same overseer, she was incapable of performing; sometimes because they were beyond her powers, at other times because she could not see to do them on account of the pepper having been rubbed on her eyes; and she was flogged for failing to accomplish these tasks. A violent distemper had been prevalent on the plantation during the summer. It is in evidence, that one of the days of Kate's confinement she complained of fever, and that one of the floggings which she received was the day after she had made the complaint. When she was taken out of the stocks she appeared to be cramped, and was then again flogged. The very day of her release she was sent to field labour (though heretofore a house servant); and on the evening of the third day ensuing was brought before her owners, as being ill and refusing to work, and she then again complained of having fever. They were of opinion that she had none then, but gave directions to the driver, if she should be ill, to bring her to them for medicines in the morning. The driver took her to the Negro-house, and again flogged her; though at this time, apparently, without orders from her owners to do so. In the morning at seven o'clock she was taken to work in the field, where she died at noon."—p. 41-42.

These examples will, we trust, convince the reader that the horrors of slavery are no vain exaggerations of romantic invention, formed merely to excite temporary feelings of hostility in the mind of the public, against a certain class of men, whose interest is so strongly concerned in the continuance of this abominable system; it is with the measure, and not with the men, that we are at war. Hereafter, when the fiat of the British senate shall have proclaimed freedom to their suffering fellow-creatures, it will not be credited, that in the middle of the nineteenth century such things were; that Britons, the guardians of liberty, tamely acquiesced in the murderous iniquities which a handful of greedy tyrants inflicted on 800,000 British subjects.

Our limits will not permit us to give so much of Mr. Godwin's book as our inclinations would lead us to do; our object, in

noticing the work, is to draw the attention of all classes of the public to a serious consideration of the subject of slavery as it now exists, as it *ever must exist*, until *entirely* abolished. The inefficacy of every measure which has yet been entered into, towards the amelioration of slavery, serves only to prove the inherent and incurable evil of the system.

As yet we have adverted only to the physical sufferings of the slaves, but when we regard the deadly influence of the system, with respect to *morality*, our detestation must increase in a ten-fold degree. Slavery might be tolerated, miserable as that condition is, were its pernicious effects confined to this world, but when we consider the state of wickedness to which its demoralizing nature reduces alike the tyrant and the slave, it is impossible to look forward to the fate which awaits them in eternity, without feelings of unspeakable horror. On this head, we most seriously recommend the reader to peruse p. 61—72 of the work before us.

With regard to the *political* evils, it appears, says the author, from a very able writer, "that the amount wrung in taxes from our distressed population for the direct maintenance of slavery is £2,195,804."

"It has been calculated that 150,000,000*l.* were in the course of twenty years added to the national debt, (for various expenditures incurred in upholding the slave system in the West-Indies), and for which we are now compelled to pay interest in taxes."—"We are paying in bounties, and in the effect of protecting duties, upwards of 1,500,000*l.* annually."—p. 74.

Another enormous evil attendant upon this system is, the "*distressing loss of human life*" among our own troops, whose constant presence is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the barbarous tyranny exercised over the slaves.

"It seems, that in the course of one generation we have paid for the preservation of West-India property as much as it is all worth; and that "one British soldier or seaman, at the least, in the prime of life, has fallen a victim to the deathful service of the West-Indies, for every white man, woman, and child that all our sugar colonies collectively contain."—p. 76.

The loss is incalculable which Great Britain has sustained in being deprived of the means of trading with that part of Africa to which the influence of slavery has more immediately extended. No part of the globe offers such great and striking advantages for commercial transactions.

The author closes his second lecture with the following striking passage:

"There is one, who is the Creator of the black man and the white, and who is "no respecter of persons." His glance surveys the universe, His eye witnesses every action, and in the book of His remembrance is every deed recorded. He is just and merciful: injustice and cruelty are as opposite

to His character as darkness to light. He weighs in the balances individuals and nations, and will render to all according to their deeds. The punishments as well as the rewards of individuals are reserved principally to a future state; but as no nation or state can appear as such before his bar, they are punished or rewarded in this life. National guilt brought proud Babylon to the dust, destroyed commercial Tyre, and annihilated the Jews as a nation, scattering them to the four winds of heaven. In His estimation of guilt and application of punishment, the advantages enjoyed are always taken into the account. What, then, must be the guilt of Britain in maintaining a system so iniquitous! How long did she bear her part in that horrid traffic which spread so much suffering and crime on the coast of Africa! And still she retains in iron bondage the helpless victims of that trade, which she now calls infamous. He who sitteth in the heavens, the enemy of the oppressor, the refuge of the oppressed and the avenger of his wrongs, has seen all the horrors of the middle passage, has heard every groan that has burst from the Negro's bosom in the place of his captivity, year after year, and age after age. Consider all the cruelty, and injustice, and licentiousness, attending this system for such a length of time; and all this upheld by a nation the most enlightened, the most evangelised, and in many respects the most favoured, in the whole world! O how dark the spot, how deep the stain of guilt that rests on Britain, and that will rest on her as long as this system is maintained!—The national guilt which is contracted by our thus upholding slavery is not to be reckoned as one of its least evils.

"Endeavour, then, to combine the whole in one view—to take in the full idea of this mighty mass of evil, in all the sufferings of mind and body which it inflicts, in all its brutalizing effects and demoralizing tendencies on the slave and on his master, the miseries which it entails on man, and the guilt which it incurs in the sight of God, and you will have some conception of the multiplied and horri-fying evils of slavery."—p. 79.

The third lecture is opened with some general observations upon the opposition which will undoubtedly be made to the efforts of the advocates for the abolition of slavery, and by a short enumeration of the different classes of persons by whom that opposition will be offered. The author afterwards proceeds to state, "that the practice of slavery in our colonies is a flagrant violation of the dearest natural rights of man;" and, after producing the opinions of Paley and Blackstone on this head, he thus continues—

"Man, then, it is admitted by the highest authorities, has rights as the creature of God, as a rational and accountable being, for the possession of which he is not indebted to others, and which no fellow-creature is authorized to deprive him of; and were any laws made to destroy them, those very laws would be criminal, as sanctioning a manifest injustice, and being in direct opposition to the laws of nature."—p. 92.

He afterwards proceeds to consider the system, as contrary to the spirit and practice of the British constitution, which is founded professedly on the laws of nature, and the principles of justice, and points out the glaring inconsistency of the British nation, which, while sending her armies and naval armaments to Spain, Portugal, Algiers, and Navarino, to assist in the

cause of freedom, still permits the existence of slavery, in its direst forms, in her own dominions. With regard to the arguments which the advocates of slavery wish to draw from the customs of antiquity, we think them unworthy of serious notice. The question now to be considered is, not what evils have heretofore existed, but what are now in actual existence, and call aloud for reform. The abstract nature of right and wrong cannot be affected by precedent. The present slave system is a gross violation of the principles of natural law, it is in diametrical opposition to the very essence of the British constitution, it is a loud-crying sin in the face of Heaven, and any attempt to justify such an enormity, by appeals to antiquity, is absurd.

In his fourth and last lecture, Mr. Godwin gives a concise view of the origin of slavery in our Colonies, and afterwards proceeds to notice, severally, the three steps which have been made by the advocates of freedom and mercy, viz. the decision of the judges of Westminster Hall, in 1772, by which it was decided, *that as soon as a slave treads upon English soil he becomes free*; the Act of Parliament passed in 1807, by which it was enacted *that no slave should be imported into our Colonies after March 1, 1808*; and the unanimous resolutions of the house of commons in 1823, *which pledged Parliament to the extinction of slavery*. Here we may observe, that at the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, the representatives of all the chief European powers denounced the slave trade to be most iniquitous, and pledged themselves to effect its entire abolition.

"This pledge," continues Mr. Godwin, "has not been redeemed, and notwithstanding the declaration of France, in 1814, to discontinue this inhuman traffic, the slave trade is still carried on by that nation, and this, too, with the knowledge of the government, to a great extent."—p. 131.

In the latter part of his work, the author considers the nature of the change to be sought for, and whether an *immediate*, or a *gradual abolition*, or only an *amelioration* of the slave system, is at present most desirable. These points, however, as also that of *compensation*, we cannot here discuss, but must refer the reader to the work itself. Our opinion is, that nothing short of the most unqualified and entire extinction of the Colonial slave system should be received by the friends of liberty: *amelioration* has long since been proved to be a chimerical idea; the system is radically bad, and will not admit of amelioration. Gradual abolition is unjust, inasmuch as it affords time [for thousands of those miserable beings, who are now writhing beneath



the infernal engine of slavery, to expire in their tortures. Now is the time, now, we feel convinced, for removing at once the foulest stigma with which our national honour was ever branded; for rendering to 800,000 of our fellow-creatures the rights which have been long most iniquitously withholden from them. A new combination of circumstances now conspires to ensure success to the advocates of mercy and justice; let them not suffer it to escape; but let them gladly embrace the occasion which Heaven offers for accomplishing that glorious purpose which has long been so ardently desired and struggled for by the best and greatest men this nation ever produced.

This work is ably written. It is replete with important information on the various branches of this diabolical system. It draws aside the veil in which the monster conceals itself while torturing its victims, and by which an attempt has been made to stifle their groans. At this eventful crisis its contents are particularly interesting, and we think that no individual, possessed of human feelings, on a perusal of its horrid details, can refuse to sign a petition for the total annihilation of this complicated curse of human nature.

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REVIEW.—*A Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature, in a Chronological Arrangement of Authors and their Works, from the Invention of Letters to the Year of our Lord 1445. By Adam Clarke, L.L.D. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 518. Clarke. London. 1830.*

THE learned author informs us in his preface, that this work commences with what he judges to be the first exhibition of alphabetical characters, namely, the Decalogue, written by the finger of God himself about *Anno Mundi* 2518. From this wondrous display of the divine goodness the work is intended to be brought down to the invention of printing, *Anno Domini* 1445, embracing a period of 2936 years, and detailing all the ecclesiastical writers of the whole of that period, of whose works any considerable part or fragment remains.

This volume, which commences as stated above, brings down the succession of sacred literature to *Anno Domini* 395. The continuation, which will complete the whole period, the learned author has consigned to his son, the Rev. J. B. B. Clarke, M. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, to whom he has delivered up all his papers and plans for this express purpose, and in whose

ability for executing the arduous task, he places the most unreserved confidence.

Twenty years having elapsed since the first part of this work was published, it has recently been revised, and new-modelled. Several alterations and additions have also been introduced, and a size more convenient has been adopted. These emendations the author conceives will furnish a sufficient apology for the plan and arrangement which he now pursues.

Leaving the preface, the *first* article introduced is a dissertation on the origin of writing, and of alphabetical characters. To the various opinions that have been entertained on this confessedly obscure subject, the author briefly adverts; but discarding these as fabulous and visionary, he directs our attention to the time of Moses, whom the Almighty instructed to form them, by writing the decalogue with his own finger on tables of stone.

In his *second* stage Dr. Clarke brings before us, in chronological order, the various authors of the Old Testament, without omitting the writers of the Apocrypha. Of each work he gives the leading outlines, stating the period of time which it embraces, and noticing the various separate forms in which it has been presented to the world. To the Apocryphal writers he gives credit as historians, and thinks them entitled to much respect, but without attributing to them the infallibility of inspiration.

Having adverted to the Septuagint, and noticed the circumstances under which the translation took place, together with the early editions through which it passed, Dr. Clarke in the *third* stage turns to the ancient Jewish writers and writings, assigning to each both time and character, and the degree of estimation in which all are held by the descendants of Abraham.

From these venerable writers and writings, this work proceeds in the *fourth* stage, to the New Testament; and respecting the authors and their production, he pursues the same method that had been adopted in reference to the Old. Here also chronological order is carefully preserved. Hence, we are presented with the books of the New Testament, not in the order in which they appear in our printed editions, but according to the time in which they were actually written, so far as the fact can be ascertained. Of these sacred books, the early separate editions are also briefly noticed; and reference is made to the authorities on which the conclusion is founded.

Of the much-disputed passage in 1 John v. 7, 8, 9. Dr. Clarke has given two fac-

similes; one from the Greek Testament, printed at Complutum, in 1514, the other from the Codex Montfortii, in Trinity College, Dublin. On the authenticity of this passage, a learned and comprehensive, but brief dissertation is given, in which the arguments and authorities both for and against are stated. The result is, however, unfavourable to the authenticity of the text, and its authority is given up accordingly.

In the *fifth* stage Dr. Clarke turns to the early christian writers, including the ancient fathers of the church. To the writings of these venerable men, the greater portion of this volume is devoted, and to such readers as wish to become acquainted with the various subjects to which they turned their attention, and on which they employed their pens, but who have neither time nor opportunity for consulting their works; this labour of Dr. Clarke will prove a valuable acquisition. His observations vary considerably in extent, but whether brief or voluminous, they are always interesting. Of these apostolical fathers, he has generally furnished a short biographical notice, stating when and where the individual flourished, what rank or station he sustained, what persecutions he endured, and in what way he terminated his mortal career.

To facilitate these desirable objects, Dr. Clarke has furnished a concise analysis of their writings, so far as they can be ascertained; sometimes, indeed, speaking in general terms, and at others stating the doctrines on which they wrote, and giving their views on points of modern disputation. The combined and separate editions through which these venerable records have passed, also occupy his attention; and when any doubts occur, respecting the legitimacy of any book, treatise, or article, the grounds are stated on which their character is presumed to be questionable. The writers enumerated in this volume begin with St. Barnabas, in Anno Domini 71, and end with Mark the hermit, in Anno Domini 395.

From the analysis thus given of this volume, the reader will be able to form a tolerable estimate of its valuable contents. So far as the work has proceeded, it fully verifies its title. Its learned energy forces an unobstructed channel through the streams of time, from the days of Moses, down to 395 of the Christian era. Taken in connexion with the volume or volumes which yet remain to complete the work, it will furnish a learned, rational, and precious compendium of sacred literature, from the origin of alphabetical characters down to

the invention of printing, when these characters became imbedded in metallic type.

On the intrinsic worth of such a work it will be needless to expatiate. It must have been, and will be, an undertaking of incalculable labour; an undertaking which none but a master spirit would presume to touch, and one which none but the hand of a master could ever satisfactorily execute.

In our retrospection of departed years, there is scarcely a general question that can be asked, in the vast range of sacred literature, lying between the days of Moses and those of Mark the hermit, for which this volume does not provide an answer. As a book of reference it will be invaluable to Christians of all denominations; particularly to controvertists and divines. By having recourse to its pages, they may either correct or confirm their theories and dates, and thus avoid numerous errors, which frequently prolong polemic warfare, and are sometimes attended with serious consequences. It will prove a medium through which much useful knowledge may be acquired with little trouble, and at a trifling expense.

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REVIEW.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*  
Vol. 1. 12mo. pp. 424. Oliver and  
Boyd, Edinburgh; Simpkin, London.

MR. MURRAY, by the publication of his Family Library, has opened an entirely new era in literature. This bold adventure in the sea of letters, had scarcely cleared port with his first volume, before his example communicated a stirring impulse to the principal bibliopolists of the kingdom, and Family Libraries poured forth, thick and fast.

The usefulness of these small volumes, each concentrating the essence of a quarto within the confined limits of a duodecimo, is too obvious to require proof: persons having little time for reading, or a scarcity of money for the purchase of books, may obtain from them information of the most valuable character, conveyed in the best form. We only hope, that the literary vessel will not be so overloaded with these new commodities, that, like the too crowded life-boat, it will go down with all on board.

Amongst Mr. Murray's satellites, none, however, appear to greater advantage than Messrs. Oliver and Boyd, who, if they have not the merit of originally striking out the path they have taken, are entitled to the distinguished praise of uniting the energies of a literary triumvirate, whose productions have tended in an eminent degree to delight and instruct the world.

A publication, written and superintended by Leslie, Jameson, and Murray, can never be unacceptable to the literary community, so long as taste, learning, and science, are held in due estimation. These talented authors and editors will undoubtedly render the Edinburgh Family Library an authority of the highest respectability, on all subjects which shall come within its range. This being our conviction, we cannot do less than express a wish for the complete success of their undertaking.

The first volume is a captivating specimen of what the work will be. It includes a glowing "Narrative of Discovery and Adventure in the Polar Seas and Regions," in which the *peculiar* powers of the three writers are put forth in all their strength. Professor Leslie begins the volume with a full examination of the Arctic climate, and its phenomena; the geological structure of those regions is given by Professor Jameson; and the narrations have been drawn from the purest sources by Mr. Hugh Murray.

Our limits will not permit us to show by copious extracts, the worth of this volume. There is, however, we trust, a sufficient pledge of its sterling value; and the subjoined account of the Esquimaux will serve to indicate, that science and learning present no austerity of feature in the pages of this "Library."

"The Esquimaux, during this expedition, (Captain Parry's,) became the subjects of a more minute observation than had ever before been made upon them by Europeans. They constitute a most widely-diffused race, occupying all the shores of the Northern Ocean, and embracing nearly the entire circuit of the globe. Richardson and Franklin found them along the whole coast of the American Polar sea; Kotzebue in the channel near Behring's Straits. The Samoiedes and Kamtchadales, in northern Asia, seem to belong to the same family. A similarity of visage and figure, boats, huts, and instruments,—even a resemblance in habits, character, and mode of life,—might have been produced by the common pressure of the same very peculiar outward circumstances. The affinity of speech, however, which is such as proves the dialects of all the Esquimaux to be mere varieties of one common language, affords a clear proof, that an original race from some one quarter has spread over the whole range of those immense and desolate shores. This migration must have been facilitated by the vast continuity of coast which stretches along the Arctic ocean, and which is not equalled in any other quarter. Hence, probably, the Esquimaux, at distant ages, connected the old and the new continents, which at all other points were then wholly unknown to each other.

"The external form of that people seems influenced, and, as it were, characterized by the severity of the climate. Their stature is decidedly lower than that of the European: five feet nine inches being considered even in a man as almost gigantic. Though the trunk of the body is somewhat thick, all the extremities are small, especially the hands and feet, and the fingers short. The face is broad and flat, the nose small, and at the same time sunk so deep, that in some instances a ruler could be applied from cheek to cheek without touching it. It is somewhere observed, that their visage presents that peculiar form which the human face naturally assumes under exposure to intense cold, when all the projecting features are drawn in, and the cheeks consequently pushed out. In the same way exposure to the weather may perhaps produce the high cheek-bones of mountaineers. Under these modifications, however, both their body and limbs are very

tolerably shaped. Even the female countenance, though without pretensions to regular beauty, is often agreeable, with a frank and good-humoured expression; so that, were it cleared of the thick crust of grease and dirt, so as to exhibit the real complexion, which is only that of a deep brunette, it might, even in Europe, be reckoned handsome. The skin is unctuous and unpleasantly cold to the touch; the flesh soft and flabby, owing probably to the fat animal substances which form the principal part of their food.

"Dress, through the necessity imposed by the climate, is much more ample, and prepared with greater care, than is usual among other savage tribes. That of the men chiefly consists in a double coat of deer-skin; the inner part of which, having the hair placed next the body, serves as a shirt, while from the outer a spacious hood is raised to cover the head. The breeches, of the same material, and also double, reach down, overlapping the boots, which extend to the knee, and are composed either of deer skin, or, it is intimated, of tanned travelling, of the hide of the seal and walrus. The dress of the female consists of the same particulars, with only some variations in form. They considered themselves particularly fortunate in wearing breeches, and could not bear without pity of their sisters in Europe, whom the caprice of fashion had deprived of so comfortable an habilitment. Their chief distinction lay in their boots, framed of such capacious dimensions as to make each leg appear as thick as the body, and allow them to move only in a waddling gait, similar to that of Muscovy ducks. These boots form, however, most spacious receptacles for whatever goods, lawful or unlawful, may come into the possession of the fair wearer. Captain Parry suspects that this huge buskin was originally constructed as a receptacle for their children,—a practice still prevalent among some tribes,—and thus retains its old form, though the hood is now generally substituted for this domestic purpose.

"The labour necessary for subsistence under this rigorous climate is more arduous, and occupies a greater share of time, than among any other race, either civilized or savage. The ground, frozen for more than nine months of the year, yields neither root nor herb, which can form a standard article of food. No tame animals are reared for this purpose, their dogs being so applied only in the last extremity. Hunting is their only resource; and hence their days are spent in the chase of the wild animals which inhabit the sea and the shore. They lead thus a life of contrivance and adventure, in the course of which energy and hardihood of character are formed, and many faculties amply developed. In the absence or extreme scarcity of wood and iron, they make use of the bones of animals, which they have of all shapes and sizes, yet this is often found too flexible a material; while cord or line is formed by cutting their toughest and most elastic skins into long stripes. During the short summer, they pursue with bow and arrow the deer, whose flesh as meat, and whose skin as clothing, are esteemed above all others. The elders and other ducks also furnish them with food; while the hide, with the feathers inwards, forms a light and comfortable clothing. The early winter, however, compels these animals, in large bands, to move into more genial climes; and hence, for nine months annually, their food must be found in the waters. These indeed are filled with the large cetaceous fishes, the seal, the walrus, and even the whale; but the hunters and the game are separated by a thick covering of ice. These animals, however, though they make their chief dwellings beneath the waves, as formerly observed, experience the necessity of ascending from time to time for the purposes of respiration. At such moments the Esquimaux watch with the most indefatigable patience, often erecting a little snow-shed to protect them from the cold; and the instant the animal appears, he darts into him, and, in a single moment, which they have several forms and sizes, and sometimes throw by means of a long line, a necessary part of their apparatus.

"Their grandest achievement, however, consists in the attack of the whale; on which occasion a large body of them unite, armed with a variety of weapons. When struck he instantly plunges into the water; but, being obliged to come up at short intervals, is always attacked afresh, till, overcome by fatigue and loss of blood, this mighty monarch of the deep remains an unresisting prey. An Esquimaux does not hesitate, even singly, to attack the Polar bear, the fiercest and most terrible of all the Arctic races. In this encounter, however, he must be aided by a band of his trusty dogs, which rush fearlessly on, keep the animal at bay, and assail him on all sides; while the master advances with his spear, and avoiding, with almost preternatural agility, the furious springs of the enraged monster, pierces him with repeated strokes. Cooses, springs, and traps, are also used with skill, chiefly against birds and foxes.

"The Esquimaux show little prudence in the management of their supplies. The instant that tidings transpire of the capture of a walrus, shouts of exultation are raised through the village; as its inhabitants share the prize in common. On its arrival, alices are instantly cut out, every lamp is supplied with oil, the houses are in a blaze; all the pots are filled with flesh, and the women, while cooking, pick out and devour the most dainty morsels. The feast prepared, one man takes up a large piece, applies it to his mouth, and severs with his teeth as much as that cavity can possibly admit; then hands it to his neighbour, and he to the next, till all is consumed. A new piece is then supplied, and thus the process continues, almost without intermission, till the animal is entirely consumed. To the capacity of Esquimaux stomachs there seems scarcely any limit. Some experiments on the subject, made in the *Fury*, and carefully noted, produced the most surprising results. A youth, named Toolemak, staid recorded as having, in twenty-one hours, received into his stomach ten pounds four ounces of solid food, and a gallon and a pint of water, with more than a pint of soup. Captain Lyon pitched against him Kangara, who, in nineteen hours, finished nine pounds fifteen ounces of solid, and a gallon and a half of fluid. At this rate the most ample store very speedily disappears; one day they are labouring under fever, hemorrhage, and all the maladies incident to repletion; a few days after they are without a morsel to eat.

"In their moral qualities, the Esquimaux, or at least this particular tribe, present much that is worthy of commendation. At the first opening of the intercourse, the most undeviating honesty marked all their conduct, though this quality, in the course of two winters' communication, was considerably undermined. They were exposed indeed to most severe temptation, by seeing constantly scattered about the ships little planks, pieces of iron, and empty tin pots, which was to them as if the decks had been strewn with gold and jewels. It also came to their knowledge that, in some of their early exchanges, rich skins had been bartered for beads and other trifles of no real value—a system against which they exclaimed as absolute robbery. From first to last the virtue now mentioned was practiced, among themselves in a manner worthy of the golden age. Their dresses, sledges, and all their implements of hunting and fishing, were left exposed inside or out side of the huts, without any instance being known of their having been carried off. Property, without the aid of laws and tribunals, was in the most perfect security. The most scrupulous right to the produce of the chase marks also a singular union, without seeming to relax their diligence in search of food, though it may perhaps contribute to their very thoughtless consumption of it. The navigators admit that they were received with the most cordial hospitality into the little huts, where the best meat was set before them, and the women vied with each other in the attentions of cooking, drying, and mending their clothes. The women working and singing, their husbands quietly mending their lines, the children playing before the door, and the pot boiling over the blaze of a cheerful lamp, gave a pleasing picture of savage life. Yet a continued intercourse showed that the Esquimaux inherited their full share of human frailty.

"The religious ideas of the Esquimaux, though they cannot be dignified with any better name than superstition, are not much more absurd than the popular creed of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Their principal deity, the Aywiliayoo, a female immensely tall, with the left eye bearing a pigtail reaching to her knee, so thick that it can scarcely be grasped by both hands. Captain Lyon witnessed a mighty incantation, in which Toolemak, the chief magician, summoned Aywiliayoo to the upper world to utter her oracles. The party were assembled in a hut, where light after light was put out, till they were left in total darkness. Toolemak, then, after loud invocations, professed to descend to the world below, to bring up the goddess. Soon there arose a low chant of peculiar sound, imagined to be the voice of Aywiliayoo. During half an hour, in reply to the loud screams and questions of her votaries, she uttered dubious and mystical responses; after which the sound died away, and she was supposed to descend beneath the earth, when Toolemak, with a shout, announced his own return to the upper world. The magician, however, being soon after on board a British ship, was treated with nine glasses of hot water (brandy) under the influence of which he began to act over again his enchantments, when it appeared, that by varying modes of supplying the hand or jacket to the mouth he produced those changeable and mysterious sounds which had passed for the words of Aywiliayoo. This divinity has for her father a giant with one arm. The Esquimaux pantheon

comprises, moreover, Pamiooli, a spirit frequently invoked, and a large bear, whose dwelling is in the middle of the ice, and who frequently holds converse with mankind. The natives believe also in a future world, the employments and pleasures of which, according to the usual creed of savage races, are all sensual. The soul descends beneath the earth, through successive abodes, the first of which has somewhat of the nature of purgatory; but the good spirits passing through it, find the other mansions successively improve, till they reach that of perfect bliss, far beneath, where the sun never sets, and where, by the side of large lakes that never freeze, the deer roam in vast herds, and the seal and walrus always abound in the waters."—p. 275 to 286.

REVIEW.—*The Family Library, No XVI.*  
*Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft,*  
*addressed to J. G. Lockhart, Esq. By*  
*Sir Walter Scott, Bart. 12mo. pp.*  
*410. Murray. London. 1830.*

THERE have been periods in English history, when a denial of demonology and witchcraft was considered a greater crime than it is now to admit the existence of both. The mind of man is continually vacillating between extremes; its course, instead of being under the direction of reason, is carried by tides and currents, over which it sometimes loses all control. But whatever turn the tide may take, these subjects are always interesting. Even the most sceptical listen with eagerness to the tales which demonology and witchcraft call into existence, while the credulous quaff them as delicious nectar, without inquiring whether the fascinating stories are true or false.

In the volume now under review, Sir Walter Scott neither affirms nor denies, in direct terms, his belief in demonology and witchcraft; but the manner in which he accounts for what might be called supernatural phenomena, plainly intimates that he disbelieves the leading subjects on which his letters are written. In the illustration of his positions, many frightful, curious, and well-attested stories are introduced. The greater portion of these he allows in all their force, as actually appearing, and operating on the minds of the relaters, in the manner they have been represented. The whole, however, he conceives to be illusive, arising from various causes, such as excited passions, the disordered state of the bodily organs, and the dominion of ignorance, which induce wishes for an intercourse with supernatural agency. He, however, admits that "there may be certain powers permitted by the Almighty to inferior, and even evil spirits;" that the communication is possible, and that "in some sense the gods of the heathen might be accounted demons."

In the ten letters which occupy this volume, the author ranges through the whole history of demonology and witchcraft,

dating their origin from a belief in the immortality of the soul, and the superstition into which the human mind degenerated; while, in many instances he attributes the persuasion to the influence which modes of faith and ecclesiastical dogmas were calculated to generate and keep alive. To these and similar causes he ascribes the belief, which was universally prevalent throughout the world, and more particularly so among nations and tribes sunk in barbarism, or held in chains by the influence of superstitious creeds. In former years the inhabitants of England were contaminated with the gloomy infection. Even the bench, the mitre, and the throne did not escape the disease; and many instances are recorded, of suspected individuals becoming victims to perverted justice, and the ferocity of law.

The diminution of this once universal belief, Sir Walter Scott attributes to the influence of Christianity; and it is worthy of remark, that wherever this benign system is cherished in its purity, the habits of thinking and reflection which it induces, diffuse through the mind a flood of light, before which these natives of darkness, ignorance, and superstition, gradually fade and disappear. Every day their boundaries are becoming more contracted; it is therefore but fair to infer, that when the kingdoms of this world shall bow to the sway of Immanuel, all the formidable phantoms of imagination will be "buried among the wreck of things which were."

Under the general title of his *Letters*, Sir Walter Scott includes the whole family of Fays, Elves, Fairies, Sprites, Gnomes, Water Kelpies, and Brownies, and extends his observations to Charms, Juggling, Astrology, and Alchemy. To account for all, he thinks that natural causes, operating under different circumstances, are fully sufficient, even in cases, of which the evidence cannot be doubted, and which display the greatest deviation from the common course of events.

The stories introduced by the author to illustrate his positions are numerous, varied, and interesting. They are derived from persons differing from each other in their modes of thinking, and conditions in life; but in several respects they all partake of one common character. Some are awful in the extreme; others are curious; many are involved in mystery; and not a few are entertaining, as well as instructive.

It must not, however, be dissembled, that many of the above stories are evidently of a legendary character, referring more to the superstitions which prevailed,

than to what may be termed well-attested facts. Others, however, especially those which relate to witchcraft, seem to have something more tangible in their nature. The evidence in support of the crime is in general weak, improbable, and unsatisfactory; but a credulous judge, and a clamorous populace, always turning the tide against the culprit, sentence was easily procured, and as quickly executed. From the numerous incidents recorded in this volume, we had intended to select one or two for the amusement or the irritation of our readers. We have found, however, that the most interesting are too long to be transcribed, and an abridgment cannot fail to do an injury to the narrative. They must therefore remain in their native soil, where their various associations will enhance their value by augmenting the interest which a perusal of them will excite.

The volume throughout, is of an enlightened character. The great subjects, of which it treats, are examined with calmness and impartiality, and in many instances traced to their causes and consequences. On some facts and inferences a diversity of opinion will perhaps prevail, but all must allow that it is a work not unworthy the celebrated pen of Sir Walter Scott.

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REVIEW.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia*, conducted by Dr. Lardner.—*Maritime and Inland Discovery*, Vol. II. 12mo. pp. 358. Longman, London. 1830.

THE reputation of this work has already placed it almost beyond the influence of censure and applause. Its circulation is very extensive, and every volume carries its own recommendation to the reader. This that is now under review, comprises the latter portion of the life of Columbus, his discoveries, sufferings, and death; conquests in the new world by the Spaniards and Portuguese; voyages to the northern regions; to the east; to the coast of Africa; and to the South Sea.

Of the simple facts contained in these details, the public have long had possession. Occasionally some new feature in delineation, or some new incident, starts before us, but in general the mines of peculiar interest have been long since both explored and exhausted. With the life, adventures, discoveries, and death of Columbus, all the civilized nations in the world have been long acquainted, but the final removal of his ashes from Hispaniola to the Havannah, recorded in the following passage, is less generally known.

"The body of Columbus, at first interred in the church of Santa Maria in Valladolid, was afterwards

removed to Seville. In the year 1536, however, his remains were transported to Hispaniola, and entombed near the grand altar in the cathedral of St. Domingo. Here they remained till the cession of Hispaniola to the French in 1795. On that occasion the Spaniards, unwilling to abandon relics so gloriously associated with the most brilliant period of Spanish history, determined to remove them to the island of Cuba. No solemnity of religion, no pomp of military display, was omitted, that could do honour to the memory of the illustrious dead. The ashes of Columbus were deposited in the Cathedral of Havannah; and this last tribute of attention paid to his fame, after a lapse of three centuries, displayed a grateful and ardent enthusiasm, not inferior to that, perhaps, which greeted him on his return from the discovery of the New World." p. 20.

The following adventures of a daring Portuguese named Diogo Alvarez, will be perused with interest. It marks the perils into which enthusiastic valour sometimes led its votaries, and also delineates the strange vicissitudes which awaited the enterprising in those days of South American chivalry.

"A Portuguese adventurer named Diogo Alvarez, a native of Iana, while seeking a cargo of dye-woods on the coast of Brazil, happened to be shipwrecked among the shoals north of the bar of Bahia; some of the crew were drowned, the rest were captured and devoured by the natives. Diogo, aware that he had no chance of escaping a similar fate but by convincing the savages of his utility, exerted himself to the utmost in saving whatever he could from the wreck; and he gained their favour so completely, that his life was spared. Among the articles which he had the good fortune to bring to shore, were some barrels of gunpowder, and a musket. A few days afterwards he shot a bird in the presence of some of the natives, who called him, in consequence, *Caramuru*, or the man of fire. His reputation was now established among the savages; and, as he promised to make war upon their enemies, they immediately marched forth with him against the nation of the *Tapuyas*. But the fame of *Caramuru* had gone before him; the *Tapuyas* fled, and abandoned their country to the allies of the shipwrecked mariner. When once adopted by the Indian tribe, he soon obtained a rank proportioned to his abilities; and from a slave he became a sovereign. He married the daughters of several chieftains, who were proud of his alliance; and the principal families in Bahia at present trace their descent from him. After the lapse of some years, he embarked on board a French vessel with his favourite Indian wife *Paraguassu*; his other wives were so disconsolate at the thoughts of losing him, that they attempted to swim after the vessel which carried him away from them; and one persisted in the mad effort until her strength was exhausted, and she sunk before his eyes. When Diogo arrived in France and related his singular adventures, he was received most favourably at court, but was not allowed to proceed to Portugal according to his intention. He found means, nevertheless, of conveying to his sovereign such information respecting the country which he had visited, as might be serviceable in prompting or directing the establishment of a colony. The court of France, though desirous to have the exclusive benefit of his experience, did not oppose his returning to Brazil. He set sail for that country accordingly, taking with him, among other things, some artillery and a good stock of ammunition, so as to ensure his ascendancy among the native tribes. In return for the cargoes of the two vessels that he took with him, he undertook to freight them with the productions of the country." p. 67.

The following notice of an early steam ship is too remarkable to be omitted in the present age, which arrogates to itself the honour of having first given a maritime application to this gigantic agent. The volume abounds with narratives and incidents equally interesting with the specimens we have given, but here both our quotations and remarks must terminate.

"In 1543, Blasoco de Garay, a captain of a ship, offered to the Emperor Charles V. to construct a

machine capable of propelling large vessels, even in a calm, and without the aid of sails or oars. In spite of the opposition which his project met with, the emperor consented to witness the experiment; and it was made accordingly in the port of Barcelona, on the 17th of June, 1543. Garay would not uncover his machinery, or show it publicly; but it was evident that it consisted of a caldron of boiling water, and of two wheels set in motion by that means, and applied externally on each side of the vessel. The experiment was made on the *Trinidad*, a ship of 200 tons, laden with corn.

"The persons commissioned by the emperor to report on the invention, in general approved of it, and praised, in particular, the readiness with which the vessel tacked about. The treasurer *Ravago*, however, who was hostile to the plan, said that a ship with the proposed machinery might go at the rate of about two leagues in three hours; that the apparatus was complex and expensive; and, finally, that there was great danger of the boiler bursting. The other commissioners maintained, that a vessel so equipped might go at the rate of a league an hour at the least, and would tack about in half the time required by an ordinary ship. When the exhibition was over, Garay took away the apparatus from the *Trinidad*. The woodwork was deposited in the arsenal at Barcelona; the rest of the machinery he kept himself. Notwithstanding the objections raised by *Ravago*, the emperor affected to favour the project of Garay; but his attention at the time was engrossed by other matters. He promoted Garay, however; gave him a sum of money, besides paying the expenses of the experiment made at Barcelona; and showed him other favours." p. 100.

REVIEW.—*The Winter's Wreath for 1831. 12mo. pp. 372. Whittaker. London; Smith, Liverpool.*

IN our last number we briefly noticed the splendid illustrations intended to adorn "The Wreath," and gave our mite of praise in their behalf. Since then the volume itself has been placed in our hands; and it affords us the highest pleasure to say, that the engravings, confessedly exquisite both in design and execution, are features of a secondary importance only in this elegant and useful work. The literary portion of the volume has been furnished by writers of the first celebrity, and their talents appear to have been in most instances directed to subjects of permanent interest and real utility. This is as it should be: we do not like to purchase a book merely for its engravings.

Our limits will not permit us even to enumerate the varied contents of this Annual; but when we mention the names of Hemans, Roscoe, Wrangham, and Bowring, and inform our readers, that the rest of the contributors to the *Winter's Wreath* are no less celebrated than these, we proffer a safe guarantee that their compositions will not be found wanting either in talent or interest.

To select one flower in preference to another, from a bouquet composed of the most beautiful and rare specimens, may, at first, appear invidious; but tastes are not less varied than men; and, whatever the reader may surmise, we have a taste of our own. To gratify ourselves therefore, and, we hope, our friends also, we shall make a few extracts from this delightful volume.

"The Burial in the Desert," by W. B. Chorley, is a beautiful poem; and the interest is increased by its reference to the lamented Clapperton.

"Alone! your ear the sound hath heard,  
And its trace has lightly flown;  
But my heart grew chill, when I breathed that word,  
For I once have stood alone!

Alone, in those burning sands that lie  
By the traveller yet unrecrossed,  
Still the brave press on through the waste—to die:  
Where the brave before were lost.

'Midst giant towers of unstable sand,  
'That weakly reeled around,  
*As though a child's small delicate hand  
Could strike them to the ground;*

Through plains of fire and of whitened bones,  
Swept by the Samuel's blast,  
Which mocked our thirst with sultry moans,  
On with firm hearts we passed.

You may weep in your homes—in your father's land,  
O'er a dying brother's bed;  
But you cannot mourn, as our little band  
In that desert mourned the dead.

Each fiery wind as we journey'd on,  
Bore fever on its breath;  
And they died around us, till only one  
With me awaited death.

Yet my heart sank not: for our chief was left,  
And his noble courage rose,  
Strong in itself when most bereft!  
Loftest amidst his woes!

At last he sickened: from day to day,  
His burning head I held;  
While fever wore his life away,  
But his soul was still unquelled.

Then madness came with the raging thirst,  
His strength and reason bowed;  
*And wild on the desert silence burst  
His shrieks and laughter loud.*

Aye—life may pass! I can mock at grief,  
I can laugh:—Let the bitterest come!  
In the waste of sands I have led that chief,  
I have closed his silent tomb!

My tears have flowed with the burial prayer,  
And my voice was heard by none!  
I have stood in my soul's sorrow there,  
At that desert grove—alone!" p. 276.

The following interesting tale, entitled, "The Trial," is founded on an extraordinary circumstance, which has been told in reference to so many individuals, that we are almost induced to "think that fiction which was once a fact." However, whether it be a veracious narrative, or a fictitious composition, we care not to inquire: the incidents are effectively combined, and the story is feelingly told. We shall give it without mutilation:—

"The trial of James Frankland was not yet over. His mother, his sister, and younger brother, bent their knees in prayer for his deliverance, with an agony which momentarily increased. Every fresh arrival of some kind neighbour, with later news from the court-house, made them more and more afraid that even innocence, manifest as his appeared to their eyes, might be finally overborne by a weight of circumstantial proof, artfully and fraudulently piled together. By degrees these messengers of kindness came less frequently; and their words were less encouraging. For evidence of forgery, strong as presumptive evidence well could be, was rapidly accumulating against the prisoner; and finally closed with so exact an appearance of the consistency of fact, that in spite of his solemn and repeated denials of the whole charge, the able efforts of his counsel to rebut the direct bearings of the testimony, and his high character—sagaciously and simply sustained by voluntary witnesses of the greatest respectability—a jury of his countrymen found him guilty of the capital crime, and sentence of death was recorded against him.

"It was thought, by many, hard-hearted in the judge to leave, from the moment after the verdict was pro-

nounced, no hope of mercy for the criminal. To all representations (and many were made) of the value of the evidence in the prisoner's favour, it was replied, 'that the offence was too dangerous to society ever to be pardoned, and that his previous good conduct aggravated the guilt; since, from his station and circumstances, he had no visible temptations to fraud. And yet,' continued the judge, 'guilty of deliberate felony, this man undoubtedly is—if ever a crime was as proved, which no one has been seen to commit.'

"The suspense in which the family of James Frankland had passed nine dreadful hours, was now terminated by the certainty of their doom of unutterable affliction. Mr. Vincent, the clergyman, stood by the side of the widowed mother, when she lifted up her eyes, and reading in them the question which her lips had no power to utter, he clasped her hand in his own, saying sorrowfully—'Commit your innocent child to the mercy of his God; for innocent, I feel assured, he is of the crime for which he is doomed to suffer.' She drew a long gasp of unutterable agony, and fell insensible on the floor. Her daughter, down whose pale and hollow cheek not a tear flowed, made no attempt to raise her, but knelt at her side, gazing upon her features with a fixed and wild stare—rigid as a figure of stone. The boy, who had been praying with them, rushed to the bedroom on his brother's bed, and flung himself, on the tempestuous bed, groaning aloud in agony.

"These wretched beings spent the night, immediately following the condemnation of one so deeply beloved, together. At length the morning dawned, bringing for them no comfort. James had wished to see his mother once more for the last time; but her reason seemed so nearly giving way under the crushing weight of her calamity, that the minister, who gave up his whole time to going from one to the other, succeeded in persuading him that it was better to spare her a trial, which would probably destroy her life, or render her an incurable maniac during her remaining years.

"But the fortitude of affection, stronger than the grave, bore up his sister through the sorrows of their interview; and though they met only to cast themselves into each other's arms, while no word was spoken, they felt that to have been withheld from such a meeting, would have added bitterness to death. Silent from feelings which choked all speech, and which none might venture to describe, she was at length obliged to depart; and it was only when he gave up her cold and quivering frame to the care of his unwearied friend, that he said, 'Farewell, my own dearest Agnes—for ever!'

"I do not desire to set forth the harrowing details of the execution—the preparation on the scaffold—the assembled multitude—or the unshrinking deportment of the sufferer. It was over. Life was extinct in the breast of the gifted being, who, throughout his brief existence, had discharged its duties kindly and nobly, and whose innocence was almost universally believed, in the teeth of overwhelming proof; and many went from the sad spectacle to their homes, deploring the cruelty and defects of a law, which judged such a man worthy of death. The minister, who had only left the afflicted to afford the last succour and consolation to the dying, desired to avoid all publicity in conveying the body to the house of mourning. It was deposited, by his directions, in strict privacy, in a room near to the place of execution; whence he meant to accompany it to the residence of the afflicted family, as soon as the dusk of the evening should conceal the procession from the gaze of the idle and the curious.

"At the appointed hour, a few friends who had known him from childhood, and whose strong love and trust were unshaken by the trial and sentence, attended to bring home the dead. But the shell which had contained the remains was empty. The body was not to be found. Nothing remained but the line and cloth which had been thrown over it, and which still covered the place where it had lain; and the men and the minister stood looking at each other in petrified amazement. Their subsequent search, conducted with the utmost keenness and activity, failed to elicit anything leading to discovery. Mr. Vincent tasked his best judgment and feelings, to prevent the bereaved family from coming to the knowledge of this misfortune, for the present; and endeavoured to gain time for the further prosecution of an inquiry, in which he was not destined to be successful.

"At no great distance from the place of execution, was the abode of Mr. Testmond, a gentleman not less eminent for generosity and benevolence, than for an ardent pursuit of knowledge in his profession, which was that of a surgeon. We leave it for our readers to determine by which of these he was moved, when, by a rapid and dexterous manoeuvre, he caused the body of James Frankland to be conveyed to his dissecting-room, with a celerity and secrecy, that set all scrutiny at defiance. It was not until an hour past midnight that he ascended his private staircase, and, taking the key from his pocket, cautiously opened the

door, and entered the apartment where he had locked up the body of the man who had been executed the day before, and whose unaccountable disappearance had caused such astonishment. It was now his turn to be astonished. The sack, which had contained the body, lay empty on the floor, and he stood surveying it in mute surprise, and perhaps other feelings not altogether agreeable. A slight noise behind him made him turn his head, and he saw the figure of a man entirely naked; it rose from a chair in which it had been sitting, and advanced towards him. He had firm nerves, and was the reverse of a timid man, but his heart sank, and his knees trembled for a moment—it was but a moment; for the being proved itself corporeal, by addressing him in incoherent language, evidently under impressions of strong delusion, and fearful excitement. The man prayed for mercy,—said he suffered death unjustly in the world he had left, and finally dropped on his knee in the fervency of his supplication.

"The whole truth now dashed like lightning on the mind of Mr. Testimond: he saw in an instant, that it was one of those cases of resurrection, of which so few are upon record; and knew that it must have been owing either to the imperfect fastening of the noose, or to the body having been cut down prematurely. Life determined, however, that innocent or guilty, the victim of the law should not be hung a second time. To all intents and purposes he had once suffered death; and evidently imagined himself to be translated to the world of spirits. While he is concealed in the house of Mr. Testimond, until retirement, kindness, and judicious treatment, gradually restore his bodily and intellectual health, we return to his family.

"Mr. Vincent was sitting by the mother, some hours after the remains of her son were missing, painfully conscious that he should not be able, much longer, to keep the circumstance from coming to her knowledge, when he was summoned away by a written message. Apparently the business was very urgent, for he arose, in considerable perturbation, and hastily left the house.

"In about an hour and an half he returned; and dismissing every body but the widow and her daughter, he was closeted alone with them a long time. What passed at that conference was not known; but the mother of James Frankland afterwards manifested the most entire resignation, under the heavy affliction she had sustained; and the dim eyes of Agnes began to be lighted up with somewhat of their former brightness: it was even said that she was overheard humming the air of an old ballad, that James had been fond of hearing her sing; but I cannot vouch for the truth of this. The family continued to inhabit the same neighbourhood for a few years, and then suddenly quitted it, without telling their neighbours whither they went.

"More than twenty years had elapsed since this event, and it was almost universally forgotten, when some affairs, of great interest to his fortunes, called Mr. Testimond to Amsterdam. He was pausing to bestow an intent survey on the Stadthouse, when he was accosted by a middle-aged person, of gentlemanly dress and bearing, in terms of the most eager and cordial delight. He was astonished—was entirely at a loss—and might have remained so; but the stranger called him his preserver—his best friend under heaven; and fairly led him away, *vi et armis*, to a large and handsome house, where he introduced him to his wife—to his mother, now very aged; and sent for his sister, who was married to a wealthy citizen, to help to enjoy what he called the happiest hour of his life. "You see me," he said, "opulent, respectable; and with as little to disturb me as generally falls to the lot of humanity. And may the Giver of all good, bestow to you and yours, a thousand fold, the happiness of which you have been the instrument, in preserving the life of James Frankland."—p. 323.

In its literary department, this pleasing annual has been gradually improving from its commencement, to the present time. The articles throughout, combine sterling respectability, with appropriate adaptation. But we must desist: these two extracts fill so large a portion of our pages, that we cannot introduce more, or extend our observations on the volume any further. We take leave of it with regret, and beg to recommend it,—if indeed such a recommendation should be needed—to the notice of every "English Flower."

REVIEW.—*Friendship's Offering, a Literary Album, and Annual Remembrancer, for 1831. 12mo. pp. 408. Smith & Elder, London.*

THIS very handsome volume, the durable and elegant binding of which we have always found occasion to admire, is an offering every way worthy of refined friendship either to bestow or to receive.

At this season of the year, when nature is parsimonious of her flowers, art supplies the deficiency with a lavish hand. The gardens of literature, combining with the pencil and the graver, yield a harvest of beauties, in such profusion, that language is impoverished, when words are demanded, sufficiently energetic and copious, to express their rival claims to admiration.

The plates, thirteen in number, have all an elegant and imposing aspect; but while some present scenes that captivate and please, others lead us to gloomy contemplations, which overwhelm the mind with melancholy, and excite its sympathies in unavailing sorrow.

It is not, however, to be imagined that these beautiful engravings are all of equal intrinsic merit as works of art, notwithstanding the pleasing exterior with which they strike the eye. Yet very many have a claim to particular attention, among which are the Maid of Rajasthan, engraved by Finden; Mary Queen of Scots going to Execution, by Baker; St. Mark's Place, Venice, by Davenport; and the Halt of the Caravan, by Brandard. But the most exquisite, both in design and execution, among the whole group is, the Mountain Torrent, by Goodall, from a drawing by Purser. On this plate, the genius of both artists is displayed to great advantage, its character being of a superior order, calculated to exact from every beholder a tribute of admiration.

In its literary department, the articles in prose comprise a great variety; among which, some are pathetic, some full of adventure, some interesting in their narratives, and eventful in their catastrophes. Several of these have, however, been many times presented to the public, in other company and in other raiment, so that, to many readers they will appear to be much worn by active service. In their sentiments and tendencies they are all strictly moral, and several might be found that are highly instructive. The style is sprightly and vigorous, such as cannot fail to please the youthful reader, for whose amusement and edification this volume is peculiarly adapted.



Among the poetical compositions, all of which are highly respectable, some few are superlatively beautiful. The following extracts will furnish interesting specimens, both of prose and verse.

#### A TALE OF VENICE.

By C. Mac Farlane.

"Gherardo was the only son of the patrician Zani, and the most gallant youth of Venice. His love of military glory must have been great, for when the Doge, the incomparable Enrico Dandolo, invited him to follow his banner to the East, he was betrothed to Bianca Celsi, as distinguished for her beauty, as he for his valour. Yet, on the threshold of the hymeneal temple, he did not hesitate; he would go where glory and his countrymen summoned him; when the Doge's exploits were achieved, he would return to Venice, and, more deserving of her, would lay his laurels at the feet of his young bride. He had been, he had prospered; Constantinople had witnessed his valour, and now returned, the piagetta echoed with the name of Gherardo. He had received the embrace of his aged father without alarm at his tears, for overwrought joy will weep even as sorrow does; he had been pressed in the arms of the friends of his house and his infancy; and he now advanced to a gentler circle, composed of his female relations and friends, who, stationed at a balcony, murmured the hero's name, and his welcome back to Venice. But, what meant the omission? Bianca was not among them; Bianca, his spouse, was not there to welcome him with eye and tongue. His voice trembled as he hurriedly asked where she was. An inconsiderate and cruel voice in the crowd answered, 'Bianca is no more! she sleeps with her father in the church of St. Theodore.'

"'No more!' moaned the young warrior, and his flushed face became pale as monumental marble, and, but for his friends, he had fallen to the earth like one struck by lightning. When he partially recovered from the first shock, he again raised his eyes to the ladies' balcony; she was indeed not there, where she must have been if life and love had animated her. That absence confirmed the truth of the ill-omened voice; his eyes dropped despondingly to the earth, here, now in his youth and his glory, he could have wished to see a grave opened for himself. His old father fell on his neck, and wept aloud.

"For some moments the mind of Gherardo wandered, and his soul was benumbed; but the sight of Alessio, the brother of Bianca, advancing through the crowd, recalled him to consciousness and anguish. 'Is it even as they say?' cried he hoarsely, and stretching out his hand to his friend. Alessio grasped his hand with one of his, and dashing away the tears from his averted face with the other, he replied in a suffocating voice, 'Alas! and alas! it is even so; Bianca expired yesterday; and as the galley, your precursor, was appearing, my sister was on her road to the sepulchre.'

"Such irretrievable woe where so much bliss was expected, such an awakening from all the ecstatic dreams and aspirations that had given him strength in battle, and cheered him over the tedious and stormy waves, such a welcome, such a return, such an end to all his fond and passionate hopes, was not to be supported. With a deep groan he swooned away, and the young hero, so lately the happiest among the happy, the most animated where all were animated, was borne in a lifeless state to the sad halls of his father.

"It was long ere he returned to life [and reason, and oh, how dreadful was his return to the latter! He would have given the world for some opiate or drug capable of repelling thought and recollection. He closed his eyes to the gay light of the sun; he would have shut out his rays! He was deaf to the advice and consolations of his friends who thronged about him; he was mute, too, and asked not a single question as to the malady or decease of his bride. Was it not enough to know that she was for ever torn from him—dead! What mattered, the mode or circumstances that had led to such a fearful result? At last he spoke, but it was only to request his father that he might be left alone. The afflicted Signior, with words of affectionate condolence, and prayers that his son would raise his thoughts to the contemplation of that Being in whose hands were life and death, and to whose omnipotent will it was his duty to submit, left the room with tears, and was followed by all the company.

"When in the silence and solitude of his own chamber, Gherardo looked around him; he felt more than ever the extent of his loss. He rose from his couch on which he had been reclining, and advanced to a curtained recess at the end of the room—he drew the curtains—the night was a cruel one! There was the

Talameo or splendid nuptial bed, his friends had prepared and decorated for his return—there, on the rich velvet and the flowing silk, were the embroidered roses wreaths mixed with the laurel crowns, and the initials of his name entwined with those of his Bianca. And hungry death was feeding on her roses, and her name, in the mouths of men, had become a note of woe—in his ear a sound of despair! He threw himself on the ground at the bed's foot, and, burying his face in his burning hands, gave vent for the first time to a copious flood of tears.

"As thus he lay, humbled in the dust, with all his thoughts in the dark and narrow grave, the sun shone brightly on Venice, and her thronging thousands, replete with joy, sang their songs of triumph, and shouted the names of their gallant warriors, and the captains of their galleys. It could not be that *his* should be forgotten, for who had borne himself more bravely than he? and as a crowd passed in front of the paternal abode, their united voices proclaimed 'Gherardo! Gherardo! Long life and glory to Gherardo, the soldier of St. Mark!' The sounds struck his ears, but now they could elicit only a bitter smile. The passing hours did not restore tranquillity to the bereft brigadier, but the shade of his father descended, a wild idea, an uncontrollable impulse invaded him. 'And shall my fond eyes not obtain a last glance of love and beauty. Shall my Bianca, reasoned the passionate youth, (if such movement of the feelings can be called reason,) my betrothed, be consumed by the vile worms, and I not see the love-liness she must have carried to the grave? She died but yesterday, she must still be beautiful! Yes! I will see her once again, I will once again press those lips though they be cold—cold!'

"At a late hour he secretly left his father's house for the well-known church; alas! he was to have been married there. A handful of gold gained over the Sacristano, who unlocked the door of the temple and retired. Gherardo stood alone, a few paces from Bianca's tomb. A few lamps burned here and there, dimly, before the effigies of the Virgin Mother and the most conspicuous of the saints; the moon shed an uncertain light through the painted glass of the lofty and narrow Gothic windows, but away among the massy columns, and through the long aisles of the church, there fell the obscurity of 'the valley of the shadow of death'; and sounds there were none, save the fast-coming sighs of the hapless lover.

"The hour, the spot, the awful stillness, were all calculated to overpower the mind, with indescribable emotions: the age was one of extreme superstition, and our young soldier's philosophy had not taught him to rise superior to the popular credence; the state of his feelings, too, and nothing is more imaginative or creative of ideal horrors, than a certain stage of grief—contributed to delude the senses; and as the cressets trembled, and the moon-light, strangely coloured by the stained glass through which it passed, gleamed now brighter, and now fainter,—now resting on this object of somewhat grotesque architecture of the church, now on that,—he saw, or fancied, the spirits of the departed rising one by one, and mournfully waving their hair, as if hands, as if hands, as if hands, a sacrilegious intrusion on the regions of the dead.

"Through the postern door by which he had entered, and which the Sacristano had left ajar, there suddenly blew a gust of the fresh night breeze, that, moaning among the columns, and over the hollow marble pavement of the church, sounded in his ear like a voice; but not of earth—like the united lamentations of sad, and guilt-burthened spirits. He clung to one of the pillars for support, and was for some moments incapable of motion. His natural courage, and the intenseness of the feeling and purpose that had brought him thither, soon, however, came to his aid, and he strode with hasty steps to the capella, or lateral recess of the temple, beneath which was the tomb of his bride's family.

"Here, in this deep recess, the moon could not shed a beam; but he was guided to the door of the sepulchre by a lamp that flickered on the altar of the capella. Hurried, breathless, he laid his hand upon that door; massy, and bound with heavy iron and with bronze, it required a great effort to open it—he pressed his muscular shoulder against it,—it recoiled; but as it turned on its unwilling hinges, it produced a hoarse rumbling sound, that echoed like thunder in the vault beneath, and caused him to start back with trembling limbs and a cold sweat upon his brow. Again, however, desperation—love—the determination to see the lifeless form of his beloved, conquered his awe and the repugnance for disturbing the peace of the grave; yet he paused, ere he plunged into the horrible, palpable obscurity that lay beyond the door of the tomb, and crossing himself, murmured a prayer to the blessed Virgin, who saw his woe, and might pity or pardon his sacrilegious audacity. He then rushed down a few steps through a short dark passage,—and, himself like a spectre, entered the narrow chamber of death."

"A lamp beneath a crucifix burned at the head of the avello, or sarcophagus of Bianca, and a grated window near the roof of the vault admitted the rays of the moon, that fell almost perpendicularly on the cold white marble. He grasped at once the heavy cover of the coffin—had he hesitated, he might have been completely deterred from effecting his sad, wild enterprise. His nervous arms removed the weight, and then his eyes rested on the shrouded form of his Bianca, whose head was enveloped in a veil of pure white, and her "dear limbs compassed" beneath an ample white robe. His brain reeled at the sight, and the lamp which he had grasped fell from his hand.

"When he recovered strength to proceed, the light from the grated window fell full in the open coffin; and as his trembling hands withdrew the veil, a clear broad ray of the moon illumined the face of his lovely bride \* \* \* and could this be death?—Why, even thus she looked when life and love coursed through her young veins!—even thus, when after a day of joy she slept a balmy sleep, a night of peace! And were not the long loose tresses crossed on her bosom the same as yet, and the pale smooth brow, and the broad eye-lids, with their long black fringes, and the cherub mouth, with lips slightly apart, as if smiling in some blissful dream? "No, this cannot be death!" cried Gherardo, deliciously; "she sleeps—she only sleeps! Oh wake! in pity, wake, my wife,—my Bianca—my love!" He was silent for a moment, and gazed on her beautiful moult countenance, as if expecting she would really rise at his passionate adoration.

"Bianca!" continued he, "my own Bianca! why dost thou slumber thus!—dost thou await the sweet kisses of thy lover to awaken thee? I give them thee!" and, throwing himself across the marble coffin, he pressed his quivering lips to hers. But how did his whole soul rush to his mouth, when he fancied he felt the breath of life on those pale lips! He pressed them again; if it was a delusion, it continued—for the mildest, the most subdued of breathings seemed to pass from her lips to his. He raised her from the sarcophagus—he placed his hand on her heart—and language has no power to paint his emotions, when he felt—plainly felt her heart palpitate beneath his hand! Another moment, and her eyes opened, whilst a low murmur escaped her lips. Gherardo clasped her wildly in his embrace, and leaned for support against the sarcophagus, where, as they stood, mute, motionless, and pale, almost like statues, in the moonlight, it would have been difficult to tell which of the two, or whether both had not been awakened from the sleep of death.

"The Chronicler's tale is told. The ignorance of the physicians, and the immediate sepulture after death, usual in the south, had consigned Bianca to the grave, from which the passion and impetuosity of her lover saved her so opportunely. The fair Venetian passed at once from the marble sarcophagus to the nuptial bed of silk and velvet. The church, where the echoes of her funeral dirge might almost seem yet to linger, pealed with the notes of her nuptials; and the bridal coronet of white roses was now supplied by the tree that had furnished flowers for her funeral."—p. 200.

#### 1 KNOW THOU HAST GONE.

(By T. K. Hersey.)

I know thou hast gone to the house of thy rest,  
Then why should my soul be so sad?  
I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,  
And the mourner looks up and is glad!  
Where love has put off, in the land of its birth,  
The stains it had gathered in this;  
And hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,  
Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss!  
I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is starred  
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,  
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,  
Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal:  
I know thou hast drank of the Lethe that flows  
Through a land where they do not forget,  
That sheds over memory only repose,  
And takes from it only regret.  
In thy far away dwelling, wherever it be,  
I believe thou hast visions of mine,  
And the love that made all things a music to me  
I have not yet learnt to resign;—

In the bush of the night, on the waste of the sea,  
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,  
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,  
And my spirit lies down and is still!

Mine eye must be dark—that so long has been dim,  
Ere again it may gaze upon thine,  
But my heart has revealings of thee and thy home,

In many a token and sign.—  
I never look up with a vow, to the sky,  
But a light like thy beauty is there,  
And I hear a low murmur like thine in reply,  
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

And though—like a mourner that sits by a tomb,  
I am wrapp'd in a mantle of care,  
Yet the grief of my bosom—oh! call it not gloom!  
Is not the black grief of despair:  
By sorrow revealed—as the stars are by night—  
Far off a bright vision appears,  
And hope—like the rainbow, a creature of light,  
Is born—like the rainbow—from tears. p. 281.

#### REVIEW.—The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not for 1831, 12mo. pp. 224. Westley, London.

A fourth volume of this interesting publication has just been completed, under the judicious management of Mrs. S. C. Hall. We have had the satisfaction of reviewing this work for several years past, and, when we admit that its claims on the public remain undiminished, any lengthened commendations on the present occasion would nauseate its amiable conductress. It is due to the Publishers, however, to notice the exquisite delicacy of the engravings, as well as the novel and far preferable mode of binding which they have this year adopted for their Annual.

*Docility*, the frontispiece to the book, is a sweet engraving in the dotted manner, by Thompson, after a painting by A. Robertson.

*Me and my Dog*, is one of those happy delineations of juvenile archness and canine sagacity, which would excite the risible muscles of a Stoic.

*The Twin Sisters*, a beautiful picture, delicately engraved in the line manner.

*The Nut-Cracker*, is pleasingly characteristic.

*The Roman Beggar*, exhibits an interesting fidelity of costume and feature in the persons of an aged female and her grandson.

*Hebe*, engraved by Engleheart after Westall, is finely conceived and delightfully executed.

*The Foundling*, is a perfect study, a truly rich subject; the painting by E. P. Stephenoff, engraved by H. Rolls.

*The Bird's Nest*, scarcely needed a descriptive illustration, it tells its own tale more expressively than words can do.

On the list of writers we find the names

of Walsh, J. Montgomery, Bernard Barton, Cunningham, Hoffland, Jewsbury, &c. &c., authors well known and highly esteemed. Any extract from the literary portion of the work, as recommendatory of the volume, is needless; but we must gratify ourselves and our readers by transferring one or two specimens to the pages of the Imperial Magazine.

The following stanzas, written by J. F. Hollings to accompany "*The Foundling*," are

"Sweet as the warblings of a seraph's lyre."

"Oh, welcome to our lowly hearth, thou meek, forsaken child!  
What eye could view thy gentle face, with dreamless slumber mild—  
Nor weep, that helpless infancy abandoned to behold,  
A bud upon the waters thrown—a lamb without a fold.

"Alas! the bright and sunny joys, life's dawning hours which bless—  
The murmur of affection's voice—its smile, and low carress—  
A mother's watch—a mother's care, and love which passeth show,  
All these and more should cheer thee now—but these thou canst not know.

"Unpitied at thine earliest need, by those who gave thee birth—  
Scorn'd by the eyes whose light should be thy free and artless mirth—  
Neglected at a stranger's gate, in want and cold to pine—  
Calm and unconscious innocent, how hard a lot is thine!

"But He who tempers to the flock the keen and wintry blast,  
And deigns upon his feeblest works, a father's love to cast;  
And clothes the lilies of the field, and hears the sparrow's cry,  
Hath marked thee in that low estate, nor passed thy suffering by.

"We cannot give what thou hast lost—a parent's yearning heart,  
Nor all, as she who left thee thus, a tender nurse's part:  
But much the friendly will can do, by word and action shown,  
To soothe and raise the desolate—and this shall be thine own!

"Though feeble even our all to aid—the task at least be ours  
To blunt the thorns upon thy path, and tend the opening flowers;  
And when thy ripened years at length fair wisdom's fruit shall yield,  
Thy grateful prayer to us shall be a blessing and a shield.

"And thou beneath our humble roof shalt lay thy graceful head,  
And sport beside our cheerful fire, and share our daily bread;  
Though small the hardly-purchased store our wonted tasks supply,  
We think upon the widow's cruse—and ours will not be dry.

"Then, welcome to a love unclaimed!—yet not the less thy right;  
To hearts, whose thoughts shall ever be, to make thy childhood right:  
To friends, whose voice shall teach thy feet the tempter's path to shun.  
And sit thee for a nobler state, when this of earth is done!"

p. 169.

Our prose extract shall be part of "*A Little Boy's Letter from London*," by Miss Jewsbury. We are led to think that this lady had collected all the juvenile epistles within reach, to form this characteristic letter. Nature has certainly never been hit off more aptly.

"O dear mamma, what a great, large, wonderful place this is!—as large as a million villages joined all in a row. I do think even our town could be set down in one of the squares; and if a hundred streets were swallowed up, I don't think the rest would miss them. I am very sorry, dear mamma, I did not write sooner, but I have been so busy all day, that at night I was quite tired; and my uncle has been so good to me, and has shown me such a many, many things!—And I will tell you now what I like best. But first of all, dear mamma, pray don't fancy I have forgotten you, or my sisters, or my pigeons and my rabbits, or any body; and I think Westbury a very nice place, though now I do live in London, and sit up every night till ten o'clock, and sometimes later. Don't be angry, dear mamma, for I will be very good when I come home, and I will bring you a gold watch, and Jane and Mary a parrot apiece, for my uncle has given me three sovereigns, three, mamma, to spend in what I like.

Perhaps you know that we have got a new king now—he is called William the IVth.—and I heard him proclaimed at Temple Bar, where the City gates are, and they were shut; and if the king himself had been there, he could not have been let through, without knocking and telling his name and errand; so the procession did so, and then it was let through, to proclaim that the Duke of Clarence was king. I saw him yesterday in a carriage, but I did not see that he looked any different from what he did last year, when he passed through Westbury. In the procession there was the Lord Mayor's gilt coach—you may tell Mary it was nothing but glass and gold—and the heralds who proclaimed the new king, wore something like waggoners' frocks, made of stiff gold cloth; and I heard "God save the King" played by eleven trumpets altogether; and you might have walked on the heads of the people, as old nurse says; and when they shouted, it was like the roaring of the sea; and my uncle says I shall go to Windsor, to see the dead king lie in state, before he is buried, for that is a very grand sight too.

Yesterday I saw a real live lion eat his supper, and several leopards, and tigers, and panthers, and a hyena, and many other animals too; and I was a little frightened—just at first, for Exeter Change is no longer than our church, and the cages stand all round, and don't look so very strong; and when eight o'clock came, all the beasts began to grow impatient. First there was a growling among them, and then they rubbed themselves against the iron bars of the cages, and the leopards put their paws through, but you may guess I did not offer to shake hands with the gentlemen, though their skin is covered with pretty spots, and they jump about like greyounds. The keepers were very busy dividing the meat, which was legs and shins of beef, into proper parts, and at last they went up to the old lion, who is always fed first—and then what a roaring there was! I quite fancied I was in a forest, only I felt very glad I was not. The old lion and his wife had waited more patiently for their supper than any other animals, but the keeper teased the old fellow a little, just to show us what he could do, and when the bone was hung into the den—for they don't feed these animals by holding their meat to them, or they might chance to bite off a finger two just by accident: well, when the bone was hung to the lion—oh, mamma, I shall never forget his eyes, for they flared just like two lamps!—and he crouched down and clutched the bone, and roared, as much as to say, 'take it back if you dare'; but his face was so grand, it made me tremble, though I knew I was safe. I felt, mamma, just as I did last year, when I heard the thunder amongst the mountains. I shall never forget *that* lion; there was another, but he was more misshapen, and yet did not make me tremble half so much. The leopards, and tigers, and panthers, took their meat playfully, but it was very terrible play. I should not like them to play with me, I know. The laughing hyena, poor old fellow! was as tame as our Neptune, almost as stupid, he let the keeper plague him, and yet never grunted or grumbled: and he took his meat quietly from the keeper's hand. The panthers had each a very tough beef-steak, but they soon managed to tear it to pieces, and then lay down and licked their lips very merrily. There were two elephants, not fine fellows, but very funny ones: one was let out and walked down the hall, and rang a bell when he was desired, and opened his mouth, expecting, no doubt, that something should be put in it; and his trunk reminded me of a large, large leech, screwing itself about, and sucking hold of every thing within its reach. It is very odd; but when all the other animals were roaring, and jangling the bars of their cages, I thought that they had broken loose. I should have run to the elephants to protect me, and I think they would, though they were very ugly.

After the animals had been fed, the pelicans were let out, and they scuffled up, flapping their wings, just like great geese. They had each about three

dozen small fish, put in a bucket of water, and they scooped them out as fast as I could count, for their bills are half a yard long, and the bottom one that has a bag to it is just like a shrimp's net. They made every one laugh heartily. And afterwards I saw the snakes; they are kept in boxes, and wrapt up in flannel, like little babies: but I am sure you will be tired, so I will tell you all about the birds and monkeys another time, and about the Zoological garden, which I like better than Easter 'Change, because the poor things must be happier in fresh air, though many of them were starved to death last winter. And, mamma, I have seen the tower. I can't while tell you all the history of it, but very likely you know that it stands upon twelve acres of ground within the walls, and that before it was used as a prison, it was a palace; and that now it is only a curiosity, but it is very curious indeed."—p. 138.

We would willingly have inserted the whole of this admirable epistle, but the claims on our review department are this month so numerous, that we must leave the young gentleman in the midst of his narrative.

If there *should* be a family unacquainted with the Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, we beg to introduce the volume to their notice, as a book eminently calculated to instruct, delight, and, in no small measure, refine the youthful mind. Its highest praise reflecting the best encomium we could offer on its fair editor, is, that it contains no sentiment "Which angels might not hear, or virgins tell."

**REVIEW.—*Temporis Calendarium, or an Almanac for 1831.* By William Rogers, Greenwich. Stephens, London.**

THE success of this Almanac, now about to enter its eleventh year, is no bad criterion of its merit, especially when so many dealers in time are in the market. Independently of the common routine of daily, weekly, monthly, and yearly occurrences, it contains in the margins of its pages, judicious observations on the passing seasons, the productions of nature, and the supposed influence of the stars. Many useful tables follow, with numerous observations on subjects of very general interest. The rank which this Almanac sustains among its contemporaries proves, that fortune-telling is not always necessary to secure the patronage of a British public.

**REVIEW.—*Family Library.* Massinger. Vol. II. 12mo. pp. 384. Murray, London.**

IN a former number of our Magazine we noticed the commencement of the dramatic series of the Family Library. Whilst reviewing the first volume of Massinger's plays, we took occasion to introduce general observations on the tendency of dramatic literature, and the state of theatricals at the present day. The object to be attained by the publication of the old dramatists in

the Family Library, was then laid before the reader, and whilst we found no difficulty in admitting the utility of the intention, we felt gratified to state, that it had, so far as the work at that time extended, been carried into full effect. The review of the first part, therefore, anticipating in a great measure all that could be said of this dramatic series, any lengthened remarks on the present volume would be superfluous. It will be enough to say, that the same rigid scrutiny and judicious excision have been continued, and that another portion of valuable dramatic writing, unalloyed with occasional coarseness and obscenity, is to be found in this second volume of Massinger.

**REVIEW.—*A Chronological Chart, or Synoptic-Historic View of the Origin and Introduction of Inventions and Discoveries, from the earliest date to the present period.* Darton and Harvey, London.**

THIS chart, which is exceedingly curious, yet simple in its construction, is calculated much more for utility than for amusement. It exhibits on a longitudinally extended sheet an epitomized chronology of nearly all the great and memorable inventions and discoveries that have distinguished the various ages of the world. It begins in the year 3885 before Christ, and ends with A.D. 1825, embracing, in its descent on the stream of time, nearly one hundred articles, such as letters, fire from flints, pottery, iron, measures, sun-dials, maps, glass, gunpowder, &c. &c. &c.

Its length, which is about three feet and a half, and divided into eight columns, is occupied in the following manner: 1. Date. 2. Inventions and Discoveries. 3. By whom invented or discovered. 4. By whom introduced. 5. In whose reign. 6. Cotemporary sovereigns, or eminent men living. 7. Earliest mention. 8. Remarks.—A portion of margin at the bottom is devoted to the elucidation of such articles or branches of them as seemed involved in obscurity.

With the construction and perspicuity of this chart we have been much pleased. It comprises a large body of chronological and historical facts, and furnishes at one glance a brief reply to many important questions which every one finds it needful at times to propose. Not only to youthful readers, but even to veterans in literature, it will be found serviceable. To every private study it will be a creditable decoration, and no well-furnished library can be said to be complete without it.

REVIEW.—*Specimens of Penmanship: By J. P. Hemms. Harding, London. 1830.*

WE are not, perhaps, acquainted with a more exquisitely delicate art than that of ornamental penmanship. The graceful ease of a bold and flowing line, struck by the pen of such a master as Mr. Hemms, affords the eye a gratification which it cannot derive even from a beautiful painting. To relish the excellences of the latter, some knowledge of perspective and picturesque effect is necessary; but every eye is sensible of the freedom and symmetry of fine writing.

The plate, containing a dedication of this "Original Penmanship" to the mayor, aldermen, and common-council of Notting-

ham, exhibits an effect in arrangement, and a richness in execution, which we do not remember ever to have seen surpassed. The representation of Hebe feeding the eagle is an astonishing effort of the pen, whether we regard the flourishing, or the delicately wrought portrait.

We cannot particularize the whole of these splendid specimens, which are thirteen in number; though we might easily find occasion to dilate on each one separately. They confer no trifling distinction on the Grammar School of Nottingham, where this talented penman is engaged; and the public generally will not, on inspection of his work, withhold from the artist that patronage he so justly merits.

#### AUTOGRAPH OF HIS PRESENT MAJESTY WILLIAM IV.

THE following Autograph has been procured for us from an exalted quarter, by especial favour. In very few instances, we apprehend, has His Majesty written his name in full since his accession to the throne, his general Signature being only W. R. Most of our readers, we doubt not, will be gratified at thus viewing the handwriting of our most gracious Sovereign.



#### GLEANINGS.

*Antiquity.*—A Phœnician inscription has just been found in Sicily, of the year 2025 before our era, accompanied by a later translation in Greek. It speaks of a great famine in Canaan, and the emigration of part of its inhabitants, who fixed themselves in the dominions of an Atlante prince, who was then reigning, but whose name is unfortunately effaced.

*Roman Coins.*—A communication made to the editor of a north-country paper, from the Carlisle museum, gives an account of several coins, urns, and other remains of what appears to have been a Roman cemetery of some extent. These interesting remains have been laid open in the course of the excavations now in progress, for the purpose of improving the London road, at a place called Gallows Hill, about half a mile from the town of Carlisle. A small urn, containing sundry coins in fine preservation, is also mentioned. Among them are some of Faustina, very beautiful. The writer adds: "The bottom of the urn, in which were the silver coins, bears testimony to a very remarkable chemical operation of nature. It exhibits a fine green glass deposit, evidently the precipitation of the alloy of the silver, and in consequence the silver appears fresh and free from alloy, the coins having on their surface but little appearance of metallic oxide. This fine, silent, and secret operation of nature has never hitherto been either discovered, or made a subject of speculation. No doubt it merits the best attention of the chemist, the naturalist, and the antiquarian."—*Literary Gazette.*

*Earthquakes in London.*—In the month of February, 1760, a violent shock of an earthquake, announced as it were by coruscations of aurora borealis, with tempests of thunder, lightning, rain, and hail, greatly terrified the inhabitants of London; and this terror was redoubled by a similar phenomenon the very same day of the following month, between five and six o'clock in the morning; the shock was preceded by low flashes of lightning, and a rumbling noise like that of a heavy carriage rolling over a hollow pave-

ment; its vibrations shook every house from top to bottom, and in many places the church bells were heard to strike; people started naked from their beds, and ran to their doors and windows in a state of distraction; yet no house was overthrown, and no life lost. A fanatical soldier went about preaching repentance, and prophesying that a third shock, on the same day in April, would lay the mighty Babylon in ruins. The churches were now crowded, and licentiousness was awed for a time; those who were able fled from the city, and the highways were encumbered with horses and carriages. "On the 8th of April," says Smollett, "the open fields that skirt the metropolis were filled with an incredible number of people assembled in chairs, chaises, and coaches, as well as on foot, who waited in the most fearful suspense until morning, and the return of day disproved the truth of the dreaded prophecy." Bishop Sherlock took occasion from this to publish a "Pastoral Letter" to the Clergy and Inhabitants of London and Westminster, on occasion of the late Earthquakes, of which one hundred thousand copies were sold in a month!—*Valley's Divines of the Church of England.*

*Christianity.*—Pure and genuine Christianity never was, nor ever can be, the national religion of any country upon earth. It is a gold, too refined to be worked up with any human institution without a large portion of alloy—for no sponser is this small grain of mustard seed watered with the fertile showers of civil emoluments, than it grows up into a large and spreading tree, under the shelter of whose branches the birds of prey and plunder will not fail to make for themselves comfortable habitations, and thence deface its beauty and destroy its fruits.—*Seam Jennings; Disquisitions on several Subjects.*

*Strange Consequence.*—A bottle was lately found by some fishermen near Berehaven, Bantry Bay. It contained, in a letter addressed to a gentleman in Scotland, a bond for 600*l.*; also a note requesting the finder of the bottle to forward them as directed, which has been complied with.—*Southern Reporter.*

**To Keep off Flies.**—The following simple way of preventing flies from sitting on pictures, or any other furniture, is well experienced, and will, if generally used, prevent trouble and damage:—Let a large bunch of licks soak for five or six days in a pailful of water, and wash the picture or any other piece of furniture, with it: the flies will never come near anything so washed.—Oil of laurel applied to the doors and places where meat is kept, will effectually keep flies from it.

**In-door Plants.**—Persons who are fond of odoriferous plants and flowers, should never permit them to be placed in their bed-chamber, as many of them are so powerful as to overcome the senses entirely. Even plants that are not in flower, and have no smell, yet injure the air during the night, and in the absence of the sun, by impregnating it with nitrogen and carbonic acid gas; although in the daylight they rather improve the atmosphere by yielding oxygen gas.

**Adulterations of Milk.**—From an inquiry instituted in Paris on the subject of the adulterations of milk, it appears that the common ingredients are water, wheat flour, and sugar-candy. The new milk is allowed to stand for a time, and a portion of the cream is removed; water is then added to the skim milk; its whiteness is procured by boiled wheat flour; and the flat taste arising from the flour is removed by a small quantity of sugar-candy. A still more ingenious fraud is practised in Paris, with emulsion of almonds, by means of which, for a shilling, thirty pints of water may be changed into fair and sweet-seeming milk; and by the addition of a little sugar-candy, the flavour as well as colour and consistency may be obtained. The former adulteration is supposed to be the one most commonly practised in London. Neither is discoverable without chemical tests.

**Law.**—The amount of effects of suitors in Chancery, in 1823, was 39,210,326.—The number of barristers is estimated at 1,034; conveyancers and pleaders, 138; London attorneys 9056; country attorneys, 2,667. Total Lawyers in England and Wales, 12,895.—For the nine years ending in 1829, the attorneys paid, in duties on articles of clerkship, admissions, and yearly certificates, upwards of one million sterling.

**Sir William Jones on Slavery.**—"I pass with haste by the coast of Africa, whence my mind turns with indignation at the abominable traffic in the human species, from which a part of our countrymen dare to derive their most insupportable wealth. Sugar, it is said, would be dear, if it were not worked by blacks in the western islands; as if the most laborious, the most dangerous work, were not carried on in every country, but chiefly in England, by freemen: in fact, they are so carried on with infinitely more advantage; for there is an alacrity in a consciousness of freedom; and a gloomy, sullen indolence in a consciousness of slavery: but let sugar be as dear as it may; it is better to eat none, to eat honey, if sweetness only be palatable; better to eat elos or colingintida, than violate a primary law of nature, imposed on every heart not infuriated by avarice, than rob one human creature of those eternal rights of which no law upon earth can justly deprive him."—*Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia.*

**Coal breaking.**—The cause of the coals supplied to consumers being so small, when it is well known they come in blocks of large size from the pit's mouth, may be gathered from the following calculation made by the celebrated Dr. Hutton, who says, that "if one coal measuring exactly a cubic yard (nearly equal to five bolls) be broken into pieces of a moderate size, it will measure seven bolls and a half, and if broken very small it will measure nine bolls."—*London Paper.*

**Silk Worms.**—Many efforts have been recently made to introduce the silk-worm on an extensive scale into Ireland, especially in the county of Cork. We have just heard of a voluntary colony of these valuable insects having settled in this county, on the demesne of Mount Loftus, the seat of Sir Nicholas Loftus, Bart. On that demesne there are no mulberry trees, but there are several of the European spindle-tree, or *Eragnus Euphorus*, and of these the colonists have taken possession. One tree is literally weighed down with them, and it is supposed there are not less than half a million of worms actively spinning upon it. We always understood that no leaf would bring the silk-worm to perfection except the mulberry; yet those at Mount Loftus appear to enjoy vigorous health, but we fear they are doomed to speedy annihilation. Even in Italy, the silk-worm is fed within doors, and we fear the moth would perish, even if the weather should enable the caterpillar to live, and cut its way through the cocoon.—*Leinster Journal*, June 20, 1829.

## Literary Notices.

### Just Published.

Part III. of Captain Elliot's Views in the East, &c. contains beautiful Vellinations and Descriptions of Ameer Mahal, Benapoor; Jumma Masjid, Agra; and Cawnpore.

No. XIX. of the National Portrait Gallery presents Viscount Goderish, (Richard Pearson, A.M.), and the Hon. Mr. Agar Ellis, with their respective Memorials. Thucydides, with Original English Notes, Examination Questions, &c., by the Rev. Dr. Bloomfield, 3 vols.

The Orestes of Euripides, with English Notes, by the Rev. J. R. Major.

The complete Works of Bishop Sherlock, with a Summary to each Discourse, and Notes, by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D. 5 vols. small 8vo. cloth, bds.

The Classical Library, No. 10, containing Original Translations of Pindar and Anacreon; cloth, bds.

Eccelesiastical History, in a Course of Lectures now delivering at Founders' Hall, Lombury, by W. Jones, M.A. Part I.

Medicine No Mystery, being a brief Outline of the Principles of Medical Science. Second Edition, by John Morrison, M.D. Post 8vo.

The Pulpit, Part 95.

Faustas, a Poem, Canto I.

The Protestant Instructor, by the Rev. E. Harrison, Vicar of Redbourne, Lincolnshire. One Vol. 8vo.

Part 8 of York Castle, and Newgate to the Nineteenth Century, by Leman Thomas Fede, Esq.

No. 6 of the Familiar Astronomer, by Raphael.

Vol. I. of A Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature, in a Chronological Arrangement of Authors and their Works, from the Invention of Alphabetical Characters, to the Year of our Lord 1445. Part I. by Adam Clarke, LL.D. F.A.S. Part II. by J. B. B. Clarke, M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge; and Chaplain to H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex.

Edinburgh Cabinet Library—Discovery and Adventure in the Polar Sea and Regions, Whalshaby, &c. by Professors Leslie, Jamieson, and Hugh Murray, Esq.

The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, for 1831, by Mrs. S. C. Hall. Embossed Morocco.

The Whole Book of Psalms, with all the Marginal Readings, a Commentary and Notes, by Adam Clarke, LL.D. F.A.S. 4to. cloth.

Cheltenham Lyrics, and other Poems, by Hal Harding.

Utility of Latin discussed, for the Consideration of Parents, by Justin Brennan.

Twenty-two Short Discourses on Scripture Passages, by Charles Hubbard.

Historical Catechisms, by I. Watts, D.D.

A Manual of Prayers, in Easy Language, by Rev. J. Topham, M.A., &c.

The Christian Eccelesie, by Charles Scott.

Divines of the Church of England. Vol. 43. (Works of Sherlock), by the Rev. T. Hughes.

Journal of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M. No. 1. in 5 Nos.

A Defence of the Surinam Negro-English Version of the New Testament, by Wm. Greenfield.

A Discourse on the Resurrection of the Body, by J. P. Dobson.

The Duty of a Prompt and Complete Abolition of Colonial Slavery, by the Rev. S. C. Wilks, A.M.

The Pleasures of Benevolence, a Poem.

Anti-Slavery Reporter, Nos. 68 69.

Sunday School Teacher's Magazine, No. 9. New Series.

The Arrow and the Rose, with other Poems, by Wm. Kennedy.

Ackerman's Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, for 1831.

The Hamourist, a Companion for the Christmas Fireside, by H. Harrison.

The Gem, for 1831.

Forget me Not, for 1831.

Family Classical Library; Pindar and Anacreon.

A Discourse upon National Dietetics, &c., by George Warren, Surgeon.

### In the Press.

A New and Cheap Edition of Wesley's Journal, the Five Volumes to be comprised in One, and now publishing in Numbers.

Communion with God, or a Guide to the Devotional, by Robert Philip.

By the same Author, a Second Edition of Christian Experience, or a Guide to the Perplexed.

Counsels to Sunday School Teachers, by John Morrison.

The Amulet, for 1831.





inhumanity, but these for many years were compelled to plead in vain.

In England, the opinion of York and Talbot, the solicitor and attorney-general, in favour of slavery, delivered in 1729, threatened for a season to introduce the diabolical system into this country. In the streets of London enslaved negroes were frequently seen, and advertisements for their sale or transfer constantly disgraced our public prints. At length arose that truly benevolent man, Granville Sharpe, as the morning star of negro freedom. This noble friend of justice and humanity, doubting the legality of the opinion previously given by York and Talbot, devoted several years of his life to the examination of British law on this momentous question; the result of which was, a full conviction that slavery in England was not sanctioned either by the principles of its constitution, or by any of its legal enactments.

At length, having qualified himself for the arduous task, the case of Somerset, after it had been solemnly argued in the courts of Westminster for three sessions, elicited from the judges, in May, 1772, the ever memorable decision that

"Slaves cannot breathe in England, if their lungs receive our air, that moment they are free. They touch our country, and their shackles fall."

This decision awakened the British nation from its criminal supineness, to behold the horrors attendant on the slave trade. As the wrongs of Africa became known, petitions were presented to parliament for the abolition of this diabolical traffic. By interested men these efforts were defeated for a season, but the voice of humanity at last prevailed, and an act was accordingly passed in March, 1807, that after March 2, 1808, no slave should be imported into the British Colonies.

But while this act provided against any future importation, it did nothing for about 800,000 enslaved negroes still held in bondage in the British Colonies. Both these and their unborn posterity were still destined to wear the yoke.

In their behalf, however, the nation again became clamorous, and petitions for a gradual or an immediate emancipation poured into both houses of parliament from every quarter. The question was accordingly agitated in 1823, and, after much opposition, it was admitted by parliament, that the slaves in his Majesty's dominions were British subjects, and that their condition required the interference of the British legislature, which then by various resolutions most solemnly pledged itself to the final abolition of slavery.

Since the above period seven years have elapsed, but nothing has yet been done. The voice and sympathies of the nation are therefore again roused into action. A simultaneous feeling pervades all ranks and classes of the community. Churchmen, Methodists, Dissenters, and Quakers, all unite in one cry for mercy and justice towards the enslaved negroes; and petitions are being prepared throughout the kingdom, that parliament would redeem its pledge, and put an end to this inhuman system for ever. Of these petitions, containing perhaps a greater number of signatures than was ever before on any occasion presented to the legislature, the present parliament will feel the weight, and with joy or sorrow future historians will record their decision.

That something should be done in favour of the negro, to place him under the protection of law, and rescue him from the capricious tyranny of an unfeeling driver, and his merciless cart-whip, no one possessed of human feelings, who reads the following facts, can for a moment doubt. In our preceding number we gave many instances of appalling atrocity from the pages of Mr. Godwin, whose lectures on slavery then passed under our review. From this work, and other sources of authentic information, we extract the following incidents.

Till of late years the slave was liable to the punishment of death for almost every offence. He might in some colonies be mutilated for the act of running away from severe usage, and for endeavouring by force to break his chains, he might be burnt alive, or hung up to perish by hunger in a cage.

Mr. Stephens mentions, that when he was in Barbadoes, he was present at a trial for murder, in the event of which, two negroes, convicted of the offence, were burnt alive. At that very time and place, if the white man for whose death they suffered, had murdered either of them, he would only have been subject to a fine of about £11. sterling.

Mr. Jeffries, a master in the navy, gave evidence before the select committee of the House of Commons, that he was present at the execution of seven negroes for the murder of a white man, in Tobago, in 1774. Their right hands were first chopped off. They were then dragged to seven stakes, and a fire of trash and dry wood was lighted about them, and they were burnt to death.

Bryant Edwards, the great apologist for negro slavery, states, in his *History of the West-Indies*, vol. II. b. iv. chap. 3, that in Jamaica, three negroes were thus exe-



cut. One was slowly burnt. The other two were gibbeted alive, to perish by hunger. One of these miserable victims lingered until the eighth day, and the other until the ninth, when death happily put an end to their sufferings.

As the evidence of slaves against a white person is inadmissible, except in some cases recently recognized, a white man may murder a negro before a hundred of his fellow-slaves without having any thing to fear from either their interference or their testimony. Sheltered under this revolting security of local despotism, many deeds of darkness, of cruelty, and of death have been perpetrated. "I know as a magistrate," said the attorney-general of Tobago, "cases of extreme cruelty that have passed unpunished for want of slave evidence. It is very common, when they wish to be cruel, to send free persons out of the way. I have known many such cases." The chief justice of the same island, Mr. Pigott, states the following fact. "A manager sent all free persons out of the way, and then gave a negro *one hundred and fifty lashes*. The negro was brought in a state of which he might have died, to us the sitting magistrates. We had no means of proving it. I proposed a bill to admit slave evidence, or to make the accused purge himself on oath. The bill was not approved."

"In Spanish Town, Jamaica, a white man, a monster of cruelty, concealed a female slave in a room, where, with a hot iron, used for burning marks on cattle, he mutilated the poor creature who was so unfortunate as to be in his power. He trusted to the effect of the law, which prevented slaves from giving evidence; but it chanced that a young free man of colour, suspecting what was going forward, peeped through a crevice, and saw the horrid scene. On his evidence, the owner of the slave was convicted and punished."

Another fact mentioned by Mr. Mais, is as follows. "A female slave on her return home was met by a free man of colour, who had been out shooting. A little dog which accompanied her barked, and probably might have snapped at the man. This irritated him, and he threatened to shoot the dog. The woman, alarmed for its safety, called "Oh don't shoot him, don't shoot my dog." Upon this the man turned angrily upon her, and said—"Not shoot him? I'll shoot you if you say much," and with little ceremony lodged the contents of his piece in her side. This was in the face of day, in the presence of many persons, but who, being slaves, were not qualified to

give testimony on the occasion, and the offender escaped."

The narrative which follows is from the pen of a respectable clergyman, the Rev. Stewart William Hanna, curate of St. George's, in Jamaica. It is dated so recently as July 20th, 1830.

"A council of protection assembled on Friday the 9th inst. in this parish, to investigate a case of alleged cruelty, in which the overseer of Windsor Castle estate (Mr. William Ogilvy Chapman), was the offending, and a slave belonging to the same property, the aggrieved party. The following is a list of the Magistrates and Vestrymen who composed the council: The Hon. John Bell, Custos. The Rev. M. C. Bolton, Rector. James Shenton, Roger Swire, Thomas P. Rogers, Adam Gray, Esqrs., Magistrates. James Maxwell, Josias Bowyer, George Helps, Francis Guacott, Esqrs., Vestrymen.

"The evidence adduced was substantially as follows:—

"For some trifling neglect of duty the man had received, by the overseer's direction, a severe, though not an illegal flogging," (that is to say, not more than thirty-nine lashes.) "This was on Saturday, June 26th. In a state of great suffering, he proceeded to the nearest magistrate, Mr. Shenton, the proprietor of Dover estate, to complain of the treatment he had received. Mr. S. on inspection, found the man's hinder parts so completely covered with blood, as to prevent his accurately ascertaining the extent of injury sustained. He, however, advised him to return home, as no sufficient cause appeared to call for legal interference.

"The poor man, who is a carpenter, followed this advice, and remained in his house until Monday morning, when he proceeded to the work-shop, and endeavoured to resume his work. The gang of carpenters and coopers was shortly afterwards ordered to the beach to ship sugar, but the wretched condition of the sufferer compelled him to remain. About three o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Chapman went into the workshop, and finding him there, demanded why he had not accompanied the gang. The poor man answered, that his wounds had prevented him. This reply, it would seem, exasperated the overseer, for he ordered him to be confined in the stocks forthwith, and *placing his hands behind him, with difficulty, though having the assistance of the hot-house doctor, forced a pair of tight handcuffs on his wrists*. The very slave assisting, remonstrated against this barbarity, but in vain.

Thus mangled and manacled was the wretched negro compelled to remain from four in the afternoon of Monday until seven o'clock on Wednesday morning! On that day Mr. Shenton summoned all the parties to appear before him, and he has stated on oath that the man's hinder parts were in three different places, each of considerable extent, not merely 'cut' or scored, but in the actual condition of 'raw flesh;' and further, that his hands, from the extreme tightness of the manacles '*were swollen to twice their ordinary size.*' Yet the five last named on the list of members, who composed the Council of Protection, subsequently summoned to investigate the case, have resolved that the matter is unworthy of farther notice, and, accordingly, all hope that the demands of justice may be satisfied is for the present at an end."—*Anti-Slavery Reporter*, No. 68, p. 419.

If we turn from Jamaica to Barbadoes, we find the same principles in operation; despotism, without any regard to the rights of the slave, every where prevails; and when occasions present themselves, the same induration of feelings rarely fails to become apparent. These assertions the following facts, stated by a gentleman of the highest credit, and who visited Barbadoes in the early part of the present year, will most amply illustrate.

"I was anxious to ascertain how far the slaves benefited by the sale of the commodities which I was told was grown on the small portions of ground allotted to them near their dwellings; but which, in the course of my visits to different estates, I could discover to be only partially the case, many being certainly without this provision.

"I was likewise often assured, that the market of Bridgetown was thus supplied; and in order to be satisfied, I attended at the usual place of sale frequently, and took pains to inquire of individual slaves offering either fruits or vegetables, &c. for sale, from what estate they came, and was grievously disappointed to find that they almost all had their mistress with them, to receive the amount of the sales made; or what was more common, that the major proportion of them were free coloured people, and consequently small cultivators, and not slaves.

"I find upon inquiry, that the produce which a slave may have, is always under the control, and absolutely in the power of the master, if he chooses from any motive to exercise such a power.

"I went into many of their huts, which are built of mud and thatch, sometimes of stone and slate; they contain one room

only for the whole family, with very little furniture, and they appear to own very little apparel.

"I am inclined to believe, that, notwithstanding the dreadful power possessed by the owners and managers of slaves over their poor pitiable fellow-men, this power is not so often exercised in overt acts of violence as might be apprehended; but almost every estate appears to be furnished with a place of confinement, to be used at the will of the master. This usually dismal room is provided generally with a pair of stocks, and a wooden or iron bedstead; the stocks are placed so as to enable the prisoner either to sit or lie on the bedstead. The duration of the confinement is determined by the arbitrary will of the master or overseer. Once, for the negligence of some domestic concern, and an impertinent answer, a slave was confined three days and four nights, and I left him still in confinement.

"Being at home at my lodgings, I was alarmed by the most dreadful howling; and, starting up, I got to the window, in time to see a free black mason, or plasterer, inflicting some severe blows with his fist upon the bosom of a female negro slave, about sixteen or seventeen years old, who, I heard, was his own daughter. This girl had been before serving him and another man with mortar, which she carried up a high ladder; and on inquiry, I learnt that not being quite so quick as he wished in supplying them, one of them descended, and gave her a severe beating, in the manner I have just described. I immediately ran out of the house to save her from further suffering, but was agreeably surprised to see a number of individuals apparently with the same intention going towards the spot. I thought as a stranger it would be better for me to allow them to remonstrate with the barbarous fellows; but what was the horror I felt when I found that their object was not to exclaim against such treatment of the poor girl, but to tell her that they would not and could not bear such a howling near them. Some of the tenants, accompanied by our landlady and several slaves, were there, and loudly swore at the girl, telling her they would have no such noise there, as a gentleman, (meaning a friend of mine, who was suffering from great weakness,) was very ill in the next house.

"Once it happened that I lodged in a house in Bridgetown, and was attracted to the window, whilst dressing in the morning, by piteous and loud cries. On looking out, I saw in a yard below, the mistress of

the house, a free woman of colour, caning a female slave about twenty-two, very severely with a small bamboo cane, in a state of elasticity we never see them in this country, and about the size of a black-lead pencil; in which castigation she struck both fore stroke and back stroke on the unprotected shoulders, breast, back, and face of the poor girl, who leaned against a post in the yard to support herself while she received the cuts, (about thirty.) I knew it would be useless to interfere, and therefore only determined, if possible, to learn the cause of such a dreadful flogging. Very opportunely, I met the poor black girl going to market; and asked her what very bad thing she had done, to make her mistress so angry? She replied, 'Yes, Massa, I am very sorry, I did indeed break the tea-cup.' Her mistress afterwards allowed to me that this was the cause for which such a flogging was inflicted. I took particular notice of her neck and breast, which were swollen all over in a pitiable manner; and the weals on her neck were nearly or quite the size of my little finger.

"I had occasion to pass the greater part of one day on board a vessel lying in the bay; and whilst there, we were boarded by a very comely youth, of good features and engaging manners, who came on some business to the ship. I asked him from whence he came, what his name was, &c.; which questions led him to give the following description of himself: 'I am,' said he, 'the illegitimate son of \_\_\_\_\_, Esq. by a coloured woman; I live on his estate, and am his slave.' I was surprised and shocked at the unnatural proceeding of a man keeping his own son as a slave; but much more so when he added, 'I should certainly have been starved, if it had not been for the compassion of some who knew me.' He shewed me his naked body, cut, scarred, and bruised from the waist upwards in a horrible manner. A creditable person on board the vessel assured me he had known this young man for several years; and that he could assert the dreadful narrative to be correct. I determined to pay a visit to this fellow christian, whose heart had become thus callous by a familiarity with tyranny; but was dissuaded, by an assurance that it would produce no other effect than the increased ill usage of the poor young man.

"During my residence in the island, I made the acquaintance of a middle-aged and very respectable man, who assured me that he had given up a very lucrative situation for a small stipend, upon which he now subsists, because he could not consci-

entiously be concerned in slavery; and he added, 'if I dared, I could relate circumstances which would make every hair you have on your head stand on end; but if I were to do so, and it became known, my name would be held up to odium, and would be made to stink all over the island; and I cannot do without the scanty subsistence that I now get.' He also added, that he had the offer of another very good situation as a manager; but preferred poverty and an easy conscience to this horrible employment.

"Upon diligent and repeated inquiry, I found that during all the time I was in the island, the prison was nearly filled with blacks, and contained no white person; and also that no trial in which a slave was plaintiff was instituted; and indeed, that such a thing was never expected to occur, nor did any one seem to conceive it possible."—*Anti-Slavery Reporter*, Nos. 68, 69, p. 423, 425, 426.

It may, perhaps, be argued by the advocates of slavery, that protectors are appointed by law, to shield the negroes from the inhumanity of their owners or their agents, and who have power to punish the delinquents, whenever their severity exceeds the chastisements allowed by law. We have already seen that slave evidence being inadmissible, the culprit may, by a little contrivance, at all times indulge his passion for revenge, and easily escape detection. But should the mangled slave escape from his brutal torturer, and exhibit his bleeding body to the eye of his official protector, the chances are perhaps more than equal, that his complaint will be deemed frivolous and vexatious, and perhaps he will procure another flogging for daring to complain without sufficient grounds; and it is not improbable that, on his return, he will be deemed worthy of another punishment, for presuming to call the driver's humanity in question. That this condition of the slave is not the creation of fancy, the facts which follow will fully testify.

A document appeared in the daily papers, in October, 1823, which Mr. Stephens notices in his "Delineation of Slavery," purporting to be an official notification, by Sir Ralph Woodford, Governor of Trinidad, of his having punished two negro slaves, one with seventy-five, and the other with a hundred lashes, for a complaint against their master, which the governor says he had upon investigation proved to be groundless: and he orders these punishments to be inflicted, in the presence of deputations of ten slaves from each of the neighbouring estates, for the express pur-

pose of deterring them from the like offences."

In the returns of the Fiscal of Berbice, there are several instances of this kind. Some are ordered to receive fifty lashes, and others seventy-five, for venturing to appear before him, when they could not establish to his satisfaction the truth of their complaints. Among these cases of unfounded or unredressed applications, let the following instance suffice. It is from the plantation Port Moraunt, dated 27th March, 1823.

"Ness states, that he is the driver over the women, and the manager asked him last Sunday, why he did not go to work, and he answered that he had not been ordered to do so, or he would have gone to work, as he did not wish to do any thing without the manager's orders. The manager then offered to flog him; but he made his escape, and came to his honour for redress. The complainant, in this instance, was punished by the acting Fiscal, for having left the estate, and come to town to complain without cause, and when he had been guilty of disobedience of orders and neglect of duty; and the manager was warned of the impropriety and illegality of working the negroes on Sunday."

From the preceding facts, and from others of a similar character, many of which are tinged with inhumanity and injustice of a deeper dye, we may fairly ask, what negro under such circumstances will dare to complain of any treatment he may receive? Even the blood flowing from his wounds is sometimes so copious as to prevent the colonial magistrate from ascertaining the extent of the injury sustained, and, as a very natural consequence, he can grant the unhappy negro no redress. But if, on the contrary, no such cause of refusal appears, his complaint is deemed frivolous, and he is sent back, with the mortification of unredressed grievances, to the despotism of an owner or manager, now doubly incensed against him for daring to complain, and perhaps bleeding from the flagellations of colonial justice.

The curse of slavery blunts and blasts all the estimable qualities of our common nature; it breaks the dearest connexions with an unfeeling ferocity, which death can hardly exercise; annihilates the social charities of life, exalts negro demoralization into a colonial virtue, and brutalizes human nature by the agonies which it inflicts. If the negro has a wife, he dares not protect her from the driver's lash, from cruel and indecent punishment and exposure, nor from the white man's outrage and brutal appetite.

If he has daughters, he dares not defend them against the violations of licentiousness. Should he murmur, the cart-whip is at hand to silence his presumption; should he complain, custom has rendered the crime so common and familiar, that it would be deemed too frivolous to procure any thing but punishment, and personal resistance is always followed by its attendant, death. Under such a system, where is the negro to find redress? Every eye appears blind to his calamities, and every ear deaf to his complaints. Power uniting itself with despotism, has usurped the place of justice, and to the perceptions of slavery, humanity is an unmeaning word.

Among the complicated evils to which slavery subjects its victims, that of having the ties of nature burst asunder in their most sensitive links is not the least afflicting: Of a needy slave-holder involved in debt, the negroes may be seized, separated, and sold to the highest bidder. Wives may be torn from their husbands, or husbands from their wives; parents from their children, or children from their parents; without the hope of either meeting, or hearing of each other's welfare, any more. Who can read the following incidents without feeling compassion for the swarthy sufferer, and indignation at the system which sanctioned the perpetrator of her wrongs.

"A master of slaves" (says Mr. Gilgrass, a Methodist Missionary), "who lived near us in Kingston, Jamaica, exercised his barbarities on a Sabbath morning, while we were worshipping God in the chapel; and the cries of the female sufferers have frequently interrupted us in our devotions. But there was no redress for them, or for us. This man wanted money; and one of the female slaves having two fine children, he sold one of them, and the child was torn from her maternal affection. In the agony of her feelings she made a hideous howling, and for that crime was flogged. Soon after he sold her other child. This turned her heart within her, and impelled her into a kind of madness. She howled night and day in the yard; tore her hair; ran up and down the streets and the parade, rending the heavens with her cries, and literally watering the earth with her tears. Her constant cry was, '*Da wicked massa, he sell me children. Will no buckra massa pity Nega? What me do? Me have no child!*' As she stood before my window, she said, '*My Massa, (lifting up her hands towards heaven), 'do, me Massa Minister, pity me? Me heart do so,'* (shaking herself violently):

*"me heart do so, because me have no child. Me go a massa house, in massa yard, and in me hut, and me no see em;"* and then her cry went up to God. I durst not be seen looking at her."

Mr. Bradnack, another missionary, says, "I know an instance of a negro and his wife being sold to different islands, after living together twenty-four years, and raising a family of children."

Another case, which falling under the immediate notice of Mr. T. Pennock, was stated by this gentleman at a public meeting, is recorded by Mr. Godwin in the following words.

"A few years ago it was enacted, that it should not be legal to transport once established slaves from one island to another; and a gentleman owner, finding it advisable to do so before the act came in force, the removal of great part of his live stock was the consequence. He had a female slave, a Methodist, and highly valuable to him (and not the less so for being the mother of eight or nine children), whose husband, also of our connexion, was the property of another resident on the island, where I happened to be at the time. Their masters not agreeing on a sale, separation ensued, and I went to the beach to be an eye-witness of their behaviour in the greatest pang of all. One by one the man kissed his children with the firmness of a hero, and, blessing them, gave as his last words—(oh! will it be believed, and have no influence upon our veneration for the negro?) 'Farewell! Be honest, and obedient to your master!' At length he had to take leave of his wife: there he stood (I have him in my mind's eye at this moment), five or six yards from the mother of his children, unable to move, speak, or do any thing but gaze, and still to gaze, on the object of his long affection, soon to cross the blue wave for ever from his aching sight. The fire of his eyes alone gave indication of the passion within, until, after some minutes' standing thus, he fell senseless on the sand, as if suddenly struck down by the hand of the Almighty. Nature could do no more; the blood gushed from his nostrils and mouth, as if rushing from the terrors of the conflict within; and amid the confusion occasioned by the circumstance the vessel bore off his family for ever from the island! After some days he recovered, and came to ask advice of me! What could an Englishman do in such a case? I felt the blood boiling within me, but I conquered, I brow-beat my own manhood, and gave him the humblest advice I could afford."

It is not, however, intended, from the gross violations of justice and humanity that have been adduced, to insinuate that all slave proprietors are guilty of these flagrant outrages. Many are mild and humane in their dispositions, and under their control there can be no doubt that the negroes enjoy every comfort which their degraded situation will allow. With others, however, the case is quite the reverse; and all must perceive, that the brutal outrages committed by one portion of the community, under the sanctions of colonial law, might with equal facility be committed by all. Where humanity prevails, it is to the man, and not to the system of slavery, that the negro is indebted for his exemption from hunger and stripes.

We know in our own country, from daily observation, although equal laws are enjoyed by all, that brutality and violence are too frequently exercised towards the defenceless and unprotected. No provocation seems needful to call passion into operation, or to incite wanton caprice to indulge in outrage. What then may not be expected in our colonies, where scenes of human misery have blunted the feelings of humanity, where custom gives a sanction to every barbarity, where passion finds a more powerful excitement, and wantonness revels in every excess? Against the sallies of these unholy inmates of the human breast the voice of justice and humanity is too feeble to be heard, and even the more commanding eloquence of interest will sometimes plead in vain. In paroxysms of rage, an Englishman will kill his horse, his dog, or other favourite animal, and in fits of drunkenness, or other species of temporary madness, injure the members of his family in defiance of the laws. In the West-Indies, therefore, where negro life is estimated like that of a horse or cow, and held too cheap at its highest value, it cannot be supposed that even pecuniary interest will at all times present a sufficient barrier to protect the victims of oppressive violence.

If the system of slavery had been a mixture of good and evil, an amendment of what is amiss might have been placed within the reach of hope. But when we view it as evil, only evil, and that continually, nothing but its annihilation can destroy its turpitude. Too long has this more than cannibal monster held the Africans in tortures and in chains, devouring generation after generation like a wide-wasting pestilence, and transferring to the living the miseries which can no longer pursue the dead.

Against the injustice and lacerations

which multitudes daily suffer, and to which 825,000 human beings are constantly exposed, the British nation is again lifting its voice. A strong and powerful impression, arising from the horrible character of slavery, is now operating on the public mind. The different branches of the community have only to attend to its impulse, and, in firm but temperate language, to besiege the legislature with unanimity, and slavery will be no more.

It is not for petitioners to dictate in what way this many-headed hydra shall be slain. Methods may be devised and plans recommended, but the wisdom, justice, and humanity of parliament can alone determine the mode. Let the death-warrant of slavery be signed without any possibility of a repeal, and expectation will rejoice in hope, until its execution shall consummate the public wish, and render the triumphs of humanity complete.

We have lived to see, from an inauspicious beginning, after an arduous conflict of twenty years, the abolition of the slave trade achieved. We have seen the Catholics of Ireland emancipated, and the burning of widows in India abolished. The glorious climax is in view. Let slavery be done away, and the British nation will be crowned with laurels more imperishable than those which her arms and heroes acquired on the plains of Waterloo. Her honour is pledged in favour of humanity. The sympathies of England have joined the shrieks of the negro; and hope awaits the moment when his fetters shall be burst asunder, and the scourge be wrested from the oppressor's hand.

Never, perhaps, was the nation at large more favourably disposed towards the African race than it is at present. Let not the opportunity be lost. The sober wishes of an empire, unanimously expressed, cannot fail to prove irresistible. It is the cause of humanity, of justice, and benevolence, that their petitions are called to plead. Divine Providence smiles upon every effort to liberate the captive; and in an undertaking so righteous, success, accompanied with the approbation of the Almighty Father of the human race, may be fairly and rationally expected.

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EXTRACTS FROM BISHOP HEBER'S JOURNAL, VOL. II.

"*Indian Eagle*.—Mr. Fisher had some drawings of different parts of the Dhoon, which represented scenery of very great beauty and luxuriance, on a smaller and less awful scale than Kemaon. The animals seem much the same; but Lieu-

tenant Fisher gave me a fuller account than I had yet received of the eagle, or, as from his statement it rather seems to be, the condor, of these mountains. It appears to belong to this latter tribe, from the bareness of its neck, which resembles that of the vulture, and the character of its beak, which is longer and less hooked than the eagle's, and perhaps, too, from its size, which exceeds that of any eagle of which I have heard. Lieutenant Fisher shot one very lately at Degra, which measured thirteen feet between the tips of its extended wings, and had talons eight inches long. He was of a deep black colour, with a bald head and neck, and appears strongly to resemble the noble bird described by Bruce as common among the mountains of Abyssinia, under the name of "Nisser." This is, no doubt, the bird which carries away the children from the streets of Almorah. The one which Mr. Fisher shot could, he was sure, have carried up a very well-grown boy. Nor have I any doubt that it is the "rok" of the Arabians. In Sinbad's way of telling a story, so formidable an animal might be easily magnified into all which that ingenious voyager has handed down to us concerning his giant bird.

"*Despotic Cruelty*.—December 20. I observed this morning, at the gate of Mr. Fisher's compound, a sentry in the strict Oriental costume, of turban and long caftan, but armed with musket and bayonet, like our own Sepoys. He said he was one of the Begum Sumroo's regiment, out of which she is bound to furnish a certain number for the police of Meerut and its neighbourhood. Her residence is in the centre of her own Jaghire at Sirdhana, about twelve coss from Meerut; but she has a house in this place, where she frequently passes a considerable time together. She is a very little, queer-looking old woman, with brilliant, but wicked eyes, and the remains of beauty in her features. She is possessed of considerable talent and readiness in conversation, but only speaks Hindostanee. Her soldiers and people, and the generality of the inhabitants of this neighbourhood, pay her much respect, on account both of her supposed wisdom and her courage; she having, during the Mahratta wars, led, after her husband's death, his regiment very gallantly into action, herself riding at their head into a heavy fire of the enemy. She is, however, a sad tyranness, and, having the power of life and death within her own little territory, several stories are told of her cruelty, and the noses and ears which she orders to be cut off. One relation of this kind, according to native reports, on

which reliance, however, can rarely be placed, is very horrid. One of her dancing girls had offended her, how I have not heard. The Begum ordered the poor creature to be immured alive in a small vault prepared for the purpose, under the pavement of the saloon where the natch was then celebrating, and, being aware that her fate excited much sympathy and horror in the minds of the servants and soldiers of her palace, and apprehensive that they would open the tomb and rescue the victim as soon as her back was turned, she saw the vault bricked up before her own eyes, then ordered her bed to be placed directly over it, and lay there for several nights, till the last faint moans had ceased to be heard, and she was convinced that hunger and despair had done their work. This woman calls herself a Christian, of the Roman Catholic faith, which was that of her husband Summers. ("Sumroo" is the Hindoostanee pronunciation of the German surname.) She has a Roman Catholic priest as her Chaplain, and has lately begun to build a very large and handsome church at Sirdhana, which will rival, if not excel, that of Meerut, in size and architectural beauty.

*"Extensive Architectural Ruins.—* December 29. The morning was clear and pleasant, and the air and soil delightfully refreshed by the rain. I rode Câbul, and arrived by about eight o'clock on the banks of the Jumna, on the other side of which I had a noble view of Delhi, which is a larger and finer city than I expected to see. The inhabited part of it, for the ruins extend over a surface as large as London, Westminster, and Southwark, is about seven miles in circuit, seated on a rocky range of hills, and surrounded by an embattled wall, which the English government have put into repair, and are now engaged in strengthening with bastions, a moat, and a regular glacis. The houses within are many of them large and high. There are a great number of mosques, with high minarets and gilded domes, and above all are seen the palace, a very high and extensive cluster of gothic towers and battlements, and the Jumma Musjeed, the largest and handsomest place of Mussulman worship in India. The chief material of all these fine buildings is red granite, of a very agreeable though solemn colour, inlaid in some of the ornamental parts with white marble, and the general style of building is of a simple and impressive character, which reminded me, in many respects, of Carnarvon. It far exceeds any thing at Moscow.

*"Remarkable Aqueduct.—*December 30. This morning Lushington and I rode to the tomb of the Emperor Humaïoon, six miles from the city, S. W. We passed, in our way, to the Agra gate, along a very broad but irregular street, with a channel of water, cased with stone, conducted along its middle. This is a part of the celebrated aqueduct constructed, in the first instance, by Ali Merdan Khan, a Persian nobleman, in the service of the Emperor Shahjehan, then long neglected during the troubles of India, and the decay of the Mogul power, and within these few years repaired by the English Government. It is conducted from the Jumna immediately on leaving its mountains, and while its stream is yet pure and wholesome, for a distance of about 120 miles; and is a noble work, giving fertility to a very large extent of country near its banks, and absolutely the sole source of vegetation to the gardens of Delhi, besides furnishing its inhabitants with almost the only drinkable water within their reach. When it was first re-opened, by Sir Charles Metcalfe, in 1820, the whole population of the city went out in jubiles to meet its stream, throwing flowers, ghee, &c. into the water, and calling down all manner of blessings on the British Government, who have indeed gone far, by this measure, to redeem themselves from the weight of, I fear, a good deal of impolicy.

*"Half-way along the street which I have been describing, and nearly opposite another great street with a similar branch of the canal, which runs at right angles to the former, stands the imperial palace, built by the Emperor Shah Jehan, surrounded on this side by a wall of, I should think, sixty feet high, embattled and machicolated, with small round towers and two noble gateways, each defended by an outer barbican of the same construction, though of less height. The whole is of red granite, and surrounded by a wide moat. It is a place of no strength, the walls being only calculated for bows and arrows or musquetry, but as a kingly residence it is one of the noblest that I have seen. It far surpasses the Kremlin, but I do not think that, except in the durability of its materials, it equals Windsor.*

*"Extent and Desolations of Delhi.—* From the gate of Agra to Humaïoon's tomb is a very awful scene of desolation, ruins after ruins, tombs after tombs, fragments of brick-work, free-stone, granite, and marble, scattered every where over a soil naturally rocky and barren, without cultivation, except in one or two small spots, and with

out a single tree. I was reminded of Caffa in the Crimea, but this was Caffa on the scale of London, with the wretched fragments of a magnificence such as London itself cannot boast. The ruins really extended as far as the eye could reach, and our track wound among them all the way. This was the seat of old Delhi, as founded by the Patan kings, on the ruins of the still larger Hindoo city of Indraput, which lay chiefly in a western direction. When the present city, which is certainly in a more advantageous situation, was founded by the Emperor Shah Jehan, he removed many of its inhabitants thither: most of the rest followed, to be near the palace and the principal markets; and as during the Maharrata government there was no sleeping in a safe skin without the walls, old Delhi was soon entirely abandoned. The official name of the present city is Shahjehan-poor, "city of the king of the world!" but the name of Delhi is always used in conversation, and in every writing but those which are immediately offered to the Emperor's eye.

"In our way, one mass of ruins larger than the rest was pointed out to us as the old Patan palace. It has been a large and solid fortress, in a plain and unornamented style of architecture, and would have been picturesque, had it been in a country where trees grow and ivy was green, but is here only ugly and melancholy. It is chiefly remarkable for a high black pillar of cast metal, called Firoze's walking-stick. This was originally a Hindoo work, the emblem, I apprehend, of Siva, which stood in a temple in the same spot, and concerning which there was a tradition, like that attached to the coronation-stone of the Scots, that while it stood the children of Bramah were to rule in Indraput. On the conquest of the country by the Mussulmans, the vanity of the prediction was shewn, and Firoze enclosed it within the court of his palace, as a trophy of the victory of Islam over idolatry. It is covered with inscriptions, mostly Persian and Arabic, but that which is evidently the original, and, probably, contains the prophecy, is in a character now obsolete and unknown, though apparently akin to the Nagree.

*Tomb of Humaioun.*—About a mile and a half further, still through ruins, is Humaioun's tomb, a noble building of granite inlaid with marble, and in a very chaste and simple style of Gothic architecture. It is surrounded by a large garden with terraces and fountains, all now gone to decay except one of the latter, which enables the poor people who live in the out-buildings

of the tomb to cultivate a little wheat. The garden itself is surrounded by an embattled wall, with towers, four gateways, and a cloister within, all the way round. In the centre of the square is a platform of about twenty feet high, and I should apprehend 200 feet square, supported also by cloisters, and ascended by four great flights of granite steps. Above rises the tomb, also a square, with a great dome of white marble in its centre. The apartments within are a circular room, about as big as the Ratcliffe library, in the centre of which lies, under a small raised slab, the unfortunate prince to whose memory this fine building is raised. In the angles are smaller apartments, where other branches of his family are interred. From the top of the building I was surprised to see that we had still ruins on every side; and that, more particularly, to the westward and where old Indraput stood, the desolation apparently extended to a range of barren hills seven or eight miles off.

"On coming down we were conducted about a mile westward to a burying-ground, or collection of tombs and small mosques, some of them very beautiful, among which the most remarkable was a little chapel in honour of a celebrated Mussulman saint, Nizam-ud-deen. Round his shrine most of the deceased members of the present imperial family lie buried, each in its own little enclosure, surrounded by very elegant lattice-work of white marble. Workmen were employed at this time in completing the tomb of the late prince Jehanguire, third and darling son of the Emperor, who died lately at Allahabad, whither he had been banished by the British Government for his violent character, (that of a thoroughly spoilt-child) and his culpable intrigues against his eldest brother. The father is said to have been convinced at length of the necessity of this measure, but the old Empress has never forgiven it, and now cannot be persuaded but that her darling boy, who died of drinking and all manner of vice, was poisoned by the English. The few remaining resources of the house of Timour are drawn on to do honour to his remains, and the tomb, though small, will certainly be very elegant. The flowers, &c. into which the marble is carved, are as delicate and in as good taste and execution as any of the ordinary Italian artists could produce. Another tomb which interested me very much, was that of Jehanara, daughter of Shahjehan. It has no size or importance, but she was one of the few amiable characters which the family of Timour can shew. In the prime of youth and beauty,



when her father was dethroned, imprisoned, and, I believe, blinded, by his wicked son Aurungzebe, she applied for leave to share his captivity, and continued to wait on him as a nurse and servant till the day of his death. Afterwards she was a bountiful benefactress to the poor and to religious men, and died with the reputation of a saint, better deserved than by many who have borne the name.

"In one part of these ruins is a very deep tank, surrounded by buildings sixty or seventy feet above the surface of the water, from the top of which several boys and young men jumped down and swam to the steps, in order to obtain a trifling bukshish. It was a formidable sight to a stranger, but they seemed to feel no inconvenience except from cold, and were very thankful for a couple of rupees to be divided among their number."

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ON READING : NO. XII.

(Concluded from column 996.)

THE titles of books are frequently quaint, and so artfully disposed as to strike with considerable force on the very first reading; an advertisement, therefore, which contains such a title, and a few remarks in perfect keeping therewith, induce certain persons, who are struck with an assemblage of words, and who are in the habit of acting from first impressions, to purchase. They open the book; but, after considerable research, discover the title is its all. Disappointment is the consequence, and a fit of thinking aloud, in no measured strains, succeeds: but as in such cases the purchaser and the book cannot be separated without a galling loss, the deception is growled into the necessity of the case; and as the volume may be imposing in its appearance equally with its title-page, it finds, as every other thing ultimately will do, its own level; being ranged upon the shelf in due rank with many of its fellows, who are all as useless as the growling which severally preceded their embattlement thereon. Think before you purchase; because, if you do not, the presumption is, you will wish you had thought twice ere you had purchased once.

The Puritans of our own country, who received this nickname with no friendly intent from those who coined it, (though the name and the men well accorded, although their enemies thought not so,) frequently launched their works under names the most quaint of any other class of men with whom I am acquainted; but their title-pages, instead of being a puff, were in general a fair index of the book to which each was pre-

fixed. This circumstance indeed is so well known, that moderns have aped several of the old puritan titles. I say have aped them; for where they have not made a correct copy, they have patched up an imitation title, which is just as correct a resemblance as an ape is to a man; and, what is worse, the works themselves which are puffed off by these apish titles, are little, if any thing, nearer to their originals than a wolf is to a human being. Howe's "Living Temple," has been aped by "The True Plan of a Living Temple," recently published, the wolfish tact of which, although fawning like a spaniel, alarms instead of conciliating and guarding the true flock of Jesus Christ. The misfortune to the public from such works as these is, they are often purchased before they are known, and, to the loss of the purchase money, is added a considerable loss of time, in the discovery that the work is feigned, and absolutely good for nothing to the true Christian; yea, dangerous, even to be continued in his library, because he knows not into whose hands it may fall.

There is, however, a book, whose title is greater than any which we have placed either in the approved or in the condemned lists, and this title, great as it is, is a true title; and although, in its turn, it has been again and again condemned by high and mighty men, has always risen up, and re-occupied its pristine station. Yea, even to this day, the Bible—the book—lives supreme to every other. God, the author of this book, lives; and the immutability of His essence and attributes insure life, immutable life, to His living word. It was well done by man to designate this volume by the dignified and significant title of, *The Holy Bible—The Book—The Book of Holiness*: for God himself calls to men therein, "Be ye therefore holy, for I am holy." To the contents of this volume every man ought to take heed, yea, at all times; for it is there, and there alone, where every good and every perfect gift is treasured up, in order to be dug out, severally, by each individual of the great human family. And as this book is the standard of truth, every volume produced by a member of the human family ought to be brought to this standard—because, the Author of this book is the great Father of this vast family, and this is the standard with which He compares, and by which He will finally judge, and acquit or condemn, all His sons.

Error is innate in man; because man is, even by nature, depraved; being from generation to generation in a fallen state, from Adam to the present race of men. It is

therefore a treasure of inestimable value to man, to be in possession of an immutable standard of truth; which in every age, and in every age alike, is an universal criterion, to which he can bring, and by which he can judge, every work of man, whether it treats of time or of eternity. And as error is innate, and follows man up to the very close of time; so error may, and, alas, does, incorporate itself with the disembodied spirits of some mortals, and adheres thereto, even in an eternal state. If this be true, and it certainly is, the value of this standard of truth, and the importance of early and complete conformity thereto, presses upon man, during his hasty flight through time, with a force to which no comparison can possibly do justice; to attempt it, therefore, is vanity.

As this is a point of great importance, it cannot be inappropriate to illustrate it here. Of man in time the Lord pronounces by His prophet, "He feedeth on ashes, a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?" What does He say of such a man, or men, when disembodied habitants of eternity? "He which is filthy, let him be filthy still; for without 'the city of God, are whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.'" We have also an interesting scene, revealed by our Lord Jesus Christ, during His sojournment with men, wherein several individuals appear in their proper character; and a conversation takes place between the two principal personages, which is highly interesting to the whole human family. The persons are the rich man, Lazarus, and Abraham; the scene embraces heaven and hell; and the speakers are the rich man and Abraham. No doubt, this scene has truth for its basis, as well as every other scene in the oracles of God; and therefore it may be fairly referred to, as forming a precedent of the mode of disembodied spirits, amidst the vast eternity to which we are all hastening.

This relation is contained in the 16th chapter of St. Luke. There we find several capital errors held by the rich man, with a pertinacity similar to that which characterizes an incarnate being.

He retained the idea that water would operate upon the flames of hell, and cool his tongue; and, therefore, requested it might be afforded him, because, as he expresses himself, "I am tormented in this flame." His conceptions were, that spirits could pass with ease from heaven to hell, and *vice versa*; whereas, according to Abraham and the prophets, "between these there is a great gulf fixed: so that

those who would pass cannot." In heaven, the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary are at rest. These shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie." The torments of the damned are fixed, as well as the bliss of the saved; and the lost cannot disturb the bliss of the saved, neither can the saved alleviate the miseries of the lost. None but God can raise the dead, for the issues of life and death are in his hands; yet the rich man required of Abraham, that he should send Lazarus from the dead, in order to warn his five brethren then alive, "lest they also should come into this place of torment." Abraham's reply was, "They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them." Nay, father Abraham, he adds; but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent." Here again he was in error; for repentance is the gift of God, which man receives; and by the power of divine grace he believes, to the salvation of his soul. Moses and the prophets are instruments in the hands of God, fitting and meet to become the means of conveying this blessing to the souls of sinners—their works contain the word of God, sent to man to work this selfsame thing. Abraham, therefore, contends for the truth, when he says, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." No, the will of man must accept the offered power, and use it, in the spirit, in order, by the Spirit, to receive and effect his individual salvation; and the spectre of a man coming from the dead could effect no more, as to the salvation of a soul, than the presence and exhortation of a living man. A spectre might induce fear, but fear on beholding a spectre, is not conversion to God.

The rich man had not habituated himself, during his state of incarnation and probation, to compare himself with, and become conformed to, the standard of truth—the Bible. He was, therefore, fraught with errors; and error having thus completely incorporated itself with his very soul, when his soul passed through death into eternity, error passed therewith; and the soul became the abode of every filthy thing for ever. Abraham was the friend of God, and the father of the faithful, during his incarnation and probation. Thus pursuing a course diametrically opposite to the rich man, his soul was launched into eternity fraught with truth; and his soul became the abode of truth and holiness for ever. God was not in all the thoughts of the rich man; he does not, therefore, once allude to

God, even in the extremity of his anguish; which would, if any thing could, have extorted a supplication from him, to that God whom he had so greatly offended by his voluptuous life.

It has been remarked, and the remark is often quoted, "the ruling passion of life is strong in death." Can this be wondered at, taking the preceding premises into the account? Why should not the ruling passion of life become the strongest in death? There is every reason, I conceive, in the nature and fitness of things, that this should be the case. Death gives entity to the individual who enters his chambers, in the destructions which there await the personifications of life.—The mask of life drops off in the act of death, and the real visage coming out from behind the assumed one, the man appears in proper person. Why should not this be the case in the act of dying, seeing it must be the case the moment after death? In dying a man becomes himself, and after death he is himself.

The rich man in life, being habituated to contemplate Lazarus as a mendicant completely under command, never once says, "By your leave" to him; but having ever contemplated Abraham as a great personage and the father of Israel, he addresses him with respect, and even prays to him; and as God never occupied his thoughts on earth, so in hell God is completely excluded from them: for instead of crying unto God for mercy, he directs his prayer to Abraham, saying, "Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus;" concluding from appearances, that the command of Lazarus was now transferred to Abraham, and that his command was law.

What shall we say, then? What we said at the beginning, "Take heed how you hear—Take heed how you read." Unless you do this, how can you escape error, pollution, and destruction? Alas, the destructions occasioned by error are eternal: woe to the man, who wallows therein—he sinks to rise no more for ever. The consolations of truth are eternal, also ennobling the soul in which they dwell. The God of truth will be the portion of these—they shall dwell with Him in light for ever.

#### *To the Editor.*

SIR,—I have, throughout the progression of this year, treated on the subject of Reading, in your valuable columns, dwelling principally upon the negative, yet not without several inferences, as to the opposite side of this important subject, and as these papers have called the attention of your readers thereto in every number of the

Imperial Magazine throughout the year, perhaps you will think with me that the time has arrived when we ought to come to a close. The brighter and more glorious side of this important occupation of human learning and time may, however, be resumed at some future period; when it will become a duty, after having warned the mariners on the ocean of life against the rocks and quicksands which might wreck their hopes for ever, to point out the course, and describe the landmarks, to that glorious haven of rest which opens wide its capacious channel to receive all who languish for it.

In the mean time, I have prepared for your January and following numbers a few Essays on Creation: and on the 20th January, if Divine Providence spares me to that day, I purpose handing you an article headed, Europe in the Winter of 1830-1, as a continuation of the autumnal exposé inserted in your number for November.

Missionary communications having become popular, from the information and instruction which they convey, in unison with the act of teaching those whose faith and practice are opposed to Christianity, the dissemination of the mode, the progression and the results of these acts of teaching, may be, and indeed are useful to those who, while they long for the prosperity of Zion, cannot actively engage in the work, but rejoice in its progress, and, called forth by reading the labours of others, aid them by their prayers. With this feeling, I purpose sending you, from time to time, in a condensed form, whatever interesting matter comes beneath my notice in that department, accompanied with such observations as occur at the time; and remain, with great respect, your servant in Jesus Christ,

W. COLDWELL.

King-square, Nov. 6, 1830.

#### NOTES ON SIR HUMPHREY DAVY'S TENTH LECTURE, DELIVERED IN DUBLIN, NOV. 24, 1810.

THE lecturer began by proving, that oxy-muriatic acid, instead of being a compound of oxygen and muriatic acid, is a SIMPLE body: its gas is not decomposable, and consequently all that branch of Lavoisier's system of oxygen which relates to its combinations with sea-salt or ammonia, is false; for it contains no oxygen. The experiments to prove this were too complicated for description, as the vessels should be seen to be understood, but the fumes would be very offensive.

Copper, tin, lead, and antimony burn in the hyper-oxy-muriatic gas, and so does a

taper, but faintly; this is from the hyper-oxidation.

If oxymuriatic gas contained oxygen, it should with hydrogen recombine water, which by experiment it does not; the lecturer mixed one part of hydrogen and two parts of oxymuriate.

Tin heated in oxymuriatic gas, preserved carefully from the oxygen of the air or the hydrogen of moisture, does not burn.

Oxymuriatic gas deprived of hydrogen, by putting it into an exhausted receiver, and charcoal set on fire in it by the Voltaic conductor; does not burn more than the Voltaic fire is exhibited, for the colour of the charcoal is unchanged; the charcoal was previously heated to dryness, as a little moisture remaining will spoil the demonstration of the experiment. In like manner the other matters, said to burn in it by Lavoisier, will, on excluding common air and water by the most diligent accuracy, be found unburnt. Hence, there is no oxygen in it, and whenever combustion takes place, it is from the oxygen or hydrogen of air or water by the inaccuracy of the experiment, as the lecturer proved by the most patient and accurate examinations.

Oxymuriatic acid-gas with the gas of ammonia produced no humidity.

Hydrogen and oxymuriatic acid gas evolves spirits of salts, or muriatic acid gas.

Water and muriatic acid gas make muriatic acid. Oxymuriatic gas is highly negative; it is not decomposable in the Voltaic electricity.

When sulphur and phosphorus are burned in the Voltaic fire, they form a new compound, which is decomposed by water into sulphuric acid and phosphoric acid.

When common salt is decomposed, the gas is positive, contrary to the oxymuriatic gas, which is negative; the former is acid, the latter cannot be so, as it is in a contrary state.

When sulphur is burned in oxymuriatic acid gas, it is decomposed with water. Then the oxygen of the sulphur combines with the water in sulphuric acid; and the hydrogen of the water combines with the sulphur to form muriatic acid gas, which are all products of the water and the sulphur, separated from the pure *undecomposable* oxymuriatic acid gas.

Phosphorus burned in oxymuriatic acid gas is not acid till water separates it. The most refractory substances may arise from a combination of two things which have a strong attraction for each other.

Oxymuriate of potash with phosphorus burns under water.

Oxymuriatic acid gas destroys colour in

linen, hence it is used in bleaching, but if any combination of *acid* is allowed to remain in it, the linen is destroyed; it has no oxygen of its own, but it decomposes water, and hence creates an acid that burns and rots the linen.

Oxymuriatic acid gas and muriate of lime is found injurious in bleaching: oxymuriate of lime is not so injurious, and oximuriate of soda nearly safe. Oxymuriate of potash is expensive. The lecturer thinks that a combination of oxymuriatic acid gas and magnesia is the cheapest material, and most free from corrosion, for the purpose of bleaching.

Potash, soda, and magnesia may be employed with the oxymuriate gas for bleaching.

The lecturer having proved this gas undecomposable, calls it chlorine, from its green colour; its former name, being erroneous, implying the presence of acid and oxygen, should be disused. Oxymuriatic acid gas of potash is chlorine and potassium, and with soda is chlorine and sodium, and so on with lime, sulphur, and earths.

Perhaps sodium and potassium may be found to contain an acid; at present they have not been decomposed.

#### SAILING ON THE NILE.

To those who, for the sake of the beauties of nature and the wonders of art, could abandon for a short period their English comforts and luxuries, the life upon the Nile, though monotonous, would, from its strange novelty, be by no means undelightful. An ardent sun, a majestic river, dusky forms, are seen. The eye no longer falls upon European elegance, the ear is no more greeted by European sounds. The heat, too intense for exertion either of body or mind, admits only of a luxurious, do-nothing sort of existence, and it is pleasant to lie upon the couch, and allow the thoughts to assume a romantic tropical colouring, unlike (oh! how unlike) our European coldness and frigidity, where the useful and the expedient are always preferred to the grand and the noble!

In the morning, it is delightful to rise with the sun, and, ere he has attained any height in the heavens, to walk by the banks of the majestic Nile, so famed in history both sacred and profane, in poetry, and in romance. An agreeable breeze springing up generally attempts the atmosphere, braces the frame, and enlivens the spirits. Then, when the sultry sun drives most living objects to seek the friendly shade, it is pleasant, at noon, to glide along in the

cangia (boat,) and, lazily reclining on the couch, to watch the objects that apparently move before the eyes. There is now a low and level sand-bank, and a herd of cattle have come down to quench their ardent thirst; then, a bold promontory, or steep head-land, clothed with the purple haziness of heat and distance, closes the scene, and we are apparently sailing on the smooth bosom of a peaceful and glassy lake.

Farther on, a fine reach of the river opens upon us, and a fresh breeze, taking the crew by surprise, runs the vessel aground, and "Hamesha ma — Hallela-yah!" in drowsy chorus, is chanted as it is pushed off again. Then will the waves often ruffle and fume, verily, as if old Father Nile were indulging in a little fit of anger; but his ire is short-lived, and we again glide on, as if this choleric gentleman were the most bedign and placid of river deities; such as we have seen him at the Vatican, where in marble majesty he lies, mighty, grand, and composed, despite the myriad of little sprites that play around him. Whilst this calm and dignified serenity continues, his waves assume a glassy smoothness, in which every object is distinctly reflected, and where the river goddesses might arrange their toilet by the aid of this superb natural mirror. Now we come upon the clumsy buffalo, lolling and awkwardly disporting in the water, as if more at home than on land, with head uplifted, and expanded nostril, quaffing the ambient air. On a sandy islet, half a dozen storks may be seen in a composed attitude, standing upon one leg, contemplating themselves in the river,—then stalk, stalk, stalking on, till, alarmed by the nearer approach of the cangia, they heavily rise in the air, and vanish to a place of greater security.

A sullen plash proclaims that a creeping crocodile, winding his unwieldy, lizard-like form along, has also deserted the sunny bank where he was basking, and, plunging into the stream, he hides himself from the curious ken of the voyager. Then, upon the surface of the water, in the distance, appears a black spot—what is it? What can it be? It approaches—it elongates: tis a man! A hardy native, who, unmindful of crocodiles and river serpents, himself scarcely less amphibious, is fearlessly swimming across the Nile. A solemn stillness reigns around during the sultry noontide heat, and the sounds that alone disturb the sleepy monotony are the drowsy creak of water-mills, the ceaseless cry of the peewit, the wild shriek of the water-fowl, and the lazy flapping of the sail, when the breeze has entirely died away. But, when least expected, a sudden gust, a violent

eddy of wind, comes down from the mountain, flings the vessel on its side—threatens to overturn it—the sleepy crew are aroused—all are on the *qui vive*—consternation reigns on board—every thing is upset—the interior economy of the cabin is totally deranged. The gale, however, proves as transient as unlooked-for; the cangia is righted, and all again resign themselves to sleep, or to the reveries and musings of the Nile.—*Mrs. Elwood's Travels*.

#### VARIOUS ARTICLES PRESERVED IN HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII.

BOTH at Herculaneum and Pompeii, temples have been found with inscriptions commemorating their having been rebuilt after they were thrown down by an earthquake. This earthquake happened in the reign of Nero, sixteen years before the inhumation of the cities. In Pompeii, one-fourth of which is now laid open to the day, both the public and private buildings bear testimony to the catastrophe. The walls are rent, and in many places traversed by fissures still open. Columns are lying on the ground only half hewn from huge blocks of travertin, and the temple for which they were designed is seen half repaired. In some few places the pavement had sunk in, but in general it was undisturbed, consisting of great flags of lava, in which two immense ruts have been worn by the constant passage of carriages through the narrow street. When the hardness of the stone is considered, the continuity of these ruts from one end of the town to the other is not a little remarkable, for it is stated that there is nothing of the kind in the oldest pavements of modern cities.

A very small number of skeletons have been discovered in either city; and it is presumed, that the great mass of inhabitants not only found time to escape, but also to carry with them the principal part of their valuable effects. In the barracks at Pompeii were the skeletons of two soldiers chained to the stocks, and in the vaults of a country house in the suburbs, were the skeletons of seventeen persons, who appear to have fled there to escape from the shower of ashes. They were found enclosed in an indurated tuff, and in this matrix was preserved a perfect cast of a woman, perhaps the mistress of the house, with an infant in her arms. Although her form was imprinted on the rock, nothing but the bones remained. To these a chain of gold was suspended, and rings with jewels were on the fingers of the skeleton.

Against the sides of the same vault was ranged a long line of earthen amphore. The writings scribbled by the soldiers on the walls of their barracks, and the names of the owners of each house written over the doors, are still perfectly legible. The colours of fresco paintings on the stuccoed walls in the interior of buildings are almost as vivid as if they were just finished. The wooden beams in the houses at Herculaneum are black on the exterior, but when cleft open they appear to be almost in the state of ordinary wood, and the progress made by the whole mass towards the state of lignite is scarcely appreciable.

Some animal and vegetable substances of more perishable kinds have of course suffered much change and decay, yet the state of conservation of these is truly remarkable. Fishing-nets are very abundant in both cities, often quite entire; and their number at Pompeii is more interesting from the sea being now a mile distant. Linen has been found at Herculaneum, with the texture well defined; and in a fruiterer's shop in that city were discovered vessels full of almonds, chesnuts, walnuts, and fruit of the "carubiere," all distinctly recognizable from their shape. A loaf, also, still retaining its form, was found in a baker's shop, with his name stamped upon it thus: "Eleris Q. Crani Riser."

On the counter of an apothecary was a box of pills converted into a fine earthy substance; and by the side of it a small cylindrical roll, evidently prepared to be cut into pills. By the side of these was a jar containing medicinal herbs. In 1827, moist olives were found in a square glass-case, and "caviare," or roe of a fish, in a state of wonderful preservation. An examination of these curious condiments has been published by Covelli, of Naples, and they are preserved hermetically sealed in the museum there.—*Lyell's Geology*.

#### SPANISH INTOLERANCE AND FOLLY.

IN a circular addressed to the clergy of his diocese, in October last, by his Excellency the illustrious Senor Don Simon Lopez, by the grace of God and the Pope, Archbishop of Valencia, Grand Cross of the Spanish Order of Charles III. one of his Catholic Majesty's Council, &c. &c. &c. we find, after a very goodly number of quotations from the Bible, the following directions:—

1. No person shall print any book, pamphlet, or any paper, without a special license from his Excellency, who will himself consult the "God-fearing Censors."

2. The Censors will read all MSS. submitted to them, word by word, taking special care that there be no occult meaning, as the human mind becomes daily more and more cunning, and there is often in modern writings a diabolical meaning concealed in seemingly innocent words.

3. No person shall read any book printed out of Spain, nor any book printed in Spain during the years 1820, 1, 2, or 3, without a special license.

As it has been observed that in this wicked age people care but little for ex-communications and ecclesiastical censure, we enjoin and direct all in authority, to fine, and enforce payment, one thousand rials, £60—

All who may read or even possess any book, &c. forbidden in the third article.

All who print, or assist in printing, any book or paper without license.

All who possess *handkerchiefs with crosses*, or lines making crosses (cross-barred or chequered) and use them *to wipe their noses*, or for any other *dirty purpose* !!!

The fine is to be rigidly enforced for a first offence; and for those obdurate and wicked men who shall sin a second time, his Excellency knows well how to deal with them.

#### OBSERVATIONS ON WRITING.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,—I have long wished that some one of your numerous correspondents would forward some remarks on the art of writing; but perceiving from your request published in March, that some of them belong to the very numerous class of careless autographers; I will offer a few remarks on the shameful abuse of this, which, next to speech, is the most useful of the human arts, in the hope that from some one, who is better able than myself, it will meet with the censure it deserves.

To fix the sounds of the voice as soon as they are breathed from the lips, and to represent ideas faithfully to the eye as soon as they are formed in the mind, are properties which can be possessed only by a rational and cultivated being: and for this purpose, than the characters furnished by correct principles of writing, none, perhaps, can be more facile: yet how many of the "accomplished" of the present day substitute for these easy, graceful letters; coarse, unsightly characters, which have neither utility, elegance, nor any other recommendation.

A post-master understands, by a few coarse strokes on the corner of a letter, that it is privileged to pass free of postage;

but whether they have any other meaning, or by whom they were placed there, it is useless for him to inquire. A few unsightly marks placed by the side of a wafer are construed into the signature of a magistrate; but whether they represent his name, or any thing else, is known only to himself. Of the epistolary correspondence of those accomplished persons who consider it "vulgar to write well," I affirm, without fear of contradiction, that persons instructed *only* in the principles of writing, which they learned, or should have learned, while at school, if requested to decipher one of their epistles, would find the task as difficult as to translate a similar portion of Greek or Hebrew.

Whence, then, can arise this incongruence in a country cultivating the fine arts more extensively, perhaps, than any other in the known world? I am totally at a loss to account for it in any other way, than as arising from pride, or a love of singularity. It may be, that its votaries will answer, they practise it for despatch, or because they will be understood only by those acquainted with their hand." But to such I would say, for despatch and secrecy, use cryptography; but in your public and official communications, and to those unacquainted with marks, write a plain hand. J. P.  
*Leeds, Sept. 17, 1830.*

### POETRY.

#### IMMORTALITY.

O yes, there is a world above,  
 Where tears shall all be wip'd away,  
 The pure ethereal clime of love,  
 The region of eternal day;  
 There shall the good their rest obtain,  
 And bid adieu to sin and pain.

Shall I, whose harp so often here  
 Has been neglected and unstrung,  
 While oft would drop the silent tear,  
 As on the willow-trees it hung;  
 Shall I midst glory's radiant blaze  
 Salvation's rapt'rous peans raise.

While in a hostile world I move,  
 Where foes assail my weakest part;  
 How shall I guard the fire of love,  
 How keep the issues of the heart;  
 Saviour, on thee for help I call,  
 Thy hand must hold me or I fall.

O thou whose mercy doth transcend,  
 What finite minds can e'er conceive;  
 My God, my author, and my end:  
 Guide me through life, in death receive,  
 My fears in the dark valley still,  
 And bring me to thy holy hill.

*Carlisle New Hall, near Leeds.* J. W.

#### THE TRODDEN SNAIL,

Alas! the fatal step is past,  
 Poor reptile, thou hast crawl'd thy last;  
 Sudden hast reach'd life's farthest shore,  
 Thy slimy tracks now are o'er.

144.—VOL. XII.

On some soft dewy Mata's eve,  
 Say with what pleasure didst thou leave  
 Thy marble house, wrought to thy will,  
 Which shew'd the architect's rare skill;  
 And travel down the thymy lane,  
 The milky lettuce to obtain.  
 Or mounted on a kidney-bean,  
 Survey well-pleased the ample scene;  
 Or, more intent on wondrous tale,  
 Nobly the alpine cabbage scale.

And in the moon's soft silver beam,  
 Indulge the philosophic theme;  
 And theories spin grave and profound,  
 On this vast garden world around.

The happy loves which once were thine,  
 The poet's fancy can't divine.  
 Didst thou in some green arbour lay,  
 Impervious to Sol's flaming ray,  
 Woo thy soft dame with speckled face,  
 United in a cool embrace;  
 While silvery sheets of slims were spread,  
 To grace thy aromatic bed?

The strawberry in leafy bower,  
 The purple plum and od'rous flower,  
 Have yielded each a balmy sweet,  
 To make thy festive routs complete.

O let not pride thy life disdain,  
 Who tells its pleasures or its pain;  
 The sunny joys or darkling strife,  
 That mingled in thy summer life;  
 We knew not thy perceptive powers,  
 Moments might swell to lengthen'd hours,  
 An hour with thee might seem a year,  
 And days a chequer'd age appear.

Though man may boast superior powers,  
 On the strange future darkness lowers;  
 What on the morrow there shall be,  
 Alike unknown to him and thee.  
 To thee what'er was known before,  
 A casual step—and all is o'er.  
 And what is man's more splendid tale,  
 The travels of a swifter snail,  
 On whom the foot of Time will tread,  
 And sink him to his dusty bed.

*Carlisle New Hall, near Leeds.* J. W.  
*Sept. 22, 1830.*

#### THE ABSENT SIRE.

Oh why is my FATHER so long away?  
 And where is he gone, and why does he stay?  
 Has he gone to the fields to seek flowers of spring,  
 And will he return, and a nosegay bring?  
 Or some rosy ripe fruit from the garden, and then  
 Stay at home with us here, nor leave us again?  
 'Oh no, oh no, my boy.'

Does he know that your heart is breaking with  
 wo,  
 And that I and my sisters are weeping so?  
 How cross and unkind our friends have grown  
 To you and to me, since he left us alone?  
 Or how oft we ask bread, and you've none to give;  
 Does he know all this, MOTHER, and yet from us  
 live?

'Oh no, oh no, my boy.'

And won't he come back and love me again,  
 And kiss me, and call me his own, when in pain?  
 Won't he pray by my side, as he used to do,  
 And teach me to sing, my dear MOTHER, with you,  
 And tell me of heaven, of God, and his Son,  
 Of how he has lov'd us, and what he has done?  
 'Oh no, oh no, my boy.'

He will never come back, my dear child, and we  
 Shall no more in this land your dear father see;  
 He knows not our terror, he feels not our wo,  
 He is living with those who but happiness know.  
 The heav'n he spoke of, and told you the way,  
 While kneeling before him, he taught you to pray;  
 He's there, he's there, my boy.

Brigg.

YOUNG.

## THE FIRST RESURRECTION.

MINION of pomp, thou parasite of fame,  
 Thy honours are a curse, thy glory shame.  
 Why spurn from thee, that trepid wither'd form,  
 Thy name, perchance, has nobler birth to claim :  
 Yet art thou dust, to saturate a worm ;  
 His robes are not of purple, nor the breath  
 Of flattery deigns a tribute for his name.  
 But know, vain man, the messenger of death  
 Will mock thy greatness, and the trumpet blast  
 Which wakes the just to bliss, will leave the clod  
 Unbroken on thee, till that moment's past,  
 That sees him far from thence, and near to God.  
 Sudbury. J. W.

ON VISITING THE ABBEY OF ST. ALBAN'S  
(AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF DIVINE  
SERVICK.)

Hush ! 'tis the hour of prayer—the bell hath ceased,  
 And rocked in silence is the lengthened chime.  
 In solemn reverence see the white-robed priest  
 Bending in supplication—deep—sublime.  
 Awhile he prays—then turns the sacred page.  
 What time the organ peals its lofty swells,  
 Fit soother of the mind, ere it engage  
 In anthems of thanksgiving praise—or tells  
 In humblest guise, and still and trembling awe,  
 Of broken vows and violated law.  
 Pleading for mercy through the blood of Him,  
 By whom we triumph over Adam's loss—  
 'Tis come ! nor vainly did the tear drop dim  
 The eye upraised in faith and gazing on the Cross !

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

REVIEW.—*The Whole Book of Psalms.*

*The Text carefully printed from the most correct Copies of the present Authorized Translation, including all the Marginal Readings and Parallel Texts, with a Commentary and Notes, &c. By Adam Clarke, LL.D., F.A.S., &c., &c., &c. 4to. T. S. Clarke, London, 1830.*

THE Psalms of David, as they are generally denominated, have always been considered a most valuable portion of the sacred writings, by every friend of revelation, in all ages of the church. So far as their authenticity and intrinsic excellence are concerned, both Jews and Christians have united in their testimonies of approbation, notwithstanding the hostility of their opinions respecting the interpretation and application of particular passages. The ground of this concurrence respecting the importance of the book of Psalms, Dr. Clarke has happily concentrated in the following paragraph.

"It seems to belong to no one time, nation, people, or dispensation. It contains matter descriptive of all dispensations, and is applicable to all persons in each. It contains the sum of the law, the sum of the prophets ; and, what is more strange, the sum of the evangelists, and of the apostles. Not only the highest duties and purest obedience prescribed by the law, are seen here, exhibited in their perfection ; but the whole system of gospel privileges, supported by their exceeding great and precious promises, are also in this book most strikingly prominent. There is not a state of grace, or religious experience, described by St. Paul ; not a state of communion with God, spoken

of by St. John ; that do not find their parallels here : and the man who has the experimental religion described, maintained, and recommended in the Psalms, has that which is enjoined by Christ and his apostles in the New Testament."

Nor is this the mere testimony of a solitary individual. The same sentiments, though in different words, have been expressed by Bishop Horne, and various others. All concur in opinion, as to their utility and importance ; and the numerous commentaries that have been written exclusively on the Psalms, most decidedly evince, that, in the estimation of the writers they contain every thing necessary for life and godliness, as more explicitly revealed under the Christian dispensation.

Consonant with these views, Dr. Clarke thus states his reasons for sending this detached volume into the world.

"I have, because of its great utility, made this book, a volume by itself ; for, although it makes a part of my general comment on the Holy Scriptures, yet it is complete in itself, not being dependent in any respect on any of the preceding or subsequent parts ; and it is sold alone, and on the most reasonable terms, for the benefit of those who are not able to possess themselves of the whole Commentary ; and this object I had in view from the commencement of my laborious undertaking."  
 —Preface.

What Dr. Clarke had thus contemplated, he has now accomplished ; and presented to the public in a handsome quarto volume neatly bound in cloth, the whole book of Psalms, with a commentary and notes, critical, theological, and practical ; and at the end of each psalm a copious analysis of its whole contents.

On a commentary which has been ten years before the public, and has already passed the ordeal of criticism, it would be useless to make any extended remarks. As a whole, its variety is great, its independence is unrivalled, and perhaps it imbibes more original matter than has appeared in any similar work since the days of Calmet. That it should contain some peculiarities of sentiment and of interpretation, is an almost necessary consequence of that freedom from control which every where accompanies the author's pen. But for these peculiarities, at which bigotry, dogmatism, and mechanical orthodoxy could alone take offence, the light, which learning, philosophy, and piety, have diffused throughout its pages, have more than made a tenfold compensation.

The following analysis of the first psalm is a fair specimen of all that succeeds ; and with it, from a full persuasion that it must make a favourable impression on the reader's mind, we take our leave for the present of the learned author, and his valuable Commentary.—



"The *το κρινόμενον* in this Psalm is, 'Who is the happy man? or, what may make a man happy?'"

This question the prophet resolves in the two first verses:—1. Negatively. It is he, 1. 'That walks not in the counsel of the ungodly.' 2. 'That stands not in the way of sinners.' 3. 'That sits not in the seat of the scornful.' 2. Positively. It is he, 1. 'Whose delight is in the law of the Lord.' 2. 'Who doth meditate in the law day and night.'

2. This happiness of the good man is illustrated two ways: 1. By a similitude. 2. By comparing him with a wicked man.

1. The similitude he makes choice of is that of a tree; not every tree neither, but that which hath these eminences: 1. It is 'planted': it grows not of itself, neither is wild. 2. 'Planted by the rivers of waters': it wants not moisture to fructify. 3. It doth fructify. 'It brings forth fruit': it is no barren tree. 4. The fruit it brings is seasonable; 'It brings forth fruit in its season.' 5. 'It is always green, winter and summer; 'the leaves wither not.' Clearly, without any trope, whatsoever this good man doth, or takes in hand, it shall prosper.'

2. He shows this good man's happiness by comparing him with a wicked man, in whom you shall find all contrary.

First, in general. 'Not so.' As for the ungodly, it is not so with them: not so in the plantation; in the place; in the seasonable fruit; in the greenness; in the prosperity. So far from being like a tree, that they are like, 1. 'Chaff,' a light and empty thing. 2. 'Chaff, which the wind whiffles up and down. 3. 'Chaff which the wind scatters, or 'driveth away.' 4. And never leaves scattering, till it has driven it from the face of the earth. So *Vulgate, Septuagint, and Arabic.*

Secondly, And that no man may think that their punishment shall extend only to this life; in plain terms he threatens to them,—1. Damnation at the great day. 'They shall not stand in judgment; though some refer this clause to this life. When he is judged by men, *causa cadet*; he shall be condemned. 2. Exclusion from the company of the just. 'Sinners shall not stand in the congregation of the righteous.'

3. In the close, he shews the cause why the godly is happy, the wicked unhappy.—1. Because 'the way of the righteous is known to God'; approved by Him, and defended. 2. But the way, studies, plots, 'counsels of the wicked, shall perish.'

REVIEW.—*A Defence of the Surinam Negro-English Version of the New Testament, &c. &c. By William Greenfield, p. 76. Bagster. London. 1830.*

LOCAL controversy is rarely interesting, except to the parties concerned, and even to these, after a given time, it becomes dull and cloudy, the spirit having evaporated in the campaigns held on the "foughten field." Some subjects are, however, so momentous in their own nature, and so extensive in their application, that no one can look with indifference on the incidents which they involve, or on the issues to which they lead. Of this latter description, is the important question, stated, examined, and defended in the pamphlet before us.

It would appear that the vast province of Surinam contains about 200,000 inhabitants, the greater part of whom speak a language peculiar to themselves. This language is a compound of English, Dutch, Portuguese, French, and Negro, and is the

only tongue in which they can converse, or which they understand. Among these inhabitants, the Moravians have had a mission ever since the year 1738. During the continuance of this mission, several portions of the New Testament were translated into the above language, and published among the inhabitants. The whole of the New Testament having been completed in manuscript, an application was made to the British and Foreign Bible Society to print an edition, for circulation throughout this populous district. With this request the above society readily complied, and a thousand copies in the Negro-English language was forwarded to Surinam, during the last year.

A copy of this version having fallen into the hands of a writer for the Edinburgh "Christian Instructor," it has been examined with rigour, and treated with much severity in that periodical. The critic contends, that the language is nothing but a barbarous jargon of broken English; that an attempt to translate the word of God into it, is better calculated to make the sacred records appear contemptible, than to impart instruction to those who read it; and that it is to "put upon the poor Negroes an additional mockery, another badge of humiliation, and a stronger fetter to bind them down to their unhappy fate."

Against the charges and inferences of the anonymous critic, Mr. William Greenfield enters his protest in the pamphlet before us, which he has justly entitled "*A Defence of the Surinam Negro-English Version of the New Testament.*" For this task, Mr. Greenfield has proved himself every way competent. Of the people and territory, he has traced the history, and deduced from their various sources the different branches of language, which, in their aggregate compound, constitute what is now almost exclusively understood and spoken in Surinam.

Of the language itself, he has furnished an extended analysis, and given even demonstrative proof, that, unless the New Testament had been thus translated, the inhabitants must have inevitably remained destitute of this sacred treasure. He allows that many expressions, if placed before a mere English reader with his present ideas, would appear in a ridiculous light; but that among those, for whose use the version was intended, even the supposition is too contemptible for serious notice. The Bible has been translated into Irish, Manks, and Gaelic, without sustaining any degradation, and from appearing in the Negro-English language of Surinam, Mr. Greenfield con-

tends, that it has nothing to fear. At every point of attack he meets his anonymous opponent with fearless intrepidity; and having a good cause, which he well knows how to defend, and for which his talents and learning have a peculiar adaptation, his pages are every where crowded with triumphant arguments.

The translation appears to have undergone every revision within the reach of human ability; and by the Rev. Hans Wied, of whose competence to judge no one acquainted with his ability will doubt, it has been pronounced to be as perfect as possible.

But even on a supposition that it had been as childish and ridiculous as it has been erroneously represented, the claims of the Negroes and others in Surinam, Mr. Greenfield thinks amply sufficient to remove the objection. On the funds of the Bible Society, he presumes it had an imperative demand, and in printing the edition, the managing committee have only acted in perfect conformity to the wants of the people, and the principles of the institution. The subject is of importance to the religious community; and the well-timed appearance of this ably written pamphlet, will teach opponents to the translations of scriptures, that it is dangerous to meddle with things they do not fully understand.

REVIEW.—*The Omnipotence of the Deity. A Poem. By the Rev. John Young, Author of Scripture Balances, Scripture Lyre, &c. 8vo. pp. 218. Houlston & Son. London.*

THE Omnipotence of the Deity is a sublime and an awful subject, as much surpassing human thought and comprehension, as God transcends mortals in his essence, mode of existence, and operations of wisdom. The utmost we can hope to attain are a few glimpses of its emanations and displays of energy, in the worlds of matter and spirit, in which infinite power discovers itself to the human mind. But it is highly probable, that these developments bear little or no proportion to the vast infinitude of energy which God has unfolded in the regions of immensity, through the progress of eternal duration.

In the world, however, which we inhabit, science discovers to philosophic researches, and, above all, revelation unveils to the eye of faith, a sufficiency to excite our wonder and adoration. To these subjects we may turn our attention with much advantage, and if inquiry falls short of reality, the deficiency may be ascribed to the limited

nature of our faculties, that on all sides are encircled with boundaries and barriers which no effort of genius, no brilliancy of talent, can ever enable them to pass.

In the poem before us, the author contemplates the Omnipotence of Jehovah in creation, in providence, and in grace, each of which he pursues with irrepressible ardour, through its various ramifications. Both nature and revelation furnish topics for discussion, but in all cases of questionable import, the former is always made subservient to the latter. In a subordinate sense, this poem may be denominated philosophical; it is always argumentative; and sound is never preserved at the expense of logical propriety.

From visible phenomena developed in creation, providence, and revelation, the author deduces the existence and perfections of the great and primary Cause of all; and infers his moral attributes from the displays of rectitude, justice, goodness, mercy, and love, evinced in all his operations.

In the following short paragraphs, the reasoning is vigorous; and the poetry, shrinks not from investigation.

"O thou, man of wisdom, thoughtless scorner, go,  
And learn how forests from their acorns grow.  
See cornfields rising from the perished grain,  
And new-born spring succeeding winter's reign.  
Explain why ocean ceaseless ebbs and flows,  
And wool, not hair, on fleecy lambskins grows,  
Say nature bids the sapling oak appear,  
That nature crowns with luscious crops the year;  
Or boast that nature bids the rising spring,  
From winter's leafless death-like season spring.  
That nature is the grand primeval soul,  
Which made, preserves, and manages the whole.  
" And what is nature?—'tis effect or cause,  
It acts by mandates, or it issues laws.  
If cause it be, that cause a God we own;  
And if effect, it acts by God alone:  
In either case Omnipotence is seen  
In all that is, that will be, or has been."

p. 68.

In the work of redemption, the Saviour's incarnation, and his miraculous power, are thus delineated.

"Announcing angels sang the Saviour's birth;  
Ten thousand legions tracked him down to earth,  
Hovered unseen around his manger bed,  
Or cradled in their arms his sacred head.  
" Gaze on the God in flesh enshrined, see where  
His acts of mercy, power divine declare.  
He spake, and, lo! confounded devils see;  
Lepers were cleansed, and sightless eyeballs see.  
The lame leap sportful as the bounding hart,  
And pardoned sinners praising God depart;  
The strife of elements his words restrain,  
And death-bound prisoners start to life again."

p. 75.

Visiting the church-yard, the poet moralizes on the motley characters that moulder beneath the turf. Among these the following apostrophe is paid to Pollock and his "*Course of Time.*"

"There rests a poet, whose immortal strains,  
Lured wandering souls to seek eternal plains.

His eyes no more with phrenzied brightness roll,  
Nor fancy-forms, embodied, haunt his soul.  
Nor mental agony nor burning brow,  
The fire of thought, consume no longer now.  
Time's couch—*the theme his mighty genius sung*  
Has borne him hence, his magic lyre unstrung.  
Though lost to earth, his memory still is dear,  
And lives enshrined in many a spirit here.  
So bright a meed, a host may claim, 'tis true;  
Worthy of hallowed fame, alas, how few !”

p. 63.

The meeting of hostile armies, and its dire effects under the providence of God, are thus described.

“ And, lo, where armies tread the extended plain,  
And drums and cannon drown the din of pain ;  
Where blood-eyed slaughter, takes his gory round,  
And dashes thousands on th’ unsanguined ground.  
Death strides as greedy for the blood of men,  
Nor wishes one should see loved home again.  
Thou reign’st unseen, amidst the bloody fray,  
To shield the warrior in the battle day.”

p. 111.

With the following description of an eruption of mount Etna, we must take our leave of quotation.

“ Etna’s dark mount, which lures the sight awhile,  
And burns unquenched, like nature’s funeral pile :  
Heaves with a sight and sound that fear inspire,  
Groans like creation’s knell, and vomits fire.  
A sea of lava rolls destruction there,  
And rocks are hurled like feathers in the air.  
While shrieking numbers flee the burning sod,  
And, trembling, own an omnipresent God.  
Yet here thy goodness ’midst the awful strife  
Of fire and tempest, and the loss of life,  
Shines forth conspicuous, while thy sovereign will  
Permits the less, to save from greater ill.  
Earthquake’s dread scourge had else been oftener  
known,  
And where a village, kingdoms been overthrown.”

p. 112.

Throughout the whole, the versification is highly respectable, and the sentiments are elevated. It is a poem far above the common-place productions of the day. Piety and argument give dignity to harmony in each of its three cantos; and few readers, we presume, who can be induced to begin the perusal of its pages, will want any other stimulant to urge perseverance to the end, than that which its internal vigour and variety can supply.

Several minor poems are appended to the leading article. These exhibit various degrees of merit; but that which we have already noticed on Omnipotence, having demanded our chief attention, leaves no room for any particular remarks on the others.

In the mere mechanical part, we have discovered several causes of complaint. The pointing is sometimes defective, and not unfrequently so very erroneous, as to injure the sense by misleading the reader. “Thick as the shades that hangs around the tomb,” is a line which Dr. Syntax will not suffer to pass unnoticed; and at the couplet in p. 19, ending with “Almighty Lord,” and “self-existent God,” the genius of rhyme will take offence.

But notwithstanding these mechanical imperfections, The “Omnipotence of the Deity,” is a poem of considerable merit. On the author’s talents it reflects much credit, and is more worthy of an extensive circulation than many which have obtained that honourable distinction.

REVIEW.—An Essay on the Creation of the Universe, and Evidences of the Existence of God. By Charles Doynes Sillery, 12mo. pp. 138. Whittaker, London. 1830.

THIS little volume is dedicated to Dr. Chalmers; and, in its introductory pages, the author is not backward in expatiating on the extent of his own acquirements. It would appear, that, while very young, he ranged through the whole circle of science, and, perhaps, with the exception of diffidence and humility, made himself acquainted with almost every branch of knowledge that is placed within the grasp of the human intellect. Having introduced us into this ample field, the produce of which would be more than sufficient to immortalize an “Admirable Crichton,” he proceeds as follows.

“Chemistry followed, which, possessing many branches, led to the study of mineralogy and conchology. Thence I directed my attention to botany, ornithology, &c. From which I proceeded to geology itself; and lastly, to physics and metaphysics, till I had completed the whole round of natural philosophy. I then began to collect materials for a museum, and wherever I went I was in search of minerals, shells, fossils, flowers, and insects; and I have no hesitation in saying, that I possessed one of the finest collections of native insects and minerals in the country. I was never so happy as when seated at my studies in the centre of my museum, the cases of the seven orders of my own preservation, my native and foreign minerals, multifarious assortment of shells, arrangement of quadrupeds, variety of birds, amphibious animals, fishes, and insects:—my antiquities comprehending armour of every description; ancient busts, marbles, vases and vessels of various kinds from Herculaneum, Pompeii, Nineveh, and other places, gold, silver and brassen coins, together with a vast variety of curiosities, partly collected by myself, and partly presented by my daily visitors, were rapidly increasing around me.”—p. 7.

In concluding this paragraph, the author adds, “that the contemplation filled his mind with the admiration, reverence, and love of the great Almighty Being who created them.”

“It was not less so by the boundless variety of corporeal creatures, animate and inanimate, that are to be found in this our little world. I learnt that botanists had divided all plants into 24 classes, and 121 orders; that they had discovered 3000 genera, 30,000 species, and varieties of the species without number. That there were 230 species of quadrupeds (mammalia) already known to man; 1000 species of birds; amphibious animals, 100; fishes 500; insects, no less than 2000; and worms 800 species. And that there were 1000 species of shells, separated by conchologists into

three divisions. And all this afforded me another demonstrative proof of the unlimited extent of the Creator's skill, and the fecundity of his infinite wisdom and power."—p. 9.

"I now finished an astronomical work of 700 closely written folio pages, in which I described the figure, motions, and dimensions of the earth; the different seasons; the cause of the ebbing and flowing of the sea; the moon's motion and phases; gravity, light, transit of Venus; the eclipses of the sun and moon; the Ptolemaic, Tychoic, and solar system; the parallax of the stars; refractions, occultations, and causes producing planetary motions. I also gave a history of the rise and progress of astronomy, a description of the principal astronomical instruments and machinery which serve to illustrate the above phenomena, and some observations on the ancient zodiac found in Upper Egypt. The work is accompanied with several illustrations of my own delineation, and is still in my possession."—p. 10.

"I now commenced a series of philosophical letters, the principal of which, were, 1st. On Prismatic Light.—2nd. On Coral.—3rd. On Sound.—4th. On the existence of a continent at the South Pole; of this I rest perfectly satisfied, and shall lay my observations and proofs before the public, in a pamphlet or periodical, shortly after this work is published.—5th. Accounting for live toads found in solid masses of rock.—6th. Hints on the Natural History of Insects.—7th. A Perpetual Motion on the principle of the Barometer.—8th. On the utility of keeping Chronometers in vacuo, and a method of making the changes of the atmosphere wind them by the mercury in the Barometer.—9th. A new Pump, capable of raising a ton of water with one stroke of the piston, by the strength of a single individual.—10th. Tests for proving the illuminating power of various lights.—11th. Water Barometer.—12. Suggestion of a Perpetual Motion, by Specific Gravity, &c. &c."—p. 12.

We have no right to question the extent of the author's numerous and vast acquisitions, nor to express any doubts of the accuracy of his statements, but we have much reason to believe that he has attained an elevation to which few rivals will presume to soar. Nor does he describe his exalted situation as altogether enviable, for towards the conclusion of his catalogue of acquisitions he introduces the following seasonable and judicious reflections.

"And what have I learned? What conclusion have I drawn from a retrospect of the whole? That there is no real happiness, no quiet resting-place on earth, that all is but a chequered scene of sin, and vexation, and disappointment, and folly, and to sigh from my soul for 'the wings of a dove to fly away,' far away from this melancholy world, 'and be at rest,' in the bosom of my God."—p. 20.

From this preliminary matter, we now turn to the "Essay on Creation," in which original thinking and romantic theory contend for superiority. On the distances, magnitudes, and velocities of the various bodies composing the solar system, we find nothing new. Looking through his telescope, our views are expanded into a kind of infinity, to which we can set no bounds, while his microscopic observations develop new worlds, teeming with life, in every drop of water, and every grain of sand.

The sun and all its family of attendant worlds, including all the comets belonging to the solar system, and amounting in all to

four hundred and eighty bodies, Mr. Sillery thinks to be inhabited by beings bearing a strong resemblance to ourselves. To all the fixed stars he assigns a population of intelligent creatures, and conceives that creation is still proceeding onward in the immensity of space; and that no bounds can be set to the continued operation of creative energy.

Among other peculiarities, Mr. Sillery thinks, that "every planet in our system was originally a comet, and that every comet will finally become a planet." (p. 67.) To preserve the inhabitants of these erratic bodies in a state of temperature congenial to animal life, he argues, that when the comet approaches the sun, its atmosphere is in a great measure thrown off in the tail, whereas while the comet is in its aphelion the tail is gathered round the nucleus, in order to accommodate its animal and intellectual tribes. In short, he supposes, that the atmosphere of the comets resembles a cloak to a human being; in its perihelion it is seen floating in the tail, and when in its aphelion it is wrapped round the body, to give it additional clothing, and thus to compensate for its great distance from the sun.

The light constantly emanating from the sun, Mr. Sillery presumes would in time exhaust its source, if no means had been provided for replenishing the constant waste. This replenishing agent he however finds in electricity, and, through its instrumentality, he presumes that the order and harmony of nature, in this department, has been constantly preserved. "This electricity, (leaving the earth from the north pole which points to the sun,) owing to the state of the atmosphere, is often visible, and has been called the aurora borealis."

That the author may not accuse us either of misunderstanding or of misrepresenting his theory, we give his views in his own words. On the subject of creation the following passages will show the manner in which Mr. Sillery applies his theory.

"Caloric, oxygen, nitrogen (or azote), hydrogen, and light may be considered as the chaos of the universe, as the active and universal element of nature. Before our sun, or any sun, planet, comet, satellite, or body in the heavens, was created, I believe that an ethereal medium, like a great mist, pervaded all space; that as in the crystallization of substances on earth, or ossification of fluid in the human body, at the will of the Almighty, centres of attraction were pointed out in the embryo of creation, to which the surrounding particles of matter approximated, forming dark clouds, or nebulae, which in process of time, acquired such a degree of density, as to be capable of being affected by the laws of attraction."—p. 68.

"Such, then, are my opinions regarding the formation of the universe: and if the above phenomena serve to confirm the hypothesis now advanced,

the work of creation may be considered as still going on in the heavens, and the foundations only of innumerable orbs are yet laid on the bosom of space. The Almighty is still at work in the innumerable fields of ether; and every day, every hour, new and countless worlds are springing into existence."—p. 82.

That the theory of Mr. Sillery is not destitute of ingenuity, we readily admit, but we cannot avoid thinking that it rests on a foundation gratuitously assumed. To the sacred writings he professes to pay a profound veneration; but how he can reconcile his hypothesis with the Mosaic account of creation, we are at a loss to discover. He tells us, indeed, that "the scriptures were given us, not for the purpose of instructing us in philosophy, but to teach us what it is our duty to believe, and how we should conduct ourselves on the theatre of the world, to attain the favour of our Maker here, and our felicity hereafter; things infinitely more interesting to us than all other knowledge and wealth in the world."—p. 51.

We must now take our leave of this volume, in which visionary theory is supported with considerable ingenuity. We give the author credit for his talents, and acquit him of any intentions hostile to revelation, but we suspect that it is better calculated to furnish scientific speculation with amusement, than to make converts to its philosophy.

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REVIEW.—*A Help to the Private and Domestic Reading of the Holy Scriptures, &c.* By J. Leifchild, 2d Edition. 12mo. p. 330. Bagster. London. 1831.

If the date which this volume bears, has not already reached us, the author very naturally concludes that it will soon be here, and to seize time by the forelock is always an act of wisdom.

This book, after a short preface, opens with a series of brief essays on the sacred writings, and the manner in which they may be perused with the greatest advantage, by individuals, and in the domestic circle. They contain much useful matter in relation to the great subjects of inspiration, as to their import, order, style, symbols, and other peculiarities.

Leaving these preliminary dissertations, the author enters on the sacred volume, of which he gives a brief analysis. At the commencement of each book, he furnishes a general summary of its contents, states the period of time which it embraces, and the chronological order in which it stands. This order he makes the basis of his arrangement of the books, both of the Old Testament and the New. Thus the book

of Job is introduced between Genesis and Exodus, and several of the prophets give place to one another, according to the time in which they wrote. In the New Testament we find similar transpositions for the same reasons.

These summaries and interchanges having been made, Mr. Leifchild sums up in a few words the principal contents of each chapter, and at the same time refers to other parts of the sacred writings in which these subjects again occur. At the foot of each page, short but luminous notes are subjoined. These, extracted from various authors whose names are given, are critical, elucidative, or historical, as circumstances may require.

Revelation thus epitomized, Mr. Leifchild in the concluding part of his volume furnishes an alphabetical list of names and terms, which occur in the sacred books. Of these he gives the meaning, and an application. This glossary will be found exceedingly serviceable to many, both young and old, especially as the explanations are frequently accompanied with historical and scientific remarks.

From the preceding brief description of this book, its utility and character may be easily inferred. It is not intended to supersede the reading of the holy scriptures, but to excite a desire to become more intimately acquainted with their contents, and to facilitate a perusal of them. It is a book which brings the essential parts of revelation within a narrow compass, retaining a view of their variety, comprehensiveness, doctrines, and precepts, but giving nothing in detail. To every common reader of the Bible it will be found an excellent guide. By consulting it when about to enter on any book or chapter, which may be done in a few minutes, time, place, and subjects will in an instant be laid open to his view. A knowledge of these particulars cannot fail to enhance his pleasure, and to add to his stock of useful information.

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REVIEW.—*Principles of Dissent*, by Thomas Scates, 18mo. pp. 286. Simpkin and Marshall. London. 1830.

AMONGST the various means of improvement in literary composition, abridging some of our modern authors would form an exercise of no inconsiderable importance. We mention modern authors, for notwithstanding the prolixity of plan and method chargeable upon many of our forefathers, particularly such as have written on divinity, authors of the present day are

much more guilty than they were, of verbosity and profuseness of style. This is especially the case with dissenting and other ministers, who are in the habit of preaching either extemporaneously, or with very little previous preparation. Wherever it occurs, it is a mark of a defective education.

We have been led to these remarks by the little neat volume whose title stands at the head of this article. The work has been highly extolled, with one exception, by all those periodicals, whose general sentiments agree with those of the author; and it certainly would be wrong not to admit that its pages contain much less of the acerbity of theological controversy than many of its predecessors on the same subject, and that the writer has manifested considerable tact in wielding against the present English establishment, the weapons which the early protestant divines of the church of England were accustomed to use against their popish opponents. The style, however, is remarkable defective in clearness and force, owing to an unnecessary accumulation of words, and the continual use of those figures which rhetoricians have denominated *Synonymia* and *Exergasia*.

In reverting to the idea with which we set out, let us suppose a person desirous of improving himself in literary composition. The very first sentence, in the first chapter, would afford him perhaps as good an exercise as ingenuity itself could devise. We will copy it verbatim, subjoining such an abridgment as we conceive would constitute no inconsiderable improvement.

"The subject to which this treatise is devoted, and which the following pages will be employed to discuss, is of the highest importance to the interests of religion, and claims a much larger share of attention than it has hitherto received, even from those whom it most deeply affects and concerns, and who, by their profession and relative situation in society, are required, and might naturally be expected to possess, an intimate acquaintance with it."

p. 1.

The same sentiment abridged may be thus expressed.

'The subject which the following pages will be employed to discuss, is of the highest importance to the interests of religion; and claims, even from those whom it most deeply concerns, a much larger share of attention than it has hitherto received.'

In further attempting to justify our remarks respecting the style in which this work is written, we will quote one sentence more.

"Christ is the only monarch of the church; he is exalted to the throne, and reigns alone and supreme in his own kingdom."—p. 69.

Now, what is 'all this more than saying that 'Christ is the supreme ruler in his own kingdom.'

But notwithstanding these minor defects, this is a little volume of much merit. The author seems well acquainted with the ground on which he stands, and knows how to take advantage of his situation. On the great question discussed, many things may be advanced on each side. Establishments have their benefits and deficiencies; and dissenting bodies are not without their disadvantages. Every human institution is imperfect, and always liable to abuse; and on making a comparative estimate between episcopacy and dissent we may almost say,

"Whate'er is best administered, is best."

REVIEW.—"*Forget-Me-Not*," a *Christmas, New Year's, and Birth-day Present*, for 1831. 12mo. pp. 386. Ackermann, London.

SURROUNDED with a group of lovely annuals, all pressing for notice in our pages, and all entitled to the attention which they solicit, we find much difficulty in adjusting their respective claims to honourable regard. Language is soon plundered of its laudatory epithets, the storehouse becomes exhausted, although the demand continues, and most persons know

"That repetition makes attention lame."

We sometimes fancifully wish, that our mother-tongue were so copious as to afford a multiplicity of superlatives that would neutralize each other, especially when these perennials present themselves at our tribunal; were it practicable, we should like to say of several, they are all best, all superior, all unrivalled, all occupying the highest place; and that in this unrivalled rivalry, the "*Forget-Me-Not*" shines with peculiar lustre.

In its graphic embellishments, the early fame of this annual is admirably sustained; both ingenuity and labour have lavished their energies to support its exalted character, and it is pleasing to add, that their efforts have not been made in vain.

"Queen Esther," by Finden, from a drawing, by Martin, is a fine picture, exhibiting both variety and exquisite workmanship to the eye, and at the same time directing the mind to compare its several parts with the scenes delineated in sacred history, to which they owe their birth.

The "*False One*," by Agar, from a painting, by Miss Sharpe, displays no small portion of character. It reminds the reader of Dr. Johnson's remark, that "where there is shame, in time there may be virtue."

"An Italian Scene" by Freebairn, from

a drawing by Barrett, though true to nature, wants variety to captivate with the first blush of its appearance.

The "Cat's Paw," by Graves, from a painting by Landseer, is full of humour and expression. It is one of those pictures in which the design swallows up every other consideration.

"The Painter Puzzled," by Shenton, from a painting by Knight, exhibits all the confusion and indecision which such a subject may be supposed to inspire; but, in our estimation, it does not occupy a foremost rank.

"The Political Cobbler," by Shenton, from a painting by Chisholme, furnishes an interesting assemblage, among whom all labour appears suspended, while they settle the affairs of the nation. In this group, the son of Crispin is a most conspicuous character. The design is appropriate, and the execution is respectable.

"The Japanese Palace," Dresden, by Carter, from a drawing by Prout, is superb and magnificent, both in architectural design and vigour of execution.

"The Disconsolate," by Rolls, from a drawing by Corbould, is beautiful in aspect, and shrinks not from a more rigorous examination.

"Benares," by Carter, from a drawing by Purser, is purely Oriental, at once charming us with its novelty, and interesting us by its effect.

"Lady Jane Beaufort," by Marr, from a painting by Stephanoff, is exceedingly rich in scenery and figure.

"A Noontide Retreat," by Agar, from a painting by Phillips, is pleasing to the eye, but variety would have given it a more powerful character.

"The Boa Ghaut," by Finden, from a painting by Westall, is rendered more interesting by the military circumstances connected with its name and history, than by any thing which the picture exhibits. It is neatly executed.

"Bessy Bell and Mary Gray," by Finden, from a painting by West, is rural, simple, romantic, and pathetic. The spectator feels a sympathy with the ladies, and insensibly joins their company, to gaze upon the forlorn musician and listen to his pipe.

The "Forget-Me-Not," contains some admirable pieces of poetry, and some excellent narratives; but we must pass over the former, to make room for

#### AN ADVENTURE IN ITALY.

(By W. H. Harrison, Esq.)

"It was towards the close of the evening of a beautiful autumnal day, that two travellers were pursuing their journey through a tract of that luxurious and romantic scenery with which Italy

abounds. The younger, having the appearance of being about eight and twenty, was of a tall though compact figure, the expression of whose very handsome features, glowing with health and exercise, was rather heightened than diminished by the tint they had derived from exposure to the sun. His dress and bearing indicated what he really was, an Englishman of rank. The other, his elder by some years, was of about the same stature, though of a squarer and more robust make, with a cast of countenance decidedly liberalian, in which an air of openness and good humour compensated for whatever it might want in comeliness. They stood towards each other in the relation of master and servant.

"The master, whom I shall call Vernon, had sent his carriage on before him, having determined on performing the latter part of his journey on foot; a resolution adopted rather on the impulse of some romantic temperament, than in obedience to the dictates of prudence, since the police of the district, at no period very effective, was, at the time of which I am writing, in so relaxed a state as to encourage rather than repress the outrages of those marauding bands by which Italy has always, in a greater or less degree, been infested.

"Having arrived at the ruin of one of those architectural monuments of its ancient splendour, with which the country is interspersed, Vernon paused to survey the magnificent prospect it commanded. The setting sun was shedding his departing glories upon a noble stream that expanded to the breadth of a lake in the extreme distance, and pursued its devious course through a thickly wooded country, in which, for some miles, it was buried from the traveller's eye, and then flowed within a few hundred yards of his feet. Here and there, among the woodlands, were scattered the castles and palaces of the ancient nobility, and the temples of classic times, lifting their tall summits into the sunshine above the trees, and imparting an air of grandeur to the scene, of which none but those who have gazed upon an Italian landscape can form an adequate conception.

"A fine country this!" exclaimed Vernon, after a long pause, to his attendant, who, as an old servant of the family, was a sort of privileged person.

"Your honour may say that," was the reply; "but to my humble thinking, the sight of an inn, or even an ale-house, would improve it greatly."

"Why, I must confess, Terence," cried his master, "our own prospects would be none the worse for such an addition. I begin to fear we have taken the wrong road."

"A rot your honour calls it!" rejoined Terence. "Faith, and it's doubtful I am if any foot but a brute beast's has been upon the path we're treading for this many a day. It's benighted we'll be, any how."

"Not quite so bad as that," Terence, said his master, "I hope: you appear to be quite out of spirits on the occasion." "That's true, your honour," replied Terence, mournfully, "for sorrow a drop of Innishowen's in the bottle." "Nay, I did not allude to your whiskey flask; I meant that you looked on the dark side of the matter."

"Will your honour see any other side of it by this light?" inquired the man; for the sun had then dropped behind the mountain, and the mists were beginning to come up from the valley.

"But surely," continued Vernon, "some of the buildings we see around us must be inhabited."

"O yes!" was the reply; "I'll be bail for them they are, but it's by them that don't cook their victuals before they eat them. Troth, and it's a wild place we're in, your honour; the more by token that a big fog came out of a bush just now, and may be he did not look up in my face as *beid* as if he never seen a Christian before in his born days."

"Your eyes were sharper than mine, then, Terence."

"How would your honour see it, and you busy reading the inscription down there? And it's glad I'd been if ye'd lighted on 'Good entertainment for man and horse' instead of that same." "If my eyes deceive me not," Terence, exclaimed his master, "that is certainly a light glimmering from a window down in the valley there. Let us make towards it."

"O, then it's myself would go after your honour any where," was the reply; "but I hope you won't find yourself up to the chin in a bog, as I did one night, when I'd a fancy for following a light as like that to the fore as two peas." Regardless, however, of his servant's apprehensions, Vernon pressed forward in the direction of the light, followed by Terence. They were just entering a defile of the valley, when they were stopped by a voice commanding them to stop; and, on looking upwards, they perceived the figure of a man standing upon a projection of the rock, in high relief against the twilight sky. The travellers, neither admiring the tone in which the mandate was uttered, nor the appearance of the speaker, continued to advance, when the challenger unsling his carbine, and presented it. Before, how-

over, he could adjust his aim he received a pistol shot in his arm, which dropped useless by his side. "Put that in your pipe, and smoke it," exclaimed Terence, who having been a little in the rear of Vernon, was not at first observed by the robber, and had fired immediately on perceiving the danger to which his master was exposed. Scarcely had the smoke dispersed when they were surrounded by a dozen banditti, by whom they were after a short struggle, secured; not, however, until Terence had wounded another by the discharge of his remaining pistol, and brought a third to the earth with the butt-end of it; while his master received a slight wound in the shoulder, a favour which he acknowledged by placing a brace of his assailants on the pension list for life. The travellers were then disarmed, and marched off, in the midst of the band, to head-quarters, to be examined and plundered at leisure.

"The reader is mistaken if, judging from what he has seen on the stage, or read in a novel, he imagines the captain of a band to have been a fellow six feet high, with a corsair cast of features, and differing from a hero of the first water in no other respect than his having preferred to make war and levy contributions on his own account, instead of for the benefit of his country. The chieftain to whom our travellers were introduced was a short bloated man, between forty and fifty with a small but fiery eyes, and a countenance whose general expression bespoke him vulgar, sensual, and cruel by nature, and brutalized by intemperance.

"The robbers were exasperated at the resistance they had encountered, and disappointed on finding that the property on Vernon's person consisted chiefly of letters of credit, which to them were useless; while their apprehensions were excited by the discovery of the rank of the party on whom they had committed the outrage.

"It was under the combined influence of these considerations, any one of which might have decided their fate, that the captain informed the prisoners they must prepare for death, for that they should be shot the next morning at sunrise. It was in vain that Vernon backed his remonstrances by the offer of procuring a ransom to any amount they might name. Their reply was, that any communication they might have with the capital for that purpose would be more likely to bring a troop of horse down upon them than the money. The prisoners were then conducted to an apartment secured by a grated door, before which was placed a sentinel with a loaded carbine.

"The approach of dissolution, under whatever circumstances of preparation, must always be viewed with awe: in the bed of sickness, although the mind becomes in some degree familiarized with the idea, and bodily anguish may have made life a burden, it is painful to look our last upon a world, which, with all its anxieties, holds much that is dear to us; but to receive the dread summons when health and hope and happiness are around us, is indeed to taste of death in all its bitterness and sorrow.

"Vernon was constitutionally brave, but it is one thing to encounter death amid the excitement of battle, and another to meet it in the form in which it was then approaching them. The possessor of most earthly sources of happiness, the object of a mother's hope, a sister's pride, and the idol of one to whom a few months were to have given a name "dearer than all," it was some time before he could sufficiently abstract his mind from the world he was about to quit, in order to a preparation for that to which he was hastening.

"Terence, however, though not deficient in courage, and with fewer ties to bind him to existence, appeared much more incapable of applying himself to so serious and necessary a task, for he took his station at the grating of the prison, and watched the sentinel with great attention, until, catching his eye at last, he said, "Is that yourself Tim?"

"The man started at hearing himself thus called on by name, but turned away his face and remained silent, when Terence continued—"Tim—Tim Dolan, I say! it's the bad thing ye're doing!" and then, after a pause, during which he received no reply—"May be you think I don't know your mother's son behind the black crop you've sown on your lip there. I'll tell you one thing, Tim, it's make your soul of the same colour you will." At length, getting out of patience, Terence exclaimed—"Is it deaf you are, or is them the manners you've come all the way from Mullinahone to learn? I might as well be talking latin to a goose." "Aisy now, Terry," said the sentinel at last; "what a bother you make! don't you see I'm on duty?"

"Is it duty," said Terence. "Oh! then it's a queer notion you have of that same, to be lending a hand to cut the throat of two honest men, and one your countryman and cousin-german to boot. 'Twould be more like a decent Christian, I'm thinking, to be dropping the bar outside there, and letting us out."

"I tell you I can't, Terence; it's more than my place is worth."

"And that's little enough, Tim, any how. It is not for myself I care so much for, go when I will, I'll be no loss to any one; but it's for the sake of the master, here to the fore, that I am making the kind thing of you. Oh Tim, Tim! think upon his young blood, and that it will be red upon your soul, if it shed by them ruffians, and you be able to prevent it. Think, Tim, upon the old gray-headed man in Mullinahone, who'd cure the hoar you were born, if he knew his son was bringing disgrace upon his name and his country in this fashion."

"This last appeal appeared to teach the sentinel, for he answered in a softer tone than that which he had hitherto adopted:

"Oh! then it isn't myself would refuse to help a friend at a pinch, and that you know yourself right well; but where's the use of my opening the door, when the only way out of the place is through the room they're drinking in?"

"That's our concern," said Terence: "you might give us a squeak for our lives at any rate."

"And get my own throat cut for my pains."

"And what's the reason you can't take your chance with us? Wouldn't it be better to die in a good cause than to be strung up by the neck some day between earth and heaven, as if you had no business in either. The master wouldn't be the man to forget the kind deed, I'm thinking."

"At this juncture Vernon, who had been an attentive listener to the latter part of the conference, came forward, and enforced Terence's arguments, promising to open the way for Tim's return to an honest way of life, and to reward him liberally besides, in the event of his co-operation in their escape proving successful.

"Dolan, who had joined the band in a fit of disappointment, and had more than once repented of the act, was not without his feelings, and, after some further hesitation, consented to aid their escape. Accordingly, after releasing them from prison, he restored to them their arms, to which he had access, with the means of reloading them, and furnished them each with a sword in addition.

"As they approached the scene of the robbery's casual, the boisterous sounds of conviviality which saluted their ears inspired them with a hope that the revellers were too far gone in their cups to notice their attempt, or to frustrate it if they did. A single glance which they were enabled, unperceived, to get at the party, was sufficient to destroy so vain an expectation. The robbers had drunk wine enough to inflame their ferocity, without disarming their vigilance, and had so disposed themselves, that it was next to impossible for the fugitives to gain the opposite door without coming in personal contact with one or more of the band.

"A large torch was fixed on the table round which they were sitting, and while it flung a full glare on the forbidding countenances of the bandage, illuminated the remotest corner of the chamber. Dolan, as the best acquainted with the path, led the way upon his hands and knees, and, crawling below under the wall, succeeded in gaining the door unperceived by the robbers. Terence, elated by the successful example of his countryman, followed in his steps, but, either from the want of sufficient care, or from the circumstance of his being a stouter man, he, on squeezing himself between the wall and a barrel on which one of the banditti was seated, overturned the latter, and thus betrayed himself and his master to the view of the robbers.

"Treason, treason!" exclaimed the band in concert, as they started to their feet, and, with their swords flashing in the torch-light, rushed upon their prey. Vernon, with a presence of mind peculiar to gallant spirits, instead of making for the door, sprang to the table, struck down the torch, and involved the whole party in darkness. He was, however, seized at the same instant by the captain, who clung to his throat like a blood-hound, and by his weight dragged his captive to the ground. A fearful struggle ensued, during which Vernon and the robber chief alternately uppermost, the former being deterred from discharging his pistol by the fear of discovering their relative positions by the flash, while the rest of the band refrained from using their weapons in the dark, where they were more likely to smite friends than foes. Vernon at last succeeded in placing his knee upon the neck of his antagonist, and compelling him to relinquish his hold. After some difficulty, he was so fortunate as to gain the door, and passed through it into the court-yard, which, with the exception of an angle of it, was illuminated by the beams of the full moon. As, however, he was making his way toward the outer gate, he had the mortification of perceiving two of the robbers running for the same point, with the view of cutting off the retreat of the fugitive, while he heard the footsteps of the rest in close pursuit at his heels. Before he could decide upon the alternative of pressing forward or surrendering, two



shots, fired simultaneously from the shaded angle of the court-yard, which was by the gate, stretched the robbers in advance upon the grass, and, at almost the same instant, he perceived the figures of Terence and Dolan dart through the portal. Vernon followed with the speed of light, and had no sooner overtaken them, than Tim seized him and Terence by the arm without speaking, and dragged them down an almost precipitous descent, covered with briars and underwood, by which their clothes were nearly torn from their backs, and their persons much lacerated before they reached, or rather rolled, to the bottom.

"As soon as they gained their feet, Dolan whispered, 'Now, run boys, for the bare life, and keep out of the moonshine, or its kilt and murdered ye are intirely.'" The caution was not needless: for as they followed in his steps, they heard the robbers, who had hit upon their track, breaking through the bushes about two hundred yards in their rear, while their random shots were whistling among the leaves about the fugitives in all directions. After running for about a quarter of a mile, they arrived at a shed, in which were tied the horses of the banditti. To select one each, and to slip the bridles over the heads of the others and turn them loose upon the road, was the work of a moment, and the next they were galloping off at the top of their speed towards the river. Arrived at the brink, they pushed their horses into the stream, and were soon on the opposite bank. Thus safe from pursuit, they continued their journey at their leisure, and, after an hour's riding, arrived at the town to which Vernon had sent forward his carriage.

"Dolan was rewarded for his services beyond his expectations, and is now respectfully settled in his own country, an honest and useful member of society."—p. 61.

REVIEW.—*The Amulet, a Christian and Literary Remembrancer.* Edited by S. C. Hall. 12mo. pp. 360. Westley. London. 1831.

THE Amulet, though not foremost to make its appearance in public, is not least, either in exterior decorations, interior embellishments, or literary merit. It ranks among the most splendid of the annuals for the ensuing year, and creditably supports the fame which its predecessors had acquired.

We have not time even to name its twelve engravings, much less to particularize the intrinsic and comparative degrees of excellence or defects by which they are distinguished. We cannot, however, pass over the Countess Gower and her Child, without a tribute of approbation. The painting is by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, and the engraving by Finden. It is an admirable production, and confers an honour on both the artists.

The Resurrection, engraved by Wallis, from a drawing by Martin, is, however, the master-piece in this volume; and, perhaps, no illustration that has appeared during the present season, can out rival it in solemn beauty, and powerful effect. The three Maries, in an attitude of reverence at the sight of the angel, the prostrate keepers becoming as dead men, and the light dawning on the city, while, through the otherwise general darkness, now beginning to retire, other objects are indistinctly seen, convey an idea of sublimity, which art, in its most elevated stations, might be proud to own.

Among the other productions of art, all of which are highly respectable, and some particularly beautiful, sunset is entitled to our warmest admiration, but, in this elegant publication, each engraving will speak for itself.

The tales and narratives are in general full of life and character, always entertaining, and usually terminating with some moral, or instructive lesson, which greatly enhances their value. "The Dispensation," by Mrs. S. C. Hall, furnishes a happy delineation of Irish manners, modes of thinking, promptitude of action, and genuine character. "Irish Legends," by Dr. Walsh, exhibit with much spirit the influence of superstition on the inhabitants of the emerald isle, and their strong belief in traditional wonders. "The Eastern Story Tellers," by J. Carne, transports us to Arabia, where similar entertainment is provided. The dishes, in their essential ingredients, are much the same, but the seasoning is different, and the cookery of the two countries bears little or no resemblance to each other. "The Seven Churches," is an interesting article; and, viewed in connexion with the names and characters mentioned in the book of Revelation, it commands a degree of reverence, which the simple description could not impart. Many other narratives, stories, sketches, and delineations, are highly respectable, and every way deserving the place they occupy.

The poetry is entitled to much esteem. From the names of the authors, nothing less was to be expected; but it would be going too far to add, that nothing more could be desired. Of this beautiful annual we must now take our leave, after extracting from its pages the substance of an affecting tale, by Mrs. Jameson, entitled "THE INDIAN MOTHER."

When South America was conquered by the Spaniards, the holy vermin of the Catholic church sent out some of their missionaries to convert the natives. Among these missionary adventurers was Father Gomez, an unfeeling wretch of the Franciscan order, on whose cruelty is founded the following narratives:

"Among the passions and vices which Father Gomez had brought from his cell in the convent of Angostara, to spread contamination and oppression through his new domain, were pride and avarice; and both were interested in increasing the number of his converts, or rather, of his slaves. In spite of the wise and humane law of Charles the Third, prohibiting the conversion of the Indian natives by force, Gomez, like others of his brethren in the more distant missions, often accomplished his purpose by direct violence. He was accustomed to go, with a party of his people, and lie in wait near the herds of unclaimed Indians; when the men were absent, he would forcibly seize on the women and children, bind them, and bring them off in triumph to his village. There, being baptised, and taught to make the

sign of the cross, they were called Christians, but in reality were slaves. In general, the women thus detained pined away and died; but the children became accustomed to their new mode of life, forgot their woods, and paid to their Christian master a willing and blind obedience; thus in time they became the oppressors of their own people.

Father Gomes called these incursions, *la conquista espiritual*—the conquest of souls.

"One day he set off on an expedition of this nature, attended by twelve armed Indians; and after rowing some leagues up the river Guaviare, which flows into the Orinoco, they perceived, through an opening in the trees, and at a little distance from the shore, an Indian hut. It is the custom of these people to live isolated in families; and so strong is their passion for solitude, that when collected into villages they frequently build themselves a little cabin at a distance from their usual residence, and retire to it, at certain seasons, for days together. The cabin of which I speak was one of these solitary *villas*—if I may so apply the word. Within this hut a young Indian woman (whom I shall call Guahiba, from the name of her tribe,) was busied in making cakes of the *casava* root, and preparing the family meal, against the return of her husband, who was fishing at some distance up the river; her eldest child, about five or six years old, assisted her; and from time to time, while thus employed, the mother turned her eyes, beaming with fond affection, upon the playful gambols of two little infants, who, being just able to crawl alone, were rolling together on the ground, laughing and crowing with all their might.

"Their food being nearly prepared, the Indian woman looked towards the river, impatient for the return of her husband. But her bright dark eyes swimming with eagerness and affectionate solicitude, became fixed and glazed with terror when, instead of him she so fondly expected, she beheld the attendants of Father Gomes, creeping stealthily along the side of the thicket towards her cabin. Instantly aware of her danger (for the nature and object of these incursions were the dread of all the country round) she uttered a piercing shriek, snatched up her infants in her arms, and, calling on the other to follow, rushed from the hut towards the forest. As she had considerably the start of her pursuers, she would probably have escaped, and have hidden herself effectually in its tangled depths, if her precious burthen had not impeded her flight; but thus encumbered, she was easily overtaken. Her eldest child, fleet of foot and wily as the young jaguar, escaped, to carry to the wretched father the news of his bereavement, and neither father nor child was ever more beheld in their former haunts.

"Meantime, the Indians seized upon Guahiba—bound her, tied her two children together, and dragged them down to the river, where Father Gomes was sitting in his canoe, waiting the issue of the expedition. At the sight of the captives his eyes sparkled with a cruel triumph; he thanked his patron saint that three more souls were added to his community; and then, heedless of the tears of the mother, and the cries of her children, he commanded his followers to row back with all speed to San Fernando.

"There Guahiba and her infants were placed, in a hut under the guard of two Indians. Good food was given to her, which she at first refused, but afterwards, as if on reflection, accepted. A young Indian girl was then sent to her—a captive convert of her own tribe, who had not yet quite forgotten her native language. She tried to make Guahiba comprehend that in this village she and her children must remain during the rest of their lives, in order that they might go to heaven after they were dead. Guahiba listened, but understood nothing of what was addressed to her; nor could she be made to conceive for what purpose she was torn from her husband and her home, nor why she was to dwell for the remainder of her life among a strange people, and against her will. During that night she remained tranquil, watching over her infants as they slumbered by her side; but the moment the dawn appeared, she took them in her arms and ran off to the woods. She was immediately brought back; but no sooner were the eyes of her keepers turned from her, than she snatched up her children, and again fled;—again, and again! At every new attempt she was punished with more and more severity: she was kept from food, and at length repeatedly and cruelly beaten. In vain!—apparently she did not even understand why she was thus treated; and one instinctive idea alone, the desire of escape, seemed to possess her mind, and govern all her movements. If her oppressors only turned from her, or looked another way for an instant, she invariably caught up her children, and ran off towards the forest. Father Gomes was at length wearied by what he termed her blind obstinacy; and as the only means of securing all three, he took measures to separate the mother from her children, and resolved to convey Guahiba to a distant mission, whence she should never find her way back either to them or to

her home. "In pursuance of this plan, poor Guahiba, with her hands tied behind her, was placed in the bow of a canoe. Father Gomes seated himself at the helm, and they rowed away.

"The granite rocks which border the river, and extend far into the contiguous woods, assume strange, fantastic shapes; and are covered with a black incrustation, or deposit, which, contrasted with the snow-white foam of the waves breaking on them below, and the pale lichens which spring from their crevices, and creep along their surface above, give these shores an aspect perfectly funeral. Between these melancholy rocks—so high and so steep that a landing-place seldom occurred for leagues together—the canoe of Father Gomes slowly glided, though urged against the stream by eight robust Indians.

"The unhappy Guahiba sat at first perfectly unmoved, and apparently amazed and stunned by her situation; she did not comprehend what they were going to do with her; but after a while she looked up towards the sun, then down upon the stream; and perceiving, by the direction of the one and the course of the other, that every stroke of the oar carried her farther and farther from her beloved and helpless children, her husband and her native home, her countenance was seen to change, and assume a fearful expression. As the possibility of escape, in her present situation, had never once occurred to her captors, she had been very slightly and carelessly bound. She watched her opportunity, burst the withers on her arms, with a sudden effort flung herself overboard, and dived under the waves; but in another moment she rose again at a considerable distance, and swam to the shore. The current, being rapid and strong, carried her down to the base of a dark granite rock which projected into the stream; she climbed it with fearless agility, stood for an instant on its summit, looking down upon her tyrants, then plunged into the forest, and was lost to sight.

"Father Gomes, beholding his victim thus unexpectedly escape him, sat mute and thunderstruck for some moments, unable to give utterance to the extremity of his rage and astonishment. When, at length, he found voice, he commanded his Indians to pull with all their might to the shore: then to pursue the poor fugitive, and bring her back to him, dead or alive.

"Guahiba, meantime, while strength remained to break her way through the tangled wilderness, continued her flight; but, soon exhausted and breathless with the violence of her exertions, she was obliged to relax in her efforts, and at length sunk down at the foot of a huge laurel tree, where she concealed herself, as well as she might, among the long, interwoven grass. There, crouching and trembling in her hair, she heard the voices of her persecutors hallooing to each other through the thicket. She would probably have escaped her fate for a large mass of which the Indians had with them, and which screened her out in her hiding-place. The moment she heard the dreaded animal snuffing the air, and tearing his way through the grass, she knew she was lost. The Indians came up. She attempted no vain resistance: but, with a sullen passiveness, suffered herself to be seized and dragged to the shore.

"When the merciless priest beheld her, he determined to inflict on her such discipline as he thought would banish her children from her memory, and cure her for ever of her passion for escape. He ordered her to be stretched upon that granite rock where she had landed from the canoe, on the summit of which she had stood, as if exulting in her flight. —*The Rock of the Mother*—as it has ever since been denominated—and there flung till she could scarcely move or speak. She was then bound more securely, placed in the canoe, and carried to Javita, the seat of a mission far up the river.

"It was not even when they arrived at this village, and the inhabitants were preparing to go to rest. Guahiba was deposited for the night in a large barn-like building, which served as a place of worship, a public magazine, and, occasionally, as a barracks. Father Gomes ordered two or three Indians of Javita to keep guard over her alternately, relieving each other through the night; and then went to repose himself after the fatigues of his voyage. As the wretched captive neither resisted nor complained, Father Gomes flattered himself that she was now reduced to submission. Little could he fathom the bottom of this fond mother! He mistook for stupor, or resignation, the calmness of a fixed resolve. In absence, in bonds, and in torture, her heart throbbed with but one feeling; one thought alone possessed her whole soul:—her children—her children—and still her children!

"Among the Indians appointed to watch her was a youth, about eighteen or nineteen years of age, who, perceiving that her arms were miserably bound by the stripes she had received, and that she suffered the most acute agony from the savage tightness with which the cords were drawn, let fall an exclamation of pity in the language of her tribe. Quick she seized

the moment of feeling, and addressed him as one of her people.

"Gushibo," she said, in a whispered tone, "thou speakest my language, and doubtless thou art my brother! Wilt thou see me perish without pity, O son of my people? Ah, cut these bonds which enter into my flesh! I faint with pain! I die!"

"The young man heard, and, as if terrified, removed a few paces from her, and kept aside. Afterwards, when his companions were out of sight, and he was left alone to watch, he approached, and said, 'Gushiba!—our fathers were the same, and I may not see thee die; but if I cut these bonds, white man will flog me!—wilt thou be content if I loosen them, and give thee ease?' And, as he spoke, he stooped and loosened the thongs on her wrists and arms; she smiled upon him languidly, and appeared satisfied.

"Night was now coming on. Gushiba dropped her head on her bosom and closed her eyes, as if exhausted by weariness. The young Indian, believing that she slept, after some hesitation laid himself down on his mat. His companions were already slumbering in the porch of the building, and all was still.

"Then Gushiba raised her head. It was night—dark night—without moon or star. There was no sound, except the breathing of the sleeper around her, and the humming of the mosquitoes. She listened for some time with her whole soul; but all was silence. She then gnawed the loosened thongs asunder with her teeth. Her hands, once free, she released her feet; and when the morning came she had disappeared. Search was made for her in every direction, but in vain; and Father Gomez, baffled and wrathful, returned to his village.

"The distance between Javita and San Fernando, where Gushiba had left her infants, is twenty-five leagues in a straight line. A fearful wilderness of gigantic forest trees, and intermingling underwood, separated these two missions;—a savage and awful solitude, which, probably, since the beginning of the world, had never been trodden by human foot. All communication was carried on by the river; and there lived not a man, whether Indian or European, bold enough to have attempted the route along the shore. It was the commencement of the rainy season. The sky, obscured by clouds, seldom revealed the sun by day; and now and moon or gleam of twinkling star by night. The rivers had overflowed, and the lowlands were inundated. There was no visible object to direct the traveller; no shelter, no defence, no aid, no guide. Was it Providence—was it the strong instinct of maternal love, which led this courageous woman through the depths of the pathless woods—where rivulets, swollen to torrents by the rains, intercepted her at every step; where the thorny mangas, twining from tree to tree, opposed an almost impenetrable barrier; where the mosquitoes hung in clouds upon her path; where the jaguar and the alligator lurked to devour her; where the rattle-snake and the water serpent lay coiled up in the damp grass, ready to spring at her; where she had no food to support her exhausted frame, but a few berries, and the large black ants which build their nests on the trees? How directed—how sustained—cannot be told: the poor woman herself could not tell. All that can be known with any certainty is, that the fourth rising she beheld her at San Fernando; a wild, and wasted, and fearful object; her feet swollen and bleeding; her hands torn—her body covered with wounds, and emaciated with famine and fatigue;—but once more near her children!

"For several hours she heaved round the hut in which she had left them, gazing on it from a distance with longing eyes and a sick heart, without daring to advance: at length she perceived that all the inhabitants had quitted their cottages to attend vespers; when she stole from the thicket, and approached, with faint and timid steps, the hut which she deemed her heart's treasure. She entered, and found her infants left alone, and playing together on a mat: they screamed at her appearance, so changed was she by suffering; but when she called them by name, they knew her tender voice, and stretched out their little arms towards her. In that moment, the mother forgot all she had endured—all her anguish, all her fears, every thing on earth, but the objects which blessed her eyes. She sat down between her children and kissed them on her knees—she clasped them in an agony of fondness to her bosom—she covered them with kisses—she shed torrents of tears on their little heads, as she hugged them to her. Suddenly she remembered where she was, and why she was there: new terrors seized her; she rose up hastily, and, with her babies in her arms, she staggered out of the cabin—fainting, stumbling, and almost blind with loss of blood and inanition. She tried to reach the woods, but too feeble to sustain her burthen, which yet she would not relinquish, her limbs trembled, and sank beneath her. At this moment an Indian, who was watching the public oven, perceived her. He gave the alarm by ringing a bell, and the

people rushed forth, gathering round Gushiba with fright and astonishment. They gazed upon her as if upon an apparition, till her sobs, and imploring looks, and trembling and wounded limbs, convinced them that she yet lived, though apparently nigh to death. They looked upon her in silence, and then at each other: their savage bosoms were touched with commiseration for her sad plight, and with admiration, and even awe, at this unexampled heroism of maternal love.

"While they hesitated, and none seemed willing to seize her, or to take her children from her. Father Gomez, who had just landed on his return from Javita, approached in haste, and commanded them to be separated. Gushiba clasped her children closer to her breast, and the Indians shrunk back.

"What!" thundered the monk: "will ye suffer this woman to steal two precious souls from heaven!—two members from our community? See ye not, that while she is suffered to approach them, there is no salvation for either mother or children?—part them, and instantly!"

"The Indians, accustomed to his ascendancy, and terrified at his voice, tore the children of Gushiba once more from her feeble arms: she uttered no word nor cry, but sunk in a swoon upon the earth.

"While in this state, Father Gomez, with a cruel mercy, ordered her wounds to be carefully dressed: her arms and legs were swathed with cotton bandages; she was then placed in a canoe, and conveyed to a mission, far, far off, on the river Emeralda, beyond the Upper Orinoco. She continued in a state of exhaustion and torpor during the voyage; but after being taken out of the boat and carried inland, restoratives brought her back to life, and to a sense of her situation. When she perceived, by reason and consciousness returned, that she was in a strange place, unknowing how she was brought there—among a tribe who spoke a language different from any she had ever heard before, and from whom, therefore, according to Indian prejudices, she could hope nor aid nor pity;—when she recollected that she was far from her beloved children;—when she saw no means of discovering the bearing or the distance of their abode—no clue to guide her back to it;—then, and only then, did the mother's heart yield to utter despair:—and thenceforward refusing to speak or to move, and obstinately rejecting all nourishment, thus she died.

"The boatman, on the river Atabapo, suspends his oar with a sigh as he passes the ROCK OF THE MOTHER. He points it out to the traveller, and weeps as he relates the tale of her sufferings and her fate. Ages hence, when those solitary regions have become the seats of civilisation, of power, and intelligence; when the pathless wilds, where poor Gushiba traversed in her anguish, are replaced by populous cities, and smiling gardens, and pastures, and waving harvests,—still that dark rock shall stand, frowning o'er the stream; tradition and history shall preserve its name and fame; and when the pyramids, those vast, vain monuments to human pride, have passed away, it shall endure, to carry down to the end of the world the memory of the Indian Mother."

REVIEW.—*The Gem: a Literary Annual for 1831.* pp. 276, Marshall, Holborn Bars. London.

AMONG the foremost in the advancing train of annuals, for 1831, we have "The Gem," whose early appearance and cheerful aspect would seem to compensate us for the bygone ungenial summer; extending the duration of its brightest days to fifteen months instead of twelve. The richness and variety of its contents will fully warrant this perpetuation. To say that it more than equals, both in matter and embellishments, the volume for the preceding year, is no feeble commendation. It has a superb appearance, and will most decidedly maintain its exalted rank amongst its spirited contemporaries.

In the poetical department, Bernard Barton, T. K. Hervey, Dr. Bowring, the Rev. T. Dale, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, W

M. Praed, John Malcolm, Sir Aubrey De Vere, the Messrs. Howitt, and Archdeacon Wrangham, pour forth a flood of song. Amongst the prose contributors are, Miss Mitford, Thomas Roscoe, John Carne, James Bird, and H. F. Chorley, Esqrs.; the author of "May You Like it," the author of "The Castilian, &c., &c." The tales being too long for extraction, we must confine ourselves principally to the poetry.

There is a pleasing calmness in

#### "STANZAS

(By John Malcolm, Esq.)

"In early days, and distant lands,—  
Ere fancy spread her golden wing,  
And, like the cuckoo, from our lands  
Departed with the spring,—  
I wou'd her visions in the shade  
Of forest bough and leafy bower,  
In beauty as they rose array'd  
Upon the dreamy hour :

Or guided by the streamlet's glance  
Emerging from the woodlands brown,  
Amidst each glade of lone romance,  
And haunt of grey renown ;  
And by the dim declining wall  
Of castles clasp'd with ivy leaves,  
Beneath the soft and silent fall  
Of pale autumnal eves.

But sweeter seem'd the scene to me,  
When rose the moon broad-orb'd and bright,  
With beacon blazing o'er the sea,  
Silvering the silent night,  
Soon peopled with a glorious host—  
A wilderness of worlds,—a theme  
'Mid which the soaring soul was lost  
In adoration's dream.

And thus, when pleasure's visions, born  
Of youth's gay spring-time, cease to shine ;  
And pleasure's lark-like song of morn  
Cheers not our calm decline,—  
Shall not our evening's darkening skies  
A brighter beaming heaven display,—  
And wake the holier harmonies  
Of hope, unheard by day ?"

"Two sonnets, imitated from Carlo Maria Maggi," by Archdeacon Wrangham, breathe forth a true love of nature :—

#### I.

"Rivers of the wearied soul ! ye woods and burns,  
Breezes, and shores, and meads, and lawns,  
And groves,—  
Where still, from its dark lot, to ancient loves  
My harass'd mind with fond remembrance  
turns ;  
Home of the wise and good ! it's safe sojourns,  
In your deep slopes my shipwreck'd spirit  
proves !  
Oh what soft solace, as he onward roves,  
Your soothing stillness sheds on him that mourns.  
Here, Poverty and Innocence allied,  
Through paths less rugged, as I toil beneath,  
To tranquil goal my cheerful footsteps guide ;  
Here learn I, as 'mid humblest scenes I breathe,  
How life to strip of its false gauds of pride,  
How wrench his terrors from the hand of  
Death.

#### II.

"The innocent genius of this quiet spot  
To wonted peace my sinking soul restores,  
While, by its brook, and lawn, and silent hours,  
Heart, Mind, and Peace, are heal'd and blest,  
and taught.  
'Mid such still scenes the heart rejects vain  
thought,  
And Sense her temples wreathes with holiest  
flowers ;

And Mind presides, and reverently adores  
And loves the God whose hand these wonders  
wrought.

The hamlet here enjoys, exempt from care,  
Its chaunted acorns, and its age of gold,—  
Bliss, in the fever'd city's haunts how rare !  
Their vital beams here opening heavens unfold—  
Nature, in thine own lustre bright, how fair !  
Soul, how sublime, in thine own freedom  
bold !

If Bernard Barton's poetry is not all  
equally fascinating, it never fails to prove  
engaging. We venture to give his

#### SONNET,

To Milton's Portrait in a Friend's Parlour.

"RESEMBLANCE of him who pour'd his soul in song  
More pure, majestic, simple, and sublime  
Than aught achieved by bards of later time.  
What happier home could unto thee belong ?  
For sure thy noble spirit it would wrong.  
Wont, while on earth, toward heavenly heights  
to climb.

If e'er the portrait of thy manhood's prime  
Should hold communion with the worldly throng,  
Look down, then, upon those who greet thy gaze  
With gentleness and love ; for they can feel  
The mute, yet sweetly eloquent appeal  
Of thy mild glance :—and if, in this world's  
mase.

There lot, like thine, seem "fallen on evil  
days,"  
May thoughts of thee their wounded spirits  
hail."

Mr. Praed, the author of "Lillian," has  
also some good poetry.

"The Brother's Revenge," by John Carne, Esq., is a powerfully written tale. "The Bleeding Hand," by the author of "The Castilian," is a deeply interesting and original composition. These, and several others, would furnish some pleasing and interesting extracts, but they are all too long for our pages, and an abridgment would mutilate their symmetry, and injure the effect they are calculated to produce. We must, therefore, leave them in their native soil, to surprise the reader with an unanticipated gratification.

In speaking of the engravings, we must give Mr. Cooper's the precedence. His animals are almost unrivalled ; and the two plates of "The Bloodhound," and "The Standard Bearer," are amply worth the price of the book. The figure of the horse in the latter we might call an approximation to reality. "Bothwell Briggs" is less spirited, but still excellent, and the horse again is exceedingly beautiful. "The Young Crab-catchers," by Collins, (whom friend Barton eulogizes in a sonnet), possesses some merit ; but we think Collins has done better. The hands of the child in this engraving, are disproportionably large. "Victoria Colonna" is a charming engraving ; the drapery of the figures, without any effort at effect, is admirably natural. "The Portrait of a Boy," by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is a master-piece of art, and is ac-

accompanied by some good verses. "Evening," after Turner, is a beautiful production. "Cupid and the Nymph," is a successful delineation; but we think the profuse expenditure of invention on classical subjects has been the means of rendering them rapid and uninteresting. Bonington's "La Tour du Marché at Bergues" is a gem of architectural illustration, and Cooke, the engraver, has done ample justice to his difficult subject.

In fine, we congratulate the tasteful Editor on the successful accomplishment of his delightful and delighting task. We believe "The Gem," as it justly deserves to be, will be treasured up in numerous caskets: and,

"hoping oft to meet again,"—

we take our leave of this beautiful volume, assured, that although it may be equalled, it will not easily be surpassed, by any of the splendid rivals with which it has to cope, in the fair field of literary and graphic competition.

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REVIEW.—*Ackermann's Juvenile "Forget-Me-Not: a Christmas, New Year's, and Birth-day Present, for Youth of both Sexes.* 1831. 12mo. pp. 238. Ackermann. London.

It is to be regretted that two beautiful annuals, so much resembling each other in merit, decoration, and appearance, should sustain a name by which they are almost identified. "The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not," edited by Mrs. Hall, we reviewed in our preceding number, and "Ackermann's Juvenile Forget-Me-Not," edited by Frederick Shoberl, claims our attention in this. We have no objection to survey them as rivals for the prize of beauty, but beyond this we cannot extend either our approbation or remarks.

This volume contains eleven engravings, in nearly all of which the design is highly characteristic, and the execution admirable. The infant Samuel, by Woolnoth, from a painting by Holmes, is distinguished by innocent simplicity. It appears however, rather too young to suit the prophetic character in which he makes his appearance in the sacred writings. The vignette by Chevalier, from a design by Corbould, is neatly engraven. It exhibits industry and indolence in striking contrast. On the former; the genius of wisdom is spreading her roses, but the latter, sleeping, lost in vacancy, clothed with rags, and surrounded with emblems of character, requires no further explanation. Juvenile Masquerade, by Rolls, from a design by Lanseer, is

finely executed by the artist, but little of character is displayed. Juvenile Architect, by Shenton, from a painting by Hart, has both variety and character, but we find little to illustrate its name. The Breakfast by Chevalier, from a design by Corbould, is a pretty little scene in humble life, in which three children and a cat partake of domestic poverty, without its infelicity. The picture is rather dark, and the distinguishing peculiarities of the group are rather indistinctly marked, but it will be surveyed with pleasure, from the interesting story with which it is connected. Who'll serve the King, by Chevalier, from a painting by Farrier, is full of character, nature, and spirit. The grotesque appearance of the pigmy hero and his companion cannot be viewed without a smile of approbation. Andermach, by Finden, from a design by Prout, is interesting in its appearance, and beautifully engraven. Going to Market, by Chevalier, from a painting by Shayer, is finely grouped, and fully answers the title which it bears. The Cottage Door, by Fox, from a painting by Hunt, is every way suited for a work of this description. Preparation for the Races, by Sartain, from a painting by Davis, is humorous and appropriate, but a knowledge of the story is necessary to the full understanding of its parts.

The articles which fill the pages of this volume, about thirty-six in number, are divided between prose and verse, though in real quantity the former appears to predominate. They are all of a juvenile character, but adapted both to amuse and edify the youth who read.

Among the prose compositions, the adventures of Rover, sated with plenty, and dissatisfied with abundance, going forth to seek his fortune, are written with humour and spirit. It delineates many an individual of the human species, to whom the name of Rover might be transferred without much danger of committing a blunder.

Clara Evrington is a very appropriate exposé of juvenile conceit and mortified vanity, and an excellent delineation of the luxury of doing good.

The Poachers is a well-told tale; and little Benjamin reclaimed from the practices taught by his father, who fell a victim to his pursuits, gives it an admirable termination.

Uncle Philip's last Voyage, finely exemplifies the consequences of disobedience.

The Bear of Andermach is brought forth as an unfeeling ruffian. The tale produces excitement; but in some parts the author loses sight of the simplicity of nature, to wander into the regions of romance.

Preparation for the Races, finely exemplifies the impetuosity of youth; and the bad effects of being too forward, are humorously depicted in this tale.

Several other stories, narratives, and adventures, merit distinct and particular notice, but their general character may be inferred from the remarks made on those already introduced.

The productions of the muse are in unison with the prose department of the volume; and when the reader is told that several of the same well-known individuals whose compositions grace the larger annuals, have lent their pens to this, a stronger recommendation will scarcely be required.

After giving the following short extract, we must take our leave of this pleasing annual, under a full persuasion that it will be an attractive ornament, in every juvenile library in which it finds a place.

#### THE MAGIC LANTERN.

(By Mrs. Abby.)

"What wonders before us incessantly pass,  
Revealed by the power of this marvellous glass;  
There are shadows to please, to surprise, to delight,  
And some that the senseless and weak might affright.

But you each by your parents and friends have been told,

That it is but a mimic display you behold;  
And as soon as a taper the darkness shall cheer,  
These forms of deception shall all disappear.  
And thus when you enter the world, you will view  
A crowd of bright phantoms apparently true,  
Gay fashion will tempt you, and flattery smile,  
And pleasure will beckon, and fancy beguile.

Then think on the magical glass of your youth.  
Try these beautiful shades by the touchstone of truth;

And the moment she shines with her calm sober ray,  
The cheating illusions will vanish away." p. 174.

REVIEW.—*The Humourist, a Companion for the Christmas Fire-side.* By W. H. Harrison. Embellished with Fifty Engravings, &c. 8vo. p. 280. Ackermann, London, 1831.

THE engravings which ornament this volume, though grotesque in appearance, and rendered ludicrous by the drollery of caricature, are full of spirit, and highly characteristic of the various subjects they are intended to illustrate. The designs, we are informed, are by the late T. Rowlandson, to whose exuberance of fancy, versatility of talent, and vigour of genius, they do great credit.

In the graphic department, the execution is highly respectable. It is in keeping with the humour of the work, which requiring strength rather than beauty in its pictorial representations, can frequently derive more energy from an apparently careless stroke of the graver, and an indis-

tingness in certain features which arrest the eye, than from the most exquisite touches which the hand of the artist can bestow. As wood engravings, they will bear a rigorous examination, and having passed the ordeal, they may be produced as specimens of ingenuity and art. In their exhibitions they display scenes and objects which are irresistibly laughable; but nothing justly chargeable with an immorality of character, can be discovered either in their attitudes or their combinations.

From a general survey of the engravings, we were prepared for articles throughout the volume, corresponding with them both in humour and caricature. We expected to find truth distorted to excite the risibility of the reader, and every page saturated with a degree of volatility from which sobriety and prudence would turn away with disgust. In this, however, we were agreeably disappointed. A flippancy of style and a levity of sentiment are every where apparent, but nothing pernicious to morals, either in character or tendency, can be imputed to these productions. They are calculated to amuse, but not to injure those who read, and in several pieces some wholesome lessons are inculcated. The authors generally endeavour to be witty, and sometimes happily succeed. It is a work calculated for a class of readers who prefer laughing to thinking, and who would rather have their fancies tickled than their understandings improved. Of these, the world produces a plentiful crop, from which ingenuity well knows how to reap a profitable harvest. Let the *Humourist* secure one out of fifty, and we shall hardly hear any complaints that the sale has been insufficient to meet either expense or expectation.

Of real life the *Humourist* exhibits many faithful exposures, but, as may naturally be expected, the dishes are highly seasoned, and only to be found in the extreme of the characters illustrated. In this amusing medley, national peculiarities are not forgotten, and in the tale entitled "Love in a Box," the Irish come in for a share. Throughout the whole there is a large portion of smirking talent displayed, with which the sprightly and the gay will be highly entertained.

The work is neatly put out of hand. The binding is both durable and elegant; and, like the other annuals, the leaves are edged with gold. To youthful readers it will present very strong attractions; and multitudes who can see their teens no more, will be amused, in moments of relaxation, with the coruscations of vigorous imagination which sparkle in its pages.

**REVIEW.—Family Classical Library, No. X. Pindar and Anacreon. The former translated by the Rev. C. A. Wheelwright, and the latter by Thomas Bourne. 12mo. pp. 322. Colburn. London. 1830.**

OF Mr. Valpy and his works we have frequently spoken in terms of such high commendation, that he can now perhaps bring before us nothing that will raise either him or them in our esteem. It is enough to say of his Family Classical Library, that it maintains the exalted character with which it commenced. The present volume, like its predecessors, bears the stamp of his editorial hand, and ranks equally with them in this elegant and useful series of the classics.

Mr. Wheelwright's translation of the odes of Pindar will not bear strict comparison with the original, yet, admitting this, no slight should be cast on the abilities of the learned gentleman: perhaps it is not possible to preserve the glow of these enthusiastic strains whilst transferring them into another tongue.

Mr. Bourne's translation of Anacreon is more happy. The wine-inspiring gaiety of the Greek Lyric Poet is apparent in nearly every line. While the translator has felicitously caught up the spirit of the original, he has also most laudably subdued the occasional licentiousness of his author. The subjoined Ode is probably one of the most successful efforts of Anacreon, and of his translator.

**ODE XLIII.—ON THE GRASSHOPPER.\***

"Happy insect! all agree  
None can be more blest'd than thee;  
Thou, for joy and pleasure born,  
Sipp'st the honied dew of morn.  
Happier than the sceptred king,  
Midst the boughs we hear thee sing.  
All the season's varied store,  
All thy little eyes explore,  
Fruits that tempt, and flowers that shine,  
Happy insect! all are thine.  
Injuring nothing, blamed by none,  
Farmers love thee—pretty one!  
All rejoice thy voice to hear  
Singing blithe when summer's near.  
Thee the tuneful Muses love,  
Sweetly chirping in the grove;  
Thee the great Apollo bless'd  
With a voice above the rest.  
Thou from wasting age art free,  
Time has nought to do with thee.  
Skillful creature, child of song,  
Though to earth thou dost belong,†

\* This insect, though called a grasshopper, is certainly of a very different species of locust from that so common in our fields and meadows. Indeed its habit of settling on trees is of itself a sufficient distinction. I am not aware that it has any proper English name, though by some writers it is called the cicada, or cicale.

† The ancient Athenians compared themselves to these insects, either on account of their skill in music, or because like them they were descended from the earth. They likewise wore golden ornaments in their hair, resembling grasshoppers. The Chinese ladies

Free from nature's woes and pains,  
Free from flesh, or blood-fill'd veins;  
Happy thing! thou seem'st to me  
Almost a little god to be?" p. 43.

**REVIEW.—The Pocket French Grammatical and Critical Dictionary, by Gabriel Surenne, F.A.S.E. 24mo. pp. 356. Simpkin, London, 1830.**

THIS little work is a literary gem of the finest water. Within an extremely moderate compass the able author has succeeded in compressing the very essence of the French language; together with many original illustrations of popular errors, and idiomatic peculiarities connected with the Gallic tongue. We rejoice that such a scholar as Surenne, throwing off the trammels of custom and antiquated method, has set so fine an example of useful innovation in the compilation of scholastic treatises.

The work begins with an Analytical Introduction, in which the frame-work of the whole structure is shown at one view. The heads herein contained are ten, viz:—pronunciation; grammar; vulgarities and popular errors; peculiarities, niceties; and difficulties; synonymy, homonymy, paronymy; nouns of both genders; epistolary correspondence: and miscellaneous expressions. This interesting outline is afterwards filled up with a mass of valuable information (for the most part entirely novel) and well adapted to supply desiderata of the first importance in the study of the French language.

What is said in reference to pronunciation, it must be understood, can render efficient service to him only who has spent some little time in France, or who has had the assistance of a native teacher. Indeed, the literal euphony of the French language is essentially different from that of the English; and, notwithstanding repeated efforts, it is found impossible, by any combination of written characters, to give a correct idea of the former to a person who is acquainted only with the latter.

The vulgarities and popular errors into which the French student is apt to fall, are illustrated in the most striking and comprehensive manner; and he who would

still wear, fastened to their heads by springs, small golden figures of a bird, the wings of which flutter with the slightest motion.

† Homer represents the gods as being free from blood; and, speaking of Venus being wounded, he says,—(Pope's Homer, book v.)

From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,  
Such stream as issues from a wounded god;  
Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood!  
Unlike our gross, diseased, terrestrial blood,  
(For not the bread of man their life sustains,  
Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins.)

divest himself of these inelegancies cannot take a better guide for the purpose than our author.

The peculiarities, niceties, and difficulties of the language are exemplified with great perspicuity; but the pupil will probably derive a more substantial knowledge of choice expression and difficult arrangement, from a perusal of the best French writers, than from these isolated examples.

We regret that the plan of the present work would not admit more extended illustrations of synonymy. In the French, as indeed in every other tongue, the words usually classed as synonyms, are not so in reality; each having an application and a meaning more or less peculiar to itself. Hence, to understand thoroughly the synonyms is to have at command the principal delicacies of a language.

Homonymy and paronymy are nothing more than branches of synonymy; and the errors to which they are liable to lead are more effectually obviated by an extensive acquaintance with the language, than by the most complete list of homonymous and paronymous expressions that could be framed. Their association with other terms being the best means of determining the sense in which they should be taken.

By a synonym the French understand, as we do, a word similar in meaning, or very nearly so to another; but by homonymy they mean an agreement in *sound*, without reference to the *spelling*, between words signifying different things; and paronymy implies a difference of only a single letter, and a perfect agreement in sound. Now, perhaps the pure meaning of these several terms will be more easily understood from the following English examples:—

SYNONYM.—*Wealth: Riches.*

HOMONYM.—*Porter, a carrier: Porter, a beverage.*

PARONYM.—*Heal, to cure: Heel, part of the foot.*

More extended remarks on the plan and execution of this small volume are scarcely necessary. It includes much useful information, and many valuable precepts; but there is a something of obscurity in the arrangement, which, it is likely, will render it in some measure a sealed book to those who have not the advantage of a teacher. On the whole, however, it is a highly commendable performance; and we perfectly agree with the author, that "if on the one hand he has cause to regret that the multifarious and instructive matter contained in this Dictionary has appeared in the present form, instead of a respectable octavo,—on the other hand, he is gratified that it has

been thereby made accessible to every student."

REVIEW.—*Advice to Trustees, and to those who appoint to that Office, &c. By Harding Grant, Author of "Chancery Practice."* 8vo. p. 144. Marvell. London. 1830.

WE are not in the habit of noticing legal works in general, because they are foreign to the design of our publication; but as this is a treatise of extensive information, and of great practical utility, we take the liberty of introducing it to the attention of our readers. It is what the title-page fully expresses, "advice to trustees;" and contains practical suggestions, the result of experience, during an extensive practice of more than forty years. Other works of a similar kind have occasionally appeared; which, although respectable in their way, have not met the wishes of the public, because from them they could derive but little information. The advice of Mr. Grant may, however, be read by the members of the profession to advantage. Yet its more immediate design is for the use of trustees themselves, and those who appoint to that office.

Such as wish to understand the nature and extent of the duties in which they engage, or to discharge them respectfully, with honour and fidelity, would do well to consult this small treatise. It shews the nature and importance of the duty, the suitable qualifications requisite for the office, and the powers and liabilities with which it is connected. It clearly points out the dangers to be avoided, and the best means of removal and release, in cases of absolute necessity.

The information is miscellaneous and interesting, written in a plain and familiar style, all tending to prove and illustrate "the propriety of trustees not suffering themselves to be ever advised to deviate from the plain requisition of the instrument enacting their authority, and pointing out their duty."

REVIEW.—*The Arrow and the Rose, and other Poems, by William Kennedy,* 8vo. pp. 143. Smith, Elder, and Co. London. 1830.

THE name of William Kennedy is well known in the poetical world, and the fame, with which it has been associated, is not diminished by the present publication. "The Arrow and the Rose" is, however, one of those compositions, that is not likely to captivate the reader, while cursorily



glancing over its pages. If ignorant of the narrative to which it refers, he will wander in darkness among its brilliancies, and perhaps stumble over some of its most valuable gems. Thus meeting with an early disappointment, the volume will be laid aside, neglected, and forgotten, to moulder among the dregs of Parnassus. Such, we have no doubt, will be its fate, with the greater number of readers into whose hands it will probably fall.

Some few, however, who know how to appreciate its merits, will survey it in a different light. They will not overlook the thought and feeling, which a felicitous originality of language is sometimes selected and combined to express. Their acquaintance with the narrative on which the poem is founded, will also tend greatly to enhance its value in their estimation; and the importance of their approbation will more than compensate for the deficiency in numbers, of those who applaud.

To please the multitude, and gain the favourable opinion of the critic, many poems are not adapted. The beauties which charm the latter, will frequently be disregarded by the former; and what the general reader admires as excellent, the fastidious connoisseur will think too commonplace to call forth his tribute of applause. For his principal poem, "The Arrow and the Rose," Mr. Kennedy will assuredly secure the smiles of the exalted few; and with their decided approbation, common-sense should be content.

In favour of his minor pieces, there, however, can be little doubt, that all his readers will bear their testimony. We have perused several with particular attention and interest, and regret that our want of room prevents us from laying some pleasing extracts before the reader. To supply this deficiency, we strongly recommend a perusal of the volume, from a full persuasion that it will not be deemed unworthy of his regard.

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**REVIEW.—***National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century, with memoirs by William Jerdan, Esq., No. XVIII. Fisher, Son, and Co., London, 1830.*

THIS very superb work is published under the immediate patronage of the King; and if elegance in its portraits, and correspondent diction in its literary department; can entitle it to respect, it is well deserving the honour it has attained.

This part contains portraits of Viscount Melville, Mr. Abernethy, and Viscount

Clifden. These have been executed by some of our ablest artists, who, paid liberally for their labours, have levied a requisition on their talents, to finish them as exalted specimens of the graphic art. In this attempt they have most happily succeeded. The memoirs, the type, and the paper, are in unison with the decorations. From its commencement to the present time, this work has been very considerably improved; and, preserving its reputation to the conclusion, it will form one of the most splendid publications of the age that gave it birth.

No. XIX. of the same work is also now before us; it contains the portraits of Viscount Goderich, Professor Porson, and the Hon. Welbore Agar Ellis, with memoirs of each respectively. To this part of the National Portrait Gallery, the observations made on the preceding may be justly transferred. They are not rivals for superiority, but co-partners in securing fame. Viewed in connexion with all that have preceded them, they form a constellation that emits a brilliant and a steady light, which the lapse of many years will not be able to extinguish.

The expense attendant on this work must be exceedingly great, for which nothing but an extensive sale can ever bring an adequate remuneration. Each number contains three splendid portraits, and suitable memoirs of exalted individuals, who, in the elevated walks of life, have associated their names with renown, during the nineteenth century. For each number thus embellished, the price is no more than three shillings, a sum that would appear inadequate to purchase simple impressions of the expensive plates.

If the present age had been unfriendly to works of art, this publication would not have started into existence. Its intrinsic merit has attracted commanding patronage, and that patronage will preserve merit from deterioration.

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**REVIEW.—***Cabinet Cyclopaedia, conducted by Dr. Lardner, &c.—History of France, by Eyre Evans Crowe, Vol. I. 12mo. p. 382. Longman. London. 1830.*

LARDNER'S Cyclopaedia is now so generally known, and in such high repute, that little need be said to call the public attention to each succeeding volume. The commencement of the History of France now makes its appearance; and no one can doubt, from the exalted rank which that kingdom has almost invariably sustained among the nations of Europe, that a faithful account of its stability and vicissitudes must render it peculiarly interesting to every reader.

The earlier part of its history, like that of most other countries, is involved in obscurity, disgraced by cruelty and injustice, and rendered contemptible by the follies, superstition, and vices with which it was dishonoured. Advancing in civilization and refinement, we behold France under a more luminous aspect; but the brightness becomes eclipsed by the clouds of bigotry and persecution, which rain showers of blood on some portions of its devoted territories. The calm which follows this awful tempest, is not destined to be permanent. Its late revolution gleams like a meteor among the constellations of the globe, shedding terror and dismay on each body that comes within the sphere of its attraction, or the range of its baleful influence.

These important topics will render the History of France interesting to every European. In this volume the author has entered on the commencement in a most auspicious manner, and thus, without the boast of vain pretensions, given promise that the consummation will not disappoint the reader's hopes.

The style in which this work is written, is easy, perspicuous, and dignified, neither encumbered with metaphors, nor inflated with pedantry. The sober march of historical narration and detail is preserved throughout; and to every impartial reader it must appear as a work less calculated to please the fancy than to improve the understanding, and to enlarge the mind.

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**REVIEW.—***Deadly Adulteration, and Slow Poisoning; or Disease and Death in the Pot and the Bottle. By an Enemy of Fraud and Villany.* 12mo. pp. 186. Sherwood, London.

WE can scarcely look at this book without crying out murder, murder! In every page fraud and villany stare us in the face. In all the necessities of life, adulteration appears. Ingenuity seems to have been laid on the rack, to invent some new species of imposition on the public; and the only consequence to which the unprincipled perpetrator looks is, how he may pursue his nefarious practices, and yet escape detection.

In his table of contents, the author enumerates about fifty articles, embracing nearly every thing among the necessities and conveniences of life, on which, in some way or other, adulterating villany contrives to practise its arts. In this catalogue we were much surprised to find "the frauds of pawnbrokers," and, until informed by the author,

were at a loss to conceive how this furnisher of the ginshop, could be implicated in these dishonourable transactions. On referring, however, to the specified page, the mask was pulled aside, and we saw this convenient tradesman busily at work.

It would appear, that in addition to the charges above what the law allows, it is not an uncommon practice to substitute articles of an inferior description for such as are of greater value; that gold hands are removed from watches, and their valuable working parts taken out, and others of base metal and inferior workmanship substituted; and that plate, and the cases of watches, are scraped with suitable instruments, to the great injury of the actual proprietors, who are so unfortunate as to visit these sources of temporary relief, but of permanent distress.

To describe the various modes and species of adulteration which deliberate wickedness employs, we have no inclination, lest a development of the iniquity, should increase the evil it was intended to remedy.

This author proceeds in much the same manner that distinguished the publication of *Accum*, in his "Culinary Poisons;" and, like him, he makes us tremble at "death in the pot."

On a subject so interesting to all, as that on which this enemy to fraud and villany has written, it is to be regretted that he should have concealed his name, since its avowal would have inspired his readers with more confidence in his statements. A still greater cause of complaint is, the spirit of levity in which his book is written. Instead of viewing, with serious anguish, the practices which he exposes to view, he recounts them as matters of amusement, and either pities or laughs at John Bull for being made the victim of designing knaves.

We must not, however, omit to notice, that in immediate connexion with the statements of adulteration, the author points out in most cases, the means of detection, and describes the distinguishing characteristics of articles which have escaped adulteration. In these respects his book is highly valuable, and were its tests observed and followed up in practice by the purchaser, the dealers in adulteration would soon learn from experience, that honesty is, on the whole, the best policy.

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**REVIEW.—***Family Classical Library, No. XI. Tacitus, Vol. I. translated by Arthur Murphy, Esq.* 12mo. pp. 384. Colburn, London, 1830.

If the style of Tacitus has any where among the moderns found either a successful rival

or imitator, it is in Gibbon, whose ambition has been thought to lead him to this exalted pre-eminence above all his cotemporaries and competitors for fame, in the field of English literature.

It has been justly observed, in the biographical sketch with which this volume commences, that the annals of Tacitus may be called an historical picture-gallery. It is by magic power that he has been able to animate the dry regularity of the chronologic order, and to spread a charm through the whole, that awakens curiosity and enchains attention. He sits in judgment on the prince, the senate, the consuls, and the people; and he finds eloquence to affect the hearts; and, through the imagination, to inform the understanding. The history of Tacitus is philosophy teaching by examples.

The annals of Tacitus were in sixteen books. They embraced the history of the events which transpired from the death of Augustus to that of Nero, as well as those which preceded the epoch that formed the subject of the history. With an attempt to flatter, or misrepresent the subjects of his annals or of his history, he has never been accused. Candour and impartiality were his standard, and his claims to these essential qualifications of an historian, have never been disputed. He possesses the distinctness of Xenophon, without his uniformity; he is more eloquent than Livy, and is free from his superstition; and he has more knowledge and judgment than Polybius, without his affectation of reasoning on every occasion.

Of the exalted rank in which this venerable classical historian stands, but one opinion can be justly entertained. This is not the first time in which he has appeared in an English dress, but he was never before presented to the British public in such neat apparel, and with such decided advantage, as this in which he is now introduced by Mr. Murphy.

REVIEW.—*An Introduction to Systematical and Physiological Botany.* By Thomas Castle, F.L.S. 12mo. pp. 300. Baldwin. London. 1829.

THIS work, ornamented with a great number of neatly coloured representations of stems, leaves, flowers, &c., found in the family of Flora, begins with the history of botany; it then proceeds to the elements and language of this pleasing, but, in many respects, obscure science. Artificial systems next engross the author's attention. In these, the arrangements of nature and of art make their appearance; and an acquaint-

ance with both appears necessary for every one who aims at a complete knowledge of botanical classification.

The anatomy of plants, leaves, and flowers is a subject scarcely less interesting than that of the animal structure, though, in point of importance, the latter will always claim the pre-eminence. But although in animal life, phenomena press more forcibly upon our senses, the silent economy of vegetable nature is not less remarkable to an attentive observer. Under the plastic instrumentality of secondary causes, throughout the vegetable world we discover the operative influence of the great and primitive Agent, displaying both his wisdom and power in the adaptation of parts to their respective purposes, and causing the whole to form one ultimate and important end.

To the youthful student, who wishes to become acquainted with this important portion of nature's productions, this volume will be found of essential service. In its nomenclature, the technicalities of its terms are explained; but to acquire an accurate knowledge of their import, application, and minute shades of distinction, both patience and industry will be required. These difficulties however, having been overcome, a new world of wonder and of beauty opening to his senses, will amply reward him for all his toils. In every field and garden, on every hedge and tree, he will find much to engross his attention, and engage his thoughts.

To this delightful empire of fragrance and colour this book will introduce the pupil, and his thanks to the author will increase in proportion to the progress that he makes.

REVIEW.—*The Elgin Literary Magazine.* 12mo. p. 428. Smith, Elder, and Co. London. 1830.

THIS volume consists of tales, essays, narratives, descriptions, and poetry. Some articles are original, but others claim a different parentage, and are indebted for their combination and arrangement to the compiler's care. In character they are much varied, embracing some specimen of nearly all that traverse the road, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." Nothing, however, of an immoral tendency makes its appearance in any of its pages. Amusement and instruction the editor has used his endeavours to blend, and his efforts have been crowned with meritorious success.

#### BRIEF SURVEY OF BOOKS.

1. *Models of Modern French Conversation,* by M. De La Claverie, (Whittaker,

London,) is, the author tells us, the best book of its kind extant; it would therefore be very wrong in us to say that it is any thing short of perfection. It is one of those publications which generally assist the parrot-like faculty of speaking French, without the bore of entering into its meaning. Notwithstanding this, these dialogues may be serviceable to the pupil, who, having acquired a grammatical knowledge of the language, is desirous to refine his Gallic colloquies.

2. *The Eton Greek Grammar translated into English*, by G. N. Wright, A.M. &c., (Joy, London,) is a well-meant effort to facilitate the study of the Greek elements, by translating the explanatory parts from the Latin into English. No great literary merit, of course, attaches to this production; it will be useful in the lower schools.

3. *The Child's Repository*, vol. IV., (Stephens, London,) is very neatly put out of hand; in addition to which, it is adorned with a goodly number of wood engravings, that cannot fail to prove exceedingly pleasing to children, for whose amusement and instruction it is exclusively designed. But this little book is entitled to still higher praise, it contains a great number of useful articles selected from art, from history, from natural productions, and from passing events.

4. *The First, Second, and Historical Catechisms*, by I. Watts, D.D., (Sunday School Depository, London,) is a neat little book, rendered respectable by the name it bears, but its intrinsic excellence will give it a much higher claim to public attention. It has been long before the world in other forms, and is therefore too well known to require any further notice.

5. *Full Annals of the French Revolution of 1830*, by William Hone, (Tegg, London,) is a large pamphlet, in which are detailed the principal occurrences connected with this memorable event. We are not aware that it contains any thing of importance beyond what has already appeared in the newspapers and other periodicals. It will, however, be gratifying to many, to find this history of these remarkable transactions, connected in one publication, to which reference will hereafter be made with peculiar interest.

6. *Composition and Punctuation familiarly explained*, &c., by Justin Brenan, (Wilson, London,) will be found very useful on these important points. Many examples of defect are given, and, what is much better, explicit rules are laid down, through which they may be avoided. It is a work well worthy the attention of many masters, and of all pupils, and one from which both may derive much improvement.

7. *Cheltenham Lyrics, Lays of a Modern Troubadour*, &c., by Hal Hardyng, (Baldwin, London,) comprises several pretty little compositions, which will amuse for the moment, be mentioned a few times among young friends, and then be laid aside, to make room for some new attraction.

8. *A Manual of Prayers in easy Language, for every Day in the Week*, by Rev. J. Topham, M.A., (Simpkin, London,) though containing some excellent petitions, which no one can refuse to adopt, yet appears to want fervour. Used by mere formalists, the spirit which they possess will soon evaporate, and they will then become a body without a soul. Greater energy would have rendered them more valuable.

9. *The French and English Pictorial Vocabulary*, by N. Whittock, (Whittaker, London,) is a very amusing book for children who are playing to learn French. It contains upwards of twelve hundred words, with appropriate wood engravings, by which they are illustrated. By a classification in the arrangement of the words, one picture will sometimes apply to many. Thus, for instance, we have the picture of a blazing fire in the middle of a page; on one side of it are the words fire, blaze, cinders, smoke, soot, and coals, in English, and on the other side the corresponding words in French.

10. *The Law of the Sabbath, Religious and Political*, by Josiah Conder, (Holdsworth, London,) is proved in this pamphlet, to be imperative on every member of the British community. The Sabbath is demonstrated, from the inspired writings, to be of divine appointment, and the laws of our country by various edicts enforce the observance of this sacred day, under the sanction of severe penalties. Objections against it, Mr. Conder examines with candour and impartiality, and, by arguments and authority not to be rejected, repels their force. We wish the contents of this pamphlet may meet with the attention they deserve.

11. *The Duty of British Christians, in reference to Colonial Slavery; a discourse by Francis A. West*, (Mason, London,) is well worthy the serious attention of every British subject. It is luminous, energetic, and comprehensive. The arguments are levelled against the principle of slavery, and on this ground they are perfectly conclusive; but from the dreadful inhumanity which the system sanctions, they derive additional force.

12. *Faustus, a Poem with Notes*, (Wilson, London,) we believe is satirical, but we are not certain. Its import appears to be enveloped in a cloud of obscurity; but

perhaps those who find it penetrable, and know the application, will admire its point, and compliment the author on his ingenuity.

13. *Newgate and York Castle, part VIII.*, (Bennet, London,) presents us with a continuation of the catalogue of crime, which we have noticed in our preceding numbers. So far as detected villany can command attention, it is an interesting publication. The trials and sentences are followed by reflections, which are in general judicious; and it is no small recommendation, that nothing is spun out to an immoderate length.

14. *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, Nos. 70, 71, (Bagster, London,) contain their accustomed examples of inhumanity towards the slaves. The facts adduced are too well authenticated to be disputed. Weeping tears of blood, the eyes of 800,000 negroes in chains, are turned towards Great Britain, to awaken sympathy, and implore compassion. We hope that the moment of their emancipation is near at hand.

15. *The Pulpit*, part 95, (Harding, London,) maintains its respectable character among the numerous periodicals of the day. Devoted to the cause of morals and religion, it is every way deserving the support it receives.

16. *The Journals of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., complete in 1 Vol.*, (Bennet, London,) have been so many years before the world, that their name supersedes the necessity of all remarks on their character. In the present edition, the whole is promised in one volume; this will place them within the reach of many, to whom the former price was a serious obstacle.

17. *The Duty of Prompt and Complete Abolition of Colonial Slavery, a Sermon by the Rev. Samuel Charles Wilks, A.M.* (Hatchard, London,) bring to our view another friend to negro-freedom. Mr. Wilks pleads the cause of the Africans with spirit and ability; humanity, justice, the dictates of conscience, and the authority of Revelation, favour his undertaking; and we hope he will not be suffered to plead in vain. Loud and piercing must be the cries of the injured negroes, when churchmen and dissenters, religious and irreligious, unite to espouse their cause.

#### CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR DECEMBER.

We shall this month direct the attention of the observer to the constellations that enrich the eastern hemisphere, and among them shines conspicuously the beautiful Orion, just above the eastern horizon:

above it and more southerly is noticed Aldebaran and the Pleiades. A line from Rigel in Orion's foot, through Bellatrix in his shoulder, will direct the observer to  $\zeta$  Tauri in the Bull's southern horn, a line from Betelguex in the other shoulder of Orion, will give  $\beta$  Tauri in the Bull's northern horn; if this line is continued, it will end very near the bright star Capella in the constellation Auriga, which is accompanied by three small stars, forming a small but very conspicuous triangle. A star of the 2nd magnitude may be observed below Capella, forming an isosceles triangle with it and the Bull's northern horn, the latter star being the apex. Castor and Pollux are seen E.N.E. about 15 degrees above the horizon. A line drawn from Markab, the south-western of the four stars in square, through Alpheratz the north-eastern, will give Almaach in the foot of Andromeda; about half-way between these stars, and forming an obtuse angle with them, is Mirach in her girdle. Almaach is nearly half way between Mirach and the middle star of three, called the segment of Perseus, which forms the arc of a very large circle; this star is called Algenib. Half-way between Almaach and Algenib, and rather below them, is Algol in the head of Medusa; it is also half-way between Almaach and  $\epsilon$  in the knee of Perseus. A line drawn from the southernmost star in the segment of Perseus through Algol, will direct the observer to  $\alpha$  Arietis: the latter stars form an equilateral triangle with the Pleiades. A line from Mirach, through  $\alpha$  Arietis, will point out Menkar, a star of the second magnitude, in the Whale's jaw; if this line is continued, it will direct the observer to  $\gamma$  Eridani, which is the easternmost of five stars marked  $\delta$ ,  $\epsilon$ ,  $\zeta$ , and  $\eta$  Eridani, and one more marked  $\epsilon$  in the breast of Cetus.

#### GLEANINGS.

*Silk Manufacture.*—In 1734, Sir Thomas Lambie erected in an island of the Derwent, near Derby, a curious mill for the manufacture of silk. He brought the model, the only one of the kind in the kingdom, from Italy, at the hazard of his life. This machine was deemed so important, that, at the expiration of Sir Thomas's patent, parliament voted him 14,000*l.* for the risk he had incurred, and the expense attending its completion.

*Babylon.*—A young French missionary, attached for several years past to the Bishop of Babylon, has been these several days at Lisle. He left Marseilles in 1820, with Monsieur Coupperie, and, on his way to the point of his destination, has successively visited Egypt, Palestine, and the Deserts of Arabia, and finally, that Ancient Chaldaea, which was the cradle of the human species. He has minutely ascertained and visited the locality where Babylon was situated, and his accounts respecting the ruins of that celebrated metropolis of Asia, fully agree with those of the most accredited English travellers. Immense heaps of bricks, united by a cement as hard as rock, are the only remains that point out the spot where it was situated. A mass of them, larger than the rest, being a

quarter of a league in circumference, is designated by the Arabs as the vestiges of the Tower of Babel.

**Remuneration of the Working Clergy in England.**—From an article which appeared in a late number of the *World* newspaper, the whole stipends of the working clergy of the Established Church appear to have amounted only to a shilling in the pound, or five per cent. of the sum levied in tithes from the people of England.

**Anti-Slavery Petitions.**—It is calculated that the number of petitions about to be presented to Parliament during the present session for the abolition of slavery, will amount to about 20,000. Those of the Wesleyan Methodists alone are estimated at 6000.

**The Swiss Hunter.**—The following curious occurrence is mentioned in the *Journal de Liège*: A short time ago a hunter, who was sporting on the banks of the lake of Wallenstadt, in Switzerland, discovered the nest of one of those destructive birds, the 'hammer-geyer,' a species of vulture; he shot the male, and made his way along a projection of the rock with a view of taking the young birds. He had raised his arm, and put his hand into the nest, when the female, hovering over his head unperceived by him, pounced down upon him, fixed her talons in his arm, and her beak in his side. The sportsman, whom the slightest movement must have precipitated to the bottom of the rock, with that coolness and self-possession so peculiar to the mountain hunters of that country, notwithstanding the pain he experienced, remained unmoved. Having his fowling-piece in his left hand, he placed it against the face of the rock, pointed to the breast of the bird, and with his toe, as they always go barefooted, the better to enable them to hold and climb the rocks, he touched the trigger, and the piece went off, and killed his enemy on the nest. Had the bird been any where else, it must have dragged him down along with it. He procured assistance from the auherge, or inn, hard by, and brought the two birds as trophies of his valour away with him. Some of these birds have been known to measure 17 feet from tip to tip of the wings, and are only equalled in size by the condor of South America.

**Homer.**—"In parting with Homer, I cannot forbear once more, and for the last time, earnestly advising such of my readers as are really desirous of acquiring a pure and healthful taste, and a clear and vigorous style, to study the Homeric poems with care and perseverance. It is too generally the case that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, from the comparative facility of their construction, are classed as school books only; but in truth they are fit to be the studies of every age and of all men. If there be such a thing as a royal road to a just and manly feeling of what is great and animated in poetry, it is to be found in a knowledge of Homer. To be Homeric, is to be natural, lively, rapid, energetic, harmonious; the ancient critics used the epithet as a collective term to express these qualities, however exhibited. They called Sophocles, *Homeric*; Pindar, *Homeric*; Sappho, *Homeric*; because all three had that clearness, picturesque, and force which the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* contain in perfection. Homer always seems to write in good spirits, and he rarely fails to put his readers in good spirits also. To do this is a prerogative of genius in all times; but it is especially so of the genius of primitive or heroic poetry. In Homer, head and heart speak and are spoken together. Morbid peculiarities of thought or temper have no place in him. He is as wide and general as the air we breathe and the earth upon which we tread, and his vivacious spirit animates, like a Proteus, a thousand different forms of intellectual production—the life-preserving principle in them all. He is as the mighty strength of his own deep-flowing ocean."—*Coleridge on the Study of the Classics.*

**Battle of Vittoria.**—Towards the end of the action, Colonel Barnard was struck with a musket ball, which carried him clean off his horse. The enemy, seeing that they had shot an officer of rank, very maliciously kept up a heavy firing on the spot, while we were carrying him under the brow of the hill. The ball having passed through the lungs, he was spitting blood, and at the moment, had every appearance of being in a dying state; but, to our joy and surprise, he that day month rode up to the battalion when it was in action near Bayonne; and I need not add, that he was received with three hearty cheers. A curious fact occurred in our regiment at this period. Prior to the action of the Nivelle, an owl had perched on the tent of one of our officers (Lieut. Doyle.) This officer was killed in the battle, and the owl was afterwards seen on Captain Duncan's tent. His brother officers quizzed him on the subject, by telling him that

he was the next on the list; a joke which Captain Duncan did not much relish; and it was prophetic, as he soon afterwards fell at Turbat.—*Adventures of the Rifle Brigade.*

## Literary Notices.

### Just Published.

No XX. of the Portrait Gallery, has the Duke of Kent, the Earl of Hereford, and Archbishop Narbonne in the East, Part IV., has Caves of Eborac—Perawa and Shuhur.

Lancashire Illustrated, Part VI.—Devonshire Illustrated, Part IV.—Ireland Illustrated, Part IV. are ready for delivery.

Letters and Dialogues, between Theron, Paulinus, and Aspasio, on Love, Faith, and Assurance. By Joseph Bellamy, D.D.

Medicine no Mystery. By John Morrison, M.D. The Present State of Australia—Country—Emigration—Aboriginal Inhabitants, &c. By Robert Dawson, Esq.

The Moral Muse, a present for Young Ladies. By Emma Price.

Divines of the Church of England. By the Rev. T. S. Hughes. Dr. Isaac Barrow. Vol. I.

The Rectory of Valeshead. By the Rev. R. W. Evans.

A Letter to the Rev. Adam Clarke, LL.D. &c. occasioned by some strictures in the Methodist Magazine, on his sermon and comment.

The Duty of British Christians, in reference to Colonial Slavery, a Discourse. By Francis A. West.

Dissent and the Church of England, or a Defence of the Principles of Nonconformity. By John Angel James.

Catalogues of the seventh Exhibition of the Academy of the Liverpool Royal Institution.

An Examination of the English system of Balancing Books. By Edward T. Jones. By a Practical Book-keeper.

The Law of the Sabbath. By Josiah Conder.

English and French Pictorial Vocabulary. By N. Whitlock.

The Bereaved, Kenilworth, and other poems. By the Rev. E. Whiffeld.

Select Sermons from Massillon, Bishop of Clermont. Translated by Rutton Morris, Anti-slavery Reporter, No. 70, 71.

Divariation of the New Testament into Doctrine and History. By Thomas Wigram, Esq.

The Shorter Catechism illustrated by various extracts from the most approved Authors. By John Hall.

Edinburgh Journal of Natural and Geographical Science. In the Natural History department, the names of Sir W. Jardine, Mr. Arnot, Dr. Knox, Dr. Scooter, &c. as Directors, are alone sufficient to ensure an increasing value to the work.

The British Preacher, under the sanction of the Ministers whose discourses appear in its pages. Part 1 and 2. By Robert Phillips.

Journal of a Nine Months' Residence in Siam, by Jacob Tomlin, Missionary.

### In the Press.

To be published early in January next, neatly bound in cloth, carefully revised and enlarged by the Author, and accompanied with his Portrait, an entirely new Edition of "An Original Essay on the Immortality and Immortality of the Human Soul, founded solely on physical and rational principles." By Samuel Drew, M.A.

Roxobel, by Mrs. Sherwood, in 3 Vols. A new Edition of the Four Leading Doctrines of the New Jerusalem Church.

By the Rev. Robert Simpson, Colebrook House Academy, Ixington, A Manual of Religious Instruction for the Young.

The Fifteenth Volume of "The Annual Biography and Obituary," will contain Memoirs of more than twenty persons.

### Preparing for the Press.

A History of the Reformation in Switzerland, in 5 Vols. 8vo., by A. Buchet, comprising a period of forty years, from 1516 to 1556.

The Beauties of Modern British Poetry, systematically arranged. With an Introductory Essay, by David Grant.

An English Version of the Charters, Ordinances, Grants, and By-laws, which have been at any time conceded or agreed to for the good government of the Borough of Great Grimsby.

THE  
NEW-YORK CABINET.

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EDITED BY THE REV. JOHN N. MAFFITT.

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No. 1.

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SUMMERFIELD.

THE communion in which the beloved Summerfield labored, the entire community of the American church who had seen him, or heard of him, and thousands in Europe sorrowing for his untimely death, cut down as it were in the very freshness of his morning bloom,—anxiously expected, in his memoirs, to see the excellent saint once more on earth. They expected to see his better part, unclaimed by the grave, come up before them in its own loveliness, breathing peace upon them as it passed, and still eloquently pleading, till the end of time, the same precious cause to which he was devoted in life. The circumstance of his feeble health, together with his untiring, successful labors, had awakened a strong sympathy in his favor. When the immense multitudes that waited on his ministry saw, in the exhausting flame of his eloquence, the fire that was consuming the victim on the altar, they felt as if a martyr was before them. How powerful is such preaching! Let not the cold-hearted man, the frozen-blooded critic, presume to censure labors for God under such circumstances. One sermon, poured out in the sacrificial flame of life expiring in the kindling brightness of immortality, will be very likely to do more good, than the mighty tomes of theology that may have consumed lazy centuries in their structure.

It is here that we find one cause of complaint against Summerfield's biographer; he censures him over and over again, for laboring under the pressure of ill health. But could his biographer have seen, as we saw, that his most powerful efforts for God were those put forth in nature's feebleness, when the lamp of life was faintly gleaming, like the solitary taper that burns itself away in the chamber of death, he would not have censured—we confidently believe he would have applauded the self-devotedness of the saint rather than have blamed the rashness of the self-wasting individual. The deep and well-founded impression which had seated itself on Summerfield's mind, that his course must be a short one, and that what he accomplished for heaven must be done speedily, was, of itself, a sufficient stimulus to call him out, with a trumpet's voice, to labor while his brief day lasted.

Another cause of complaint which we prefer, with much tenderness, against Summerfield's biographer, is, that he had not been a witness of his preaching, nor a confidential friend—the sharer of his bosom thoughts, his cares, joys, sorrows, triumphs, despondencies. He has, therefore, compiled a biography of Summerfield which may be satisfactory to those who never saw Summerfield—but, to those who have seen and tasted the sweet elements of his heavenly eloquence and the joys of his soothing con-

verse, it does not fully reveal the image of their departed brother. An immense multitude must yet feel that Summerfield is no more—that he lives only in their fading remembrances. The pages of his biography, although very faithfully filled up from his correspondence, his journals and sketches of public addresses, do not develop the man. There stands in the pages a resemblance of Summerfield—but a mist, to eyes that have seen him, has gathered over the outlines of the generous, devoted, soul-touching brother, and never shall they see him again, save in memory's vision, until they see him standing along with Wesley, with Whitefield, with Spencer, with Heber, before his Saviour's throne.

If it require a genius to take the lineaments of the human form, to spread over the dull canvass the speaking images of life, how much more requisite is genius to portray the lineaments of the immortal mind which has developed itself under a type of surpassing beauty! Montgomery could have written the life of Summerfield had he been acquainted with him; for, in the few extracts from the pen of Montgomery found in the volume, the character and the soul of the dear servant of Jesus are spoken more fully than in all the biography has written. A biographer had no need of dwelling on minute faults or imperfections in Summerfield's character in order to convince the thousands who were to read the book that he had not flattered the subject of his biography—it should have been his higher aim to have described, with the genius of truth, the elements of moral loveliness which produced such unparalleled emotions in the minds of the thousands before whom the brief, but beautiful being passed.

The life of Summerfield, by Holland, should settle the question forever whether it were proper for strangers to be the biographers of men whose tenderness, purity and sweetness of daily action make up a moiety of their entire characters which is exceeded only by the power of their genius or eloquence. It will do very well for cool, collected strangers to write the lives of philosophers, statesmen, bookmen—for, in these departments, the transcripts, unerring and permanent, are alike tangible in any mood of mind, and faithfulness and elegance of combination are the needful requisitions for successful biography. But Summerfield's glory was in his soul, in his eye, in his outpourings of benevolent emotions, in his passions, flowing out, to use his own expressive words, like molten gold, and begetting their like in every heart that bowed under their heavenly influence.

Summerfield is gone. Earth beholds his face no more. His accents of purity reverberate no more in the house of prayer, the chambers of sorrow and death—nor shall they ever thrill again through the enchanted social circle. But a sweetness remains behind him. A fragrance is left where he trod. A glory lingers where the martyr passed. An offering blazing on the altars of holiness, the perfumes of his sacrifice fill a thousand temples. How sweetly rests the frame that was worn out in the service of Jesus! When memory recalls him, how like an angel does he rise up from the dominions of death, the very personification of love, of friendship, of generosity, of truth, of meekness, of patience and heavenly ardor! Thus death is conquered and cannot keep his spoil—for, fresh in beauty, his friends, the thousands of Israel, shall call him forth at will until they go to his place to abide with him forever. The suffrages of earth have placed his glorified spirit in heaven—for, while a stranger here below, none ever doubted his citizenship in that better country. What earth has lost, heaven has gained. With his life here below fled his last groan. The paleness of mortality gave place to eternal bloom—and the feebleness of his nature caught immortal energies from the first gentle breezes of the better world.



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WESLEYAN MISSIONARY HYMN,

*Sung in the church in John-street, New-York, at the anniversary of the Methodist  
Missionary Society.*

Tune,—“*Elim’s Well.*”

Hear the Gospel trumpet sounding  
Loudly than the ocean’s roar!  
Hear it from the hills resounding,  
Break in music on the shore!  
Hear it, mourner,  
Let thy sorrows flow no more.

Where the Gothic altars solemn  
Fed a feeble, flickering flame,  
Wealey, leaning on a column,  
Call’d on God, his Saviour’s name;  
Then from heaven,  
Fires of living glory came!

Brighter with his mission glowing,  
Earth grew sweet with Sharon’s rose;  
Songs, like those of Eden flowing,  
Broke the rubric’s dull repose.  
Then in power,  
Banner, star, and cross arose.

See another angel flying  
O’er the broad Atlantic wave!  
Asb’ry lifts his trumpet crying,  
“Jesus came a world to save.”  
Happy tidings!  
Millions in the fountain lave.

Now, a thousand trumpets thunder  
Deep along the vaulted sky;  
Now they part the spheres asunder,  
While the lightning arrows fly—  
Deep conviction  
Fills with tears the sinner’s eye.

O’er the silver lake of Simcoe,  
Hear the Indian chorus swell!  
Softly blending with night’s echo  
All these strains of Jesus tell;  
Precious music,  
Like the gush of Elim’s well.

Blessed Jesus! reign forever!  
Seated high on victory’s car;  
Bend the nations to thy sceptre,  
Wave thine ensigns from afar.  
Hallelujah!  
Thou art Christ, the Morning Star.

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THE DELUGE.

THIS may be classed with no other event. It stands alone. The recorded transactions of men, the desolating power of the elements, the cracks, tremors and eruptions of the crazy earth, may be graduated by some scale of comparative sublimity, force, or terror. With occurrences of the one kind there are similar records to com-

pare, and the mind enjoys a secret pleasure in balancing the recent evil with the kindred one more remote. This satisfaction arises in part from the grateful conviction forced upon the mind that there is a demonstration of method in the recurrence of calamity—that the event, however distressing, has a parallel,—and, as the earth, on which the hopes and castles of men are resting, survived the antecedent dispensation, so even now, when the thunders have done uttering their voices, or the spirit of the storm has passed by, or the spasms of organic matter have quieted themselves, the interrupted order of nature will revert to its own place. It will soon be over, is the uppermost thought in danger—and then, calculations may be made, projects entered upon, the future bent into the circle of the present, and man, once more, seem to himself the lord of the creation.

But in a new, untried calamity, appalling circumstances astound us; the courage of the bravest cowers under the approaches of a foe, uniting tremendous strength with unknown rules of action—and unearthly terrors gather themselves, like a cloud of fearfulness, over a scene of undefined, measureless ruin. Such was the deluge. It was poured out from the windows of heaven, it gushed up from the boiling fountains of the great deep without measure, parallel, antecedent, or genealogy. This is the event of one name; its genus one; its species one; its fashioning after its own fearful image, casting its shadows forward in the revelations of Noah's prophetic spirit.

All nations own this occurrence as indisputable; and a thousand venerable traditions testify of the deluge of waters along with the water marks which are abundantly found in the highest mountains, and may be identified in the geological structure of the continents and the islands. No element, perhaps, excepting that of fire, could have wrought such changes—for, when the shoreless waters subsided, the fragments of the broken up world were tossing to and fro and rounding themselves into a dry orb, under far other than antediluvian features and combinations, the retiring waves sported with the ancient mountain tops as with pebbles, and surge after surge laid up on high the immense ridges of new modelled hills with deep and lengthened vales between.

There is one peculiar circumstance connected with antediluvian remains not a little astonishing;—it is, that human skeletons have never been found, nor the ruins of a single edifice or monument, evidently belonging to the world before the flood. Man and his works perished. At intervals, indeed, the naturalist finds imbedded in the secondary formations of rock the gigantic bones of the Tapir and other animals of the old world whose species seem to have become extinct in the deluge; but the bare fleshless skeleton of a man who proudly rejected the spirit warnings of prophecy and lifted up his haughty looks towards the first black drops of the predicted storm, has probably never been revealed by the sunlight of heaven. The new world, drenched, reorganized, purified, was as if man had never been upon its vivifying bosom. The blood of ancient violence had been washed away. The proud cry of millions had subsided to the feeble supplications of eight individuals, who stood alone in a strange, voiceless, unpeopled land, by the side of a rude altar, from whence the curling smoke of sacrifice went up, answered by the beautiful Iris, God's bow of promise in the cloud.

An event of such severe application, as might have been expected, has taken a deep hold on human sympathy, terror or curiosity; and almost every being, who has become an inhabitant of earth since that time, has had his thoughts, to some extent, busied in exploring the gloom and storm of that sunless season. Every spirit has

peered out upon the watery grave of kings, of proud, aspiring nobles, whose generations ran directly back to Eden, and who still felt in the purple flood of life at their hearts the slowly diminishing impulses of the recent immortality of human nature. Genius, in eloquence, in song, or on the canvass, has often kindled over this theme and reaped fresh harvests of earthly immortality on this wide field of universal death.

It is not our purpose to spread the glorious or the gloomy colors of fancy, in mingled drapery, over the deluge scenery. More true sublimity lurks in the account of this event given in the sacred records than may be found in the most labored, minute, or graphic displays of inventive probability. We follow the words of God; and, like the pioneer raven sent out from the window of the ark, hover a moment longer over this stormy resting place between the world's creation and its end. The warning was long by the voice of Noah—and longer still by his unremitted labors in building the ark of safety for himself, his family, and those beasts of the field and fowls of the air who might be destined to propagate their kind throughout the solitudes of the new world. Threatened judgment comes on tardy wing—for God is merciful beyond earthly conception of the most merciful. Arrived at last, it is sudden—as if the kind Creator of humanity, was unwilling to hang out his protracted, unavailing terrors over those whose incorrigible obstinacy in sin had brought down destruction upon them. Many graphic writers and the pencil of the artist, have united in presenting a picture of long continued struggle—the black agony of horrid death—the arduous ascent to the mountain summit—the wild shout of pursuing waters—the cutting off of every hope—the sight of the buoyant ark outriding the storm—and the wild, unutterable wrestlings of the spirit of despair, tormenting the drowning millions in their death struggle. But we cannot follow the path of such.

The painter, whose heaving canvass discloses an enormous serpent winding himself around the topmost rock of the highest mountain, while all around rolls the seething waters, reveals a strong probability of nature—or when he paints a cataract near a summit where the laws of nature would forbid a river to flow—or when he defies the doctrine of gravitation and shows the angry, foaming masses of water stretching upward, like reversed waterfalls, he may be sustained by the solemn evidence of recorded causes, if not effects. But let him people the last, the highest visible elevations with drenched, miserable, living beings, he gives needless and un-called-for severity to a judgment too tremendous to exaggerate. Long before the highest hills were topped with foam, all earthly life, except that afloat in the ark and that whose breath is the deep sea itself, had probably become extinct. When man punishes man, he sustains the poor, shivering form of his brother in slow torments, taking life in excruciating measures, inch by inch—but the judgments of God, slow in their approach, are sudden in their transaction. The calamity comes. The public mind seems stupefied; and, in a moment, the Red Sea envelopes a host; the earth swallows thousands; fires from heaven wrap cities in flames; earthquake sinks them in dust, or the howling currents of the broken up seas and the dreary descent of floods from the opened windows of heaven finish the catastrophe of the world before the deluge.

There is one point of lonely sublimity in this tragic event not yet delineated by the pencil. It is an after occurrence, when every earthly groan had long been hushed and the sea-weed abrouds had been woven around more millions than perhaps ever will find footing again at once upon our earth. The heavens had wept their last drop, and, with a pale blue aspect, reflected nothing but a heaving counterpart below—

a dark mirror of unbroken waters, rolling to the lunar influence without a shore to graduate the tides. Those waters were receding. Evaporation lay upon their bosom, and curling mists, with a fragrance like freshly opened furrows of spring, floated on the dim edges of the horizon where sky and hallow met, and there seemed to form mimic mountains, shadowy resemblances or mockeries of the world that was. From a window of the ark, a dark wing essays its flight. A raven, the first of birds to navigate the atmospheric fluid of the new world, comes out after a year's confinement, and flaps his pinions between sea and sky. The flight of this pioneer, who returns no more, and the visionary line of vapor mountains towards which he directs his course, and the croaking of disappointment, as he finds them thin air—together with the solemn silence of the buried creation below, form an assemblage of lonely, impressive images, more truly affecting than the fury and affright of the deluge onset.

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#### DANIEL WEBSTER.

It may be assumed as a position not to be controverted that a mind capable of attracting any considerable share of public attention and admiration in these intellectual times possesses the elements of moral power, if not the creative attributes of genius. There are, at the present moment, many men in our country whose influence, exerted over large masses of our community, is irresistibly moulding the national character to a high and generous model. Were these master-spirits exclusively the members of a single profession or occupation in life there would be danger to the public weal from the preponderance of talent directed to a single point; the just proportions of our blended yet multiform interests would suffer detriment by concentrating the boldest and brightest talents in the work of illustrating and perfecting a part, which, from its unnatural brightness, would seem to cast a shade over the neglected portions. But, it is not so with our country. We can speak of one, and measure the widest circle of his influence, without encroaching on the spheres of others, equally perfect, but described in other directions.

Daniel Webster, during the recent session of Congress, has been placed in attitudes of unusual prominence. Departing from the restricted, became local, fields of his professional renown, he rose, not indeed for the first time, before an audience of fourteen millions, in an effort, every word of which has been read in the remotest hamlet in the union. It was in a war of giants—and so spirit-stirring were the leading tones of defiance—so proud and imposing the array of political conflict on either side, that multitudes of mere butterflies in war sought to gain their truly brief immortality by scorching their feeble wings in a flame they had not fanned into being, nor yet were able to extinguish.

We leave the details of, perhaps, the most brilliant Congressional campaign ever witnessed in our country to the dispassionate pen of the historian—and will, in a few words, allude to the personal appearance and intellectual energies of a man whose fame even now belongs to our whole country as a constituent part of national greatness.

Mr. Webster is about five feet ten inches in height, well formed, indicating muscular energy, if not uncommon bodily strength. His motions, when not excited, indicate freedom, boldness and a careless, unstudied ease—as little trammelled by the rules of the French school, as fettered by those of the Puritan. The contour of his face discloses generosity, courage, determination of purpose, with but few of the outlines of

beauty. His eyes are a dark hazel, sunk rather deep beneath an unusually heavy brow, with very deep, dark shades or lines below them. The appearance of his brow and eye are unique—and are properly characteristic. His action, when speaking in public, appears rather the simple expression of earnestness than the rhetorical flourish of the schools. But in the sarcastic wreathings of his bloodless and sallow countenance when he has put his adversary in a quandary, or hung him up on the horns of a dilemma, or placed him astride of the *reductio ad absurdum*, there may be something of the art, although none of the malice, of Brougham.

The elements of his mind are not those of the meteor blaze, or of the poet's enthusiasm. His style is eminently simple—sublime, at times indeed, but only the sublimity of thought. His continual aim in his more highly finished addresses is to present his gigantic thoughts under the thinnest covering of words, so that, instead of flowing, redundant drapery, the eye meets the sinews of iron and the bones of brass, half seen through the simple attire in which nature and Webster have clothed them. Unlike Brougham, he does not, in the commencement of his addresses, draw from heaven above, earth below and all creation around—history behind and prophecy before—the seemingly irrelevant materials of nature and art, and lay them, painfully distinct, the beautiful by themselves, and the horrible by themselves, to hurl them, in the tremendous peroration, full in the face of his staggering, blinded adversary who has barely faculties of sense enough remaining to understand the serpent hiss of the fiend that has wrought his overthrow. Not so Webster. His first sentences are like Newton's principia—as good for his antagonist as for himself; elucidations of truth made for one age as well as all ages. He is imbued and penetrated to the heart's core with the fact that there are many points of view through which a subject must be approached in order to ascertain its real position and relative importance. Thus each limb of one of his speeches is a direct, intense view of, or approach to, his subject—and wofully indeed are those disappointed who have made their beautiful theories and plausible arguments all on one side of the question, when they see the light of Webster's argument breaking in upon adverse, as well as their own, quarters—and the entire subject, in its relative import, moved, from what seemed to them its mountain foundations, far out of the hearing of their voices, and the sight of their eyes.

It is but three weeks since the professional and literary gentlemen of this city—the cognoscenti and the weavers of gothic English into due statute form—had an opportunity of witnessing a proof of Webster's manner. It was in the celebrated Astor case—a case hallowed by the display of much previous talent, and by the fact that on this very argument the eloquent Emmet, like the fabled swan, gave out the last tones of his eloquence—the sweetest because the last. The course of Webster's argument and his manner, on this occasion, need not be described, as the court room was crowded with hundreds whose eager attention suffered neither look, action, or word, in a speech of three hours' length, to fall to the ground unheeded.

When Webster has reason to think that an antagonist is lying in wait for his words, his precision of speech is astonishing. Every word is weighed in a balance and hung on the outer wall of his defences; and then, oftentimes, the sentences, too living and dreadful for a particle of redundance, become short and keen, like Damascus blades without their hilts. His voice, always earnest and characteristically sincere, when under the strong impressions of truth, is loud and pervading—his eye, like that of a mountain eagle, is full and clearly fixed in the face of the one whom he addresses, and every line of his countenance, held in subserviency to his subject,

## The Wreck of Genius.

speaks the language of the cool and practised orator. He should not be compared to the painter whose colors mingled with exquisite skill attract the gaze of men throughout a painter's eternity—five hundred years; Webster is rather the sculptor, under whose touch the marble breathes—the rock softens into life after the models of antiquity—true to nature now—true in fact, in principle now—and lasting as the materials from which nature and mind were created.

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### For the New-York Cabinet.

The following stanzas were written by James William Miller, late of Boston, who died at the Vaso de Bignon, August, 1829, much lamented by all who knew him as a gentleman, a scholar, and poet. These lines, in the autograph of the amiable author, were presented to a respected lady of this city with an injunction, written at the bottom of the sheet, to show them to no one, as they were the production of his earlier years. Death has taken off this injunction, and it cannot grieve the departed to publish even his earliest aspirations after heaven and immortality.

### CANZONETT—TO THE EVENING STAR.

*"Star of descending Night! fair is thy light in the west"—Ossian.*

Star of descending night, I love thy ray!  
Serenely beaming, mild and bright,  
For, from its pure and holy light,  
Earth's gloomy cares all take their flight,  
And sorrows damp'ning mists all melt away.

Sweet star, I love thee! for thy vernal beams  
Inwrap my soul in fancy's blissful dreams,  
And bid imagination wildly soar above  
This world of wo;  
And, for the heavenly realms of peace and love,  
Life's piercing pains, and fleeting joys forego.

Sweet star, I love thee! for thy holy light  
Beams on my soul a calm serenely bright!  
Oh, how sweet beneath thy ray,  
Through life's devious thorny way,  
With cheerful heart to calmly stray,  
And sink to rest at last—  
To gaze on earth-born misery  
With brow serene, unclouded eyes  
Nor drop a tear, nor breathe a sigh  
For pains so quickly past—

To look on worldly pleasure too,  
As nought substantial—nought that's true,  
A phantom bright that mocks the view—  
A mask for latent wo;—  
And know if here, of joy bereaven,  
That we repaid shall be in heaven,  
With joys more pure than e'er were given  
To mortals here below.

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### THE WRECK OF GENIUS.

The Rev. C. C. Colton, known to the public as the author of *Lacon*, a work of sententious wisdom, is now residing in Paris in a state of squalid poverty and wretchedness. He has been reduced to this state of miserable degradation by habits of

gaming. He was known long since to have been a frequenter of the *hells* in London in which unclerical dens he had been seen associating with the noted Thurtell, the murderer of Weare. About the time that this murder was perpetrated, Colton, then much involved in debt, vanished from public observation in a manner so secret and mysterious that the general impression was that his life had been taken by such infamous associates. Thurtell, however, would not acknowledge himself as the murderer of the lost Colton, who, meanwhile, was in Charleston, S. C. and a visitor in other cities of the United States. He soon returned to Europe—but avoided England. Residing in Paris, he attached himself to a celebrated gaming establishment, and was so successful, that, at one time, he was in possession of more than one hundred thousand dollars, and often declared his intention of investing it in the American funds, quitting play, to become an honest man again. But it appears that he has played one gametoo much, and now wrings out the dregs of a bitter cup—the dupe of sharpers and wretches; while the wisdom and knowledge of mankind disclosed in his ‘*Lacon*’ may, at this very moment, be the means of restraining hundreds from a course of life which has ruined himself and blasted the hopes of his friends.

POETICAL PORTRAITS.

SHAKESPEARE.

His was the wizard spell,  
The spirit to enchain;  
His grasp o’er nature fell,  
Creation own’d his reign.

MILTON.

His spirit was the home  
Of aspirations high;  
A temple, whose huge dome  
Was hidden in the sky.

BYRON.

Black clouds his forehead bound,  
And at his feet were flowers;  
Mirth, Madness, Magic found  
In him their keenest powers.

SCOTT.

He sings, and lo! Romance  
Starts from its mouldering urn,  
While Chivalry’s bright lance  
And nodding plumes return.

SPENCER.

Within the enchanting womb  
Of his vast genius, lie  
Bright streams and groves, whose gloom  
Is lit by Una’s eye.

WORDSWORTH.

He hung his harp upon  
Philosophy’s pure shrine;  
And, placed by Nature’s throne,  
Composed each placid line.

WILSON.

His strain like holy hymns  
Upon the ear doth float,  
Or voice of cherubim  
In mountain vale remote.

GRAY.

Soaring on pinions proud,  
The lightnings of his eye  
Sear the black thunder-cloud,  
He passes swiftly by.

BUENS.

He seized his country’s lyre,  
With ardent grasp and strong,

And made his soul of fire  
Dissolve itself in song.

COLERIDGE.

Magician, whose dread spell,  
Working in pale moonlight,  
From Superstition’s cell  
Invokes each satellite!

COWPER.

Religious light is shed  
Upon his soul’s dark shrine;  
And vice veils o’er her head  
At his denouncing line.

YOUNG.

Involved in pall of gloom,  
He haunts with footsteps dread,  
The murderer’s midnight tomb,  
And calls upon the dead.

GRAHAM.

O! when we hear the bell  
Of ‘Sabbath,’ chiming free;  
It strikes us like a knell,  
And makes us think of thee!

W. L. BOWLES.

From Nature’s flowery throne  
His spirit took its flight,  
And moves serenely on  
In soft, sad, tender light.

SHELLEY.

A solitary rock  
In a far distant sea,  
Rent by the thunder’s shock,  
An emblem stands of thee!

J. MONTGOMERY.

Upon thy touching strain,  
Religion’s spirit fair  
Falls down like drops of rain,  
And blends divinely there.

HOGG.

Clothed in the rainbow’s beam,  
Mid strath and pastoral glen,  
He sees the fairies gleam,  
Far from the haunts of men.

## RELIGION OF ANCIENT MEXICO.

THE attention of the world has been so frequently directed to the idolatrous systems of India, that the stupendous structure of Mexican idolatry, as it existed at the time of the Spanish invasion, is rarely mentioned, and scarcely retains any hold on the memory of man. The sources from which we compile the following brief historical sketch are the Letter from Cortez to the King of Spain on the conquest of Mexico, and the History of Bernal Diaz, an eye witness of what he describes.

At the time of the invasion, Mexico, at the very summit of earthly prosperity, sustained her tenth king, Montezuma—a monarch inheriting many noble qualities of mind and gentleness of disposition united to warlike energies. The form of government was monarchical, but not hereditary, and the police of the empire was a most skilful and politic combination of well-balanced powers and checks, producing the firmest consolidation of interests. Indeed, the reflecting mind can scarcely reconcile the horrid cruelty of their bloody religion with the harmony, and, in many respects, equitable frame of their government. Architectural grandeur, and the towers of temple, fortress, palace and tomb, gave ancient Mexico, seated in the midst of her quiet lake, the appearance which may be supposed to have belonged to Tyre, once the queen of cities, as she smiled in beautiful sublimity over the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Well might the Spaniards pause in wonder as their column of battle, like a cloud slumbering a moment on the brow of the stupendous mountain environs, came in full view of this magnificent city. The market sent out the roar of business to the hills louder than that of Constantinople or of the Eternal city—and the unlooked-for, and, as yet, undescribed grandeur of the palaces and temples was calculated to make the deepest impression on a foreign mind.

The chief temple of their religion occupied as much ground as a town capable of sustaining five hundred inhabitants. It was, indeed, garrisoned by tentousand men, the body guard of the sovereign. Surrounded by high walls, with four massive gates, it threw up to a great altitude more than twenty towers or pyramids, each one surmounted by an idol. At a little distance from this temple stood a tower, a true emblem of hell, its vast door resembling the opened mouth of an enormous monster, filled with demon and serpent forms of terrible size. It was a place of human sacrifice, covered continually with blood.

In the larger temple were two altars highly adorned, and over them the gigantic figures of their war god, Huitzilopuchtlí, and his brother, Tezcalepuca, the god of the infernal regions. The first had a great face, terrible eyes, was covered with gold and jewels, had a necklace of gold and silver wrought into the figures of human heads and hearts ornamented with precious stones of a blue color, and his huge body was bound with golden serpents; the other had the countenance of a bear with great shining eyes, and an equal profusion of gold and jewels wrought into, if possible, a more diabolic assemblage of infernal imagery. Before the first of these shapes, lay three human hearts, wet with blood—before the latter, four—taken from the victims while alive, by making a sudden incision in the side, tearing out the heart, and casting it before the idol, while the eyes of the victim were rolling in the death agony, and the limbs quivering in the mortal pang. These sacrifices were so frequently repeated, that the stench, from the shedding of blood and its consequent putrefaction, was almost intolerable. In this place was a drum of enormous size, the head of which was composed of the skins of large serpents, making a noise when struck that might be heard at the distance of two leagues; and, says Bernal Diaz, so doleful, that it deserved



to be named the music of the infernal regions. The bodies of all their idols far exceeded the human form in size, and were composed of a mixture of pulse and grain, formed into a paste with human blood. Their priests were numerous,—imposed upon themselves the vow of continence, permitted no female to enter their dwellings, wore their hair in thick clotted masses, and lacerated their ears in honor of their gods. The children of the caciques were educated by them, and their testimony respecting each pupil decided whether his name should be inscribed on the list of nobles or plebians. Personal merit alone formed the distinction of the nobility.

This brief outline only presents a single view of the stupendous fabric of idol worship reared in the ancient city of Mexico. The idolatry of India may cover a wider field—but it has not so deep a tinge of blood as that which shone on the cruel altars of the descendants of the Aztecs.

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### THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.

*(With an Engraving.)*

THE Falls of Saint Anthony, situated high up the Mississippi river and surrounded by the desert solitudes, are worthy to be classed with the remarkable cataracts of our country. They are found in latitude 44, where the stream of the Mississippi is more than six hundred yards wide, with a deep current. The perpendicular fall is only sixteen feet; but the immense volume of water—the regularity of the rock over which it is precipitated—and the solemn roar of the element, render the scenery impressive beyond the power of description.

Just below the falls, the river is compressed to the width of two hundred and ten yards, and descends fifty-eight feet farther in the space of three hundred yards. The scenery above and below is wild with high hills and rugged rocks; but, at some distance above, the country is more open with fine meadows as far as the Falls of Paka-gama, beyond which no boatman plies his oar, or sings his river songs to the echoing forest. The river has not been minutely explored farther than about one hundred and fifty miles above the falls of St. Anthony. It is, however, an interesting section of country. The rivulets that gush from the rocky banks of the Mississippi in this high region are strongly impregnated with salt.

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*For the New-York Cabinet.*

### LEARNING OPPOSED TO INFIDELITY.

“O tempora ! O mores.”

IN all ages, before this exclamation flashed from the Roman Orator, and since its pathetic repetition by the British poet, has this been the complaint of the philosopher and the satirist. They behold with melancholy concern the vices and follies of society developing themselves in some before untried channel, and conclude that in their own age and country, is human depravity prevailing over all that is good and great, and threatening society itself with ruin. They do not reflect that human nature is the same in every age, and attribute only to their own transient life, qualities as universal as Adam's blood, and lasting as the world. Their gloomy anticipations have, thus far, been happily disappointed. Ruin has indeed often stalked over the nations in his most appalling forms; and vice has bared her face with shameless effrontery—

yet through the superintending care of Providence have their ravages been restrained and their victims liberated.

Have we not reason to hope that the fears of the good and the hopes of the destroyer's satellites will prove equally unfounded in our own day? True, the last fifty years have witnessed the most persevering and vigorous exertion on the part of the enemies of religion and virtue, and the destroying angel has gorged his sword with the blood of millions; but tranquillity is restored and their strongest efforts have been foiled. What if they attempt to rally and return to the charge, we trust it is but to meet new repulses from the strong arms of Divine Protection. I may expect a smile, perhaps, from the champions of infidelity when I express my firm conviction that our race is improving—not merely in understanding—but in heart—in purity and virtue. *They* believe our nature is improving, as well as we, but in a sense far different; they would discard all thoughts of God and religion from the heart, and abolish the dearest affections of nature from our breasts and call that improvement. They profess to be friends to virtue, but they would deprive her laws of their sanction, and obliterate from the heart the purest incentives to her culture. In a word, hypocritical friends to society and virtue, they would insidiously assassinate both the one and the other.

We hear much said about enlightening the world, and perhaps some vainly hope the twinkling luminaries of science and literature will outshine the sun of Divine illumination.—Vain mistake! Knowledge is a foundation too firm to build their stubble castles on. The more widely it is diffused, through all ranks of society—the more soundly it is taught, and the better its principles are understood, so much the less fear may we have that these disorganizing sentiments will prevail. Learning was once confined to an aristocratic few, and even in them met with many obstacles in producing its legitimate effect; yet must we affirm that, in general, the wisest were the best of men, all things considered, in their age and country. It is true, learning has been perverted to serve the vilest purposes, by men wise only to do mischief and destitute of knowledge to do good. But what have not such to fear as a reward of their impiety? If, as many suppose, learning and books be the fruit of immediate revelation from God, and even our alphabetic characters, but copies of those engraved by Omnipotence himself, and communicated to his servants for the best and noblest of purposes—what impiety to wrest, as it were, His very arms from Infinite benevolence, and turn them against His cause.

If the Bible, the sublimest and most elegant, as well as most ancient of books, and important on account of the momentous truths it communicates, be the beginning, the prototype of all literature, ought it not to assume a peculiar sacredness in our eyes and fill our souls with veneration and gratitude to its benevolent revealer?

Let literature and science, then, be divorced from any unnatural connection with impiety, and, in their legitimate sphere, labor as the handmaids of religion—for there they seem most lovely. Then shall their diffusion over the continents, the erection of their temples in the most distant regions and their descent from the university and the palace to cheer the cottage of the poor and the labors of the husbandman, be not merely intrinsic blessings elevating all to the proper dignity of man, but bless the nations as harbingers of the universal spread of the everlasting gospel.

Filled with such sentiments we hail with rapture every publication, whose object is to diffuse sound instruction in religion, sound doctrine in philosophy or correct principles of taste, and pledge it our warmest encouragement—for so far as these prevail will our race become better and happier.

K. B.

## JAMES MONROE.

*(With an Engraving.)*

JAMES MONROE LL. D., the fifth President of the United States, was born in Virginia about the year 1758, and is now seventy-two years of age. The spirit-stirring patriotism of the revolution urged him at an early age into a participation of the dangers and the glory of the American struggle for independence. He made full proof of his bravery, particularly at the battle of Trenton, where he commanded a platoon, and received a desperate wound. He was at that time a lieutenant. After the successful termination of the war, he pursued the profession of law in his native state, and was soon called to take his seat in Congress, where, as a confidential friend, and fellow-laborer with Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and Madison, he assisted in the formation of the Constitution, and was subsequently a member of the new Congress. His affable and prepossessing deportment, with his talents for public business and undoubted patriotism, distinctly marked him as a suitable person to represent his country at foreign courts. He consequently appeared in a diplomatic character at the courts of France, Spain, and England, with honor to himself as well as satisfaction to his country. In 1817 he was elected to the Presidency of the United States, having for some time before sustained the offices of Secretary of War and Secretary of State.—The commencement of his presidential course was at a stormy period in our political history; but such was the mildness and wisdom of Monroe's administration that he was re-elected to the same dignified office in 1821.

President Monroe's devotion to the interests of his country and the entire occupancy of his time in public business prevented him from paying due attention to his private concerns—and he found himself, on retiring from the presidency in 1825, destitute of property and embarrassed with heavy debts. His friends have made frequent appeals to the justice and magnanimity of the nation to relieve one whose name is interwoven with the history of American greatness. These appeals have not been in vain. Mr. Monroe resides in his native state, happy in the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens, of his country, and of the world. He was a member of the late convention in Virginia for the alteration of the state constitution.

The honor of having ably filled the first office in the gift of a free people, is no common one;—it is enough to satisfy the expansive mind of a Cincinnatus or a Washington. And James Monroe, in the decline of his life, may look back on the course which Providence has permitted him to fill with gratitude, and forward with hope.

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BURNING OF THE BOSTON.

A painter of some celebrity in Boston has just finished a painting of this fearful catastrophe, ten or twelve feet square, taken at the moment when storm, darkness, flame, and the generous display of moral courage, gave the scene every characteristic of an awful sublimity. The loss of the Boston, and many of the attending circumstances will continue to agitate the public mind for years, and present an uncommon subject for the pencil. An officer of the ship lent his assistance to the painter, and the colors of art are, of course, in this instance, true to nature. The painting represents the main and mizen-masts as gone—the foremast and rigging are on fire—two boats, filled with passengers, are seen at a little distance from the ship

and the last boat is leaving—the ocean, with its rough surges, is suffused with crimson flame—the moon shows herself through the rent clouds, and the atmosphere, far and near, is freighted with the smoke and cinders of the burning hulk. The gallant British Admiral, Sir Isaac Coffin, serenely calm, is recognized in the boat, as well as the intrepid Mackay.

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## LITERARY NOTICES.

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**TANNER'S NARRATIVE** of thirty years' residence among the Indians in the interior of North America.

Messrs. G. & C. & H. Carvill, of this city, have just published in a volume of 496 pages, a *Narrative of the Captivity and Adventures of JOHN TANNER, U. S. Interpreter at the Saut de Ste. Marie*. Tanner was captured or stolen by the Indians at about ten years of age when living with his father at the mouth of the Big Miami—his father having emigrated thither from Virginia, where he had sustained the office of a clergyman. Young Tanner, it seems, from some unpleasant family circumstances and the dictations of an unruly temper rather sought than avoided the danger of captivity and purposely strayed into the woods when he knew the Indians were lurking in the vicinity. He was made a captive, and found time enough to repent of his temerity when he was forced along with swollen, bleeding feet, day after day, far into the depths of the desert by a party of the Shawneese Indians. After many day's travel they reached a native village or town named *Sa-qui-na* where Tanner was adopted, as a child, into an Indian family, suffering every species of cruelty and harsh treatment for the space of two years, when he was purchased by *Net-no-kwa*, a powerful woman, and a chief of the Ottawas. In this situation Tanner received better treatment, removed to the Michigan lake, and, subsequently, to the Red River.

Tanners' minute journal of the occurrences of his captivity gives the most striking and authentic view of Indian habits and modes of living, as well as of their religious observances and superstitions. The book is entitled to entire credit. It is written in Tanner's peculiar style—brief, expressive of the prevailing modes of thought and action among the unsophisticated, yet cruel sons of the forest—it will, no doubt, become the text book for the student in aboriginal customs and ceremonies.

Without designing to enter at large into the course of the narrative, we have marked only a few passages, descriptive either of religious ceremony, or of superstition. The reader will do well to keep in mind that Tanner is still possessed of Indian feelings, prejudices, and moral views—having received what may be called his permanent impressions of principles and things from his captors :

**SAILING ON LAKE SUPERIOR.**—"We were ten canoes in all, and we started, as we had done in coming, at the earliest dawn of the morning. The night had been calm, and the water, when we left the island, was perfectly smooth. We had proceeded about two hundred yards into the lake, when the canoes all stopped together, and the chief, in a very loud voice, addressed a prayer to the Great Spirit, entreating him to give us a good look to cross the lake. 'You,' said he, 'have made this lake, and you have made us, your children; you can now cause that the water shall remain smooth, while we pass over in safety.' In this manner, he continued praying

for five or ten minutes; he then threw into the lake a small quantity of tobacco, in which each of the canoes followed his example. They then all started together, and the old chief commenced his song, which was a religious one; but I cannot remember exactly the meaning of what he sung. I had now forgotten my mother-tongue, and retained few, if any, ideas of the religion of the whites. I can remember, that this address of the chief to the Great Spirit, appeared to me impressive and solemn, and the Indians seemed all somewhat impressed by it, or perhaps by their situation being exposed, on the broad lake, in their frail bark canoes, they could not but feel their dependence upon that Power which controls the wind and the waves."

\* \* \* \* \* "There is, on the bank of that river (the Little Saskawjewan), a place which looks like one the Indians would always choose to encamp at. In a bend of the river is a beautiful landing place, behind it a little plain, a thick wood, and a small hill rising abruptly in the rear. But with that spot is connected a story of fratricide, a crime so uncommon, that the spot where it happened is held in detestation, and regarded with terror. No Indian will land his canoe, much less encamp, at *"the place of the two dead men."*\* They relate, that many years ago, the Indians were encamped here, when a quarrel arose between two brothers, having she-she-gwi for totems. One drew his knife and slew the other; but those of the band who were present, looked upon the crime as so horrid, that without hesitation or delay, they killed the murderer, and buried them together.

'As I approached this spot, I thought much of the story of the two brothers, who bore the same totem with myself, and were, as I supposed, related to my Indian mother. I had heard it said, that if any man encamped near their graves, as some had done soon after they were buried, they would be seen to come out of the ground, and either react the quarrel and the murder, or in some other manner so annoy and disturb their visitors, that they could not sleep. Curiosity was in part my motive, and I wished to be able to tell the Indians, that I had not only stopped, but slept quietly at a place which they shunned with so much fear and caution. The sun was going down as I arrived; and I pushed my little canoe in to the shore, kindled a fire, and after eating my supper, lay down and slept. Very soon, I saw the two dead men come and sit down by the fire, opposite me. Their eyes were intently fixed upon me, but they neither smiled, nor said any thing. I got up and sat opposite them by the fire, and in this situation I awoke. The night was dark and gusty, but I saw no men, or heard any other sounds, than that of the wind in the trees. It is likely I fell asleep again, for I soon saw the same two men standing below the bank of the river, their heads just rising to the level of the ground I had made my fire on, and looking at me as before. After a few minutes, they rose one after the other, and sat down opposite me; but now they were laughing, and pushing at me with sticks, and using various methods of annoyance. I endeavored to speak to them, but my voice failed me: I tried to fly, but my feet refused to do their office. Throughout the whole night I was in a state of agitation and alarm. Among other things which they said to me, one of them told me to look at the top of the little hill which stood near. I did so, and saw a horse fettered, and standing looking at me. 'There, my brother,' said the Jebi, 'is a horse which I give you to ride on your journey to-morrow; and as you pass here on your way home, you can call and leave the horse, and spend another night with us.'

"At last came the morning, and I was in no small degree pleased to find, that with

\* Jebiug-neesh-o-shin-pant—Two dead lie there.

the darkness of the night these terrifying visions vanished. But my long residence among the Indians, and the frequent instances in which I had known the intimations of dreams verified, occasioned me to think seriously of the horse the jehi had given me. Accordingly I went to the top of the hill, where I discovered tracks and other signs, and following a little distance, found a horse, which I knew belonged to the trader I was going to see. As several miles travel might be saved by crossing from this point on the Little Saakawjewan to the Assiniboin, I left the canoe, and having caught the horse, and put my load upon him, led him towards the trading house, where I arrived next day. In all subsequent journeys through this country, I carefully shunned 'the place of the two dead ;' and the account I gave of what I had seen and suffered there, confirmed the superstitious terrors of the Indians."

\* \* \* \* "Very early in the spring, we had much severe thunder and lightning. One night, Pich-e-to becoming much alarmed at the violence of the storm, got up and offered some tobacco to the thunder, entreating it to stop. The Ojibbeways and Ottawaws believe that thunder is the voice of living beings, which they call An-nim-mo-keeg. Some considering them to be like men, while others say they have more resemblance to birds. It is doubtful whether they are aware of any necessary connexion between the thunder and the lightning which precedes it. They think the lightning is fire, and many of them will assert, that by searching in the ground, at the root of the tree that has been struck, immediately after the flash, a ball of fire may be found. I have myself many times sought for this ball, but could never find it. I have traced the path of the lightning along the wood, almost to the end of some large root, but where it disappeared I was never able to find any thing more in the soil than what belonged there."

\* \* \* \* "This state of things continuing for some time, we were all reduced nearly to starvation, and had recourse, as a last resort, to medicine hunting. Half the night I sung and prayed, and then lay down to sleep. I saw, in my dream, a beautiful young man come down through the hole in the top of my lodge, and he stood directly before me. 'What,' said he, 'is this noise and crying that I heard? Do I not know when you are hungry and in distress? I look down upon you at all times, and it is not necessary you should call me with such loud cries.' Then pointing directly towards the sun's setting, he said, 'do you see those tracks?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'they are the tracks of two moose.' 'I give you those two moose to eat.' Then pointing in an opposite direction, towards the place of the sun's rising, he showed me a bear's track, and said, 'that also I give you.' He then went out at the door of my lodge, and as he raised the blanket, I saw that snow was falling rapidly. At the earliest dawn, I started from the lodge in a heavy fall of snow, and taking the course pointed out to me, long before noon I fell on the track of two moose, and killed them both, a male and a female, and extremely fat."

Tanner took an Indian wife, whose significant name was "the red sky of the morning." At length, after unspeakable hardships, suffering by hunger, sickness, gunshot wounds, fractured skull, arm, and almost every variety of wretchedness incident to a life among Indians, Tanner heard that some of his father's family were alive and had been searching for him. Through the kindness of Governor Cass, Governor Clark, Major Long, and other United States' officers, he was enabled to leave the Indians and visit his friends. He was captured in 1789, and left the Indians in 1819—since which time he has been interpreter for the U. S. government on one occasion, and has been in the Indian country making an unsuccessful attempt to bring away his children.

# THE CABINET.

EDITED BY THE REV. JOHN H. MAFFITT.

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No. 4.

## SPRING.

The season of ethereal mildness—when the wide, deep heavens purify themselves and shake out the contractions and wrinkles of winter! It has come to us as in times past unchanged! God has not forgotten to be gracious and faithful. And the earth obedient to the heavenly signs above arrays her late cold bosom with green—and has placed that green only as a dark background to her more beauteous embroidery of flowers which ere long shall intermingle with and surmount the parent tint, and white and red and orange and green and violet shall be found in the fragrant coverings of the meadows and the hills. The birds know the season of love and of song. They are out in the earliest blush of the morning. Their songs now sound with, and shape, all nature's melody to an anthem of harmony, varied and measured with more than mortal skill. It is the many-tongued song of creation which I hear rising up to the great Creator. Receive this bursting volume of praise, Oh thou magnificent Creator and Preserver, from the green earth thou hast borne safely through the tossing winter clouds, like a strong ship brought from the stormy cape into the spicy Indian ocean!

Man, whose capacious heart and searching intellect can take in and comprehend this universal song of homage and rejoicing, should not be a frozen statue amidst the adoring works of God. Let every heart be warm and overflowing with praise.—For no living creature in the air, in the fields, in the forest or the floods, has half the cause of thanksgiving that human beings have. All nature seems to smile for man, and pours out into his hand the fullness of her vernal offerings. The fields are green and lovely to his eye—the grass blooms afresh over the graves of his ancestors—the summer harvests, the fruits of autumn are before him—the blessings of friendship are around him—and still, after this earthly scene hath shifted, another scene incomparably more grand and beautiful spreads out and stretches interminably before him. It is the Spring of a blessed immortality.

The time hastens that religion shall fill the earth with a heavenly influence more bland and balmy than that of Spring. War, like the storms of winter, shall be no more. The tales of hoary wrong and error shall be rehearsed at the fireside as things that have been—not as those now in existence. Death shall come calmly then, and have no sting. The sweet earth shall then invite Jesus to his second coming—and the Saviour shall hear the voice.

Vol. V.—23.

## SCENE AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

*Extracts from Stewart's Journal.*

At an early hour of the Sabbath, even before we had taken our breakfast on board ship, a single person here and there, or a group of three or four, wrapped in their large mantles of various hues, might be seen winding their way among the groves, fringing the bay on the East, or descending from the hills and ravine on the North, towards the Chapel: and by degrees their numbers increased, till in a short time every path along the beach and over the uplands, presented an almost uninterrupted procession of both sexes and of every age, all pressing to the house of God. So few canoes were round the ship yesterday, and the landing place had been so little thronged as our boats passed to and fro, that one might have thought the district but thinly inhabited; but now such multitudes were seen gathering from various directions, that the exclamation, 'what crowds of people, what crowds of people!' was heard from the quarter-deck to the fore-castle.

Even to myself it was a sight of surprise: surprise, not at the magnitude of the population, but that the object for which they were evidently assembling should bring together so great a multitude. And as my thoughts re-echoed the words 'what crowds of people!' remembrances and affections of deep power came over me, and the silent musings of my heart were, 'what a change—what a happy change!'—When at this very place, only four years ago, the known wishes and example of chiefs of high authority—the daily persuasion of teachers, added to motives of curiosity and novelty, could scarce induce a hundred of the inhabitants to give an irregular, careless, and impatient attendance on the services of the Sanctuary. But now,

Like mountain torrents pouring to the main,  
From every glen a living stream came forth—  
From every hill in crowds they hastened down,  
To worship Him, who deigns in humblest fane,  
On wildest shore, to meet th' upright in heart.

The scene, as looked on in the stillness of a brightly gleaming Sabbath morning from our ship, was well calculated, with its associations, to prepare the mind for strong impressions on a nearer view, when the conclusion of our own public worship should allow us to go on shore. Mr. Goodrich had apprised us, that he had found it expedient to hold the services of the Sabbath, usually attended at all the other stations at 9 o'clock in the morning and at 4 in the afternoon, both in the forepart of the day, that all might have the benefit of two sermons, and still reach their abodes before nightfall. For,

—'Numbers dwelt remote,  
And first must traverse many a weary mile,  
To reach the altar of the God they love.'

And it was arranged that on this occasion the second service should be postponed till about the time the officers should be at liberty to leave the ship. It was near 12 o'clock, when we went on shore, the Capt. and 1st. Lieut., the Purser, Surgeon, several of the Midshipmen and myself. Though the services had commenced when we landed, large numbers were seen circling the doors without, but as we afterwards found, only from the impracticability of obtaining places within. The house is an im-



immense structure, capable of containing many thousands, every part of which was filled, except a small area in front of the pulpit, where seats were reserved for us, and to which we made our way in slow and tedious procession, from the difficulty of finding a spot to place even our footsteps, without treading on limbs of the people seated on their feet as closely almost as they could be stowed.

As we entered, Mr. G. paused in his sermon till we should be seated. I ascended the pulpit beside him, from which I had a full view of the congregation. The suspense of attention in the people was only of momentary duration, notwithstanding the entire novelty to them of the laced coats, cocked hats, and other appendages of naval uniform. I can scarce describe the emotions experienced, in glancing an eye over the immense number, seated so thickly on the matted floor as to seem literally one mass of heads, covering an area of more than 9,000 square feet. The sight was most striking, and soon became not only to myself but to some of my fellow officers, deeply affecting.

I have seen many worshipping assemblies, and of every variety of character; I have listened with delight to some of the highest eloquence, the pulpits of America and England can boast, and have watched with sympathetic excitement the effect produced by it, till all who heard were wrapped into an enthusiasm of high toned feeling at the sublimity of the theme presented. But it was left for a worshipping assembly at Hido, the most obscure corner of these remote islands, to excite the liveliest emotions ever experienced. With the exception of the inferior chiefs having charge of the district, and their dependants—of two or three native members of the Church and of the mission family, scarce one of the whole multitude was in other than the native dress—the maro—the kihee and the simple tapa of their primitive state. In this respect, and in the attitude of sitting, all was purely pagan.

The simple appearance and orderly deportment of that obscure congregation whom I had once known and at no remote period, only as a set of rude, licentious and wild pagans did more to rivet the conviction of the divine origin of the Bible, and of the holy influences by which it is accompanied to the hearts of man, than all the arguments and apologies and defences of Christianity I ever read.

Instruction of every kind is eagerly and universally sought: and not less than 10,000 people were assembled only last week at an examination of schools. The Mission House is daily crowded with earnest inquirers in every right way; evil customs and atrocious vices are abandoned; a strict outward conformity to good morals observed, and numbers, it is hoped and confidently believed, have yielded and are yielding themselves to the sweet charities and pure affections of genuine piety.—From many an humble dwelling, now

‘is daily heard

The voice of prayer and praise to Jacob’s God;  
And many a heart in secret heaves the sigh  
To Him who hears, well pleased, the sigh contrite.’

Even in the hut of the child murderer,

‘the father with his offspring dear  
Now bends the knee to God, and humbly asks  
That He would bless them with a parent’s love—  
With heavenly manna feed their hungry souls,  
And on their hearts, as Hermon’s dew, descend.’

## INSCRIPTION ON A BURYING GROUND.

*'The resting place of the Dead, waiting for the Living.'*

BY W. M. HETHERINGTON, A. M.

Here rest the dead ! silent and deep  
 And dark and narrow is their home ;  
 Here their long lonesome vigils keep,  
 Waiting but till the living come ;  
 Morn dawns not in its beauty here,  
 No lustre noon-day suns can shed,  
 Nor star-beams through the dim night peer  
 That wraps the cheerless dead.

Art thou a chief of daring breast,  
 Of lofty brow, and kindling eye ?  
 Is thine the flaming meteor-crest  
 That bursts through battle's lurid sky ?  
 O warrior ! doff thine eagle plume,  
 Resign thy war-steed, brand and spear ;  
 Disarmed, imprisoned in the tomb,  
 Thy comrades wait thee here.

Art thou a king, a hero, one  
 At the dread bidding of whose word  
 The grizzly War-Fiend buckles on  
 His panoply, and bears his sword ?  
 Halt, mighty conqueror ! blench thy cheek,  
 Quell the red terrors of thine eye ;  
 Here earth's proud Thunderers, silent, weak,  
 To wait the coming, lie.

Art thou a man of loftiest mind,  
 Statesman, philosopher, or bard ?  
 One whose great soul can only find  
 In native worth its high reward ?  
 Oh ! pluck the bright wreath from thy brow,  
 And leave it in the hall of fame ;  
 Here dwell the glorious dead, each now  
 The shadow of a name.

Art thou a youth of gentle breast ?  
 One fond to roam by rippling streams ;  
 With love's delicious woes opprest,  
 And haunted with fantastic dreams ?  
 Shake the soft fetters from thy heart,  
 Dreamer ! the partners of thy fate,  
 Struck now by no soft Cupid's dart,  
 Thy coming here await.

Woman ; young mother ! tender wife !  
 Ye dearest forms of mortal birth ;  
 Sweet soothers of poor human life !  
 Fair angels of the happy hearth ;  
 O matron grave ! O widow drear !  
 Whate'er thou art, cherished or lone,  
 The dead beloved await thee here—  
 The grave will have its own !

Thou too, bright blooming beauty ! thou,  
 The load star of a thousand eyes !  
 That liquid eye, that marble brow,  
 That cheek where smile Morn's loveliest dyes.  
 Oh ! veil those charms ! they too must share,  
 Alas ! the universal doom ;  
 The beautiful dead, where are they ! where !—  
 They wait thee in the tomb !

Here rest the dead ! here wait the hour  
 When the last sob of living breath  
 Shall pass away beneath the power  
 Of that grim phantom, mightiest Death :  
 They rest in hope, waiting till He  
 Who died, and lives for aye, shall come,  
 To give them immortality,  
 And call them to his home !

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### EXTRACT

*From Whittier's Legends of New-England.*

In one of my hunting excursions abroad on a fine morning—it was just at this time of the year—I was accompanied by my wife. 'Twas a beautiful morning. The sunshine was warm, but the atmosphere was perfectly clear ; and a fine breeze from the northwest shook the bright green leaves which clothed to profusion the wreathing branches above us. I had left my companion for a short time, in pursuit of game ; and in climbing a rugged ledge of rocks, interspersed with shrubs and dwarfish trees, I was startled by a quick grating rattle. I looked forward. On the edge of a loosened rock lay a large Rattlesnake, coiling himself, as if for the deadly spring. He was within a few feet of me ; and I paused for an instant to survey him. I know not why, but I stood still, and looked at the deadly serpent with a strange feeling of curiosity. Suddenly he unwound his coil, as if relenting from his purpose of hostility, and raising his head, he fixed his bright, fiery eye directly upon my own. A chilling and indescribable sensation, totally different from any thing I had ever before experienced, followed this movement of the serpent ; but I stood still, and gazed steadily and earnestly, for that moment there was a visible change in the reptile. His form

seem to grow larger, and his colors brighter. His body moved with a slow, almost imperceptible motion towards me, and a low hum of music came from him—or, at least, it sounded in my ear—a strange, sweet melody, faint as that which melts from the throat of the Hummingbird. Then the tints of his body deepened, and changed, and glowed, like the changes of a beautiful kaleidoscope,—green, purple and gold, until I lost sight of the serpent entirely, and saw only wild curiously woven circles of strange colors, quivering around me like an atmosphere of rainbows. I seemed in the centre of a great prism—a world of mysterious colors; and the tints varied and darkened and lighted up again around me; and the low music went on without ceasing, until my brain reeled; and fear, for the first time, came like a shadow over me. The new sensation gained upon me rapidly, and I could feel the cold sweat gushing from my brow. I had no certainty of danger in my mind—no definite ideas of peril—all was vague and clouded, like the unaccountable terror of a dream,—and yet my limbs shook, and I fancied I could feel the blood stiffening with cold as it passed along my veins. I would have given worlds to have been able to bear myself from the spot—I even attempted to do so, but the body obeyed not the impulse of the mind—not a muscle stirred; and I stood still, as if my feet had grown to the solid rock, with the infernal music of the tempter in my ear, and the baleful colorings of his enchantment before me.

Suddenly a new sound came on my ear—it was a human voice—but it seemed strange and awful. Again—again—but I stirred not; and then a white form plunged before me, and grasped my arm. The horrible spell was at once broken. The strange colors passed from before my vision. The Rattlesnake was coiling at my very feet, with glowing eyes and uplifted fangs; and my wife clinging in terror upon me. The next instant the serpent threw himself upon us. My wife was the victim! The fatal fangs pierced deeply into her hand, and her scream of agony, as she staggered backward from me, told me the dreadful truth.

Then it was that a feeling of madness came upon me; and when I saw the foul serpent stealing away from his work of death, reckless of danger, I sprang forward and crushed him under my feet, grinding him in pieces upon the ragged rock. The groans of my wife now recalled me to her side, and to the horrible reality of her situation. There was a dark, livid spot on her hand; and it deepened into blackness as I led her away. We were at a considerable distance from any dwelling; and after wandering for a short time, the pain of the wound became insupportable to my wife, and she swooned away in my arms. Weak and exhausted as I was, I had yet strength enough remaining to carry her to the nearest rivulet, and bathe her brow in the cool water. She partially recovered, and sat down upon the bank, while I supported her head upon my bosom. Hour after hour passed away, and none came near us—and there—alone in the great wilderness, I watched over her, and prayed with her—and she died!

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#### KOSCIUSKO.

'I think it was about the beginning of the year 1786, when my esteemed friend Mr. Bush, of Great Ormond-street, informed me that the great Polish patriot, Kosciusko, had arrived at Sabloniere's Hotel, in Leicester-square. I presented myself on the following morning (Sunday) to that hero. I found him reclining on a

soft, dressed in black velvet, a bandage over his forehead, much emaciated, and unable to rise without assistance, but his eyes were full of fire and intelligence. He entered familiarly into conversation, showed me many presents from the most popular artists of the day, particularly a drawing by Mr. West. He told me that his stay in town was limited by the members of the Government, and that many of the nobility and members of the opposition had visited him that morning, particularly the Duke of Bedford and Mr. Fox. Twenty years afterwards, at the pressing invitation of Mr. West, I visited his gallery, where my eyes were arrested by his picture of Kosciusko. 'This is Kosciusko,' said I. 'How do you know that?' said the President, 'for you were never here before, and the painting has never been out of the premises.' I related then my interview with Kosciusko. Mr. West made a long pause; and addressed my wife, who was present, with peculiar emphasis, in the following words: 'Your husband, madam, has made that picture of great value to me. I painted it some years after I saw the General, merely from recollection, having made no sketch at the time. I have strong reasons for recollecting my interview with Kosciusko. Beyond the pleasure of seeing that truly great man, my mind was filled with admiration on witnessing the approach of the Duke of Bedford. I had not, until that moment, a perfect notion of masculine beauty, softened by the soul.'"

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#### MADAME DE GENLIS.

A friend has communicated to us, says the Philadelphia Gazette, the following narrative:

The mention of the death of Madame de Genlis recalls to my mind an interview which I had the good fortune to enjoy in Paris, somewhat more than a year ago, with that celebrated lady. At an evening party, shortly after my arrival in the French metropolis, I met an American lady who told me she was well acquainted with the old Countess, and would take me to see her if I felt so disposed. I willingly assented, of course, and on the appointed day we repaired to her residence in the rue Faubourg St. Honore, in which street she occupied two small rooms of a hotel. We were shown by a maid into her sitting-room, and at one end of it I beheld a shrivelled old dame, sitting in an easy chair, near an ancient and dirty table, covered with different little articles. The whole apartment, in fact, wore not the cleanest or most orderly appearance, and was furnished meanly enough. After the ceremony of recognition, introduction, and so forth, was over, conversation commenced, and it needed no dexterity on my part to turn it upon herself, for she soon began upon that subject, and talked of nothing else during the whole visit. Her vanity, I previously knew, was almost proverbial, and she certainly gave me no reason to suppose I had been impressed with a false conviction.

On my inquiring whether she still continued to compose, she answered rather quickly in the affirmative, saying that she dictated several hours every day to an amanuensis. She had just published a work, she said, designed for the use of young mothers, which it was absolutely indispensable for every one of them to possess if they wished to discharge their duties in a proper manner, and for which she had re-

ceived the sum of 10,000 francs. She then went on to speak in a lofty strain of her other productions, and afterwards entertained me with an account of her various accomplishments. This egotism, which would have been insufferable in a younger person, bore an ample apology with it in the multitude of her labors and the number of her years. She told me she still played upon the piano and harp, notwithstanding her advanced age, and warmly agglorised the proficiency of some of her pupils upon those instruments, among whom was Mdle. d'Orleans, the sister of the present king of the French. This princess had presented her with a snuff-box, in testimony of her gratitude for the musical instruction, with a harp painted on the top, and underneath these words—'*Sousensvous de votre ouvrage,*' which she showed to me with great complacency.

She said she knew fifty-two different trades, but acknowledged that if fifteen were known, all the rest could be easily acquired. Her skill in medicine also formed a theme of eulogy, and gave rise to a somewhat ludicrous scene between her and the lady whom I had accompanied. The latter happened to mention that one of her friends was suffering exceedingly from a pulmonary cough, on which Madame de Genlis made her a long prescription for its cure, composed of a goodly number of ingredients, and on being told that it should be tried, requested her to repeat their names. This was confusion to the other, who had paid very little attention to the composition of the remedy, and had said that it should be tried merely as a matter of course. After hesitating and stumbling a good deal—'*Ah,*' said the old lady sharply, '*she says she will cause my prescription to be prepared, and she does not know of what!*' She then went regularly through the component parts again, expatiating upon its infallibility and her own science.

I forget how many languages she affirmed that she understood, but as to English, she said she was formerly so perfectly versed in it, that she thought in it, and when in England was taken, not indeed for an English, but for an Irish woman, at which I could hardly repress a smile. After a colloquy of about an hour, we bid her adieu, and though she kindly invited me to come and see her again, I never had an opportunity, amid the whirl of Paris, of repeating my visit. She still seemed to retain the full possession of her intellectual faculties; her face was much wrinkled, but her eye was bright and lively, and the expression of her face remarkably keen. She enjoyed a pension from the Duke d'Orleans, which she chiefly spent in charity; and when I first entered the room, there was a young girl, whose appearance indicated poverty, who was uttering warm expressions of thanks.

I find, in a Paris paper, the annexed notice of her funeral:

'*Paris, Jan. 6.*—The funeral of Madame de Genlis took place yesterday, and was celebrated in the parish church of St. Phillippe de Roule, with the greatest pomp and marks of public respect. The procession was conducted by the Marquis de Faurestine and the Marshal Gerard. Several military officers and distinguished literary characters attended on this occasion. After the usual religious ceremonies were concluded, the procession proceeded towards Mont Valerian, and having arrived there, several energetic addresses were delivered at the opening of the grave, and in that of M. Lemaire the following words were particularly noticed. This gentleman said—'*In order to honor and celebrate in a proper manner the memory of Madame de Genlis, one word will suffice—Her greatest Eulogy is on the throne of France.*'

## ODE.—TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

We do not curse thee, Waterloo !  
Though Freedom's blood thy plain bedew ;  
There 'twas shed, but is not sunk—  
Rising from each gory trunk—  
Like the water-spout from ocean,  
With a strong and growing motion—  
It soars and mingles in the air,  
With that of lost Labedoyere !—  
With that of him whose honor'd grave  
Contains the 'bravest of the brave.'  
A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,  
But shall return to whence it rose ;  
When 'tis full, 'twill burst assunder—  
Never yet was heard such thunder  
As then shall shake the world with wonder,  
Never yet was seen such lightning,  
As o'er heaven shall then be brightning !

The chief has fallen, but not by you,  
Vanquishers of Waterloo !  
When the soldier citizen  
Swayed not o'er his fellow men—  
Save in deeds that led them on  
Where glory smiled on freedom's son—  
Who of all the despots branded,  
With that youthful chief competed ?  
Who could boast o'er France defeated  
Till lone tyranny commanded ?  
Till goaded by ambition's sting,  
The hero sunk into a King ?  
Then he fell—so perish all  
Who would men by man enthrall !  
And thou too, of the snow-white plume,  
Whose realm refused thee even a Tomb.\*  
Better hadst thou still been leading  
France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,  
Than sold thyself to death and shame  
For a meanly Royal Name ;  
Such as he of Naples wears,  
Who thy blood-bought title bears.  
Little didst thou dream (when dashing  
On thy war-horse through the ranks  
Like a stream which bursts its banks,  
While helmets cleft and sabres clashing,  
Shout and shivered fast around thee,)  
Of the fate at last which found thee !  
Was that haughty plume laid low  
By a slave's dishonest blow ?

Once it onward bore the brave  
 Like foam upon the highest wave.  
 There where death's brief pang was quickest,  
 And the battle's wreck lay thickest,  
 Strewed beneath the advancing banner  
 Of the Eagle's burning crest;  
 (There with thunder clouds to fan her  
 Who could then her wing arrest—  
 Victory beaming from her breast?)  
 While the broken line enlarging  
 Fell or fled along the plain;  
 There be sure was Murat charging!  
 There he ne'er shall charge again!

O'er glories gone, the invaders march!  
 Weeps triumph o'er each levelled arch.  
 But let freedom rejoice,  
 With her heart in her voice,  
 But her hand on her sword,  
 Doubtly shall she be adored.  
 France hath twice too well been taught  
 The 'moral lesson' dearly bought—  
 Her safety sits not on a throne,  
 With Capet or Napoleon;  
 But in equal rights and laws,  
 Hands and hearts, in one great cause—  
 Freedom such as God hath given  
 Unto all beneath his heaven,  
 With their breath, and from their birth,  
 Though guilt would sweep it from the earth  
 With a fierce and lavish hand,  
 Scattering nations' wealth like sand,  
 Pouring nations' blood like water,  
 In imperial seas of slaughter!  
 But the heart and the mind,  
 And the voice of mankind,  
 Shall arise in communion—  
 And who shall resist that proud union?  
 The time is past when swords subdued—  
 Man may die—the soul's renewed;  
 Even in this low world of care  
 Freedom ne'er shall want an heir;  
 Millions breathe but to inherit  
 Her unconquerable spirit—  
 When once more her hosts assemble  
 Let the tyrants only tremble;—  
 Smile they at this idle threat?  
 Crimson tears will follow yet.



## CHRIST AND THE BAPTIST.

The character of the Baptist is of high worth, and a fine model for a reformer.—His austere simplicity of manners, especially at his years, was adapted to strike with reverence. Such a man preaching in the wilderness could not be heard by the crowds which resorted thither without a deep impression. His manner was fearless and vehement. He dealt in no measured terms nor gentle insinuations. His rebuke was indignant and even awful; its force was not frittered away in general declamation. He classed his hearers and their vices, and spoke to each of his own enormities. He came like an accusing spirit from another world, untouched by men's frailties, and unexposed to their retorts, to brand the guilty, and humble the proud, and reform the nation. His preaching passed over the land like a thunder-storm, while the ministry of Christ came like the gentle shower that follows it. In the contrast between the character of John and that of Jesus, and the selection of such an one as the latter for the Messiah, we trace the wisdom and the benignity of Providence.—He had all the firmness of the Baptist. He lacked nothing of his love of virtue or hatred of sin. But he showed more pity for the sinner, more tenderness for the erring, more brotherhood towards man. He was not less pure, and it was not the purity of separation, but that, more illustrious, which mingles with the erring, yet is unspolluted. John pitched his tent in the remote wilderness, but the Evangelist says of Christ, that 'he tabernacled among us.' Their characters were marked by differences analogous to those of the scenery in which their early years were passed.—John was the child of the wilderness. He was brought up at a distance from society, and more familiar with the face of nature than with that of man. The rock was his couch, and the woods were his shelter, and the elements his companions and playmates, and beneath the naked heavens was the sabbath temple of his solitary worship. It is probable that he was, at an early age, an orphan, and loved the desert which received and sheltered him in its dreariness, and it became a congenial home to his stern and lofty mind. Jesus was nurtured in a family, and that family lived in society. A mother's arms were around him, a father's care was over him, and brethren (near relations at least, if not brethren literally) accompanied his youthful progress. The nation in which he lived was subdued and softened and fertilized by man. And he had youthful companions and aged monitors, and the people of the village knew him, and he communed with humanity, and felt the touch of sympathy, and heard the voice of praise, and went with the multitude to the synagogue and the temple, and he grew in favour with God and man. And when public view was fixed on the Baptist, it beheld one who seemed to scorn men's effeminacy, and not feel some of their wants, and not heed others, and have no dependance on his fellow-creatures—and his food and clothing, his vest of camel's hair, his leathern girdle, his locusts and wild honey, were all such as the wilderness readily supplied; while Jesus adopted the more usual food and raiment of his countrymen, as neither superior to their infirmities nor indifferent to their enjoyments. And while John only came over society like a comet, filling with dismay, not seeming to belong to the system which he threatened, and having intercourse with men but to denounce their vices and alarm their fears; Jesus rose upon their dwellings like the daily and nightly lights of heaven. When marriage spread the feast of gladness in their halls, he was there; and when anxiety prepared the couch of sickness, or death made a house of mourning, still he was there. John's language partook of his own stern simplicity:

his discourses were brief, impassioned, full of denunciation; while the general character of our Lord's was a melting compassion, winning the sinner to relent, and the penitent to hope; and often was there thrown over his doctrine a lovely veil of allegory, which, while it hid nothing from the understanding, would spare the feelings much of irritation. John wrought no miracles; if he had, to have comported with his character, they must have been miracles of judgement: Christ did, and his were miracles of mercy. In the Baptist was personified the sternness of the Law, in Christ the benignity of the Gospel.—*Fbz.*

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#### THE SEASONS.—BY BISHOP HEBER.

When Spring unlocks the flowers, to paint the laughing sail;  
 When Summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil;  
 When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,  
 In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns its Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade,  
 The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy glade;  
 The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,  
 The moon and stars, their Master's name, in silent pomp display.

Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,  
 Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny?  
 No! let the year forsake his course, the Seasons cease to be,  
 Thee, Master, must we always love; and, Saviour, honor Thee.

The flowers of Spring may wither—the hope of Summer fade—  
 The Autumn droop in Winter—the birds forsake the shade—  
 The winds be lull'd—the sun and moon forget their old decrees;  
 But we, in Nature's latest hour, O Lord! will cling to thee.

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#### SINGULAR INCIDENT.

Several years ago there was a Charity Sermon given out to be preached on Sabbath evening, in a dissenting chapel at a sea-port town of the West of England.—When the preacher ascended the pulpit he thus addressed his hearers:—"My brethren, before proceeding to the duties of this evening, allow me to relate a short anecdote. Many years have now elapsed since I was last within the walls of this house. Upon that evening the pastor of the congregation (of which many now present must have formed a part,) addressed his hearers for the same benevolent purpose as that for which I am now about to appeal to you. Amongst the hearers came three evil-disposed young men, with the intention not only of scoffing at the minister of God, but with their pockets filled with stones for the purpose of assault—

ing him. After the minister had spoken a few sentences, one of the three said '—him, let's be at him now,' but the second replied 'no, stop till we hear what he makes of this point.' The minister went on for some time, when the second said, 'We've heard now—throw!' but the third interfered, saying, 'He's not so foolish as I expected, let us hear him out.' The preacher concluded his discourse without being interrupted, and then went home amidst the blessings of his hearers and with the approbation of God in his heart. Now mark me, my brethren—of these three young men one of them was executed a few months ago at Newgate for forgery—the second at this moment lies under sentence of death in the goal of this city for murder—the other,' continued the minister with great emotion—'the third, through the infinite goodness of God, is even now about to address you—listen to him.'

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### JOHN FREDERIC OBERLIN.

The memoirs of this celebrated man, Pastor of Waldbach in the Ban de la Roche, have lately been published and made the subject of review in some of the leading periodicals of Germany, England, and America. The following is a playful but probably an accurate description of Oberlin, written by himself, to accompany his profile likeness which he presented to an English friend:—

A strange compound of contradictory qualities. I do not exactly know what I am to make of myself. I am intelligent, and yet possessed of very limited powers:—prudent and more politic than my fellow-clergymen; but also very apt to blunder, especially when in the least excited. I am firm, yet of a yielding disposition; and both of these, in certain cases, to a great degree. I am not only daring, but actually courageous; whilst, at the same time, I am often in secret very cowardly. I am very upright and sincere, yet also very complaisant to men, and in a degree, therefore, insincere. I am a German and a Frenchman; noble, generous, ready to render service, faithful, very grateful,—deeply affected by the least benefit or kindness, which is ever after engraven on my heart; and yet, again, slighty and indifferent. I am irritable to a formidable degree. He who treats me generously soon gains the ascendancy over me; but opposition creates in me an astonishing degree of firmness, especially in matters of conscience. I have a lively imagination, but no memory, properly speaking. The histories which I have taken pains to impress on my mind remain with me, but dates and names of persons I often forget the next day, notwithstanding all the pains I have taken to remember them. I used to speak Latin fluently and even elegantly, but now I cannot utter three or four words together. I make selections from books, and instruct others in some branch of science for a long time; but a few years after, my scholars, even if they know nothing more than what I have taught them, may in their turn become my teachers, and the books from which I made extracts (with the exception of those of a certain description) appear wholly new to me. I habitually work my way through my studies till I obtain clear ideas; but if I wish to penetrate deeper, every thing vanishes before me. I have a great talent for removing difficulties in order to render every thing smooth and easy to myself, and to every body else. I am so extremely sensitive, tender, and compassionate, that I can find neither words nor expressions corresponding to my feelings, so that

the latter almost overpower me, and occasion me acute pain. I am always busy and industrious, but also fond of ease and indolence. I am generally quick in resolving, and equally so in executing. I have a peculiar esteem for the female sex. I am a very great admirer of painting, music, and poetry, and yet I have no skill in any of them. Mechanics, natural history, and so forth, constitute my favorite studies. I am very fond of regularity, and of arranging and classifying, but my weak memory, added to constant employment, renders it difficult to me. I am given to planning and scheming, and yet endeavour, in my peculiar way, to do things in the best manner. I am a genuine soldier, but I was more so before my bodily powers were so much weakened; I was formerly anxious to be the foremost in danger, and the firmest in pain, but have now lost that desire. From my childhood I have felt a longing and preponderating desire for a higher state of existence, and therefore a wish for death. I am the greatest admirer of military order and subordination, not however in a spirit of slavery, but of that noble, affectionate attachment which compels the coward to show courage, and the disorderly to be punctual. I feel no obstinacy or disinclination to yield to strong internal conviction, but, on the other hand, a fervent, heartfelt joy in yielding to both great and small, high and low, gentlemen and peasants, children and servants, and thence a willingness to listen and an inclination to suffer myself, if possible, to be convinced. But when I feel no conviction I can never think of yielding. I am humorous and a little witty or satirical, but without intentional malice.

#### THE LONE MOTHER TO HER FIRSTBORN.

Sweet babe! true portrait of thy father's face,  
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have prest!  
Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place  
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,  
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me!  
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend—  
'Tis sweet to watch for thee—alone for thee.

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow;  
His eye is closed; he sleeps—how still and calm!  
Were not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,  
Would you not say he slept on death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy!—I tremble with affright!—  
Awake, and chase this fatal thought!—unclose  
Thine eye but for one moment on the light!  
Even at the price of thine give me repose!

Sweet error!—he but slept—I breathe again—  
Come gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile!  
Oh! when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,  
Beside me watch to see that waking smile?

## DEATH OF COLUMBUS.

With all the visions and fervor of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of the discovery. Until his last breath he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the east. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia. What visions of glory would have broke upon his mind, could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the old world, in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man? And how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the afflictions of age, and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world, he had discovered; and the nations and tongues and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity.

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## CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON.

The last of the Signers—the sole survivor of that illustrious phalanx of free and fearless hearts! Who could contemplate without emotion, the venerable form of him whom the flood of death, which has swept away all his colleagues, from Hancock, whose signature stands the first, to Walton, whose name appears the last, on the famous scroll, has as yet spared to us! Well has it been said, ‘like the books of the Sybil, the living signers of the Declaration of Independence increased in value as they diminished in number.’ Carroll is alone. The last relic of a noble band. Full of years, he still lingers among us, a fine specimen of dignified old age. With what a halo does his loneliness surround him!—‘The last of the signers!’ He is the link which connects us with the past. When he departs, the Declaration of Independence will be a monument of the dead. Now it still tells of living virtue and patriotism, which yet burns in the aged, but warm, bold heart. Yes, let the orator and the poet unite in weaving the flowery wreath to the praise of the last of the signers. Long may it be ere that wreath is hung upon his urn. May we never forget the worth of those who put their names to the noble declaration of a people’s high resolve, nor what is due to those who fought, and bled, and risked their all to sustain it. It is good for us frequently to look back and ponder over the conduct, the deeds, the sufferings, of the fathers of our republic. They are deserving of all our consideration, and all our praise. The subject may be often repeated, but can never become trite. It will be of service to us, often to have before our minds the men of 1776. It may kindle an emulation of their firm virtue, their disinterested patriotism, their contempt of narrow selfishness. It will do much to establish in the mind a true standard of political virtue and official desert; to knit us together in brotherly regard, by contemplating the unanimity, the mutual zeal, the equal perse-

verance of our common benefactors; to inspire and to strengthen a just respect for our country, and a beneficial nationality.

Able and truly did Charles Carroll express the spirit that pervaded the great body of the people, when he wrote to Mr. Graves, the brother of the admiral, and a member of parliament:—‘If we are beaten on the plains we will retire to the mountains and defy them. Our resources will increase with our difficulties. Necessity will force us to exertion; until, tired of combating in vain against a spirit which victory after victory cannot subdue, your armies will evacuate our soil, and your country retire, an immense loser, from the contest. No, sir, we have made up our minds to abide the issue of the approaching struggle, and though much blood may be spilt, we have no doubt of our ultimate success.’

Carroll was born on the 30th of September, 1737, at Annapolis, in Maryland.—He was educated in Europe. From the college of St. Omer, he went to that of Rheims, and from thence to the college of Louis le Grand. He studied the civil law in France, and the common law in England. In 1774, he returned home, with mind expanded, and untainted by a foreign education.

In 1775, Mr. Carroll was chosen a member of the first committee of observation established in Annapolis; and the same year elected a delegate to represent Anne Arundel county in the provincial convention. Here he opposed, but unsuccessfully, the instructions given to the representatives of Maryland in the general congress, ‘to disavow, in the most solemn manner, all design in the colonies of independence.’ He went to Canada, in February, 1776, as one of the three commissioners appointed to effect, if possible, a coalition between that country and our own. His associates were Dr. Franklin and Samuel Chase. Their ill success, and its causes are too well known to need repetition or detail. When Mr. Carroll returned, he took his seat in the convention, and strenuously urged the withdrawal of their former instructions, and the substitution of others, empowering the congressional delegates ‘to concur with the other united colonies, or a majority of them, in declaring the united colonies free and independent states.’ On the second of July, 1776, the instructions he desired were given. Mr. Carroll was appointed a delegate. His name appeared on the list on the fourth, and he took his seat on the eighteenth of July, 1776. The fact is now pretty generally known, that the copy of the Declaration of Independence, engrossed for signing, according to a resolution of the nineteenth of July, was not signed until the second of August, and then only by the members on that day present in congress, of whom Carroll was one. The others signed it at different intervals, as opportunity presented. A little incident has been mentioned. As Mr. Carroll returned from affixing his signature, some by-stander observed, ‘there go a few millions.’ Mr. Carroll was appointed a member of the Board of War, and exercised his duties during his continuance in Congress. He was still a member of the convention of Maryland, and was one of the committee appointed to draught the constitution of that state. He was chosen a senator of Maryland, and afterwards re-appointed a delegate to Congress, where he remained until the year 1778, when he resigned his seat, and gave his attention to the local concerns of his own state. In 1781, he was again sent to the Senate, and immediately after the adoption of the federal constitution, he represented her in the Senate of the United States. He left this station in 1791, and the same year became a member of the Senate of Maryland.

Charles Carroll is now in his ninety-fourth year. The hand of time, which has marked his brow and whitened his locks, has left something of the fire of the eye of

his spirited manhood, and rests lightly on the expansive intellect and the benevolent heart. His faculties remained unimpaired. He is still liberal, still patriotic; his spirit still looks abroad for the prosperity of his country—that country he has essentially served. To her he devoted the ardor of his youth, the vigor of his maturity, in the days of dark suspense and threatening evil. He continued firm when the lurid cloud hung over our land, and hope had well nigh fled. He gave to our councils the wisdom of his contemplative age. His wealth is very great. He has been blessed with this world's goods in abundance; and like a good steward, he has not abused his trust. He has been blessed in his family. The highest domestic felicity has been his. Smiling faces have surrounded his household hearth—faces, bright in the light of their joy; and if the grandeur of an aristocratic alliance can impart gratification, that gratification has been added; for his posterity rank among the magnates of Britain's proud nobility. And is there one who will not join in the aspiration: May his days extend to the utmost limit of man's allotted existence; and with no shade dimming the clear mirror of his virtues, and no misfortune ruffling his course to the realms of eternal rest, with feelings pure and spiritualized, with faith high and steadfast, looking with a fixed eye beyond the clouds of earth, with the pillow of his infirmities free from a single thorn, with a nation's benefactions upon his head, and the approving smile of his Maker in his soul—

\* \* \* 'May his evening sun go down,  
Like the evening of the eastern clime, that never knows a frown.'

#### REV. PROFESSOR DURBIN.

The claims of this gentleman to public notice are of a strong class and justify the remarks we intend to make on the subject. It is the fate of high merit, however it may be developed, to awaken from the dull curtains of its couch the genius—or, it may be the demon—of criticism. The full cry of the chase breaks upon the ear of the hare who has adventurously made the circuit of the public fields; and the reason is, at least, complimentary to the hare—the animal is good eating. But shun, very shun, we be from instituting this comparison between the subject of our article and the spider with which we write; the comparison is good only among those whose trade it is either to write down or write up any book-worm who may venture to creep from his wooden cell and show off his wares. Yet—not feeling quite certain that we have a moral right to show off a gentleman either favorably or unfavorably who has not made himself a culprit by any new publication or by promulgating any new and strange doctrine—we may be permitted to say we are not disposed just now to write a criticism at all, much less of a minister of Jesus who occasionally comes from the far west on errands of charity and love; we will only pen briefly the impression which his appearance, manner of public address, and the method of his controversial efforts make on—at least one mind.

Of slender figure, light hair and complexion, he rises in the pulpit with an appearance much more youthful than his years, which may have numbered thirty-five. His hand is on his breast—his countenance has in full possession the lineaments of simplicity

and innocence; but, as he slowly surveys the audience, many a stranger to him may be thinking that the feeble being in the pulpit is so far subdued by sickness or has such an exhausting weakness on his lungs he will probably be unable to pronounce a single sentence. The sound of his voice, and perhaps his childlike plea for an attentive and silent audience or he cannot expect to make so large an assembly hear him almost confirm such an impression and create an uncommon sympathy for the speaker.

His first sentences, delivered in this feeble voice which yet reaches every nook and corner of the church, instantly attract the attention of the scholar. While a mixed audience, not remarkable for uncommon intelligence and especially an audience accustomed to the blast of stentorian lungs, might not think much of the Rev. Professor's exordium, it will reach and vibrate on every mind prepared by the polishing influences of a thorough, classical education to reflect the simple beauty of a style faultlessly chaste and made up of pure English materials. The purity of his diction and a certain intonation of his voice on some of the antepenult syllables of each sentence strongly remind the hearer of Channing's manner; and there may not be a very great dissimilarity in the impressions an audience would receive from the first appearance of either. Channing's voice, however, is louder—his manner apparently less studied and less artful, with the straight forward sincerity of a mind more intent to illustrate and worthily present the subject of discourse than to make a great impression on the audience.

While Durbin is deliberately and even slowly, with no apparent want of words, introducing his subject or dividing his text into its natural ramifications with a skill that almost defies competition, let not the hearers imagine that they are to hear nothing but that silver voice murmuring like a brook over flinty pebbles. That voice may soon roar like a Kentucky torrent that leaps maddening and foaming from rock to rock into the placid wave of the Cumberland. And here we make our only remark that may be called critical. We blame the Professor for the appearance of art which this management discloses—for, be it known, that the loud passages of his sermons when committed to tranquil paper are about as quiet as his tame ones; and, sometimes, if they differ at all it is in the fact that the loudest is the weakest in thought. At these moments the sickly, pale-faced, silken rhetorician becomes a wholesale dealer in thunderbolts, and hurls tropes black with eternal storms through the shuddering groves of worldly pleasure. His frail figure distends; he looks down upon his audience with other eyes, and the honied phrase and melting lineaments of the son of consolation become at once the stern denunciation and the rigid outlines of the son of thunder. As we said above, at this point we frame our chief censure—and yet in framing it we must admit the adverse fact that an audience, ere this takes place, have generally given themselves so completely over to his disposal that his storm of passion, be it of love, or wrath, or madness, or fear, finds an answering echo in a thousand tempest-tossed hearts.

On one occasion in this city he was known to wile an audience for half an hour with his even, winning manner; and then suddenly to toss them, almost wholly on the simple strength of enunciation and action, into such a whirlwind of tumult that he relented as if frightened at the groans and shouts, and stood leaning over the desk for some minutes pleading for silence and allaying the commotion which his own eloquence had occasioned. Yet it is hardly credible to state—and stenography is no liar—that the words spoken at the precise outbreking of passion were the weakest



—the idea the most trite and commonplace—of any in the frame-work of the entire sermon.

But—he is a man of God. With the eternal doctrines of Almighty Love preached by him we, in the brotherhood of our calling, have no right to come in collision.—We may not censure them—for God will guard his own truth and keep it pure from age to age until heaven hath gathered in the harvest of the earth. Yet ministers are but men, and as their manner may be faulty when tried by the simple rules of fitness and nature, they have no shield to shelter them from censure on that small account any more than those of other public professions.

Peace to the subject of our short notice, and success to him and the growing college with which he is connected! The possession of so much intellectual power could scarcely have fallen into more faithful hands. The depth of his scientific attainments as well as the polish of the lighter graces of mental cultivation are felt by every audience who have the pleasure and the benefit of hearing him speak as ‘the legate of the skies.’

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*For the Cabinet.*

# AN ACROSTIC,

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE

R everend Youth, how brief thy earthly race ;  
E ndow'd with genius, eloquence, and grace ;  
V ain were our hopes of thy protracted stay ;  
E ternal wisdom gave and took away ;  
R eceived the light, *He* for a season gave,  
E nquiring souls to guide,—beyond the grave ;  
N ature refined, in him, celestial shone ;  
D ead to the world,—to Christ he lived alone ;

I n all the churches,—prais'd admir'd, caress'd ;  
O ne ruling object still his soul possess'd—  
H ow best he might the path to heav'n pursue ;  
N or miss the prize he held to others' view.

S erene, he view'd the mansions of delight,  
U nveil their glories to his ravish'd sight :  
M ajestic truths, in native beauty—plain,  
M elodious flow'd, and thousands caught the strain,  
E ngag'd with him the heavenly race to run ;  
R epent—believe, and death eternal shun ;  
F aith spread her wings,—his soul with fervor fir'd ;  
J esus, thy love his ardent soul inspired ;  
E ternal Truth his high commission seal'd ;  
L ight from on high, its sacred source reveal'd,  
D ivinely shone on him, and prov'd *his sun and shield.*

We find the following in the *Courier des Etes Unis*, and give it a hasty translation for the pleasure of our readers. True piety and an exalted patriotism are never inconsistent, and perhaps both may have exhibited themselves in the way mentioned in the succeeding paragraphs.—*Jour. Com.*

### THE WEDDING RING.

'Suwloiska, open this window; I desire to die in the sound of the church bells.'

Suwloiska had not courage to obey. She looked pensively at her mother.

'My daughter, is not this the Sabbath? The hour of prayer is come. Help thy old mother to prostrate herself before our good God;' and, pious child, the young Polish woman helped her mother to kneel.

'Suwloiska, I implore thee, my daughter, open this window, in order that I may hear the hymns of the church.'

She opened the window on the public square in which the church was situated, and then returned and sat down at the feet of her silent mother.

'Suwloiska, I do not hear the sound of the bell.'

'Not hear!'

'It is the cannon.'

'Yes, mother, they have come down from the steeples of the churches to kill the Russians.'

'God is with us.'

The mother listened again.

'What has happened, my daughter? not a single chant; no one voice in the church; what is our priest doing?'

'He has turned soldier.'

'Let us pray to God for him. He has prayed for us often enough. It was he who blessed thy marriage, my daughter. O, well do I remember it. Thou wast beautiful; I had dressed thee myself. Then the bells rang out joyfully. Then on thy knees before the altar, thou didst promise fidelity to thy Suwloiska.'

'I have kept my oath,' replied the young woman, blushing with pleasure.

The aged mother pressed the hands of her daughter closely in hers,—but suddenly starting, she exclaimed in a shrill voice,

'Where is thy wedding ring?'

'I have given it away,' said the daughter, holding down her head.

'Suwloiska, has God reserved such affliction for my old age! Oh, my daughter, who has caused thee to forget, to such an extent, thy duties as a wife? That ring, the token of an eternal covenant between Suwloiska and thee; what hast thou done with it?—To whom hast thou given it?'

'To Poland!' and she raised her head with confidence. 'Our husbands are soldiers, our priests are soldiers, our church bells have been melted into cannon; our collars, our ear rings, our pearls have been bartered for muskets! We wives, we had no longer any thing to give, and, nevertheless, Poland lacked powder. Well, there are six thousand of us already, who have, for our country, made a sacrifice of the only property which remained to us, that which a woman esteems of all ornaments the most precious in the world, our marriage rings. We have given them up to purchase powder.'

The aged mother slipped from her withered fingers the golden-covenant which she

had thought she should never part with ; and after having kissed it repeatedly, she wiped her eyes and said :

‘Suwloiaka, take this ring ; let it be sold with thine. Go, my daughter, tell our victory ; for the country in which wives sell their wedding rings to buy powder, is free. Perish the Russians ; now, Suwloiaka, open all the windows, I desire to hear the sound of the cannon.’

## AFRICAN ANIMALS.

From Harper's Family Library, No. XVI.

Most nearly allied to the human race of all the species of the brute creation, the black or African orang-outang (*Simia troglodytes* of Linnaeus) may be allowed to assume the foremost place in our enumeration. It is native to no other country than Africa, although we are as yet unacquainted with the extent of territory which it occupies in that continent. Angola, the banks of the river Congo, and all the districts which border the Gulf of Guinea, are the localities in which it has as yet most frequently occurred. Its history, like that of its Asiatic congener, the red orang-outang (*Simia satyrus*, Linn.,) is still involved in considerable obscurity. Its habits, in the adult state, are extremely retired and wary ; and the young alone have fallen into the hands of Europeans in modern times. Great exaggeration prevails in the narratives of all the earlier travellers regarding the sagacity of this singular animal. Its external figure and general conformation no doubt greatly resemble those of the human race, and hence its actions have to us much of the semblance of human wisdom. But a remarkable circumstance in the mental constitution of this tribe of animals disproves their fancied alliance to mankind,—the young are gentle, obedient, and extremely docile,—but as they increase in years their dispositions undergo a striking change and their truly brutal nature is evinced by an unusual degree of untractable ferocity. In the wild state they are inferior both to the dog and the elephant in sagacity, although their analogous structure never fails to impress the beholder with a belief that they resemble man in mental character as well as in corporeal form. Two species of African orang-outang seem to have been described by the earlier writers. These were probably the young and old of the same species seen apart at different times, for later researches do not lead to the belief of there being more than one.

‘The greatest of these two monsters,’ says Battell, ‘is called *pongo* in their language ; and the less is called *engeco*. This *pongo* is exactly proportioned like a man ; but he is more like a giant in stature ; for he is very tall, and hath a man's face ; black low-eyed, with long hair upon his brows. His face and ears are without hair, and his hands also. His body is full of hair, but not very thick, and it is of a dunish colour. He differeth not from a man but in his legs, for they have no calf. He goeth always upon his legs, and carrieth his hands clasped on the nape of his neck when he goeth upon the ground. They sleep in the trees, and build shelters from the rain. They feed upon fruit that they find in the woods, and upon nuts ; for they eat no kind of flesh. They cannot speak, and appear to have no more understanding than a beast. The people of the country, when they travel in the woods, make fires

where they sleep in the night; and in the morning, when they are gone, the pongos will come and sit about the fire till it goeth out; for they have no understanding to lay the wood together, or any means to light it. They go many together, and often kill the negroes that travel in the woods. Many times they fall upon the elephants which come to feed where they be, and so beat them with their clubbed fists, and with pieces of wood, that they will run roaring away from them. Those pongos are seldom or never taken alive, because they are so strong that ten men cannot hold one of them; but yet they take many of their young ones with poisoned arrows.

Purchas informs us, on the authority of a personal conversation with Battell, that a pongo on one occasion carried off a young negro, who lived for an entire season in the society of these animals; that, on his return, the negro stated they had never injured him, but, on the contrary, were greatly delighted with his company; and not only brought him abundance of nuts and wild fruits, but carefully and courageously defended him from the attacks of serpents and beasts of prey.

With the exception of such information as has been drawn from the observance of one or two young individuals sent alive to Europe, our knowledge of this species has not increased. We have become aware of the inaccuracy and exaggeration of previous statements, but have not ourselves succeeded in filling up the picture. It is indeed singular, that when the history of animals inhabiting New-Holland, or the most distant islands of the Indian Ocean, are annually receiving so much new and correct illustration, the most remarkable species of the brute creation, inhabiting a comparatively neighboring country, should have remained for about 3000 years under the shade of an almost fabulous name, and that the 'wild man of the woods' should express all we yet really know of the African orang-outang in the adult state.

### IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION TO SOCIETY.

Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to the virtue of ordinary life. No man perhaps is aware, how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerless conscience would become without the belief of a God; how palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into hopeless ruins, were the ideas of a Supreme Being, of accountability, and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind. Once let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior intelligence concerns itself with human affairs; that all their improvements perish forever at death; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger; that there is no recompense for sacrifices to uprightness and the public good; that an oath is unheard in heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is every thing to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction; once let men thoroughly abandon religion, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow? We hope perhaps that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe, that were

the sun quenched in the heavens, our torches could illuminate, and our fires quicken and fertilize the earth. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of a day? and what is he more, if atheism be true? Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and poverty, and suffering, having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling, and man would become in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be, a companion for brutes.

It particularly deserves attention in this discussion, that the christian religion is singularly important to free communities. In truth we may doubt whether civil freedom can subsist without it.

#### MRS. CAROLINE MATILDA THAYER.

We mention the name of this interesting lady for the purpose of recommending a beautiful little book from her pen, entitled, 'RELIGION RECOMMENDED TO YOUTH, in a series of letters addressed to a Young Lady.' Six editions of this work have issued from the Conference Press under the direction of the agents of the Methodist Book Concern in this city, although the copyright bears the recent date of 1819.

The best recommendation of Mrs. Thayer's letters may be a brief history of the mind that dictated them. She was nursed in the bosom of an affectionate and gentle New England family; but her parents, although they tenderly 'suffered not the winds of heaven to visit her face too roughly,' never taught her the holy truths of religion, nor sheltered her under its heavenly canopy from the rougher winds of error. Her naturally strong and inquisitive mind, left uninstructed on these momentous points, gathered darkness rather than light from the ministrations of a religious teacher; and, under a scribe *darkly instructed*, it may not be great matter of surprise that she became an infidel. But it pleased God, when she was near twenty years of age, to bring her under the sound of the gospel from the lips of a young Methodist clergyman, in an obscure town in New Hampshire. The arrow which never returns without spoil had gone forth; the dove whom the Lord had wounded was gathered into the ark. As she beautifully expresses herself, although she now loved all Christians, yet the *Methodist connexion was her home*. Blessed with all the mental endowments which New England and its polished capital could bestow on an elevated mind like hers, she was now destined to a sphere of distinguished influence; and, as one of her permanent labors, that may speak for God long after she may have lain down in her long rest beneath the green turf of the valley, we cordially recommend her letters to those high minded females who are determined to secure the applause of a better world than this.

The providential cause which gave birth to these letters, was this:—Mrs. Thayer had become the head of a family, and was mourning over the death of a dear and only child, when a young lady of her acquaintance, although not a Christian, undertook the generous task of consolation in a letter. This kind movement of a sympathizing heart led to the series of letters addressed to Julia; led to Julia's conversion and

triumph over death,—for she died like a pale flower under the siroc of the consumption—and thus owned and blessed of God at first, why should not these letters have been given to the public eye?

From the strength of Mrs. Thayer's intellect, and the variety of her attainments, her letters differ from the productions of most females in their argumentative style—containing as they do the irresistible arguments of our holy faith against infidelity; but her style is like the flowing out of some precious metal melted down in the stambs of a warm, pious, affectionate heart; strong in its origin, connected in its flow, and hardening itself again like the diamond rock when it has reached the ramparts of error.

The little pocket volume, '*Religion recommended to Youth*,' of 324 pages, and neatly bound, should be in the hands of every pious young lady, as a present for her unconverted friend or sister; it should be in the hands of every mother as presents to her daughters.

The excellent author has resided for years far from the home of her childhood;—a flower of moral beauty in the great valley of the Mississippi; where, more for sectarian than for pious purposes, everything has been oftentimes represented as covered with the pall of thick and palpable midnight; but still there have been seminaries and churches there, and the honored ornaments of both, like Mrs. Thayer. Her residence is in Washington, Miss., near Natchez.

Having no space for an extract from one of her letters, we present a specimen of her poetry, of which some eight or ten pieces are added to her letters,

#### THE WATCH TOWER LIGHT.

*Seen from my window at midnight.*

'Tis midnight deep,—the storm is loud,  
And wild the gale is roaring;  
And from a dark and watry cloud  
Impetuous rain is pouring.  
No star to gild the threatening sky  
With cheerful light is gleaming,  
But bright, from yonder beacon high  
The watch tower light is streaming.

And though the night is dark and drear,  
And though the storm grows wilder,  
That light the gathering gloom can cheer  
And make its terrors milder,  
It shines like youth's unclouded dreams  
When hope and joy are beaming,  
And bright as truth's unsullied beams,  
The watch tower light is streaming.

So on life's dark tempestuous way,  
Where pain and bliss are twining,  
May holy hope's unclouded ray  
On me be ever shining;  
And blest religion's tranquil light  
Be ever round me beaming,  
As o'er this dark and dreary night,  
The watch tower light is streaming.

## VIRTUE.

Virtue is the daughter of Heaven ; happy those who cultivate it from their infancy ; they pass their youth in serenity ; their manhood in tranquility ; and their old age without remorse. There is nothing in this world fit to be compared with it ;—when purified by religion ; all its wishes and desires tend to celestial enjoyments, which are not liable to change. The virtuous man looks back on his past conduct without regret ; because his fate cannot but be happy. His mind is the seat of cheerfulness, and his actions are the foundations of felicity : he is rich amidst poverty ; and no one can deprive him of what he possesses ; he is perfection for his life is spotless ; and he has nothing to wish for ; since he possesses every thing. Alexander was celebrated for courage ; Ptolomy for his learning ; Trajan for his love of truth ; Antoninus for his piety ; Constantine for his temperance ; Scipio for his continence ; and Theodosius for his humility. Oh ! glorious virtue, which, in some way or other rewards all its admirers, and without which there can be no real happiness !

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## DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

In that hour came one of those solemn signs that marked the downfall of Jerusalem.

The tempest, that had blown at intervals with tremendous violence, died away at once, and a surge of light ascended from the horizon, and rolled up rapidly to the zenith. The phenomenon instantly fixed every eye. There was an indefinable sense in the general mind that a sign of power and providence was about to be given. The battle ceased ; the outcries were followed by utter silence ; the armed ranks stood still, in the very act of rushing on each other ; all faces were turned on the heavens.

The light rose pale and quivering, like the meteors of a summer evening. But in the zenith it spread and swelled into a splendor, that distinguished it irresistibly from the wonders of the air. It swiftly eclipsed every star. The moon vanished before it ; the canopy of the sky seemed to be dissolved, for a view into a bright and infinite region beyond, fit for the career of those mighty beings to whom man is but a feather on the gale.

As we gazed, this boundless field was transformed into a field of battle ; multitudes poured across it in the fiercest convulsions of combat ; horsemen charged, and died under their horses' feet ; armor and standard were trampled in blood ; column and line burst through each other. At length the battle stooped towards the earth ; and with hearts beating with indescribable feelings, were recognised in the fight the banners of the tribes. It was Jew and Roman struggling for life ; the very countenances of the combatants became visible, and each man below, saw a representative of himself and his fortunes above. The fate of Jewish war was there written by the hand of heaven ; the fate of the individual was there predicted in the individual triumph or fall. What thought of man can conceive the intense interest with which we watched every blow, every movement, every word of these images of ourselves.

The light illuminated the whole horizon below. The legions were seen drawn out

in front of the camps ready for action; every helmet and spear-point glittering in the radiance; every face turned up, gazing in awe and terror on the sky. The tents spreading over the hills; the thousands and tens of thousands of auxiliaries and captives: the little groups of the peasantry roused from sleep by the uproar of the night, and gathered upon the knolls and eminences of their fields; all were bathed in a flood of preternatural lustre.

But the wondrous battle approached its close. The visionary Romans shook; column and cohort gave way, and the banners of the tribes waved in victory over the field. Then first human voices dared to be heard. From the city and the plain burst forth one mighty shout of triumph.

But our presumption was to be soon checked. A peal of thunder, that made the very ground tremble under feet, rolled from the four quarters of the heavens. The conquering host shook, broke and fled in utter confusion over the sapphire field. It was pursued, but by no semblance of Romans. An awful enemy was on its steps; flashes of forked fire, like myriads of lances, darted after it; cloud on cloud deepened down, as the smoke of a mighty furnace; globes of light shot blasting and burning along its track. Then amid the double roar of thunder, rushed forth the chivalry of Heaven; shapes of transcendent beauty, yet with looks of wrath that blasted human eyes; armed sons of immortality descended on the wing by millions; mingled with shapes and instruments of ruin, for which the mind has no conception. The circle of the heavens was filled with the chariots and horses of fire. Flight was in vain; the weapons were seen to drop from the Jewish host; their warriors sank upon the splendid field. Still the immortal armies poured on, trampling and blasting, until the last of the routed was consumed.

The angry pomp then paused.—Countless wings were spread, and the angelic multitudes, having done the work of vengeance, rushed upwards with the sound of the ocean in the storm. The roar of trumpets and thunders was heard, until the splendor was lost in the heights of the empyrean.

We felt the terrible warning. Our strength was dried up at the sight; despair seized upon our souls. We had now seen the fate of Jerusalem. No victory over men could save us from the coming of final ruin. Thousands never left the ground on which they stood: they perished by their own hands, or lay down and died of broken hearts. The rest fled through the night, that again wrapped them in tenfold darkness. The whole multitude scattered away, with soundless steps and in silence, like an army of spectres.—*Croly.*

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### THE MIND.

Wo for those who trample o'er a mind,  
 A deathless thing. They know not what they do  
 Or what they deal with!—Man perchance may bind  
 The flower his step hath bruised; or light anew  
 The torch he quenches; or to music wind  
 Again the lyre string from his touch that flew;  
 But for the soul—Oh! tremble, and beware  
 To lay rude hands upon God's mysteries there.



MEXICO.

We do not believe there is a capital of equal size in the world entitled to more ignominious distinction in point of general immorality than the city of Mexico. Public opinion, so far from checking, encourages license. Domestic virtue in high society is a flower which rarely blooms; gallantry is systematized; every lady of rank has her regular and avowed admirer, and conjugal infidelity finds excuse and provocation in libertinism and neglect. Of the varied checks imposed by Providence upon the degrading passions of our nature, the highest in the scale is religion, the next is female influence. It was their combination which gave to chivalry its poetical, and which gives to true civilization its actual grace. As a chastener of the morbid propensities of humanity, the love of woman, using the word in its most exalted sense, is a moral agent of surpassing power; and as it often exists without the other element of our constitution to which we have just referred, so it may often without its aid effect the most salutary restraint. The lover who invests his mistress, if not with the attributes of perfection, at least with the charms which approach nearest to them, and who looks to the forfeiture of her pure affection as the severest of misfortunes, has a motive to virtue which rarely fails. The husband who regards the wife of his bosom not only with love, but with pride, has the same impulse in a different, but not less persuasive form. Where the level of female influence is low, where it is acknowledged only as a minister of sensual appetite, and where the female character is divested of the romantic purity which belongs to it, and made like Don Juan's successive heroines, only the object of licentious passion, we despair of witnessing moral beauty in any form. Domestic society has been beautifully described by a contemporary writer \* as, 'the seminary of social affections, the cradle of sensibility, where the first elements are acquired of that tenderness and humanity which cement mankind together; without female ascendancy this pure association can have no existence, and in its absence we discern one of the darkest moral blemishes of the Mexican community.—*N. A. Review*.

FRENCH OPINION OF COOPER.

It was an observation of La Fontaine, that the world was old, but still to be amused like a child. And in truth, nothing has been left untried in the regions of imagination that could benefit or divert the public: the jack-o-lanterns of the marsh, the witches of the mountain, the imps of the woods, the spirits which haunt ruined towers, the good fairies who glide from heaven to earth on a silver moonbeam, and illumine with their bright crown the chamber of the maiden whom they come to assist; the goblins which murmur strange words in the ears of the dreamer, and amuse themselves by vexing and playing their pranks among the dairy-maids; in short, all the capricious descendants of the witch of Endor, dwelling among rocks and caverns, have been successively called out from their hiding-places. The air is peopled with phantoms, the fire with salamanders, the sea with a phantastic race of spirits.

\* Rev. Robert Hall, of Bristol, England, whose eloquent works have recently, and for the first time, been collected and published at Andover, Massachusetts.

But we have wanted a genius of the storms, a spirit which sports upon the swelling waves, directs the tempests at his will, breathes into the flowing sails, lends a soul to the ship, and hovers over the sea as over a mysterious world, whose aspects and changes it delights in contemplating. Mr. Cooper has conjured up this spirit; the limitless ocean is to him a second country. On shipboard he feels himself at home, and the whistle of the boatswain is to his ear as delightful a melody as the song of the nightingale. He has been cradled on the waters, and in his infancy lulled by their murmurs. The black spot just appearing in the distant horizon is to his eye the presage of tempest and danger. At the age when sensation is most vivid, and its impressions most ineffaceable, he was a mariner, so that he comprehends minutely this life of contemplation and action, of energy and idleness; this contest of man with the elements, which he has conquered by the force of his intelligence. He excels in describing the threatening surge with its crest of foam, the deep abyss in the waters, the murmur which announces the coming storm, and all the picturesque lights and shadows spreading over this vast and magnificent mirror. Many poetical minds among others those of Byron and Madame de Stael, have given us the profound and sublime emotions which the sight of the ocean is calculated to inspire. But no one had as yet made us live in complete intimacy with this fierce companion; no one had shown him to us in his rage and his playfulness. The author of the *Pilot* has not feared to carry on his story upon this vast theatre, and he has inspired it with the continual motives of interest and sympathy. He is generally fertile, full of power, ability to reproduce the great traits of nature in the wild forests of America, upon the sea, by the side of torrents, but not in the refinements of the city. Civilization is not the scene for him. When he undertakes to paint artificial manners, his talent weakens and fades; and because the works of God reveal their beauties to genius, but those of men to mere talent. Some naïve and almost savage characters appear frequently in the works of the American Scott. Long Tom on the sea, and Leather Stocking on the land, are two original and humorous creations to which we often recur, and which we love to recognise as old friends.

#### SACRED POETRY.

Authors, who devote their talents to the glory of God, and the salvation of men, ought surely to take as much pains to polish and perfect their offerings of this kind, as secular and profane poets bestow upon their works. The faults in ordinary hymns are vulgar phrase, low words, hard words, technical terms, inverted construction, broken syntax, barbarous abbreviations, that make our beautiful English horrid even to the eye, bad rhymes or no rhymes where rhymes are expected; but, above all, numbers without cadence. A line is no more metre because it contains a certain concatenation of syllables, than so many crotchets and quavers, picked at random, would constitute a bar of music. The syllables in every division ought to 'ripple like a rivulet,' one producing another as its natural effect, while the rhythm of each line, falling into the general stream at its proper place, should cause the verse to flow in progressive melody, deepening and expanding like a river to the close; or, to change the figure, each stanza should be a poetical tune played down to the last note.—*Montgomery.*

## THE THAW KING.

He reaches the Battery's grassy bed,  
And the earth smokes out from beneath his tread :  
And he turns him about to look wistfully back  
On each charm that he leaves on his beautiful track,  
Each islet of green which the bright waters fold,  
Like emerald gems from their bosom rolled.  
The sea just peering the headlands through,  
Where the sky is lost in its deeper blue,  
And the thousand barks which securely sweep  
With silver wings, round the land locked deep.  
He loiters awhile on the springy ground,  
To watch the children gambol around,  
And thinks it hard that a touch from him  
Cannot make the age as lithe of limb—  
That he has no power to melt the rime—  
The stubborn frost that is made by Time—  
And sighing, he leaves the urchins to play,  
And launches at last on the world of Broadway.

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## THE WYANDOTS, AND THEIR LATE CHIEF BETWEEN-THE-LOGS.

Between-the-Logs, late an Indian chief of the Wyandot tribe, was a convert to Christianity, and a licensed preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The following account of him, previously to his conversion to Christianity, and of the tribe in which he held so distinguished a rank, is compiled from the *North American Review*, for April 1837. The article was furnished by a writer who states that he wrote what he *knew*.

Charlevoix long since described the Wyandots as 'the nation of all Canada, the most remarkable for its defects and virtues.' When Jacques Cartier ascended the St. Lawrence, he found them established near Hochelega, now Montreal; and when Champlain entered the same river, their war with the Iroquois had already commenced, and that enterprising officer accompanied one of their parties in a hostile expedition against their enemies. The events of that war were most disastrous, and they were driven from their country to the northern shore of Lake Huron. But distance afforded no security, and the Iroquois pursued them with relentless fury. Famine, disease, and war made frightful havoc among them, and the accounts of their sufferings, given by the old missionaries, who witnessed and shared them, almost task the belief of the reader. They were literally hunted from their resting place, and the feeble remnant of this once powerful and haughty tribe owed their preservation to the protection of the Sioux, in whose country, west of Lake Superior, they found safety and tranquillity. In a few years, however, the power of the Iroquois was crippled by their wars with the French, and the Wyandots descended Lake Superior, and occupied the land about old Michilimackinac. When the French fort at Detroit was first established in 1701, this

tribe was invited to settle in its vicinity, and their services were important in resisting the hostile operations, which the Foxes long conducted against the infant colony. Their final migration was to the plains of Sandusky, and here they resided, when the ill-fated expedition of Crawford was consummated by his horrible sacrifice at the stake.

This tribe is at the head of the great Indian family. How this preeminence was acquired, there is none now to tell. They were the guardians of the great council fire, and they alone had the privilege of sending their messengers, with the well known credentials, wampum and tobacco, to summon the other tribes to meet their uncle, the Wyandot, when any important subject required general deliberation. In the calamities, occasioned by the victorious career of the Iroquois, the site of this fire had been often changed, but always with the proscribed ceremonial, and with proper notice to all, who had a right to convene around it. In 1812, the fire was at Brownstown, at the mouth of the Detroit river; but it was extinguished in blood. And the whole institution has now disappeared, and will soon be remembered only in the traditional stories, which it is the province of age to repeat, and of youth to learn.

The Wyandots are divided into seven bands or tribes. There are three Turtle tribes; namely, the Little Turtle, the Water Turtle, and the Large Land Turtle tribes; the Porcupine tribe, the Deer tribe, the Bear tribe, and the Snake tribe.— Their offices are in form elective, but in reality hereditary, and the succession is through the female line. A chief is succeeded by his sister's son, or by the nearest male relative in that descent. There was formerly a great chief, called Sarstarissee, and by the English the Half King. But the office, not being suitable to the declining fortunes of the Wyandots, has been abolished. A peace chief is at the head of each tribe, and the chief of the Porcupine tribe is now the acknowledged head of the nation. The seven chiefs are called the counsellors, and they constitute the actual government of the Wyandots.

In 1812, Tarhé or the Crane, an aged and venerable man, was the principal chief of the Porcupine tribe of the Wyandot nation. He lived at Upper Sandusky, about one hundred miles from the mouth of the Detroit river, and there he was surrounded by his counsellors, and by almost all his people. A small party, amounting to sixty persons, including men, women, and children, lived upon the River Aux Annards, near Malden, in Canada, and another party of about two hundred and fifty persons, lived on the American shore of the Detroit river, nearly opposite the British post at its mouth. Such was the distribution of the Wyandot nation at the declaration of war in 1812.

When the Crane became satisfied that a war between the United States and Great Britain was inevitable, he directed the proper measures to be taken for convening a general council at Brownstown; and alarmed at the situation of his own people, he attended in person with his confidential counsellor *Between-the-legs*, and with the principal Shawnese chief, Black-hoof. At this council the Wyandots were asked by the Potawatomes, Chippewas, and Ottawas, whether they intended to take hold of the British hatchet, which was offered to them. Walk-in-the-water, who was at the head of the Wyandots on the American side of the river Detroit, and was the chief speaker of the nation, answered, 'No, we will not take up the hatchet against our father the Long-knife. [The Americans.] Our two fathers are about to fight, but we red men have no concern in their quarrel, and it

is best for us to sit still, and remain neutral.' This advice was generally approved; but the result of the council having been communicated to the British authorities, immediate measures were taken to counteract a decision so adverse to their hopes. A council was convened at Malden, which was attended by the chiefs of the various tribes in the vicinity. Elliott, the Indian agent, and the British commanding officer, were present. The former demanded of the Wyandots, whether they had advised the other tribes to remain neutral. To this, Walk-in-the-water answered; 'We have, and we believe it is best for us, and for our brethren. We have no wish to be involved in a war with our father, the Long-knife, for we know by experience that we have nothing to gain by it, and we beg our father, the British, not to force us to war. We remember, in the former war between our fathers, the British and the Long-knife, we were both defeated, and we the red men lost our country; and you, our father, the British, made peace with the Long-knife without our knowledge, and you gave our country to him. You still said to us, my children, you must fight for your country, for the Long-knife will take it from you. We did as you advised us, and we were defeated with the loss of our best chiefs and warriors, and of our land. And we still remember your conduct toward us when we were defeated at the foot of the rapids of the Miami. We sought safety for our wounded in your fort. But what was your conduct? You closed your gates against us, and we had to retreat the best way we could. And then we made peace with the Americans, and have enjoyed peace with them ever since. And now you wish us, your red children, again to take up the hatchet against our father, the Long-knife. We say again, we do not wish to have any thing to do with the war. Fight your own battles, but let us, your red children, enjoy peace.'

Elliott here interrupted the speaker, and said: 'That is American talk, and I shall hear no more of it. If you do not stop, I will direct my soldiers to take you and the chiefs, and keep you prisoners, and will consider you as our enemies.'—Walk-in-the-water then took his seat, to consult the other chiefs; and Round-head, who had openly espoused the British interest, and who was the chief of the small party of Wyandots living in Canada, immediately rose, and said, 'Father, listen to your children. You say, that the talk just delivered by my friend Walk-in-the-water, is American talk, and that you cannot hear any more of it; and if persisted in, you will take the chiefs prisoners, and treat them as enemies. Now hear me. I am a chief, and am acknowledged to be such. I speak the sentiments of the chiefs of the tribes, assembled round your council fire. I now come forward, and take hold of your war hatchet, and will assist you to fight against the Americans!' He was followed by Tecumthe and the Prophet, and by two Wyandot chiefs, Worrow and Split-log, the former residing in Canada, and the latter in the United States. Walk-in-the-water, and his associates, still declined the invitation. Elliott then arose and said, 'My children, I am now well pleased at what you have done; that you have accepted the hatchet of your British father, and are willing to assist him in fighting against the Americans. As for these men, my friend Walk-in-the-water, and the others, I shall bring them and their people to this side of the river, where I can have them under my own eye, for they are in my way at Brownstown.'

Walk-in-the-water made no reply, but left the council house, and recrossed the river, to communicate the result to the Crane. Apprehensive for his personal

safety, the old chief and his attendants instantly left Brownstown, and returned to their people at Upper Sandusky. A detachment of the British troops, under the command of Captain Muir, with a party of the militia under Captain Caldwell, amounting to about three hundred men, accompanied by Round-head and Tecumthe, with two hundred Indians, crossed the river the same night. They surrounded, and took prisoners, the Brownstown Wyandots, and compelled them to embark in their boats. They were then carried to Malden. A few days before this occurrence, this party had sent a deputation to the American general at Detroit, at the head of which was Walk-in-the-water, representing their exposed condition, and requesting that a block house might be erected at Brownstown for their defence. Why this obviously useful measure was not adopted, we cannot tell.—The proposition evinces the earnest desire of the party to be protected in their neutrality.

About a year after this, the Crane proposed to General Harrison, who was then encamped with his army at Seneca, that a formal embassy should be sent by the Wyandots, to their brethren in the British camp, and to all the Indians, who adhered to the British cause, advising them to consult their true interest, and retire to their own country. The proposition was approved by General Harrison, and the Crane was requested to take such measures, as appeared most proper to give it effect.

*Between-the-logs* was appointed the ambassador, and a small escort of eight warriors, commanded by Skootash, the principal war chief of the nation, was selected to accompany him. Two speeches were sent by the Crane, one to be delivered privately to his own people, and the other publicly to the British Indians.

The Wyandot embassy arrived at Brownstown in safety, and the following morning a general council assembled to hear the message from their uncle. The multitude was prodigious, and Elliott and McKee, the British agents, were present. We have been told, that *Between-the-logs* arose in the midst of this host of enemies, and delivered with unshaken firmness the following speech from the Crane, which had been entrusted to him.

'Brothers, the red men, who are engaged in fighting for the British king, listen! These words are from me, Tarhe, and they are also the words of the Wyandots, Delawares, Shawnese, and Senecas.

'Our American father has raised his war pole, and collected a large army of his warriors. They will soon march to attack the British. He does not wish to destroy his red children, their wives, and families. He wishes you to separate yourselves from the British, and bury the hatchet you have raised. He will be merciful to you. You can then return to your own lands, and hunt the game, as you formerly did. I request you to consider your situation, and act wisely in this important matter; and not wantonly destroy your own people. Brothers, whoever feels disposed to accept this advice, will come forward and take hold of this belt of wampum, which I have in my hand and offer to you. I hope you will not refuse to accept it in the presence of your British father, for you are independent of him. Brothers, we have done, and we hope you will act wisely.'

Not a hand moved to accept the offered pledge of peace. The spell was too potent to be broken by charms like these; but Round-head arose, and addressed the embassy.

'Brothers, the Wyandots from the Americans, we have heard your talk, and will not listen to it. We will not forsake the standard of our British father, nor lay down the hatchet we have raised. I speak the sentiments of all now present, and I charge you, that you faithfully deliver our talk to the American commander and tell him it is our wish he would send more men against us, for all that has passed between us, I do not call fighting. We are not satisfied with the number of men he sends to contend against us. We want to fight in good earnest.'

Ellist then spoke. 'My children, as you now see that my children here are determined not to forsake the cause of their British father, I wish you to carry a message back with you. Tell my wife, your American father, that I want her to cook the provisions for me, and my red children, more faithfully than she has done. She has not done her duty. And if she receives this as an insult, and feels disposed to fight, tell her to bring more men, than she ever brought before, as our former skirmishes I do not call fighting. If she wishes to fight with me and my children, she must not burrow in the earth like a ground hog, where she is inaccessible. She must come out and fight fairly.'

To this, *Between-the-legs* replied. 'Brothers, I am directed by my American father to inform you, that if you reject the advice given you, he will march here with a large army, and if he should find any of the red people opposing him in his passage through this country, he will trample them under his feet. You cannot stand before him.

'And now for myself, I earnestly entreat you to consider the good talk I have brought, and listen to it. Why would you devote yourselves, your women, and your children, to destruction? Let me tell you, if you should defeat the American army this time, you have not done. Another will come on, and if you defeat that, still another will appear, that you cannot withstand; one that will come like the waves of the great water, and overwhelm you, and sweep you from the face of the earth. If you doubt the account I give of the force of the Americans, you can send some of your people, in whom you have confidence, to examine their army and navy. They shall be permitted to return in safety. The truth is, your British father deceives you. He boasts of the few victories he gains, but he never tells you of his defeats, of his armies being slaughtered, and his vessels taken on the big water. He keeps all these things to himself.

'And now, father, let me address a few words to you. Your request shall be granted. I will bear your message to my American father. It is true, none of your children appear willing to forsake your standard, and it will be the worse for them. You compare the Americans to ground hogs, and complain of their mode of fighting. I must confess, that a ground hog is a very difficult animal to contend with. He has such sharp teeth, such an inflexible temper, and such an unconquerable spirit, that he is truly a dangerous enemy, especially when he is in his own hole. But, father, let me tell you, you can have your wish. Before many days, you will see the ground hog come floating on yonder lake, paddling his canoe toward your hole; and then, father, you will have an opportunity of attacking your formidable enemy in any way you may think best.'

This speech terminated the proceedings of the council. All the Indians, except the Wyandots, dispersed, and they secretly assembled to hear the message sent to them by their own chief.

Governments frequently preserve their forms, long after essential changes occur

in their institutions, and the Turkish edicts are yet dated from the Imperial stirrup, although the successors of Amurath have long since exchanged the camp for the seraglio. The Crane's message was a peremptory mandate, evincing in its manner, that the time has been, when sterner authority was exercised by the Wyandot chiefs, than they would now assume, or the warriors obey.

The Wyandots were directed to quit Skorah [the term in the Huron dialect for *British*] immediately.

This message was faithfully delivered to the Wyandots, and produced its full effect upon them. They requested *Between-the-legs* to inform the Crane, that they were in fact prisoners, but that they had taken firm hold of his belt of wampum, and would not fire another gun. They promised, that on the advance of the American army, they would quit the British troops, as soon as it was safe to take that decisive measure. And such in fact was the result. When General Proctor left the country, his Wyandot allies abandoned him, a few miles from the mouth of the river Tranche, and retired into the forest. Thence they sent a message to General Harrison, imploring his mercy.

In a note, the North American Review adds as follows:

Every Indian speech is accompanied by its appropriate belt, which is deposited with the chief speaker. These belts constitute the records of the tribe. They are formed of wampum, which is small beads manufactured from shells for this purpose. These beads are strung upon sinews, and are then united into a belt.—The beads are generally white, blue, or black, and a symbolical meaning is attached to their distribution. The memory is aided by the faculty of association, and the speeches are repeated at stated intervals, and thus preserved for posterity. We have seen a very ancient belt of the Wyandots, and heard the speech repeated in a language, bearing little resemblance to that now spoken by them.

## THE SEVEN AGES OF INTEMPERANCE.

A PARODY.

All the world's a bar-room  
 And all the men and women merely tipplers :  
 They have their bottles and their glasses ;  
 And one man in his time takes many quarts,  
 His drink being seven kinds.—At first the infant,  
 Taking the cordial in the nurse's arms ;  
 And then, the whining school-boy with his drop  
 Or two of porter, just to make him creep  
 More willingly to school.—And then the lover  
 Sighing like furnace, o'er his lemonade,  
 Brewed into whiskey punch.—Then a soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths, and reeling with brandy ;  
 Brutal and beastly, sudden and quick in quarrels ;  
 Seeking the fiend Intemperance  
 E'en in the gallon's mouth.—And then the justice



In fair round belly, with Madeira lined,  
Most elegantly drunk, superbly corned,  
*Full of wise saws against the use of gin :*  
*And so he swallows wine.* The sixth drink  
Shifts into the lean and bloated dram-drinker ;  
A spectacle his nose ; he's scorched inside ;  
The wretch's ragged hose, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank ! and his once manly hand  
Shaking the cup of tea, well lined with rum,  
Seems now five palsied bones. Last drink of all  
That ends intoxication's history.

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### THE LATE REV. BISHOP GEORGE.

Bishop George was a man of an interesting personal appearance, especially for the grave profession of the ministry. He was about five feet ten inches high ; the frame of his body was large and well proportioned, with somewhat of an inclination to corpulence ; and he appeared every way formed for physical strength and energy.—When standing, whether in conversation or otherwise, he usually maintained a very erect posture, with his hands thrown behind him ; but when walking, he inclined a little forward, with his hands in the same position, and moved with a short quick step.

The aspect of his countenance, as well as the frame of his body, impressed the beholder with an idea of strength and energy. His face was broad ; the forehead prominent, and well spread ; the nose large and rather flat ; the eyes of a blue cast, and deep set in their sockets ; the eyebrows dark and considerably projected ; the mouth and lips in due proportion with the other features of the face ; a full suit of hair, dark and mixed with grey, rather neglected, yet graceful, hung about his neck ; and his complexion, which was once probably fair, had become sallow, through excessive exposures and fatigues. Whatever impression his strongly marked countenance might have been calculated to give, had it been moulded by the internal workings of corrupt and malignant passions, in the light of the holy affections which beamed in it, there were charms displayed which rendered it lovely, and will impress the image of it indelibly on the affectionate remembrance of his numerous friends who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

His body and mind were symmetrically constituted with a remarkable adaptation to each other. Like the former, the latter was fashioned after an enlarged model.—Under all circumstances it appeared to be of an original cast and independent bearing. He was every where the thinking, active agent, rather than the sequestered, plodding theorist. All his powers were employed in carrying into effect such measures of practical utility as he deemed best calculated to promote the cause of Christ. To do, was, in fact, his motto : and no man ever adhered more strictly and perseveringly to the true import of it. Everything about him, mind or body, was energy. He thought rapidly, spoke fluently, decided promptly, and permitted nothing in which he was engaged to hang heavily upon his hands. He detested tardiness, as the murderer of time ; and never failed to signify his disapprobation of a dull and languid course of

proceeding in the transaction of business, or of unimportant discussions calculated to retard its progress. Wherever he was, everything with which he had any connexion was destined to feel the impulse of his propelling energies.

As a preacher, Bishop George was a burning and shining light. He was possessed of rare and commanding talents for a public speaker. His voice was strong, yet sweet and musical, and incomparably adapted to grave and pathetic subjects. Those captivating and attracting peculiarities gave to his ecstatic effusions, in which he abounded, an air of solemnity which apathy itself could not resist. Nothing could be calculated more effectually to touch the feelings of the human heart, to wither the shoots of pride springing up in it, and to melt down his hardness, than was the strain of original eloquence which characterized the preaching of this excellent man. Originality was, indeed, a prominent feature of his preaching. Endowed with all the qualifications which are necessary to constitute an impressive natural public speaker, he imitated no one, and drew always from his own resources. The ornaments and flowers which embellished his sermons were not gleaned from the fields and gardens cultivated by any scientific master; but were the natural production of his own fertile mind. His style was a mixture of the sublime and the pathetic, and might be considered, alternately, a very good specimen of each, in purely extemporaneous productions. To the rules of rhetoric, or the arts of studied eloquence, he paid little regard; but if the true eloquence of the pulpit be, as Blair defines it, 'to make an impression on the people—to strike and seize their hearts,' he was a master, and, in comparison of thousands who claim to be such, more than a master.

*From Memoirs by Julius Millingen, just Published.*

#### LAST DAYS OF LORD BYRON.

Mr. Millingen was professionally attendant on Lord Byron as a physician. The cup of health had dropped from his lips and constant anxiety and suffering operated powerfully on his mind, already a prey to melancholy apprehensions and disappointment, increased by disgust. Continually haunted by a dread of epilepsy or palsy—complaints most humiliating to human pride—he fell into the lowest state of hypochondriasis; and vented his sorrows into language which, though sometimes sublime, was at others as peevish and capricious as that of an unruly and quarrelsome child. When he returned to himself, however, he would request us not to take the indisposed and sickly fit for the sound man.' Riding was the only occupation that procured him any relief; and even this was but momentary.

Mr. Finlay and Mr. Millingen called on Lord Byron in the evening:—We found him lying on a sofa, complaining of a slight fever, and of pains in the articulation.—He was at first more gay than usual; but, on a sudden, he became pensive, and after remaining some few minutes in silence, he said that during the whole day he had reflected a great deal on a prediction which had been made to him when a boy, by a famed fortune-teller in Scotland. His mother, who firmly believed in necromancy and astrology, had sent for this person, and desired him to inform her what would be the future destiny of her son. Having examined attentively the palm of his hand,

the man looked at him for a while steadfastly, and then with a solemn voice exclaimed—'Beware of your thirty-seventh year, my young Lord; beware.'

To say the truth, answered his Lordship, I find it equally difficult to know what to believe in this world, and what not to believe. There are as many plausible reasons for inducing me to die a bigot, as there have been to make me hitherto a free thinker. You will, I know, ridicule my belief in lucky and unlucky days; but no consideration can now induce me to undertake anything either on a Friday or a Sunday. I am positive it would terminate unfortunately. Every one of my misfortunes, and, God knows, I have had my share, have happened to me on one of those days. You will ridicule also a belief in incorporeal beings. Without instancing to you the men of profound genius who have acknowledged their existence, I could give you the details of my friend Shelley's conversations with his familiar, did he not apprise me, that he had been informed by that familiar that he would end his life by drowning, and did I not, a short time after, perform on the sea beach his funeral rites.

The next morning (17th) the bleeding was repeated, for although the rheumatic symptoms had completely disappeared, the cerebral ones were hourly increasing, and this continuing all day, we opened the vein, for the third time, in the afternoon.—Cold applications were from the beginning constantly kept on the head, blisters were also proposed. When on the point of applying them, Lord Byron asked me whether it would answer the same purpose to apply both on the same leg. Guessing the motive that led him to ask this question, I told him I would place them above the knees, on the inside of the thighs. 'Do so,' said he; 'for as long as I live, I will not allow any one to see my lame foot.'

Here I may be permitted to observe, that it must have been the lot of every medical man to observe how frequently the fear of death produces it; and how seldom a patient who persuades himself that he must die, is mistaken. The prediction of the Scotch fortune-teller was ever present to Lord Byron; and, like an insidious poison, destroyed that moral energy which is so useful to keep up the patient in dangerous complaints. 'Did I not tell you (said he repeatedly to me) that I should die at thirty-seven?'

I was not a little surprised to hear him ask me on the 15th, whether I could not do him the favor of inquiring in the town for any very old and ugly witch? As I turned his question in derision, he repeated to me, with a serious air, 'Never mind, whether I am superstitious or not; but I again entreat of you to bring me the most celebrated one there is, in order that she may examine whether this sudden loss of my health does not depend on the evil eye. She may devise some means to dissolve the spell.' Knowing the necessity of indulging a patient in his harmless caprices, I soon procured one, who answered exactly to his description; but the following day, seeing that he did not mention the subject, I avoided recalling it to his memory.

Two thoughts constantly occupied his mind.—Ada and Greece were the names he uttered, lamenting to die a stranger to the sole daughter of his affection, not only from her embrace, but, perhaps, the object of the hatred which he thought had been carefully instilled into her from her tenderest infancy, showed how exquisitely his parental feelings were excited by these sad considerations. The glory of dying in Greece, and for Greece, was the only theme he could fly to for relief, and which would dry up the tears he abundantly shed, when pronouncing Ada's name. In the agony of death—that dreadful hour when, leaving the confines of life the soul is launched into eternity—his parting look, his last adieu, was to Greece and Ada. 1

was present when, after taking the first antispasmodic mixture, he spoke to Fletcher for the last time, recommending him to call on his sister, on Lady Byron and his daughter, and deliver to each the messages which he had repeated to him before.—His feelings, and the clouds of death, which were fast obscuring his intellect, did not allow him to continue: 'You know what you must say to Ada—I have already told it you—you know it, do you not?' On hearing Fletcher's affirmative, he replied, 'That's right!'

On the 18th, he addressed me, saying, 'Your efforts to preserve my life will be vain. Die I must: I feel it. Its loss I do not lament; for to terminate my wearisome existence, I came to Greece. My wealth, my abilities, I devoted to her cause. Well, there is my life to her. One request let me make to you. Let not my body be hacked, or be sent to England. Here let my bones moulder. Lay me in the first corner, without pomp of nonsense.'

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### THE RED SEA.

The setting of the sun from the spot where we stood, was very beautiful, although there were neither groves nor vales on which the sinking rays might linger, but a low and naked shore. But this was not the case on the other side of the sea, to which nature had been more bountiful: the mountains were there bold and lofty, and the sun was sinking slowly behind them, while his red beams rested on their broken ridges. They were the same amidst which the Israelites were entangled in their flight, and the wilderness on the other side being a sandy expanse, left them at the mercy of their pursuers. It was the divine intention, doubtless, from the first, to destroy the power of Egypt, as the route towards the head of the Red Sea was equally direct and near and the desert of Sin was then open to the fugitives without either mountain or wave in the way. The twilight soon rested on the silent sheet of water, that was not broken by a single bark or vessel from the ports below, as the breeze was too faint to carry them through its uncertain navigation, that abounds with shoals and rocks. The rugged forms of the mountains opposite grew dim and indistinct. No sound broke on the stillness of the beach, on which we now lay down to rest, save the faint murmur of the shallow water, and there was little danger of intruders, for the place was too desert to tempt either the wandering Bedouin or the busy fisherman. The hours fled almost unperceived; the scene was full of interest; and we could not help recalling the description of the famous passage of this sea by the chosen people, that has given rise to so many fruitless doubts and explanations. What a noble subject for a painter that hour of darkness and terror would be, and the rushing of the hosts through this wide gulf! It would seem that the absurd idea of representing the waves standing like a wall on each side, had as well be abandoned. This is giving a literal interpretation to the evidently figurative words of Scripture; where it is said that God caused the sea to go back all night by a strong east wind; and when the morning dawned, there was probably a wide and vast expanse from which the waters had retired to some distance; and that 'the sea returning to its strength in the morning,' was the rushing back of an impetuous and restless tide, inevitable but not instantaneous, for it is evident the Egyptians turned and fled from its approach.—*Crane's Travels in the East.*

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTTS.

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly mood,  
And in the turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood,  
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,  
That seem'd to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.  
The touch of care had blanch'd her cheek, her smile was sadder now ;  
The weight of royalty had press'd too heavy on her brow ;  
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field ;  
The Stuart *sceptre* well she sway'd but the *sword* she could not wield.  
She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's brief day—  
And summon'd Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play  
The songs she loved in earlier years,—the songs of gay Navarre,  
The songs, perchance, that erst were sung by gallant Chatelard :  
They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles,  
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal, and fierce domestic broils—  
But hark ! the tramp of armed men ! the Douglas' battle-cry !  
They come, they come ! and lo ! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye !  
And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and tears and words are vain,  
The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain !  
Then Mary Stuart brush'd aside the tears that trickling fell ;  
'Now for my father's arm !' she said, 'my woman's heart, farewell !'

\* \* \* \* \*

The scene was changed. Beside the block a sullen headsmen stood,  
And gleam'd the broad axe in his hands that soon must drip with blood.  
With a slow and steady step there came a lady through the hall,  
And breathless silence chained the lips, and touch'd the hearts of all ;  
Rich were the sable robes she wore, her white veil round her fell,  
And from her neck there hung the cross—that cross she loved so well !  
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom—  
I saw that grief had deck'd it out,—an offering for the tomb !  
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly shone ;  
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrill'd with every tone ;  
I knew the ringlets, almost grey, once threads of living gold ;  
I knew that bounding grace of step, that symmetry of mould.  
Even now I see her far away, in that calm convent aisle,  
I hear her chant her vesper-hymn, I mark her holy smile,—  
Even now I see her bursting forth, upon her bridal morn,  
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born !—  
Alas, the change ! she placed her foot upon a triple throne,  
And on the scaffold now she stands—beside the block, *alone* !  
The little dog that licks her hand, the last of all the crowd  
Who sunn'd themselves beneath her glance, and round her footsteps bow'd !  
Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul has pass'd away ;  
The bright—the beautiful—is now a bleeding piece of clay !  
A solemn text ! Go think of it, in silence and alone,  
Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a throne !

*Summer and Winter hours.*

## GENERAL WASHINGTON.

We present to our readers the following anecdote relating to General Washington. What corroborates Mr. Cooper's statement in the eyes of the remaining few acquainted with the times and events of the revolutionary war, is that the hazardous situation of our army near Brandywine, and the incessant duties imposed on the commander in chief, could scarcely have permitted his absence from the encampment to recognize the foe, and thereby expose a life on which the salvation of the country almost depended. The story is therefore improbable, and the conjecture of Captain De Lancey that the officer in question was Count Pulaski, who was present at the battle of Brandywine, on the eighth of September, 1777, is most probably correct. General Lafayette, who was wounded in that engagement, and is one of the very few surviving field officers of that disastrous day, might probably elucidate the circumstance.

Count Pulaski was a Pole of high birth, who with a few men, had carried off King Stanislaus from his capital, Warsaw. The king afterwards effected his escape, and declared Pulaski an outlaw. Thus proscribed, he came to America, and offered his services to congress, who conferred on him the rank of brigadier general. He was mortally wounded in the abortive assault, under Count d'Etaing and General Lincoln, on Savannah, on the morning of the fourth of October, 1779, while attempting to charge the enemy at the head of two hundred horsemen, in full gallop. Congress resolved that a monument should be erected to his memory.

Captain De Lancey, although in the opposite ranks, was a brave, resolute, intelligent officer, and allied to one of the most respectable and wealthy families of the then province of New-York.

The letter, from which the following is an extract, was addressed from Paris, under date of twenty-eighth of January, to Mr. Skinner, editor of the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

'While troubling you with this letter, I take an opportunity of correcting an error, which has been very generally circulated, and is even to be found in several historical works, as well as in numberless magazines. Among others who have fallen into the mistake to which I allude, Bigland, in his 'View of the World,' relates an anecdote by which it would appear that at Brandywine the life of Washington was at the mercy of the celebrated British rifleman, Major Ferguson, who was too generous to profit by his advantage.

Mr. J. P. De Lancey, (father of Mrs. Cooper) though of a well known American family, was regularly educated for the British army, in which he received a commission at eighteen. In 1774 he was quartered at Philadelphia with a part of his corps, the eighteenth of the royal Irish. Washington was then a delegate in congress; and, in consequence of his having dined with the mess of the eighteenth, and of the intercourse which naturally existed between gentlemen of the different provinces, through their family connexions and acquaintances, Mr. De Lancey had a perfect knowledge of his person. When the army of Howe was preparing to embark for the Chesapeake, a corps of riflemen was organized by drafting picked men from the different regiments, and was placed under the command of Major Ferguson, who had invented several improvements in the rifle, and who had acquired great skill in the use of that weapon. Of this corps, Mr. De Lancey was appointed the second in command. During the manœuvres which preceded the battle of Brandywine, these riflemen were

kept skirmishing in advance of one of the British columns. They had crossed some open ground, in which Ferguson was wounded in the arm, and had taken a position in the skirts of a thick wood. While Mr. De Lancey was occupied in arranging a sling for the wounded arm of Ferguson, it was reported that an American officer of rank, attended only by a mounted orderly, had ridden into the open ground, and was then within point blank rifle shot. Two or three of the best marksmen stepped forward and asked leave to bring him down. Ferguson peremptorily refused; but he went to the skirt of the wood, and, showing himself, menaced the American with several rifles, while he called to him and made signs for him to come in. The mounted officer saw his enemies, drew his reins, and sat, looking at them attentively, for a few moments.

A sergeant now offered to hit the horse without injuring the rider. But Ferguson still withheld his consent, affirming that it was Washington reconnoitering, and that he would not be the instrument of placing the life of so great a man in jeopardy by so unfair means. The horseman turned and rode slowly away. When the British army reached Philadelphia, Mr. De Lancey was promoted to a major, in another corps, and Ferguson, not long after, went to the south, where he was killed, at King's mountain. To the last moment Major Ferguson maintained that the officer whose life he had spared was Washington; and it is probable that the story in circulation has proceeded from this opinion. But on the other hand, Mr. De Lancey, to whom the person of Washington was necessarily so well known, constantly affirmed that his commander was mistaken. I have often heard Mr. De Lancey relate these circumstances, and though he never pretended to be sure of the person of the unknown horseman, it was his opinion, from some particulars of dress and stature, that it was the Count Pulaski.

Though in error as to the person of the individual whom he spared, the merit of Major Ferguson is not at all diminished by a knowledge of the truth. I correct the mistake only because the account is at variance with the probable situation of Washington at so important a moment, and because every circumstance connected with the history of that illustrious man, has great interest, not only with his own country, but the whole civilized world.

Yours, &c.

J. FENNIMORE COOPER.

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### THE MONSOONS.

The setting in of the Monsoons, or tropical sea wind, in the East Indies, is thus described by Forbes in his *Oriental Memoirs*. The scene was at Baroche, where the British army was encamped. The shades of evening approached as he reached the ground, and just as the encampment was completed, the atmosphere grew suddenly dark, the heat became oppressive, and an unusual stillness presaged the immediate setting in of the monsoon: The whole appearance of nature resembled those solemn preludes to earthquakes and hurricanes in the West Indies, from which the east in general is providentially free. We were allowed very little time for conjecture, in a few minutes the heavy clouds burst over us.

I had witnessed seventeen monsoons in India but this exceeded them all in its awful appearance and dreadful effects. Encamped in a low situation, on the borders of a lake formed to collect the surrounding water, we found ourselves in a few hours in a liquid plain, the tent-pins giving way, in a loose soil, the tents fell down and left the whole army exposed to the contending elements. It requires a lively imagination to conceive the situation of an hundred thousand human beings of every description, with more than two thousand elephants, camels, horses, and oxen, suddenly overwhelmed by this dreadful storm in a strange country, without any knowledge of high or low ground, the whole being covered by an immense lake, and surrounded by thick darkness, which prevented our distinguishing a single object, except such as the vivid glare of lightning displayed in horrible forms. No language can describe the wreck of a large encampment, thus instantaneously destroyed, and covered with water; amid the cries of old men and helpless women, terrified by the piercing shrieks of their expiring children, unable to afford them relief. During this dreadful night, more than two hundred persons, and three thousand cattle perished, and the morning dawn exhibited a shocking spectacle.

The south-west monsoon generally sets in very early, in certain parts of India.—At Anjengo, observes the above author, it commences with great severity, and presents an awful spectacle; the inclement weather continues with more or less violence, from May to October; during that period the tempestuous ocean rolls from a black horizon, literally of 'darkness visible;' a series of floating mountains heaving under hoary summits, until they approach the shore, when their stupendous accumulations flow in successive surges, and break upon the beach; every ninth wave is observed to be generally more tremendous than the rest, and threatens to overwhelm the settlement. The noise of these billows equals that of the loudest cannon, and with the thunder and lightning so frequent in the rainy season, is truly awful. During the tedious monsoon I passed at Anjengo, I often stood upon the trembling sand bank, to contemplate the solemn scene, and derive comfort from that sublime and omnipotent decree. 'Hitherto shalt thou come but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.'

#### THE LAST TREE OF BABYLON.

At the distance of a few paces only to the north east of the mass of walls and piles, the internal spaces of which are still filled with earth and rubbish, is the famous single tree, which the natives call 'Athelo,' and maintain to have been flourishing in ancient Babylon. This tree is of a kind perfectly unknown to these parts. It is certainly of very great age, as its trunk, which appears to have been of considerable girth, now presents only a bare and decayed half or longitudinal section, which, if found on the ground, would be thought to be rotten and unfit for any use; yet the few branches which still sprout out from its venerable top, are perfectly green; and, as had been already remarked by others, as well as confirmed by our own observation, gave to the passage of the wind a shrill and melancholy sound, like the whistling of a tempest through a ship's rigging at sea. Though thus thick in the trunk, it is not more than fifteen feet high, and its branches are very few.—*Buckingham's Travels.*



There stands a lonely tree on Shinar's mount—

No kindred stem the far-spread desert rears ;  
Scant are its leaves, for spent the juicy fount,

Which fed its being through unnumbered years:  
Last of a splendid race that here have stood,  
It throws an awful charm o'er ruin's solitude.

Lone tree ! thou bear'st a venerable form—

Shrunk, yet majestic in thy late decay,—  
For not the havoc of the ruthless storm,

Nor Simoon's blight thus wears thy trunk away ;  
But time's light wing, through ages long gone past,  
Hath gently swept thy side, and wasted thee at last !

Empires have risen—flourished—mouldered down—

And nameless myriads closed life's fleeting dream,  
Since thou the peerless garden's height did'st crown,

Which hung in splendor o'er Euphrates' stream :  
Fountains, and groves, and palaces, were here,  
And fragrance filled the breeze and verdure decked the year.

Here queenly steps in beauty's pride have trod,

Hence Babel's king his boastful survey took,  
When to his trembling ear the voice of God

Denouncing woes to come—his spirit shook.—  
But all this grace and pomp hath pass'd away,  
'Tis now the wondrous story of a distant day.

How wide and far these tracts of chaos spread,

Beyond the circuit of the lab'ring eye !  
Where the proud queen of nations raised her head,  
But shapeless wrecks and scenes of horror lie ;  
Glorious and beautiful no more !—her face  
Is darkly hid in desolation's stern embrace.

Lorn as the pining widow, who doth bend

In solitary grief o'er some lov'd tombs,  
Thy worn and drooping form appears to lend  
A mourner's presence, to this scene of doom ;  
And from thy quivering leaves there breathes a sound,  
Of sullen, hopeless wail, for death's wide waste around.

Sole living remnant of Chaldeæ's pride !

Reluctant thou dost wear the garb of joy ;  
Thy heart is withered, strength hath left thy side—  
And the green tints time spareth to destroy,  
Seem like the hectic flush—which brighter glows,  
Upon the sunken cheek, just passing from its woes !

HUGH HUTTON.

## A SISTER'S LOVE.

There is no purer feeling kindled upon the altar of human affections, than a sister's pure, uncontaminated love for her brother. It is unlike all other affections—so disconnected with selfish sensuality; so feminine in its developement; so dignified, and yet, with all, so fond, so devoted. Nothing can alter it—nothing can suppress it. The world may revolve, and its revolutions effect changes in the fortunes, in the character, and in the disposition of the brother, yet if he wants, whose hand will so speedily stretch out as that of his sister; and if his character is maligned, whose voice will so readily swell in his advocacy. Next to a mother's unquenchable love, a sister's is pre-eminent. It rests so exclusively on the ties of consanguinity for its sustenance, it is so wholly divested of passion, and springs from such a deep recess in the human bosom, that when a sister once fondly and deeply regards her brother, that affection is blended with her existence. In all the annals of crime it is considered something anomalous to find the hand of a sister raised in anger against her brother, or her heart nurturing the seeds of hatred, envy, or revenge, in regard to that brother. In all affections of woman there is a devotedness which cannot be properly appreciated by man. In those regards where the passions are not all necessary in increasing the strength of the affections, more sincere truth and pure feeling may be expected than in such as are dependent upon each other for their duration as well as their felicities. A sister's love, in this respect, is peculiarly remarkable. There is no selfish gratification in its outpourings; it lives from the natural impulse, and personal charms are not in the slightest degree necessary to its birth or duration.

## THE MOON.

The opinions of astronomers are at variance with respect to the existence of a lunar atmosphere. Philosophers often reason from analogy; and because the surface of the Moon bears a striking resemblance to the Earth, in having valleys, mountains, hills, dales, volcanoes, &c. they conclude that the Moon has an atmosphere, and, consequently, rain, hail, snow, and winds. Various are the arguments advanced on each side of this question by astronomers of the greatest fame.

But if we may be allowed to judge from the appearance of the Moon when our nights are clear, we may conclude that the Moon has no atmosphere. No person ever perceived either clouds or vapours on her disk, or any thing resembling them; and these must have been seen in every age by millions of mankind, if lunar clouds, &c. existed: unless we believe that there may be an atmosphere without vapours.

Mr. Ferguson observes, "If there were seas in the Moon, she could have no clouds, rains nor storms, as we have; because she has no atmosphere to support the vapours which occasion them. And every body knows that when the Moon is above our horizon in the night-time, she is visible, unless the clouds of our atmosphere hide her from our view; and all parts of her appear constantly with the same clear, serene, and calm aspect. But those dark parts of the Moon, which

were formerly thought to be seas, are now found to be only vast deep cavities, and places which reflect not the Sun's light so strongly as others, having many caverns and pits whose shadows fall within them, and are always dark on the sides next the Sun, which demonstrates their being hollow: and most of these pits have little knobs, like hillocks, standing within them, and casting shadows also, which cause these places to appear darker than others that have fewer or less remarkable caverns. All these appearances show that there are no seas in the Moon; for if there were any, their surfaces would appear smooth and even, like those on the Earth.'

Dr. Brewster observes; 'The arguments adduced by Mr. Ferguson to prove that there is no sea in the Moon are very far from being conclusive. The existence of a lunar atmosphere is completely ascertained; and the little pits and eminences which appear in the dark parts of the Moon, which are extremely even and smooth, may be regarded as rocks or islands. By observations, however, on *Mare Crisium*, when the line which separates the enlightened from the obscure segment of the Moon passed through the large and apparently level spot, I have found that the shaded parts of the Moon, however smooth they may appear, are not level surfaces, and therefore, cannot be seas. If there were seas in the Moon, there would be particular times when the reflected light of the Sun would render them more brilliant than any other part of her surface; and the light would acquire that property called *polarization*, which is, however, found not to be the case.'

It would appear, therefore, from these facts, that there is no water in the Moon, neither rivers, nor lakes, nor seas; and hence we are entitled to infer that none of those atmospherical phenomena which arise from the existence of water in our own globe, will take place in the lunar world.

Every particular connected with the disk of the Moon is interesting, and in many respects, astonishing. Her mountainous scenery is awfully grand. Huge masses of rock rise perpendicularly from the plains, tower to an immense height, and reflect the rays of the Sun as from a steel mirror. These rocks appear perfectly naked, or destitute of any kind of soil and vegetation. In these stupendous and terrific rocks are discovered rents and ravines, as if split or separated asunder by some tremendous earthquake or volcano: and numberless large fragments of rocks are seen near the base of these frightful eminences, as if they had been detached by some extraordinary shock or convulsion.

The surface of the Moon is admirably calculated to reflect the light of the Sun upon the Earth. If her surface were smooth and level, the reflected light would not have been so luminous and diffusive, and the Earth would have been but indifferently supplied with light in the absence of the Sun. But owing to her surface, this inconvenience is prevented. Her stupendous range of mountains, whose summits rise to an immense height; her lofty, rugged, bare, perpendicular, and in some parts bold and projecting rocks; her numerous, deep and extensive hollows or cavities, containing insular mountains, whose towering tops receive the first rays of the Sun, lofty ridges, or rather mountains, encircling these deep hollows or cavities; all contribute to reflect the rays of the Sun to all sides, and to diffuse light to every part of the Earth in the course of every lunation.

The diameter of the Moon is two thousand one hundred and sixty-one miles; and as solid bodies are to each other as the cubes of their diameters, the magnitude of the Moon is to that of the Earth as one to forty-one.

The Moon is twenty-four thousand miles from the centre of the Earth; and moves from any fixed star to the same star, in twenty-seven days, seven hours, forty-three minutes, and eleven seconds. This is called her sidereal revolution.

Her periodical revolution is the time in which she passes through the twelve signs of the zodiac; or from the equinoctial point to her return to the same.— This is performed in twenty-seven days, seven hours, forty-three minutes, and four seconds. The difference between her sidereal and periodical revolution is caused by the precession of the equinoxes.

Her synodical revolution is the time in which she passes through her different changes, or from one conjunction with the Sun to the other. This is performed in twenty-nine days, twelve hours, forty four minutes, and two seconds.

PHILIP GARRETT.

### WHY IS MY SPIRIT SAD ?

Why is my spirit sad ?

Because 'tis parting, each succeeding year  
With something that it used to hold more dear  
Than aught that now remains ;

Because the past, like a receding sail,  
Flits into dimness, and the lonely gale  
O'er vacant waters reigns.

Why is my spirit sad !

Because no more within my soul there dwell  
Thoughts fresh as flowers that fill the mountain dell  
With innocent delight ;

Because I am aware of the strife  
That with hot fever taints the springs of life,  
Making the day seem night.

Why is my spirit sad ?

Alas ! ye did not know the lost—the dead ;  
Who loved with me of yore green paths to tread—  
The paths of young romance ;  
Ye never stood with us 'neath summer skies,  
Nor saw the rich light of their tender eyes—  
The Eden of their glance.

Why is my spirit sad ?

Have not the beautiful been ta'en away,—  
Are not the noble-hearted turn'd to clay—  
Wither'd in root and stem ?  
I see that others, whose looks are lit  
The radiant joys of youth, are round me yet,—  
But not—but not like them !

I would not be less sad !  
 My days of mirth are past. Droops o'er my brow  
 The sheaf of care in sickly paleness now,—  
 The present is around me ;  
 Would that the future were both come and gone,  
 And that I lay where, 'neath a nameless stone,  
 Crush'd feelings could not wound me !

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SKETCH OF MILTON.

MILTON stood apart from all earthly things. He may be likened to that interpreter of the mysterious things of Providence, who sits in the bright circle of the sun ; while Shakspeare resembles rather the spirit created by his own matchless imagination, which wanders over earth and sea, with power to subdue all minds and hearts by the influence of his magic spell. The poetry of Milton is accordingly solemn and dignified, as well becomes the moral sublimity of his character, and the sacredness of his awful theme. His mind appears to have been elevated by the glories revealed to his holy contemplation ; and his inspiration is as much loftier than that of other poets, as his subject was superior to theirs. It is superfluous to say, that his moral influence is always conversant with divine things, and filled with the sublimest thoughts ? Yet it has been sometimes said, that the qualities with which he has endued that most wonderful of all poetical creations, the leader of the fallen angels, are too fearfully sublime to be regarded with the horror and aversion, which they ought naturally to inspire. He is indeed invested with many sublime attributes ;—the fierce energy, unbroken by despair—the unconquerable will, which not even the thunders of the Almighty can bend ;—but these qualities, though they may fill us with wonder and awe, are not attractive. His tenderness is only the bitterness of remorse, without end and hopeless ; his self-devotion is only the result of wild ambition ; and a dreadful retribution at length falls upon him, 'according to his doom.' In this exhibition of character, there is undoubtedly vast intellectual power, but there is nothing redeeming, nothing which can win the soul to love. We dread the effect of those delineations in which crime, from which nature recoils, is allied to qualities, with which we involuntarily sympathise ; such portraits are of evil tendency, because though unnatural, they are still attractive ; but great crime frequently supplies the existence of imposing traits of character, which may excite admiration, without engaging sympathy. We are interested in Conrad, because his fierce and gloomy spirit is mastered by the passion which masters all ;—because in him it is deep and overwhelming, yet refined and pure—like the token, which restored the reprinting Peri to Eden—the redeeming and expiatory virtue, which shows that the light of the soul, however darkened, is not extinguished altogether—and we do not ask, how purity and love can find their refuge in a pirate's bosom—we do not remember, that they could as hardly dwell there as Abdiel among the rebel host. Not so the ruined Archangel. In him all may be grand and imposing, but all is dark, stern

and relentless. If there be ought to admire, there is at least nothing to imitate. Through all the writings of Milton, there reign a loftiness and grandeur which seem to raise the soul to the standard of its own elevation. The finest minds have resorted to them for the rich treasures of eloquence and wisdom; and they might also find in them the more enduring treasures of piety and virtue.

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### INSPIRATION OF ASTRONOMY.

THERE are several recorded instances of the powerful effect which the study of astronomy has produced upon the human mind. Dr. Rittenhouse, of Pennsylvania, after he had calculated the transit of Venus, which was to happen June 3d, 1769, was appointed, at Philadelphia, with others, to repair to the township of Norriston, and there to observe this planet until its passage over the sun's disc should verify the correctness of his calculations. This occurrence had never been witnessed but twice before by an inhabitant of our earth, and was never to be again seen by any person then living. A phenomenon so rare, and so important in its bearings upon astronomical science, was, indeed, well calculated to agitate the soul of one so alive as he was to the great truths of nature. The day arrived, and there was no cloud on the horizon. The observers, in silence and trembling anxiety, waited for the predicted moment of observation. It came—and in the instant of contact, an emotion of joy so powerful was excited in the bosom of Mr. Rittenhouse, that he fainted. Sir Isaac Newton, after he had advanced so far in his mathematical proof of one of his great astronomical doctrines, as to see that the result was to be triumphant, was so affected in view of the momentous truth, which he was about to demonstrate, that he was unable to proceed, and begged one of his companions in study, to relieve him, and carry out the calculation. The instructions, which the heavens give, are not confined to scholars; but they are imparted to the peasant and to the savage. The pious shepherd often feels a sudden expansion of mind, while attempting to form an idea of that power, which spread out and adorned the heavens with so many worlds of light.

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### LAFAYETTE FORTY YEARS AGO.

In 'the Travels of John Ledyard, a work now of long standing, is the following account of Lafayette in 1786:—'I took a walk to Paris this morning, and saw the Marquis de Lafayette. He is a good man this same Marquis. I esteem him, and even love him, and so will all do, except some few who worship him. I made these trips to Paris often—sometimes to dine with the amiable Frenchman, and sometimes with our minister, who is a brother to me. You know how much I owe the amiable Lafayette; will you do me the honor to present my most grateful thanks to him? If I find in my travels a mountain as much elevated above other mountains as he is above other men, I will name it Lafayette.'

AMERICAN SCENERY.

The numerous waterfalls, the enchanting beauty of Lake George and its pellucid flood, of Lake Champlain and the lesser lakes, afford many objects of the most picturesque character; while the inland seas, from Superior to Ontario, and that astounding cataract, whose roar would hardly be increased by the united murmurs of all the cascades of Europe, are calculated to inspire vast and sublime conceptions. The effects, too, of our climate, composed of a Siberian winter and Italian summer furnish new and peculiar objects for description. The circumstances of remote regions are here blended, and strikingly opposite appearances witnessed in the same spot at different seasons of the year. In our winters, we have the sun of the same altitude as in Italy, shining on an unlimited surface of snow, which can only be found in the higher latitudes of Europe, where the sun in the winter rises little above the horizon. The dazzling brilliance of a winter's day and moonlight night, in an atmosphere astonishing clear and frosty, when the utmost splendor of the sky is reflected from the surface of spotless white, attended with the most excessive cold, is peculiar to the northern part of the United States. What, too, can surpass the celestial purity and transparency of the atmosphere in a fine autumnal day, when our vision and our thought seem carried to the third heaven, the gorgeous magnificence of the close, when the sun sinks from our view, surrounded with various masses of clouds fringed with gold and purple, and reflecting, in evanescent tints, all the hues of the rainbow!

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LOOK ALOFT.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale  
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail—  
If thine eye should grow dim and thy caution depart—  
'Look aloft' and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow,  
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each wo,  
Should betray thee when sorrow like clouds are arrayed,  
'Look aloft' to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,  
Like the tints of the rainbow, brighten to fly,  
Then turn, and tho' tears of repenent regret,  
'Look aloft' to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart—  
The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart,  
'Look aloft' from the darkness and dust of the tomb,  
To that soil where 'affection is ever to bloom.'

And oh! when death comes, in terrors to cast  
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,  
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,  
And a smile in thine eye, 'look aloft' and depart!

## CHRISTIANITY.

INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO ENGLAND.—To whom this country is indebted for the blessed boon of Christianity, the mists with which antiquity has naturally enveloped the event, and the intervention of a long period of barbarism and ignorance, prevent us effectually from ascertaining. 'The light of the world,' observes Fuller, 'shone here, but we know not who kindled it.' The Apostles Peter, Simon Zelotes, and Paul, have each been mentioned as the evangelist of Britain. Of these the Romanists are most strenuous for the first; but the last is generally considered as having the best claim of the three. Venutius Fortunatus, an old Latin poet, in his life of St. Martin, thus speaks of the travels of the great Apostle of the Gentiles—

'He traversed ocean too, and preached his Lord  
In every isle that could a port afford:  
Through Britain's wide spread realm the light he spread,  
And utmost Thule brightened at his tread.'

Southey, the latest and one of the ablest of our ecclesiastical historians, thinks that tradition most deserving of credit which ascribes the first introduction of Christianity into the island to Bran, the father of the celebrated Caractacus, who having heard and received the Gospel at Rome, while a captive there along with his son, became, on his return, the means of delivering many of his countrymen from a worse bondage than that it had so lately been his lot to endure. This was a short time before the great insurrection under Queen Eodices. Certain it is, that before the close of the first century, and in all probability about the middle, Britain received the glad tidings of a Saviour. The inference arising from the comparison of a certain epigram of Martial with the twenty-first verse of the fourth chapter of Paul's second epistle to Timothy, seems decisive as to this point. The inspired writer desires his son in the Gospel to salute Pudens and Claudia, and the heathen poet, who was his contemporary, speaks of Claudia Rufina, the wife of Pudens, a Roman Senator in the days of Domitian, as the daughter of a Briton. The following version of his compliment to her, is close enough for our purpose:—

'How comes it Claudia, sprung of British race,  
Excels at Rome so much in Roman grace?  
What matchless charms adorn the Picrich fair!  
In form and face, ye Latin dames confess,  
Ye Attic, that in Mental loveliness,  
No matron with Rufina can compare.'

Pomponia Græcina, the wife of Plautius, a Roman General, who had the honor of defeating Caractacus in the early part of his career, is also supposed to have been a Christian, from a remark of Tacitus, who speaks of her as a lady of distinction, whom her husband indulged in the practice of the *foreign religion* with which she was tainted. She as well as Claudia, would be 'of the saints that were in Cæsar's household,' mentioned by St. Paul.

*Spirit and Manners of the Age.*



DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

BY REV. JOSEPH RUSLING.

Is there bliss to be found in these regions below,  
Where care forms no arrows envenom'd to throw,  
A rose from the wild-brier tree;  
Where the mind dwells remote from ambition's extreme,  
And peace sheds her soft and munificent beam?  
'Tis the cottage, which stands near some murmuring stream,  
With a *sweet peaceful family*.

No honors they count from the lords of mankind,  
No pleasures beyond what at home they may find,  
A frugal and competent cheer;  
No perfusion of glittering wealth do they crave,  
But life's blooming comforts they constantly have  
As the fruit of their toils, which they prudently save,  
And with generous simplicity share.

There's a richness of virtue ennobles their hearts,  
Improved by the graces religion imparts,  
And charms that with innocence blend;  
The demon of ill from the circle is driven,  
And each grateful bosom receives what is given,  
With perfect delight, as the bounties of heaven,  
Which Providence pleases to send.

Free unrestrain'd *friendship* by all is express'd,  
And each with the fondest *benevolence* blest  
In mutual *harmony* move;  
The parents direct with *affectionate* sway,  
And guide their loved charge with the *mildest* display,  
And thus glide most happy their seasons away,

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EMINENT EARLY RISERS.

If the practice of early rising require any other recommendation than the simple fact of its being favorable to health, to study, and to business, it may be found, perhaps, in the circumstance of nearly all the individuals whose names have been handed down to us as illustrious, in history, being early risers..

It is stated that king Alfred, of England, divided the day into three parts, which he measured by the burning of tapers;—one part he devoted to sleep, to his meals, and to exercise—another part he employed in the cares of the government—and the third he dedicated to the cultivation of his mind, and to the duties of religion

Sir Thomas More, in his preface to the *Utopia*, remarks that he completed the work by stealing time from his sleep and meals. He made it his invariable practice

to rise at four; and he appeared so well convinced of the excellence of the habit, that he represents the Utopians as attending public lectures every morning before day-break.

The well-known Bishop Burnet was a habitual early riser. When at college his father aroused him to his studies every morning at four o'clock, and he continued the practice during the remainder of his life.

Bishop Horne, at the close of his very excellent version of the psalms, declared that during its composition, 'He arose, invariably, fresh as the morning, to his task.'

The celebrated Dr. Doddridge mentions, in his *Family Expositor*, that it is to his habit of early rising, that the world is indebted for nearly the whole of his valuable works.

Fabricius, a student of Linnaeus, in his notice of that celebrated naturalist, observes as follows: 'our habitation, that of the writer, the late Dr. Kulin, of Philadelphia, and another student, was about one eighth of a league distant from the residence of Linnaeus, at Hammarby, in a farm where we kept our own furniture and other requisites for house-keeping. Linnaeus arose very early in summer, mostly about four o'clock; at six he came and breakfasted with us, and gave lectures upon the natural orders of plants, which generally lasted until ten. We then wandered about till noon upon the adjacent rocks, the productions of which afforded us plenty of entertainment. In the afternoon we repaired to his garden, and in the evening we mostly played at the Swedish game of trisset, in company with his wife.'

Dr. Tissot, in his life of Zimmerman, author of the *Treatise on Solitude*, stated that the latter was accustomed to rise very early in the morning, and wrote several hours before he began his professional visits.

Paley, who in the early part of his college career led an indolent life, and mixed much in society of an idle and expensive kind, was one morning awakened, at five, by one of his companions, who reproached him with the waste of his time and of his strong faculties of mind. Struck with the justice of the reproach, Paley, from that time forward, rose at five o'clock every morning, and continued ever after the practice. It is easy to imagine how much such a course must have contributed to the celebrity of the author of the '*Moral Philosophy*,' '*Hornæ Paulinæ*,' and '*Evidences of Christianity*.'

On former occasions we noticed the habits of the celebrated Wesley and of Dr. Kippis in regard to early rising.

It is recorded of Lord John Harvey, that, in those early hours when all around were hushed in sleep, he seized the opportunity of the quiet as the most favorable period for study, and frequently in this way spent a useful day before others began to enjoy it.

Dr. Adam, the celebrated rector of the high school of Edinburgh, whose long life, to its very close, was spent in an unremitting course of labour for the public good, was an early riser. It was his constant practice, for the whole summer, to rise at the hour of five, and not unfrequently, when excited by any particular object, or any formidable difficulty, even at four in the morning. As a proof how favorable the morning hours are for study, it may be mentioned that Dr. Adam frequently felt his patience worn out by the harrassing exertions he made in the completion of his work on Roman Antiquities, and would rise from his desk, in the after part of the day, half determined to relinquish his task; yet notwithstanding these sallies, he would rise with the sun next morning, to prosecute his task with renewed vigour.

A volume might, indeed, be filled with notices of early risers. Bishop Jewell rose regularly at four; Dr. Franklin was an early riser; Priestly was an early riser; the great and learned lawyer and pious christian, Sir Matthew Hale, studied sixteen hours a day, and was an early riser; Dr. Parkhurst, the philologist, rose regularly at five in summer and six in winter, and in the latter season always made his own fire. It is to the hours gained by early rising that the world is indebted for the numerous volumes which, within a few years, have issued from the pen of Sir Walter Scott. Among the ancients, the names of Homer, Horace, Virgil, and of numerous other poets may be inscribed upon the list of early risers.

It will be found, it is true, that in one or two instances, the individuals here noticed neither enjoyed very good health, nor lived to a very advanced age. In these cases, however, it is to be recollected very powerful circumstances existed to counteract the beneficial effects of early rising,—a naturally delicate constitution prolonged sedentary occupations, constant and intense application of the mind, and an almost total neglect of bodily exercise.

It is recorded of Buffon, the celebrated natural historian, that wishing to acquire the habit of early rising, he promised to reward his servant with half-a-crown for every morning on which he should prevail on him to leave his bed by a certain hour. The servant went resolutely to work, under a commission that authorized him to drag his master out of bed rather than fail—and notwithstanding he had often to endure abuse and even threats, so powerfully did the Count's long continued habits of indulgence oppose his own desires to break through them, he, nevertheless, succeeded finally in rousing his master regularly by the stipulated hour. And Buffon informs us, that to the unwearied perseverance of his servant, the world is indebted for his well known work on natural history.

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## LITERARY NOTICE.

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### COURT AND CAMP OF NAPOLEON.

A new and improved edition of this volume of the English Family Library has been published; the preface to which supplies the annexed observations on the character and authenticity of Bourrienne's Memoirs.

With respect to the Memoirs of Napoleon's private secretary, M. de Bourrienne, the loud panegyrics with which their opening chapters were ushered into the world have not, most certainly, been justified by the main body of the book. The public were told, that having been six and twenty years about the person of his hero, this author would narrate 'nothing but what had taken place under his own eye,' and that his 'moral qualifications,' taken along with his opportunities, entitled him to claim rank as not only the best, but the only faithful portrayer of the

private life and political principles of his deceased master. He was held up as having been towards Napoleon what Boswell was with regard to Dr. Johnson; and we were assured that his work would rank, in point of fidelity and integrity of attention, with one of the most fascinating as well as trust-worthy pieces of biography in this or any language. A few facts, drawn from the *Memoirs* themselves, will enable the reader to judge of the accuracy of these representations. Bourrienne was appointed private secretary to Bonaparte in April 1796, and retained the situation till October 1802; 'when,' says Savary, 'he was dismissed for peculation, the first consul abhorring nothing so much as illegal means of acquiring gold. For nearly three years he lived in obscurity; but, in May 1805, at the intercession of Josephine, he was appointed French minister at Hamburg, and an agent of Fouché's police. He remained there till December 1809, when he was suddenly dismissed; and, on his return to Paris, the Emperor refused him an audience. Upon Napoleon's overthrow, in March 1814, he instantly went over to the Bourbons, was made postmaster-general, and thanked, he says, by Louis XVIII., 'for the services he had rendered him at Hamburg;' that is, while he was the agent of Bonaparte. He held his new office only three weeks. On going one morning to the Tuileries, to present his portfolio, it was unceremoniously taken from him, and access to the sovereign denied him. 'Not an intimation!' he exclaims, 'not a single line! no decree! no ordinance!' However, in March 1815, on the escape of the ex-emperor from Elba, the king, thinking fit to restore the odious ministry of police, Bourrienne, 'for his services to the royal cause,' was placed at the head of it. On the very day that Louis appointed him to the office, Bonaparte, at Lyons, denounced him as a traitor. It thus appears, from his own shewing, that, instead of being, 'for six and twenty years about the person of his hero,' Bourrienne, during a part of the consulship and the whole of the empire, was not even permitted to approach him, and resided, for a great portion of that period, at the distance of a hundred leagues from Paris. Instead of narrating 'nothing but what took place under his own eye,' all his revelations, from 1801 to 1815, as far as Napoleon is concerned, are at second hand. It would be easy to trace the sources whence he has borrowed, without the slightest acknowledgement, his statement of every leading event. Thus, the long account of the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, is taken from certain valuable Historical Notes, supplied to Sir Walter Scott, which appear in the Appendix to the ninth volume of that illustrious writer's *Life of Bonaparte*;—his narrative of the conspiracy of Moreau, Georges, and Pichegru, is from Fouché, Bore and Las Cases;—and the conversations which he pretends to have held with Rapp are all copied from that veteran's own *Memoirs*. Of the same stamp are his 'long and interesting interviews' with Bernadotte at Hamburg. The friends of the King of Sweden have notified, in the French papers, that the alleged interviews never took place; and a second reference to Sir Walter Scott's work will shew, that the details of the circumstances which led to Bernadotte's appointment to the throne of Sweden are all filched from the 'Reflections on the conduct of Napoleon towards the Prince Royal of Sweden,' drawn up for, and first published in, its pages. It was not to be expected that the private secretary would be long left by the friends and relatives of Bonaparte to tell his own story uncontradicted. Accordingly, in France, Generals Belliard and Gourgaud, Baron Meneval, Count d'Aure, Baron Massieu,

the present Prince of Eckmühl, the Duke de Cambacères, Baron de Stein, and Count Boulai de la Meurthe, have stepped forward to expose the fallacy of many of Bourrienne's statements, and to deny that his 'moral qualifications' render him the only faithful portrayer of the private life and political principles of his deceased master. Count Boulai de la Meurthe states it to be the opinion among well-informed persons at Paris, that Bourrienne did not prepare the Memoirs for the press, but only supplied certain documents, notes, and recollections, and he adds that the name of the real editor is no secret. 'I have gone over the work,' says this ex-minister of state, 'with a disgust which I cannot find words to express.—Not that its contents have surprised me—I expected as much, from the extravagant way in which it was puffd on its first announcement; but what really does astonish me is, that this Bourrienne, who has so many grave reasons for keeping himself in the back-ground, should have dared to stand forth before the public as the reviler of Napoleon and his whole family. From many causes, he is the last man on earth to be credited in matters relating to them—a more disgraceful instrument could not have been employed. Where is the reader who will not shrug up his shoulders at seeing the discarded secretary affecting, in every page, the man of importance, and, what is still worse, setting up for a moralist? He shelters himself under the mask of impartiality, by here and there bedaubing Napoleon with panegyric, but who does not at once see, that this is only thrown in to give greater effect to his detestable calumnies?' Joseph Bonaparte too, ever active in vindicating the object of Bourrienne's detraction, has, from his retreat on the banks of the Delaware, just sent into the world a collection of Notes, exposing many of the secretary's ungenerous and malignant misrepresentations. The cause of his restless hostility to Joseph is to be found in the ex-king's having denounced to the first consul a scheme of the confidential secretary to take advantage of his superior means of information for speculating in the funds, which led to his being discharged, and succeeded by Baron Meneval, at that time Joseph's private secretary. The following is the Count de Sarville's account of the transaction:—'Arriving one day from the country, Joseph was waiting for the first consul in his cabinet, where Bourrienne was sitting, surrounded by papers which required Napoleon's signature. After alluding to the great confidence placed in him by the consul, Bourrienne so far forgot himself as to make overtures to Joseph, which astonished as much as they distressed him. Joseph did not conceal what had occurred from his brother, who also, after breakfast, told Josephine of it. 'If Bourrienne,' said he to her, 'indulges in such insinuations with Joseph, who is almost a stranger to him, what must be the case with you, whom he sees every day?' Joseph replied, 'Who does not know Bourrienne? It is only the first consul who will know him.' Being from that moment narrowly watched, Bourrienne was unknown to the first consul, who was contented with dismissing from his service instead of destroying, as he might have done, a man with whom he had been connected. Joseph makes no scruple to assert that certain documents, which Bourrienne boasts of having in his possession—such as the narrative of the revolution of the 13th Vendémiaire, and the originals of the negotiations between Louis XVIII. and Bonaparte—were purloined from Napoleon's cabinet by the man to whose charge they were confided. 'Is M. de Bourrienne,' he exclaims, 'so blind as not to see, that this avowal of his breach of trust must astonish his readers?'

What a state would society be in, if people were suffered to boast that they possessed articles intrusted to their keeping? Can these autographs be the legitimate property of the private secretary? and if not, what are they but stolen goods? It has excited surprise, that the schoolfellow at Brienne, the friend of early youth, the confidential secretary, should, throughout his ten volumes, have labored to render the dark shades of his hero's character still darker. Joseph Bonaparte's note on his attempt to implicate the first consul in the death of Fichergu, will be found at page 403. With regard to the affair of the Duke d'Enghien, though Bourrienne contributes nothing to the history of this tragical catastrophe, he makes no scruple of loading his benefactor with the entire atrocity of the project. The following important statement, by Joseph Bonaparte, reached the present editor too late to be incorporated in the outline of the life of the ex-king of Naples and Spain:—"The idea of the death of the Duke d'Enghien never crossed the first consul's mind, till he was astonished and confounded by the tidings communicated to him by Savary of his execution. The question was not whether he should be put to death, but whether he should be put on his trial. Joseph Bonaparte, Cambaceres, Borthier, earnestly expostulated with the chief magistrate against it. Joseph, who was living at Morfontaine, and transiently in town, on the 20th March, the day the Duke d'Enghien was taken a prisoner to Paris, spoke to his brother in his behalf, warmly urging the defence of the grandson of the Prince of Conde, who, he reminded his brother, had seven times crowned him for as many distinctions gained at the Royal School: to which expostulation the first consul's reply affords a curious proof of the state of his mind at the moment.—His answer was given by declaiming the following passage from a speech of Cæsar, in Corneille's tragedy of *La Mort de Pompee*:—

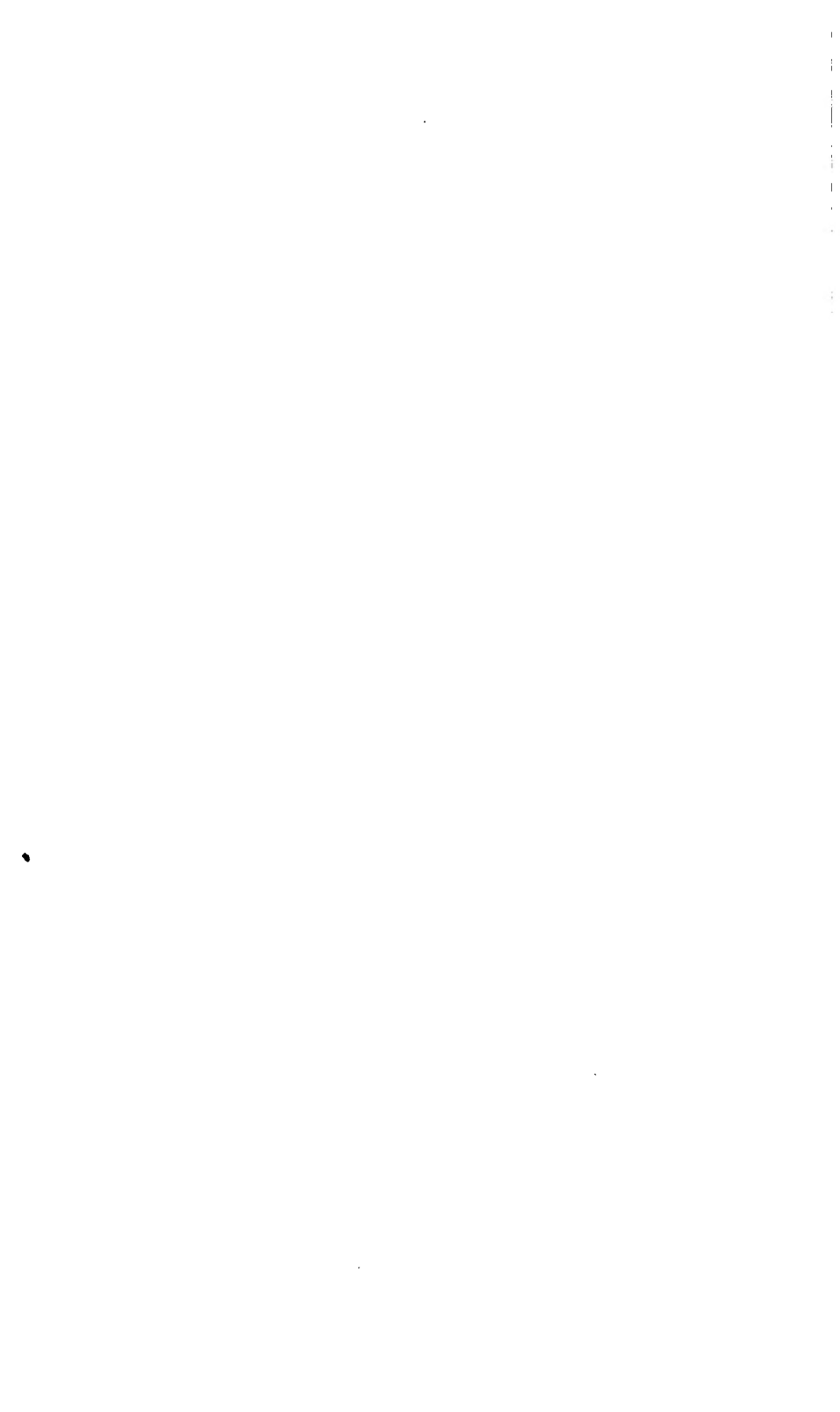
'Votre zele est faux, si seul il le doutait  
 Ce que le monde entier a pleins vœux souhaitait;  
 Et s'il vous a donne ces craintes trop subtiles,  
 Qui m'otent tout le fruit de nos guerres civiles,  
 Ou l'honneur seul m'engage, et que pour terminer  
 Je ne veux que celui de vaincre et pardonner;  
 Ou mes plus dangereux et plus grands adversaires,  
 Sitot qu'ils sont vaincus, ne sont plus que mes freres;  
 Et mon ambition ne va qu'a les forcer,  
 Ayant domte leur haine, a vivre et m'embrasser.  
 Oh! combien d'alegresse une si triste guerre  
 Aurait-elle l'aissee dessus tout la terre,  
 Si l'on voyait marcher dessus'un meme char,  
 Vaicquers de leur discorde, et Pompee et Cesar.\*

\* In contradiction of Bourrienne's assertion, that Bonaparte was totally insensible to the elegant poetry, Joseph states, that his brother knew his heart, and often recited the most passages in the tragedies of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire.







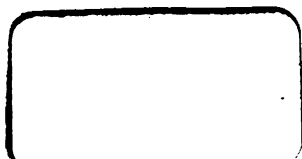




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A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.





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